

The Bookman



VOLUME XLII.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1912.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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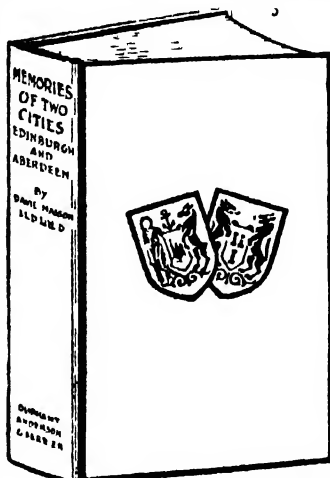
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*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
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News Notes.

For much help with the Christina Rossetti illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Messrs. Macmillan, and Messrs. Blackie.

The portrait of Christina Rossetti, reproduced on our cover and given as a presentation plate with this Number, is after a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from a photograph by Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., supplied by the Art Illustration and Reproduction Co.

In reply to many correspondents who have written to say they were unable to secure a copy of the Christmas BOOKMAN, we express our regret that, owing to mechanical difficulties in connection with the colour plates, we were unable to reprint the Number or we would gladly have published a second edition, in order to comply with their wishes. We have been

greatly gratified by the more numerous letters from our subscribers, congratulating us on the literary and artistic excellence of what was, we believe, the largest Christmas Number of any magazine published last year. Many of these correspondents give enthusiastic praise to the presentation plates it contained, in particular to those by Willy Pogany, Hugh Thomson, Charles Robinson, Edmund Dulac, Claude Shepperson and Arthur Rackham. We should like to print a selection of such letters but have space for only one that is a fair average example of all the rest:

"I have just received my Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN from my local bookseller," (writes Mr. Ernest M. Hall, of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire), "and hasten to offer my congratulations to you on such a superb production and to express the gratitude which I, together with surely all your many readers, must feel for this literary treat. I am fully conscious of the fact that among the many appreciations which you are sure to receive from learned men and women throughout the country, this small tribute of mine will be but as a grain of sand on the sea-shore, but none the less, I feel sure that it will be somewhat of a pleasure to you to know of the great boon which THE BOOKMAN has become to even so humble a reader as myself. I have now received THE BOOKMAN regularly for exactly three years, and I can safely say that far from being in any way tired of it, it becomes more necessary to me every month and the latest magnificent number surely signals the high water mark of success. The unique portfolio of colour plates by Mr. Thompson, the artistic plates by well-known artists which are found throughout the book; the unrivalled review of the season's huge output of literature; and the excellent literary articles by writers whose names are household words wherever English literature is appreciated; all these and probably many more

features which will appear on closer acquaintance with the work, go to form surely a record-number, even among past **BOOKMAN's**, many of which will remain for ever among my most treasured literary possessions. Much more might I say, Sir, and still fail to do justice, but enough for my purpose. I felt, however, that I should be ingratitude itself if I allowed myself to enjoy all the treasures of this latest number without expressing a word of thanks."

Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are publishing a fine art edition of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's charming novel, "The Money Moon." The illustrations are by Mr. Arthur J. Keller and number sixty, thirty-six being full-page plates in colour, sepia and half-tone mono-tint.

Mr. Richard Pryce is not one of those busy novelists who turn out at least one novel a year. On his latest and perhaps finest work in fiction, "Christopher" (which was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson) he spent five years of careful work. He writes slowly, but in the course of the last twenty years has produced some thirteen books. In the intervals of novel writing he has frequently turned to the stage. He collaborated with Mr. Frederick Fenn on a play of London life called "'Op o' My Thumb," which was first produced by the Stage Society, then at the St. James's Theatre, where Miss Hilda Trevelyan played the leading part, and at the Antoine in Paris, and in America, under Mr. Frohman's management. Another play of his, "Saturday to Monday," ran for a hundred nights at the St. James's; he collaborated with Mr. Arthur Morrison in "The Dumb-Cake," with Major W. P. Drury in "A Privy Council" (which reached its hundred and fiftieth performance at the Haymarket), and adapted "Little Miss Cummins" and "The Visit," for presentation at the Playhouse, from stories by Mrs. Mary E. Mann.

The English Review, beginning with the January Number, is now published at the reduced price of

one shilling monthly, but no alteration is made either in its size or the high literary standard of its contents. The new Number includes, among other notable contributions, the second of Mr. Frederic Harrison's personal articles, "Among My Books."

Lady Bancroft has written a novel called "The Shadow of Neeme," which Mr. John Murray is publishing shortly. It is a love story, with what is described as a spiritual interest, and is said to prove, among other things, that Lady Bancroft can write excellent comedy as well as play it.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published a new and revised edition of "The People's Insurance," explained by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George. It contains the amended Bill, with notes elucidating a number of the more difficult points in it.

Mr. John Lane is publishing this month a story by Mr. Louis N. Parker entitled "Pomander's Walk." It is founded on Mr. Parker's play of the same name that was produced by Mr. Cyril Maude at the Haymarket and has had a very long run in America.



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Whose collected Poems are reviewed on page 192, by Mr. Austin Dobson.

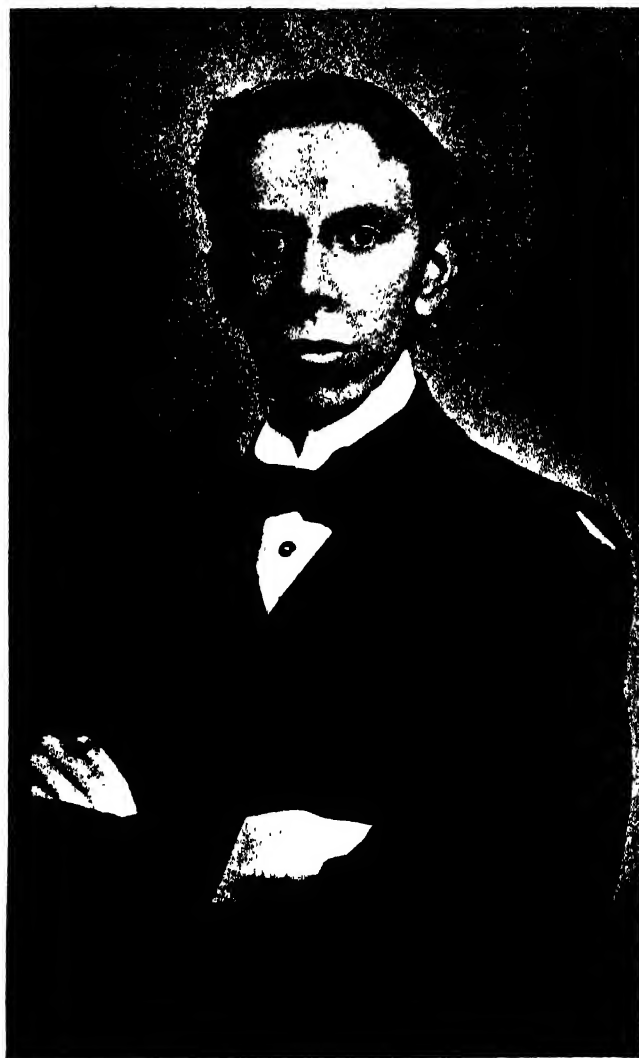
Mr. Tom Gallon is to be congratulated on the favourable reception accorded to his play "The Great Gay Road" on its production the other day at the Court Theatre. Reversing Mr. Parker's way, he made his play out of his novel, and a new edition of the novel has now been included in Messrs. John Long's Shilling Net series.

Mr. Martin Secker is publishing a new book by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose first novel, "A Passionate Elopement," issued last January, has already gone through some five editions and is still in constant demand. In his new story, "Carnival,"

Mr. Mackenzie quits the romantic atmosphere of the eighteenth century and adventures into the life of modern London and the West Country.

Mr. Frowde has published a "Book-Lover's Anthology" at two shillings under the editorship of Mr. R. M. Leonard. It is a good sized volume, artistically bound, and contains a very large and well-arranged collection in prose and poetry of "detached thoughts on books and reading."

Mr. John Freeman, whose new volume of "Fifty Poems" (Herbert & Daniel) we review in this Number, is a Londoner born and bred. He is a young man, still in the earliest thirties, and this is his second book; his first, "Twenty Poems," made its appearance two years ago, and was hailed at once as the work of a true poet. Mr. Freeman has contributed a good many reviews and signed articles to the *Academy*, and elsewhere, and is at present engaged on a volume of essays which form a close and sympathetic criticism of the modern spirit in letters. "Fifty Poems" is dedicated, by the way, to that fine poet and critic and friend of many poets, Mrs. Alice Meynell.



Mr. John Freeman.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is collaborating with Miss Humphris in a work on Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet, and asks us to say that he would be grateful if all those who have letters or reminiscences of Gordon and his friends which they would like to appear in the volume would kindly communicate with him at the Avenue House, Richmond, Surrey.

The admirable address delivered by Mr. Augustine Birrell, at Rochdale, on the occasion of the John Bright Centenary Celebration has been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin as a sixpenny pamphlet.

"Down the Corridors of Time," a new novel by "Nomad," whose last book was published twenty years ago, is to be issued shortly by Mr. John Ouseley.

The prize in Mr. Andrew Melrose's two hundred and fifty guinea Novel Competition has been awarded to Miss Miriam Alexander for a story entitled "The House of Lisronan." Miss Alexander is an Irish-woman, living in County Dublin, and this is her first novel.

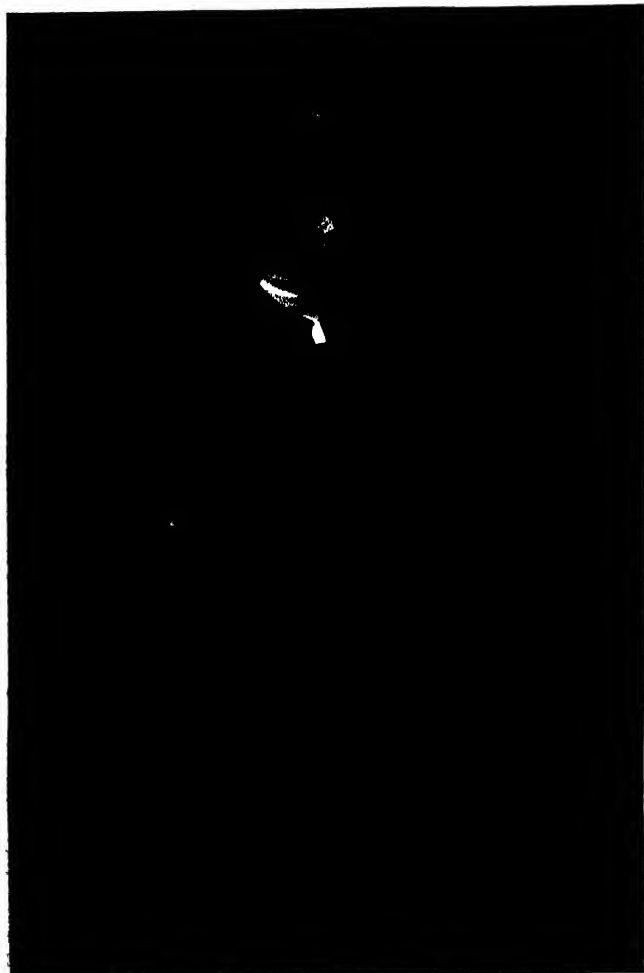


Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

Mrs. C. C. Cairns.

Whose "Noble Women" (published by Messrs. Jack) has been one of the most popular gift-books of the season.



Miss Ellen Kay.

The well known Swedish author whose "Love and Marriage" (Putnam's) is meeting with considerable success.

"Windfrint," a new novel on which Mr. Wilkinson Sherren is engaged, is a story of present day life in London and Wessex, and touches incidentally on certain aspects of the feminist movement. He expects to have it completed for publication, by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., this spring.

Cunningham's volume in the same series on the other side of the same question.

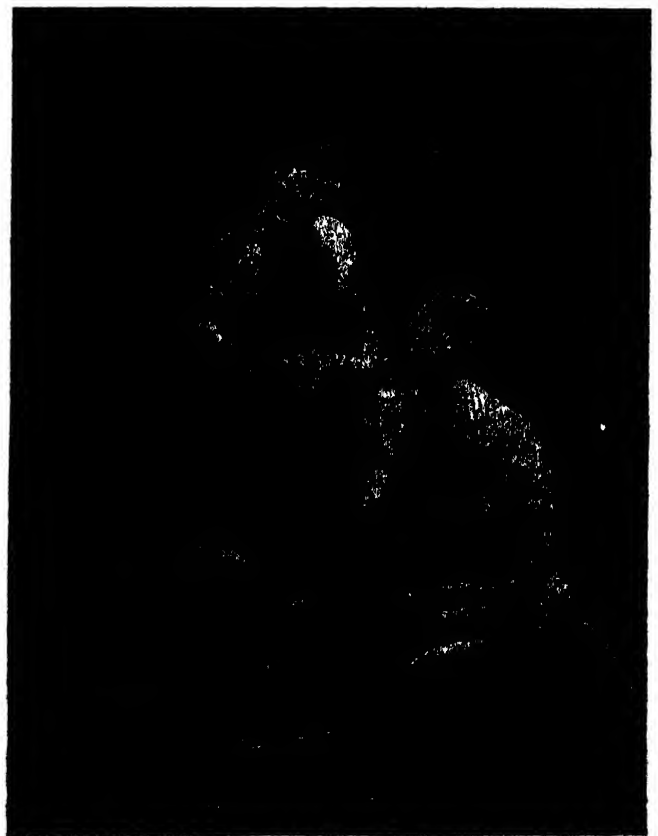
Those who do not yet know how to be happy though married may get practical help towards that knowledge by reading Mr. J. W. C. Haldane's little shilling book on "Married Life Various Considered" (Simpkin, Marshall). Mr. Haldane is a practical man, a consulting engineer of thirty years' standing and author of several successful books on steamships, railway engineering, and so forth. Here, however, he turns from railway lines to marriage lines and shows himself as good a guide to the unwritten poetry of life as to the severely business parts of it.

The February BOOKMAN will be a Charles Dickens' Centenary Number, and will contain a special article on "Dickens's Life and Work," by B. W. Matz; an article on the topography of Dickens's Novels, etc. The Number will be fully illustrated with portraits, facsimilies, and sketches and photographs of places associated with Dickens. We have already made reference to the new edition of Forster's "Life of Dickens," that contains over five hundred illustrations, selected, arranged and annotated by Mr. Matz. It is published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and the Waverley Book Company has now made arrangements to supply the book on the popular instalment system. No living writer is a more expert authority on Dickens lore than Mr. B. W. Matz, and under his supervision this new issue of Forster's great biography has been made, as one eminent critic has said, "by far the most fully and intelligently illustrated edition of any English classic that we ever remember to have encountered."

Miss Beatrice Harraden has completed a new novel which will probably be published this spring.

A new addition to Mr. John Murray's useful "Questions of the Day" series is to be "The Case Against Tariff Reform" by Mr. E. Enever Todd, of the Free Trade Union. This is a reply to Archdeacon

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this Number our thanks are due to the kindness of Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co., Messrs. Mills & Boon, Mr. John Long, Messrs. Stanley, Paul & Co., Messrs. Putnam's, Messrs. Jack, The Waverley Book Co., and Messrs. Macmillan.



Charles Dickens Reading to his Daughters (Mamie and Katey) on the Lawn at Gad's Hill Place.

From "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster (Chapman & Hall and Waverley Book Co.).

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best new nursery rhyme, in not more than eight lines of verse.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

- I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of Dovedale, Victoria Park, Manchester, for the following:

SOME NEIGHBOURS. BY C. GRANVILLE (Swift.)
"You can't get away from the tune that they play."
KIPLING, *Screw Guns*.

We also select for printing:

THE FRENCH IDEAL. BY MADAME DUCLAUX.
(Chapman & Hall.)

"The French have taste in all they do
Which we are quite without,
For Nature, that to them gave *gout*
To us gave only *gout*."

LORD ERSKINE.

(Ernest F. Seymour, 28, Kingsgate Road, Kilburn, N.W.)

HISTORY OF PAINTING. BY HALDANE MACFALL.
(Jack.)

"Where's the cheek that doth not fade?"
KEATS, *Fancy*.

(M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere, S.E.)

THE TROUBLED POOL. BY J. GRIFFITH FAIRFAX.
(Smith, Elder.)

"Far they leaved their nasty sins i' my pond,
An' it poisoned the cow."

TENNYSON, *The Churkwarden and the Curate*.

(Miss M. C. Hildick, 27, Melrose Road, Sheffield.)

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. BY IZAAK WALTON.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

"His immeasurable falsehoods!"
LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha*.

WILLIAM THE SILENT. BY RUTH PUTNAM.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Each time as I start I means to speak,
But the moment I tries,
I catches her eyes,
And the elegant speech goes bust."

F. LANGBRIDGE, *Amos Dunn's Wooing*.

(Rev. E. C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road,
South Woodford, N.E.)

AS HE WAS BORN. BY TOM GALLON.
(Eveleigh Nash)

"It wasn't round nor was it square—
Nor three-cornered as some noses be!
But upon my conscience I do declare
'Twas a mixture of all the three!"

HELEN, LADY DUFFRIN, *The Mother's Lament*.

(Miss A. M. S. Richey, 13, Cromwell Road, Belfast.)

- II.—There were a fair number of entries for this competition, but the standard attained was not particularly high, and most of the competitors confined their attentions either to Mr. Chesterton's bulk or Mr. Shaw's supposed opinion of himself. We award the Prize of THREE BOOKS to Mr. BERNARD POULINEY, of Ulverston, for the best imaginary NEW YEAR RESOLUTION, by a well-known author:

"Not a false moustache, not a fur-lined coat,
Not a prince stabbed to death in a hotel;
No Embassy Ball and no scented note
Shall appear in my this year's novel."

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Good work was done by the following: Albert E. Halliday (Leeds), Evelyn Perres (Ramsgate), Tom Sefton (Bolton), Fred Batty (Leeds), Rev. E. C. Lawson (South Woodford), R. G. Lovatt (Victoria Park), William Morris (Sheffield), S. Poultny (Ulverston), Rev. T. A. Lindsay (Inverness), Miss E. A. Abbott (Old Malton), Mrs. C. Cochrane (Solihull), F. Rhodes (Scarborough), Frances W. Casson (Putney), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), and A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield).

- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. K. S. VENKATARAMANI, of 78, Victoria Hotel, Chepauk Gardens, Madras, for the following:

THE IDEALS OF INDIAN ART. BY E. B. HAVELL.
(John Murray.)

Mr. Havell is truly the knight-errant of Hindu art. He is an Occidental only by an accident. With a deep sympathy for, and a sound knowledge of, the spiritual bent of the Hindu mind

he discovers in our art, not a barbaric symbolism bereft of meaning, beauty, taste, grace or elegance; but an eloquent and highly-imaginative picture of the mental postures of a race gifted with spiritual vision. Hindu art is born of Hindu thought; the devotional feeling has a persistent expression. To perceive this needs a catholic taste. Surely, this book will be an eye-opener to many Englishmen.

Other good reviews received are :

THE EVERLASTING MERCY. BY JOHN MASEFIELD.
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

The common man comes apace to his kingdom. In this piece of masterly workmanship, Mr. Masefield lifts his imagination fearlessly to the task of revealing the village drunkard in conflict with his "Everlasting No"; a struggle with Darkness, now sickening and foul, now mounting to a wild frenzy, now full of pity and stifled tears. Always it is clanging with life, crisp and deadly accurate. We begin to thirst for goodness and beauty, and at last, over the tempest of this soul too, light breaks. The whole earth leaps to singing. Man goes to his task—Christ is in the field. Mr. Masefield's work is vital with poetry.

(Raymond Taunton, "Ingleside," Albany Road,
Coventry.)

THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND. BY H. G. WELLS.
(Nelson)

These stories contrast utterly with the later novels, so utterly that one marvels. They are written with absolute clarity, effective unaffectedness. Wells has nearly all the attributes—sensationalism, psychology, humour, and poetry; and all are foils for one another. Only a very spacious mind could contain so many qualities, such radically conflicting moods. Logic is the vital principle of his work, and it is the logic of a scientist shorn of sentiment, but imagination, flamboyant and mercurial, is almost equally developed; and the fusion of the two produces a quite individual brand—one impossible of imitation by any living writer.

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK: A CRITICAL STUDY.
BY A. MARTIN FREEMAN (Secker)

This book is critical rather than biographical, throwing little fresh light on Peacock's personality or uneventful life, here compared to the course of a lonely stream. Mr. Freeman is a Peacockian enthusiast. He does full justice to Peacock's wit and scholarship, considerable space being devoted to the early poems, and to identifying characters in the novels, so called—with their prototypes, particularly the "studies" of Shelley. The chapters concerning the latter's friendship with Peacock are not the least interesting in this admirable study of a satirist and poet whose delightful writings are unique in literature.

(Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

THE FRUITFUL VINE. BY ROBERT HICHENS.
(Fisher Unwin)

The story of Dolores Cannynge's tragic love for her husband, and the complete sacrifice of herself upon the altar of that love, is told with delicacy and restraint. In spite of Mr. Hichens' amazing insight into the soul of a despairing woman, it remains difficult to realise that one so good and pure as Dolores could act as she did. Her death, which, so far as she is concerned, brings the book to the only possible conclusion, rather leaves room for speculation regarding the ultimate fate of her child, and of those who knew and understood its real history.

(Margery Wilkins, Utttoxeter.)

LAURA. BY CAROLINE GROSVENOR (Heinemann)

It is not fair to upbraid the girl who concludes that, in marriage, a rational combination of money and love is preferable to a sentimental basis of love and little else. Almost as well find fault with the man who finds it impossible to enjoy his dinner without condiments. For we live in a material world and, if love is the meat of life, money is certainly the appetising condiment. In Laura we are shown a girl who has to decide in this matter, and the result is exhibited with naturalness and sympathy, with a refreshing absence of special pleading.

(James Brenton, 27, Chestnut Road, Tottenham.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent by Rose B. Froud (Southsea), Miss A. G. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton at Hone), W. H. Gillman (Devizes), Louise A. Beveridge (Belfast), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson, M.A. (Scarborough), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. Walton (Gainsborough), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), K. Fisher (Warwick), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), George Brown

(Harthill), I. Harrison (Bristol), L. R. Lodge (Norwood), Lilian M. Wagstaff (Leighton Buzzard), I. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Leith Gordon (Birmingham), F. W. Lawfield (Galveston), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Lilian G. Ping (Leytonstone), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Margery Wilkins (Utttoxeter), Fred E. Bolt (Anerley), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Cecily M. Rutley (Catford), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), William Morriss (Sheffield), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), R. G. Lovatt (Victoria Park, S.E.), Miss E. Ellis (Leicester), Miss V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Fred Batty (Leeds), Mrs. F. L. Payne (St. Austell), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Tom Sefton (Bolton), George Stanton (Leicester), Miss Richey (Belfast), and Andrew H. Brown (Barnsbury, N.)

IV. THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to EMILY KINGTON, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, N.B.

V. This Competition has proved very popular and an unusually large number of entries have been received. Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," has been represented with unfailing regularity among the entries of almost every competitor, while other much quoted writers comprise Byron, Wordsworth, Homer, Rudyard Kipling, and Jack London. We have awarded the THREE PRIZES to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of Dovedale, Victoria Park, Manchester; Mr. LAURENCE TARR, of 17, Central Park Road, East Ham, E.; and Miss G. N. NORTHCOTE, Alderley, Church Road, West Kirby, near Birkenhead, for the following :

(1) THE COMPANIONSHIP OF DOGS.

"And it was thus that, the other day, before his illness, I saw my little Pelléas sitting on his tail at the foot of my writing-table, his head a little on one side the better to question me, at once attentive and tranquil, as a saint should be in the presence of God. He was happy with a happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it sprang from the smile and the approval of a life incomparably higher than his own. He was there, studying, drinking in all my looks, and he replied to them gravely, as from equal to equal, to inform me, no doubt, that at least through the eyes, the almost immaterial organ that transformed into affectionate intelligence the light which we enjoyed, he well knew that he was saying to me all that love should say."

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, *My Dog*.

(Charles Powell.)

(2) THE LOSS OF A DOG.

"Nobody knows, except you and me, and those who have experienced the like affections, what it is to love a dog and lose it. Grant the love and the loss is imaginable, but I complain of the fact that people who will not or cannot grant the love set about wondering how one is not ashamed to make a fuss for a dog. . . . For my part, my eyelids have swelled and reddened, both for the sake of lost dogs and birds, and I do not feel particularly ashamed of it."

MRS. BROWNING to MR. WESTWOOD.

(Laurence Tarr.)

(3) THE INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS.

"And all through that night of age-long agony the grey figure stood, still as a statue at the foot of the stairs. Only when with the first chill breath of the morning a dry quick-quenched sob of a strong man sorrowing for the helpmeet of a score of years, and a tiny cry of a new-born child wailing because its mother was not, came into his ears, the Grey Watchman drooped his head upon his bosom, and with a little whimpering note crept back to his blanket. A little later, the door above opened and James Moore tramped down the stairs."

"At the foot of the stairs Owd Bob stole out to meet him. He came crouching up as though guilty of the deadly sin, head and tail down, in a manner no man ever saw before or since."

"At his master's feet he stopped and whined pitifully."

"Then for one short moment James Moore's whole face quivered."

"Weel, lad," he said, quite low, and his voice broke, "she's awa'."

"That was all—for they were an undemonstrative couple."

ALFRED OLLIVANT, *Owd Bob*.

(Miss G. N. Northcott.)

We also specially commend the good work of the following: Miss V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Len Harling (Skipton-in-Craven), K. Fisher (Warwick), Miss Stewart-Cockerton (Southampton), Miss C. Johnson (Malton), Rosie Speight (Leeds), E. Briggs (Old Charlton), J. N. Adamson (Liverpool), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss M. G. Morton (Walmer), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Ethel M. Odell

(Forest Gate), Miss Hext (St. Austell), Miss Mason (Ashford), Miss Bella Mackenzie (Edinburgh), Miss Watson (Newcastle on Tyne), Dorothy K. Hines (Ipswich), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), John Gower (Haverhill), Fred E. Holt (Anerley), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), F. Rhodes (Scarborough), M. Capper (Saffron Walden), Thomas Lantear (London, S.E.), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), Miss E. I. Conyers (Ben Rhydding), E. J. Notcutt (Leamington), Miss Mackenzie (St. Andrew's), Mrs. A. E. Sell (Wanstead), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), John Burrell (Bellast), Edward J. Hales (Wolverhampton), Miss Paterson (Fleet), A. R. Williams (Worcester), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), J. U. Adamson (Liverpool), Mrs. R. K. Polkinghorne (West Kensington), and S. A. Doody (Boscombe).

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1st to February 1st, 1912.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

BRIGGS, R. A. *TRIUMPHANT Pompeian Decorations*. Illustrated in a series of "Coloured Drawings reproduced by three colour process, and by many pencil drawings reproduced in half-tone. Accompanied by Descriptive Text 25s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

William Robertson Smith. *His Life and Letters*. Edited by John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BASTIN, S. LEONARD. *Wonders of Plant Life*. 3s. 6d. net.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER. *Ghost Kings*. 6d.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER. *Mare*. 6s.
HUTCHINSON, DR. WOODS. *Consider the Children*. 6s. net.
KEARTON, RICHARD, I. ZS. FERPS. *British Bird 'Nest*. Second. 47 Part.
Part 1, January 1st. 7d. net per part.
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY. *Daphne*. 1s. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

ANONYMOUS. *For the Defence*. A Brief for Lady Carol. 6s.
CHADWICK, ADMIRAL. *The Relations of Spain and the United States of America*. In 3 Vols. 11s. 6d. net.
CHANCELLOR, E. BIERESFORD. *Annals of the Strand*. 7s. 6d. net.
COKE, DESMOND. *The Cure*. 6s.
CULLUM, RIDGWELL. *The Hound from the North*. 2s. net.
HUSEKER, JAMES. *Franz Liszt*. 6s. net.
LE BRAZ, ANATOLE. *The Night of Furs*. 4s. net.
LEIGH, GERTRUDE. *Tasso and Flemona*. 4s. net.
O'KANE, W. M. *The King's Luck*. 6s.
ROGERS, SIR JOHN. *Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland*. 7s. 6d. net.
SCHUSTER, ROSE. *The Triple Crown*. 6s.
STRIGLENSKI, C. *Mesdames de France*. 10s. 6d. net.
YOUNG, E. *Finland, the Land of a Thousand Lakes*. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BENNETT, ARNOLD. *Hugo*. Cheap edition, in Coloured Cover. 6d.
LITTLE, MAUDE. *The Children's Bread*. A Novel. 6s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CHAYTON, H. J., M.A. *Direct French Course*.
CLAY, H., B.A., and WYATT, A. J., M.A. *English Literature of the Nineteenth Century*. 2s.
COLLINS, A. J. F., M.A., and ROBINSON, A., B.A. *Senior Latin Course* (for Cambridge Senior Local). 3s. 6d.
EDMUNDS, E. W., M.A. *Senior Course of English Composition* (for Cambridge Senior Local). 2s. 6d.
FLECHER, REV. W. H., M.A., D.C.L., and SHUKER, J. W., M.A. *Acts of the Apostles, Part II* (for Cambridge Senior Local). 1s. 6d.
JACKSON, T. C., B.A., LL.B. *Practical Lessons in Book-keeping*. (Fourth Edition, Revised and Re-written). 3s. 6d., or in Two Parts, each 2s.
JAMES, R. F., B.A. *Senior French Reader for Cambridge Senior Local*. 2s. 6d.
MOFFATT, PAGET, M.A., M.B., B.C. *Science* (French Course). 3s. 6d.
STEWART, R. W., D.Sc., and SATTERLY, JOHN, D.Sc., M.A. *Senior Sound and Light* (for Cambridge Senior Local). 4s.
WALKER, REV. T. A., M.A., and SHUKER, J. W., M.A. *St. Matthew's Gospel* (for Cambridge Senior Local). 1s. 6d.
WEEKLY, PROF. E., and GILLI, C., B.A. *Senior French Course* (for Cambridge Senior Local). 3s. 6d.

Mr. Henry Frowde.

ARNOLD, M. L. *The Soliloquies of Shakespeare*. Columbia University Press Books.
CLAPP, E. J. *The Port of Hamburg*. Yale University Press Books.
GRIERSON, DR. G. A. *Manual of the Kashmiri Language*.
HOBHOUSE, L. T. *Social Evolution and Political Theory*. Columbia University Press Books.

JOHNSON, W. C. *Thomas Carlyle: A Study of His Literary Apprenticeship*. Yale University Press Books.

LEE, F. S. *Scientific Features of Modern Medicine*. Columbia University Press Books.

MORGAN, CHARLOTTE J. *The Rise of the Novel of Manners*. Columbia University Press Books.

PORTER, A. K. *Construction of Gothic and Lombard Vaults*. Yale University Press Books.

REED, F. B. *English Lyric Poetry*. Yale University Press Books.

Anglo-New Testament. Prepared by Prof. H. J. White from the large edition by the late Bishop of Salisbury and Professor White.

Messrs. Greening & Co.

BURLAND, I. B. HARRIS. *Land of Hongkong*. 6s.
FITZGERALD, EVA. *And the Stars Touched*. 6s.
FRANK, ANATOLE. *Thais*. 10s.
GATTO, PAUL. *The Red Shirt*. (Lotus Library). Cloth, 1s. 6d. net. Leather, 2s. net.
RAY, MICHAEL, and EADE, MONTEFIORE. *The Mousme*. 1s.
OPCZY, BARONESS. *Imperial Camelot*. New 6d. Edition.
THORNTON, GUY. *The Drunkard*. 6s.
WILSON, RATHBURN. *Common Wine*. 6s.

Messrs. Headley Bros.

KNIGHT, FRANK (Editor). *Annual Monitor, 1912*. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Official). *Book of Discipline*. Part I. Christian Practice. Cloth, 1s. net.
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Official). *Friends' Year Book*. Cloth, 1s. net.
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Official). *Book of Meetings*. Cloth, 6d. net.
WOOD, ELIZABETH. *The Story of the Prophet*. Cloth limp, 1s. net, paper, 7d. net.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

ANON. *He Who Passed*. 6s.
ENZOLOS, L. L. *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art*. 30s. net.
MERCIER, DR. C. A. *New Logic*. 10s. net.
SHARP, WILLIAM. *Poem and Dramatic Interludes*. 4s. net.
SINGHAR, L. P. *Love's Pilgrimage*. 6s.
TALBOT, F. A. *Moving Pictures, and How They are Made and Worked*. 6s. net.
UZANNE, OCTAVE. *The Modern Pensive*. 6s. net.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BENSON, R. H. *The Coward*. 6s.
COLE, J. W., Edited by. *Cole's Treasury of Song*. 2s. 6d.
CONYERS, DOROTHEA. *The Arrival of Anthony*. 6s.
CONYERS, DOROTHEA. *Two Impositions and Tanker*. 7d.
DICKENS, M. ANGELA. *The Debtor*. 6s.
FRASER, MRS. HUGH, and L. I. STAFFMAN. *Satan's*. 6s.
GREEN, EVELYN FLETCHER. *Silver Axe*. 7d.
MCABE, JOSEPH. *The Story of Evolution*. 12s. 6d. net.
MEVILL, LEWIS. *Caroline of Brunswick*. 4s.
PHILIPOTIS, EDEN. *The Thief of Virtue*. 7d.
RINGGTON, A. WALLACE, A.R.P., R.R.A. *Cuban Music*. 6s. net.
SERGEANT, PHILIP W. *My Lady Castlemaine*. 1s. 6d. net.
SFACPOULI, H. DE VRE. *The Order of Release*. 6s.
WHITE, PHILIP. *Park Lane*. 7d.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

DYKES, W. RICKATSON. *Irisles*. ("Present Day Gardening.") 1s. 6d. net.
KIRKMAN, J. B. *British Bird Book*. Section 7. 10s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe. 7s.
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THE READER.

SANTA CHRISTINA.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

MY first acquaintance with Christina Rossetti came about in 1885, after I had published my first volume of poems, "Louise de la Vallière." I did not send it to the great, indiscriminatingly, as the young poets of those days were wont to do; but because I was Rossetti-mad at the time, because the little book was very Rossettian - a good deal of it had been written, nevertheless, before I had read Dante Gabriel—I sent it to William Michael Rossetti. I may recall that the first Rossetti book I ever owned—number one of the two famous volumes published by Ellis and Elvey, with the Rossetti design on the cover—was purchased with the 10s. 6d. which the *Graphic* had paid me for a poem: and well I remember buying it in the Dublin book-shop and carrying it home hugged against my heart, the colour and glory of it irradiating my day. Rossetti had succeeded Mrs. Browning with me. There was a time when I used to repeat "The Brown Rosary" as I raced along the country roads, running from exhilaration in the poetry and my youth, till the sight of a gaping urchin shocked me into decorum. But "The Brown Rosary" and "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" had been replaced by "The Blessed Damsel" and "The Staff and Scrip," before ever "Louise de la Vallière" saw the light! Those were days when I had a great deal of Dante Gabriel by heart and used to say him over to myself by day and by night. The little book was an arrow shot in the dark. • Picture then the incredulous delight of the rustic maiden when an early post brought a long letter from Mr. William Rossetti, full of praise of the book, and inviting her to select from a list of the Hollier photographs of Rossetti's pictures any half-dozen! I thought, and still think it, royal kindness—gold for bronze indeed. The letter came on a summer Sunday morning, and I can yet recall the joy of my heart as I read it aloud to the father who shared all my joys.

The letter contained a suggestion that I should send the book to Christina, who had read my letter to her

brother and had been greatly interested. I suppose they were amused and pleased at my frank Rossetti adoration. It was indeed a name of enchantment to me in those days. I sent the book with a heart and a half, and a few days later brought me a most kind and warm letter from Christina, with the photographs of the pictures I had chosen which still are among my cherished possessions.

The remainder of that summer and the autumn were marked by white-stone days on which I received letters from either William or Christina Rossetti. I used to send them all I wrote, and they never failed in kindest acknowledgment. I realize now that my youthful enthusiasm might well have been a bore; but if these kind people, who to me were up in the skies above me—as indeed Christina was—touched with even more than the enchantment which hung for me then over all people of literary achievement, felt it so at any time, they never betrayed it by a sign. I used to wait for their letters, turning cold with apprehension if they were delayed—having a correspondingly warm rush of joy when the envelopes with William Michael's beautiful little caligraphy or Christina's large clear hand, were in my post-bag some happy morning. I have a good many letters of Christina's of that date, but they are not

at this moment accessible, and I think they were chiefly concerned with the poems I sent her. "More than *gifts* I value *graces*," she wrote to me once, in praise of a poem of mine: and I think she liked me because of my religious poems.

Sometime in that winter I was in London, and was bidden to William Rossetti's house in Euston Square—Endsleigh Gardens, rather—and to 30, Torrington Square, Christina's unlikely home for so many years.

I paid Christina several visits that winter, and I daresay they may have been visitations, but I'm sure if they were so that I must have been pressed to remain. The Rossettis were always true Bloomsbury people. Torrington Square was near William Rossetti; and the

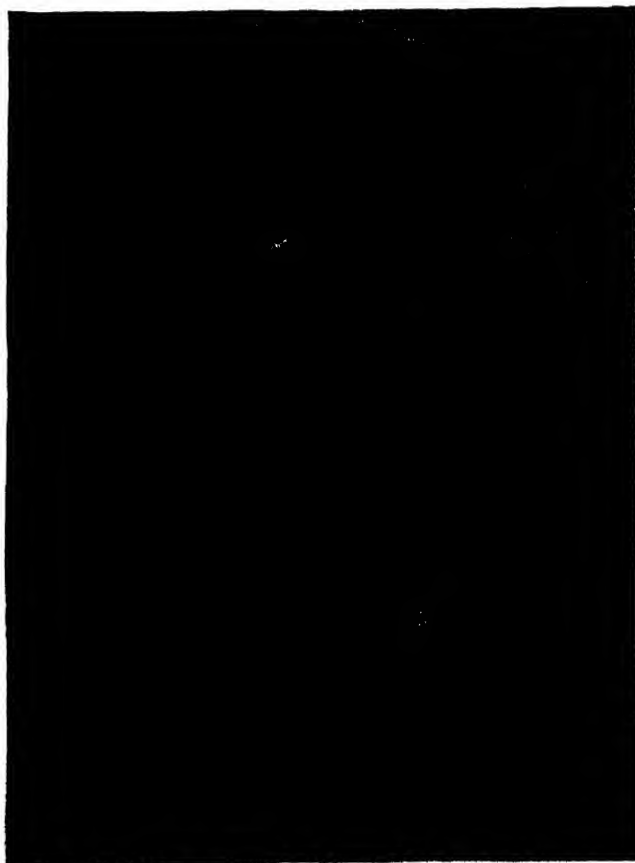
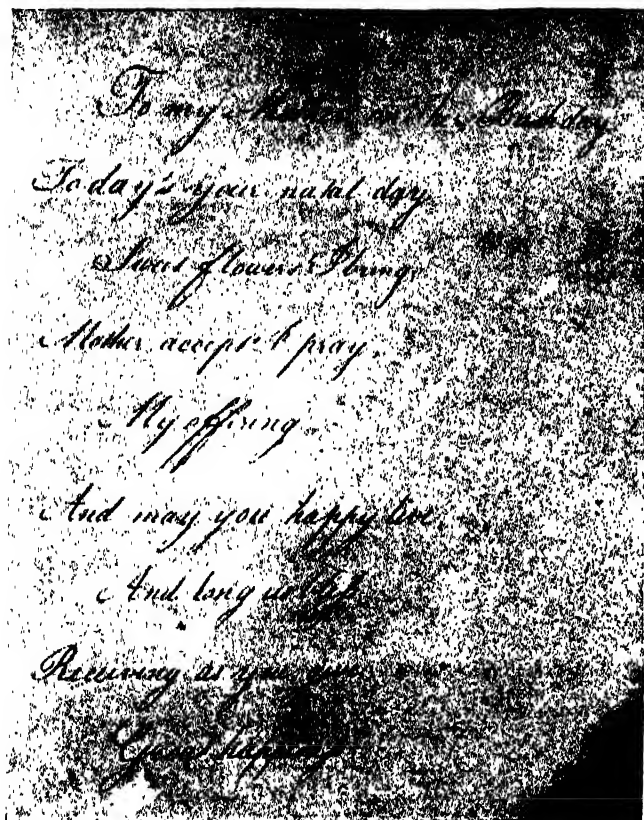


Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

Christina Rossetti.

From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti.



Christina Rossetti's earliest recorded verses.

Written on 27th April, 1842, when she was aged 12. They are addressed to her mother on her birthday.

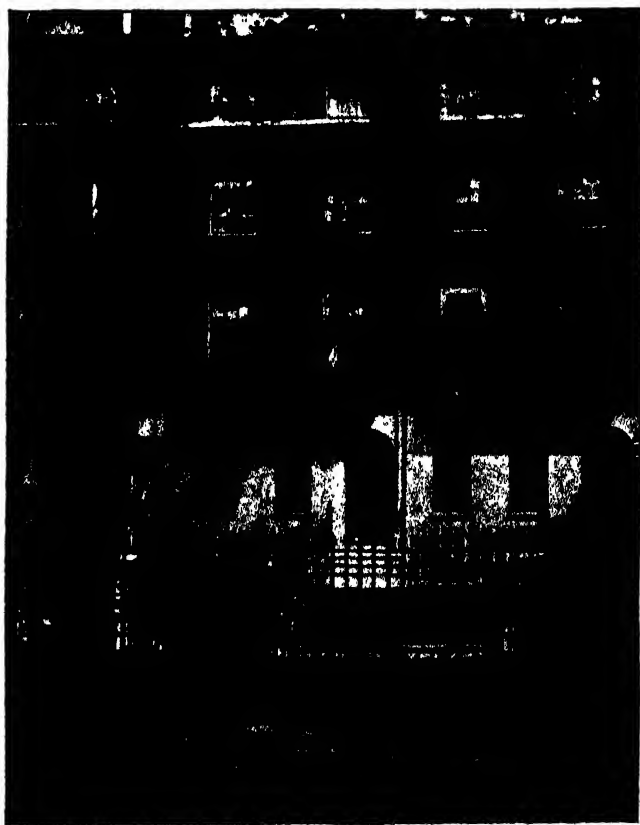
family ties with Christina were close and dear. It was near her favourite church. It was convenient for the many people who came to see her. She told me that she had crowds of American visitors, and she did not deny herself to them. I must, I think, have visited Christina in summer later on: but I have no memory of it. My memory is always of dark and wet winter evenings: of the little oblong London square, the lamp-light shining on its dripping evergreens; of the darkness of the little house to which I was admitted where Santa Christina shone like a light. The last time I saw her, within the weeks immediately preceding her death, she lay on a sofa, the light burning brighter and brighter as the frail vessel that held it grew more and more transparent.

That first afternoon we sat in the dusk, I, at one side of the fireplace, facing the great old mother of the Rossettis, who was then in her eighties. There was still living in the house an old Miss Polidori, or perhaps two. I seem to remember Christina taking one, or perhaps two, to Torquay, where she always made her infrequent holidays. The room was very dim. I do not think there was bright firelight. But as time went Christina lit a couple of candles. I remember the grave, noble face watching me with great interest and kindness. My adoration for Dante Rossetti had pleased and touched them. I exuded it. In those days my grief was that I could not have won one word of his approval. Sometimes Mrs. Rossetti bent to ask Christina what I had said; and when it was conveyed to her, the steadfast, fine old face turned on me its look of pleased approval. Once Christina said something about her mother, who leant forward and patted her knee, murmuring, "My affectionate Christina."

I remember that it was something of a shock to me to receive at my first sight of Christina an impression of

short-petticoated sturdiness. She was not in the least bit sturdy. Probably she would have loved the trailing Pre-Raphaelite garments which just then were all the vogue; the beautiful colours to which Liberty's were just introducing us. Doubtless it was a mortification of the flesh or the spirit to wear, as she did, thick boots and short rough grey skirts. As far as they could they made her almost ugly, for the spiritual face, with the heavily-lidded eyes, had nothing to do with those garments fit for a ten-mile walk over ploughed fields. She had scruples about the sadness of her poetry. "I was a melancholy girl," she said, "so I am a very cheerful old lady." She was not an old lady, but she had chosen, so far as she could, to be Victorian middle-aged. Something of a death-in-life it seemed to the girl coming in from outside, to be shut up in an ill-lit house in Torrington Square, with two or three old ladies getting up to their centuries. One wondered that she did not make it more tolerable by living in the country. But she chose Torrington Square. I wonder if she hated it as much as she ought to have hated it.

I had come fresh from William Rossetti's house where I had handled—as though it were the Grail—the Germ, and had inspected all manner of relics of Dante Gabriel. I had been given a short note of his, asking if Mrs. Stillman had come to town, an immemorable thing, but memorable to the disciple; also a characteristic note of Christina's: "My dear William, I will come on Thursday, so far as human prevision can ensure it," an escape from the hackneyed "D.V." Christina too took down from walls and out of desks all sorts of pictures and sketches of "Dear Gabriel," and "Poor little Lizzie." We talked about Christina's poetry. I wish I remembered more clearly what was said. One poem we discussed was "Milly, a Lady." Is that the title I wonder? My books are out of reach and I cannot be sure. But I



30, Torrington Square.

Christina Rossetti's residence for 19 years, and where she died.



National Portrait Gall.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Drawn by himself in 1846.

what was probably a first edition, with a Polidori name written in it. She laughed a great deal over "Cranford," turning the pages and recalling this or that. I think I went away uneasy because of her pretence of robustness, of brusquerie, almost.

Then on some other wet winter evening I carried off her umbrella. I had some considerable difficulty in restoring it, for though I set out several times with that object I did not succeed in achieving it till the eve of my leaving London, and then, I think, I took three hansoms, before I finally reached Torrington Square. I forget what my adventures were, but I know she was greatly diverted by my recital of them. "That sad tale of an umbrella!" she wrote afterwards: "and all the time I had another, not elegant, I admit, but quite serviceable." The one I had taken was, by the way, quite gampish. It belonged to that period when she was determined to be Victorian middle-aged, she the "undaunted daughter of desires!"

"I am not sure that I have one drop of Irish blood in me," she wrote once, "but if there is a drop, it is a very warm one."

Once— it was in the day of the interview—I sought to interview her. She would not be interviewed, or rather she put it in this way: "Would I come to see her and ask what I liked, only remembering that she had a dislike to being interviewed for the Press." This naturally had a very deterrent effect. I went and saw her; but no interview was written.

remember the verse I quoted. And now I think that must have been why Mrs. Rossetti, the other side of the fire murmured, "My affectionate Christina"

"Milly has no mother, and
sad beyond another
Is she whose blessed
mother is vanished
out of call.
Surely sweetness beyond
sweetness is wrapped
up in a mother
Who bears with all, and
trusts through all, and
• loves us all."

"Ah," said Christina, "I remember how Gabriel said when I read it to him: 'You've been reading 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' And I had," she added.

I don't know if it was then or at some other time that she told me she never stepped on a scrap of torn paper, but lifted it out of the mud lest perhaps it should have the Holy Name written or printed upon it.

I went away that evening loaded with books, her own—she gave me at one time or another all she had written—other books as well. It was she who introduced me to "Cranford." I carried off



Christina Rossetti and her Mother.

Drawn by D. G. Rossetti.
From "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by H. C. Marillier. (G. Bell & Sons)
By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

I certainly saw her on her sofa in her last illness. My impression is that I called to inquire, not intending nor hoping to see her, but that my name being taken up to her she wished to see me. Anyhow I was with her for a few moments, a farewell visit it proved. I think as she lay there, so gentle and patient, holding my hand, that she was really panting for Heaven. No one could grudge her her happy release; her happy ending that was only the prelude to the happiest beginning, although London, which must have many saints behind its dark house-fronts, had a saint the less.



South Kensington Museum.

Miss Siddal,

who was married to D. G. Rossetti in 1860, and died in 1862.

From a chalk drawing by Rossetti made about 1854.

'Tis O, in Paradise I fain would be!

All her poetry rings with the cry. Her vision of Paradise was very clear:

Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss

Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair:

With palms, harps, wedding-garments, kiss of peace,
And crowned and haloed hair.



Photo by W. A. Mansel & Co.

Lucy Rossetti.

(Mrs. W. M. Rossetti.)

They sang a song, a new song in the height,
Harping with harps to Him who is Strong and True:
They drank new wine: their eyes saw with new light.
Lo, all things were made new!

Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose,
So high that it was dreadful: flames with flames.
No man could number them, no tongue disclose
Their secret sacred names.

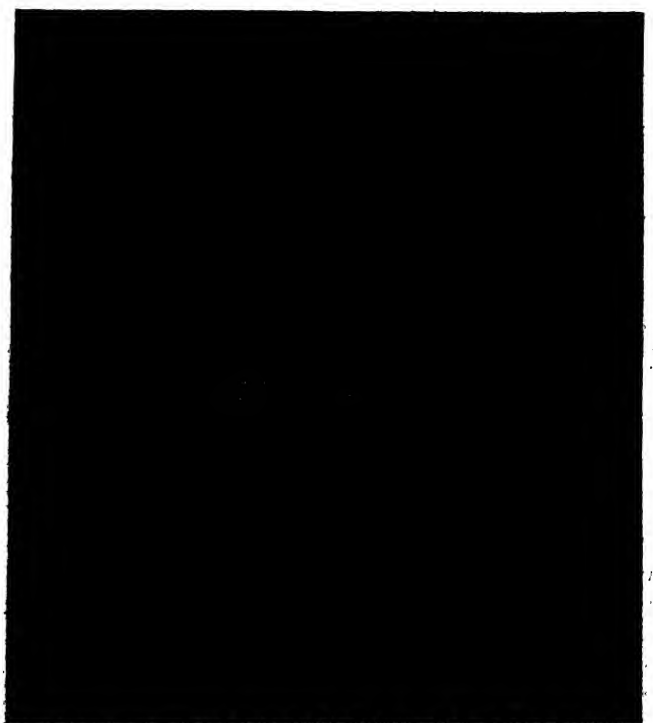


Photo by W. A. Mansel & Co.

Mrs. William Morris.

From a painting by Rossetti.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
 Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-
 voiced—
 They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood
 And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit :
 Each face looked one way towards the Sun of
 Love ;
 Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it
 And knew no end thereof.



"My heart is like a singing bird."

Illustrating "A Birthday" in "Poems by Christina Rossetti." (Blackie & Son.)
 From a colour plate by Florence Harrison.

The intensity of this realization of the Beatific Vision must have irradiated her life, wherever it was spent, with a glory beyond telling. Perhaps that was why Torrington Square held her as contentedly as the lovely country where she might have dwelt if she had chosen.

All the world that cares to know knows that Christina might have married two or three times. Her last vision of earthly happiness, foregone by her because her lover

could not accept what to her was life and breath, was afforded her by the love of the Cayley who translated Petrarch. She was very hard on her lover and herself, but she never repented the hardness I think, in her later judgment, though a less greatly-loving woman might have found justification for being happy in certain texts of St. Paul. It is this latest of her lovers whom she bade to many a passionate tryst when her heart spoke in the abandonment of her poetry :

Shall I forget on this side of the
 grave ?

I promise nothing : you must
 wait and see—

Patient and brave.

(Oh my soul, watch with him and
 he with me.)

Shall I forget in peace of Paradise ?

I promise nothing : follow,
 friend, and see—

Faithful and wise.

(Oh, my soul, keep the way he
 walks with me.)

I think in spite of the human passion which beats through much of her poetry she was of the women who are called to be Brides of Christ, own sister to St. Teresa and St. Catharine of Siena. Perhaps it was part of her greatness, of the whole woman she was, that she laid such passionate hold on the human love and relinquished it with such pangs and tears.

Oh dream, how sweet, too sweet,
 too bitter-sweet :

Whose wakening should have
 been in Paradise,

Where souls brimful of love abide
 and meet ;

Where thirsting, longing
 eyes

Watch the slow door

That opening in, letting in, lets
 out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that
 I may live

My very life again, though
 cold in death.

Come back to me in dreams, that
 I may give

Pulse for pulse, breath for
 breath :

Speak low, lean low

As long ago, my love, how long
 ago.

She was not Italian for nothing.

What on earth had she to do, this flame-hearted saint, with the grey streets of London, above all with Bloomsbury, more than all with the Mid-Victorian and Early-Victorian woman she tried to look like ? There was nothing at all of England in her way of loving, the mortal love or the Divine love. She might have been one of those Italian nuns of whom Mrs. Humphry Ward says that, deprived of their daily Communion, they faint and wither. She was a born mystic. England had no part in her ; but

England is immeasurably the gainer for that revolutionary bee in the bonnet which drove Gabriele Rossetti out of Italy and into England. Christina belonged to the Church of England by a strange accident. I am far from saying that her poetry did not gain much from her being brought up on the English Bible.

Perhaps if it had not been for the accident her poetry would have gained in another respect. She might have been free of that love of dwelling on the material aspect of death, which gives a certain sickly hue to this radiant creature's else rapturous poetry. Someone said of Christina's early poems that she could never keep the worms out of them. Well, perhaps that was partly the English Bible. But I imagine it may also have been—Torrington Square. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Christina Rossetti stands head and shoulders above all other women who have written English poetry. Where she stands in the line of poets, men as well as women, time will prove, and the judgment that sits in judgment, sifting, apportioning for immortality, beyond the futilities of contemporary judgment, blown about by many winds. If one may venture an opinion, among the Victorian poets, she and Browning will take the first place. Mystic and vestal virgin as she was, she was so much woman that the love she had refused and set on one side, preferring a heavenly love to an earthly, was her inspiration scarcely less than the heavenly. It

*Sleeping at last, the trouble & tumult over,
Sleeking at last, the struggle & passion past,
Red & white out of sight of friend & of lover
Sleeping at last—
No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,
No more fears that rising or shifting fears that prove,
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.
Fast, asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover,
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.
Under the purple thyme & the purple clover
Sleeping at last.*

I think I have now met the first time written by Christina Rossetti. In a note accompanying the volume Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes: "The verse I think must be the first Christina ever wrote—perhaps late in life."—Early in 1912.

inspired the "Monna Innominata," the noblest series of sonnets given to the world by a woman.

Another reminiscence and I am done. Some time in the early 'nineties my assistance was asked in collecting autographed books by famous English writers for the book-

stall at an American bazaar. I was more adventurous then than I am now, and my cheerful confidence was well repaid. The great were all or nearly all propitious. Christina, with characteristic generosity, sent me all her own books, and—two or three volumes by Mr. Cayley. So that she had not lost spiritual touch with him even then. Some of the books were late for the bazaar and came back, among them these volumes by Christina's life-long lover, which are still in my possession.

Some time in the 'eighties I made the acquaintance of a little lady of very tender age, who was Christina's god-child and the happy possessor of Christina's coral and Christina's baby string of beads. I envied that little lady. I envy her now. Christina's necklace, well, who knows what ills Christina's necklace might charm away, how potent her coral might be against evil enchantments? She would perhaps have been shocked at the suggestion. Her poetry tells us that she regarded herself as a sinner. Yet surely no one in our time was more of the stuff of saints, fitter for the Kingdom, than crowned and haloed and palm-branched Santa Christina.

THE PAPACY AND MODERN TIMES.*

BY R. H. BENSON.

DR. BARRY is too great a writer to preach loudly in any written work, above all, in a work which has as its object the statement of historical facts; for, in such an enterprise, unless the facts themselves preach a moral, no imported lesson can be anything except one-sided and untrue. The facts with which he has to deal are innumerable and enormous, since they are illustrative of nothing less than the two great principles of Sacred and Secular, as these have manifested themselves in the Western history of the last two thousand years. On the one side stand the civil governments of the world, from Cæsar to the President of the United States; on the other stands Rome, exhaustively logical, as Catholics

think her; over-developed and partial, as Protestants think her, yet, in any case, a commanding type of the claim to represent God. For, whatever may be the theological views of a man, he cannot deny that, as a matter of historical fact, she has stood for Christianity on the stage of the world's history as no other denomination has yet been able to stand; she numbers half the Christian world at the present day; she has moved among kings as well as among their subjects; she has made terms with this, has defied a second, and has been defied by a third.

The facts then are innumerable. In his prologue Dr. Barry sketches the formation of Christendom, and

* "The Papacy and Modern Times." By William Barry, D.D. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

the gradual emergence of the Vatican to that position which Catholics believe to have been designed by the Divine Founder of Christianity, which Protestants believe was brought about by the stress and movement of history. "The Vatican," says the author, "is a name more august than the Parthenon, . . . full of millennial hopes and the pathos of man's history, nor yet illuminated by any visible and reconciling last scene. To the Catholic who reads, I would commend the exercise of his faith, having trust in the event. . . . To the general student let me say: 'These, too, had their sorrows, their heavy task, ere they passed into the unknown. Remember that they were like unto thee, as thou art like unto them. We will look over these chronicles together, and learn from them how divine, how helpless, how much to be pitied and wondered at a thing is human nature.' " This is beautifully said, and Dr. Barry acts up to it loyally. There is no covert proselytism, no suppression of truth, no over-emphasis of detail. Here are the facts, he seems to say: from these facts various men have drawn various conclusions: very well; then let us study them again together.

The book proper begins with a significant event, just touched upon, as a type—the conflict of Henry II. of England and St. Thomas of Canterbury. And then—"The royal supremacy was adjourned for three hundred and sixty years." Thence the author ranges out from England at its acute stage, to Europe generally, where, in this country the encounter had already taken place, in that country 'was yet to come', and, in the "Great Captivity" of Avignon finds the seeds sown for the great schism of the West. Thence the movement proceeds: there is confusion, not as to the fact of the Spiritual



Four-piece illustration from "Sing-song: A Nursery Rhyme Book," by Christina Rossetti (Macmillan).
Drawn by Arthur Hughes.



"Buy from us with @golden curl"

From "Goblin Market," by Christina Rossetti. (Macmillan.)

Power, but as to which arm holds it—whether Urban VI. or Clement VII. be the Vicar of Christ; and it is exceedingly significant of the position which the Spiritual Power had already established for itself, that the suggestion that there was no Vicar of Christ at all was never even breathed. But the stage of history to which most modern readers will turn with particular interest is that known as the Reformation; and here Dr. Barry is found almost at his best: he is splendidly frank. "Under what scandalous conditions," he writes, "Leo X. revived the Petrine indulgence, despite his oath to the contrary, and shared its profits with Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, we may learn from historians. In 1517 the German Church was a confederacy of high-born prince prelates, enormously rich, too often dissolute, and at best men of the world who left their spiritual charge to others." But he is fair, too, to the other side. "There was evidence of much piety," he adds, "in the middle and lower classes. . . . There is abundant proof that Scripture was well-known, preached and commented on, long before Wittenberg saw the friar among its professors." And so the battle is set and waged: shrewd blows are exchanged on either side; and when the dust has cleared away, part of Germany and Switzerland, Scandinavia and all England has been lost to Catholic unity. Henceforward the centre of gravity on the spiritual side will swing down once for all into the south, strengthened and reinforced as

that was by the "Catholic Revival," under such men as St. Ignatius and his Society of Jesus.

These are, however, but specimens of the sections of history which Dr. Barry sketches so broadly and usefully. He carries the process down to our own days, and leaves us confronted with democracy—such democracy at least as has taken permanent shape in the Constitution of the United States of America. And it is an exceedingly fascinating view which he opens before us—a view on which he makes no partisan comments at all. He is obliged, of course, to cover an enormous tract of ground; and the result is that his style is even more compressed than usual. He writes, as a monastic chronicler illustrates, who has to combine in one picture of an inch square the Passion of Christ, the Eternal

Father, the fabric of a soldier's tunic, the Magdalene's sorrow, and an Italian landscape. He writes in an unending succession of short sentences, each containing some pointed and vivid word, yet blending the whole into a real and considered design. It is a little difficult to read; it is even more difficult to remember; yet it is worth reading and re-reading. For it is not often that we meet with an historian who has, besides a real and minute knowledge of facts and a power of generalization and compression, a perfectly definite standpoint of his own from which to view them. There is, at any rate, something to be said for Mr. Belloc's assertion that none but a Catholic can adequately deal with the history of a Continent which, whether for good or evil, has been moulded wholly by Catholic influence and by reactions from it.

EDMUND GOSSE'S POEMS.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

WRITING some seventy years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Sainte-Beuve expressed his opinion that "il existe, en un mot, chez les trois quarts des hommes Un poète mort jeune à qui l'homme survit"—a piece of pessimism for which he was promptly and properly rebuked by Alfred de Musset, who pointed out that his friend's aphorism belied him, since it was almost a verse as it stood; and, surrendering him to

his "offended Muse," contended that:

"en nous il existe souvent
Un poète endormi toujours jeune et vivant."

We are reminded of this episode by Mr. Gosse's well-planned and well-printed volume of "Collected Poems" (Heinemann, 5s. net). Those who are familiar with his fluent and pellucid prose—who, perhaps, know him chiefly as a sympathetic critic and an accomplished



Dante Gabriel, Christina, W. M. Rossetti, and their Mother
in the garden of Rossetti's house, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

From a photograph by "Lewis Carroll" (Rev. C. L. Dodgson) in 1863. (Lent by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.)

essayist, have sometimes allowed themselves to forget—"so vast is art, so narrow human wit"—that he is also a poet of the most rare and delicate sensibility, a born metrist, and a keen lover of nature. And this poet is certainly not *endormi*, still less dead. But, regarding his art as a gift, not lightly to be abused, he has versified only *à ses heures*; and waited until his mind was duly attuned to the notes of that Phrygian flute whose music—as Lucian tells us—is audible only to the adept. His Euterpe is no Muse-of-all-work. He has never condescended to the temptations of the "topical," or set his words to the jingle of the cross-ways. On the contrary, he has always kept his song at a certain elevation, remembering, with the fine *pensée* of Joubert, that "the lyre is a winged instrument."

In a Preface of singular modesty, and touched a little sadly by the retrospect which must inevitably accompany an ingathering extending over a lengthy period, Mr. Gosse defines his position. His view, he says, is of 1872, when his technique was determined. "If I am a poet at all, I belong to the age of the Franco-German War, of the introduction of Japanese art into Europe, of the discoveries of Huxley and Hæckel, and of the Oxford lectures of Matthew Arnold." One may smile a little—as, indeed, he himself does at this "intellectual topography." But what we are here more concerned with is the fact that there was no initial fumbling in the technique he mentions. What is most notable about it is that what it was, it remains. Take, for instance, the final stanza of "The Return of the Swallows," which is one of the earliest pieces:

"And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted,
and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white, dreamy square;
And the sad slave-woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped, earthen cup,
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
'To-morrow the swallows will northward fly.'"

Compare with this the last verses of "The Land of France," which belongs to 1909:

"Sands of Dunkirk are not too cold for me;
Nor dales of Rousillon too full of fire;
Down Tarn and Lot my memory leaps in glee;
Long miles of poplar'd Anjou cannot tire
Feet that to frost-capp'd Dauphiné aspire;
Shouting of waves that on black Penmarch fall—
Slow stream 'ot Aigues-Mortes — I love them all.

"France, take my hands in those kind hands of thine;
Like a chill swallow to thy fields I fly!
Warmth, beauty, calm and happiness are mine
When o'er me bends that soft and radiant sky,
When in that vivid atmosphere I sigh—
Sigh, for pure gladness, while my pulses dance
A joyful measure to the praise of France."

But while one remarks that, in metrical skill, there are scant signs of alteration, this is no more than to say that no alteration was required, save the increased facility that comes of practice. In respect of form, Mr. Gosse entered the arena fully-armed, and had consequently to add nothing to his panoply. On the other hand, the matter of his work, as the very titles of his books imply ("In Russet and Silver," "An Autumn Garden") has changed with the passing of the years; and as his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, says—in the letter written from Vailima only two days before his death which acknowledges "Tusitala" takes on an autumnal sobriety as it goes, growing, not indeed less "rich in adornment," but more "natural, personal,



Illustrating "The Lowest Room" in "Poems by Christina Rossetti." (Blackie & Son.)
From a drawing by Florence Harrison.



Caricatures of W. M. and D. G. Rossetti.

Drawn by D. G. R. in 1853.
From "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by H. C. Marlillier. (G. Bell & Sons.
By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

sincere and articulate in substance." This is partly expressed in the poet's own epigraph :

"Life, that, when youth was hot and bold,
Leaped up in scarlet and in gold,
Now walks, by graver hopes possessed,
In russet and in silver dressed ;"

and finds larger utterance in the impressive verses that close the opening poem :

"Thank God, that, while the nerves
decay
And muscles dessicate away,
The brain's the hardest part of men,
And thrives till three-score years and
ten ;

"That, tho' the crescent flesh be wound
In soft, unseemly folds around,
The heart may, all the days we live,
Grow more alert and sensitive.

"Then, thews and prickly nerves, adieu !
Thanks for the years I spent with you ;
Gently and cheerfully we part :
Now I must live for brain and heart "

Fourteen years later, in "The
Autumn Garden," the same thought
dominates "A Song for the New
Year" :

"Why, then, my New Year's wish shall
be
For love and love alone ;
More hands to hold out joy to me,
More hearts for me to own ;
And if the gain
In part be pain,—
Since time but gives to take again,—
Yet more than gold a thousandfold
Is love that's neither bought nor
sold."

How should one speak of a volume
such as this, the hiving of well-nigh
forty years ! To Mr. Gosse's con-
temporaries to those who have
walked with him through good and
evil hap the way is strewn with
memories, thick-coming memories of
the Past. Criticism may set aside

her considering cap. It is no time for the
weighing of values, where all has been valued
already. One listens to the hygone voices,
renews the old sensations. One reads again
the old favourites, "The White-throat,"
"Wind of Provence," "The Mænad's Grave,"
"The Charcoal-burner." Here is "Firdausi
in Exile," which one recalls as an introduction
to "The Epic of Kings" ; here is the spirited
"Cruise of the Rover," which belongs to the
"Magazine of Art" in Henley's reign, when
it was illustrated by Seymour Lucas ; here
are the clever Popesque couplets addressed
to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventy-
fifth birthday ; here are a score more which
bring back a vanished time. The beautiful
early sonnet "On a Lute found in a Sarco-
phagus," and the dexterous "Alcyone," serve
to show how skilful is this craftsman in
an exacting form ; the "Memorial Verses,"
with how light a hand, and yet how sure a
touch, he can paint the people he has known
and loved. The "R.B." of this will be easily
recognised :

"His soul went singing like a mountaineer
Who climbs the hills, and carols as he climbs ;
Above the snow he heard the fairy chimes !
Of God's faint bells, and felt no shade of fear.

"He leaped in faith from year to glimmering year ;
Nothing to him seemed poor or vile or vain,
Since all the fibres of his heart and brain
Were braced by hope's high Alpine atmosphere.



D. G. Rossetti.

From the medallion by John Hancock (engraved by Jonnard).

"I have known no goodlier spirit! Where he walked,
Love masqueraded in rough skins and claws,
Feigning to be some monster of the woods;

"Loud was the voice wherewith he rhymed and talked,
But warmer heart, or moved in kindlier cause,
Was never stirred by man's vicissitudes."

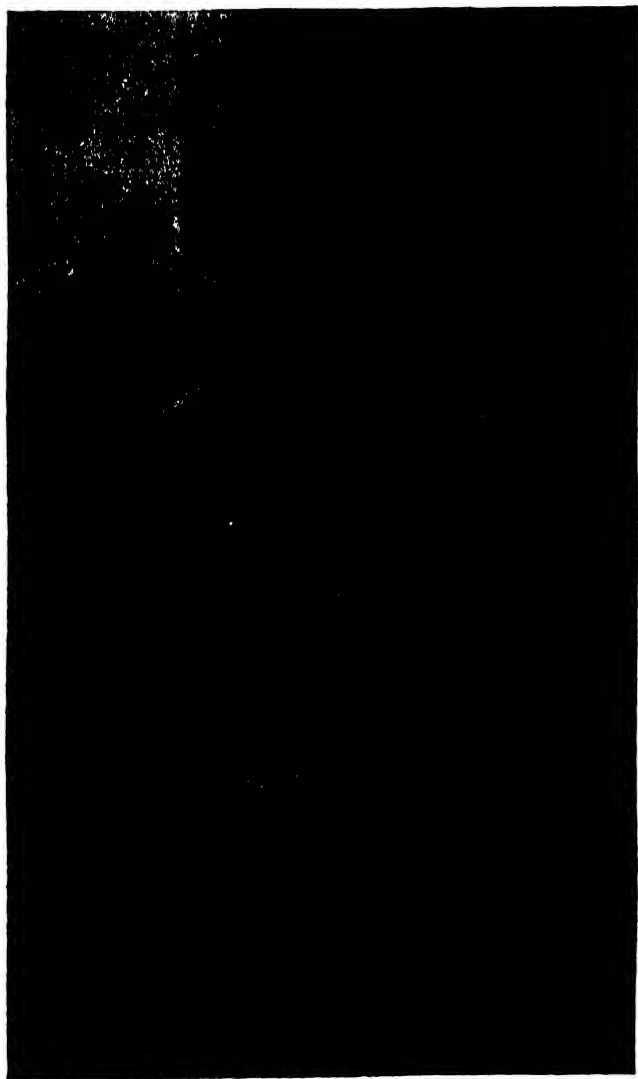
One of the most interesting of these "Memorial Verses" is a *ballado* on the death of that "Prince-jeweller" of rhyme, Théodore de Banville, which serves further to bring to mind Mr. Gosse's connection with the revival, circa 1875-85, of the old French forms of Villon and Clement Marot and Charles of Orleans. We say "revival," to be accurate, because some of them had been written by Chaucer; and they had also been essayed fitfully and timidly by Surrey and Patrick Carey, and even by writers of the eighteenth century. And when, at last, they were marshalled in force, they had long been, so to speak, in the air. Swinburne was thinking of them in the "Ballad of Burdens"; and the stanza of his admirable "Match" is a modification of the Dante *triolet*. Rossetti paraphrased Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" in a way that, had he played the game as he did in Villon's "Rondel to



Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

From a French Etching.

Death," would have made all later versions needless. Mr. Gosse himself, in his "On Viol and Flute," of 1873, wrote early *rondels*, which, he would admit, were *rondels* only in name. But not until later do people seem to have become aware, through Banville's "Odes Funambulesques" and his "Petit Traité de Poésie Française," that there were fixed rules for all these forms—rules as definite and inexorable as those for the Petrarchan sonnet. An article by Mr. Gosse in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1877, first called attention to what was then being done; and he was fortunate enough to illustrate his "Plea for certain Exotic Forms of Verse" by an excellent and unexcelled "Chant Royal," one of the most intricate of the exercises which "the bigots of that iron time" regarded as a futile dancing in fetters. As though there are no fetters in the sonnet of Milton and Wordsworth! There are examples of most of the French forms in the "Collected Poems" (especially a "Ballade of Dead Cities"), which may serve as models to the student. It is a far cry to 1877, but the imported measures are still being written as assiduously as ever, both in England and America; and it is encouraging to those who, like Mr. Gosse, first attempted them seriously in English, to note, that, in most cases, they are being written by versifiers who, still blissfully ignorant of Banville and the "Petit Traité"—to say nothing of Marot and François Villon—follow sedulously in the footsteps of the makers of the 'Seventies.



The Rossetti Family Tomb
at Highgate Cemetery.

THE FOUR WINDS OF THE SPIRIT.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I BORROW from Victor Hugo the title by which he renders into French that which we call "the breath of poetry." To make us feel that breath, blowing from known and unknown heights upon our dusty world, is the amiable yet not easy task set himself by the author of these contributions to *The Times' Literary Supplement*. *The Times*! How solidly British, with all the appurtenances of the breakfast table, does not the word sound! It is matter-of-fact, hard, and workaday, severely dogmatic and established; or, as they say in French, *tout le pontif* the average man's average balance at the banker's. Can we imagine poetry in *The Times*? I believe Mr. Rudyard Kipling has uttered in its columns now and again his lyrical cry; but even so the question is not quite answered. Prose, weighty, Gibbonian, touched with academic self-control, that is what we look for when the great journal speaks; but poetry—alas! poor stranger, what welcome shall it find on the Stock Exchange, or in those illustrated advertisements of patent foods to which, at its critical age, *The Times* has yielded hospitable room? Do the Nine Muses subscribe on cheapened terms for a daily copy posted to Parnassus? The Muse of History, perhaps? Or of Comedy? I must leave these curious problems.

All the more am I delighted when a bunch of spring flowers wet with dew is brought me from Printing House Square—English blooms not wholly innocent of a subtle French perfume, or even like French roses marked by their decisive yet graceful contours. Such, I would say, is the quality (a rare one) that gives to Mr. Bailey's volume of essays point and distinction. Let us do French critics the justice they deserve. Always they write of poets and poetry with respectful enthusiasm. They hold that education should soar up as on wings to the *templa serena* of the mighty singers. They believe that poetry is more than politics; and when a young Frenchman wanders round Oxford he feels astonished that undergraduates discuss football and cricket scores instead of doing what Parisian sophomores do, and building *cénacles* to their favourite authors. You would never, in Paris, hear a brilliant woman of the world exclaim, "I hate poetry"—a sentence which I have heard even from an actress's lips. Victor Hugo during his last years was king, not only of French literature, but of society, looked upon as a sovereign by Divine right, before whom the mere politician, though he were named Gambetta, bent his knee. When did London, when did England, acclaim a poet on these terms? Dead, he may lie in Westminster Abbey; but living, if he wins the Laureate's wreath or a peerage he has done supremely well. The English gospel is neither Wordsworth nor Shakespeare, but *The Times*.

Honour, then, to a bold, sincerely reverent spirit whom this atmosphere cannot overcome, a lover of the poets, open to their charm, persuaded in a day like ours "of thunder and eclipse" that poetry is the breath of life—something transcendent and magical, which we must on no account forgo. Here is one who will study and make his own the whole compass of the lyre,

willing to range from Æschylus to Swinburne, Fitzgerald, Meredith; and, as another fine volume proves, victorious over the purblind English superstition that roundly tells the ignorant there is no poetry in French. If a reader can take these broad views, full of admiration for the wild unearthly music of "Prometheus Unbound," yet appraising Dryden's "All for Love" as a thing of "immortal passion," he has (who can doubt it?) learned from the schools of Paris what criticism should be, adding their sober judgment to the deep sense of mystery and ecstasy that the bards of England have somehow caught from its silence and its speaking action. But another conclusion begins to show from this tempered mood, at once large and impartial, which it is worth while to indicate.

New beginnings are commonly reactions, for they do not spring out of "chaos and old night." In the long series—let us frame our meaning thus—of Professor Saintsbury's travels through literature, we find him always coming up to "the triumph of Romanticism." On the last field of battle the classical squadron dies or surrenders. But when we turn to Professor Raleigh or to these pages of Mr. Bailey, there is a change. It might seem as if the dead were to live again. Of that resurrection the token, highly characteristic, in England is a return to Johnson "without Boswell," to Johnson the writer as distinct from Johnson the speaker. What is the sign in France? Looking broadly at the hundred years just over, we may call them the years of Rousseau. From Chateaubriand to Flaubert, from George Sand to Paul Bourget, one spirit moves in them all. It is the passion of Jean Jacques, accepted or resisted, but ever triumphant. How shall the new age revolt from the revolution? By going back beyond it. And who stands beyond it, sardonically smiling, crystal-clear in his speech, the absolute man of the world, most French of Frenchmen, as Johnson is most English of Englishmen? You have already named him Voltaire. To Voltaire, then, the true Parisian is retracing his steps, after exotic adventures into which he was betrayed by the Swiss philosopher, by Chateaubriand the Breton, George Sand the half-German, Hugo the Spanish hidalgo, none of them pure Gauls of the centre. On this side, where the Romantic movement is at home, we shall never exchange our Elizabethans for Pope and Dryden; but the eighteenth century is no longer flouted, and the Augustan Age has recovered something of the admiration it once too confidently claimed. Professor Raleigh compels his readers to own the greatness of Johnson. Mr. Bailey has edited Cowper's Poems, in which the air of the century blows, however soothingly, against us. The Germanism of Carlyle, his affinities with Jean Paul Richter, his violence and his fantastic imagery, led the late Bishop Creighton to ask whether he would share Richter's fate and sink below the horizon. These are "signs of the times," not to be overlooked by the discerning.

Must we now fix on a volume, so pleasantly written, so thoughtful, earnest, and stimulating, the fatal French

* "Poets and Poetry." By John Bailey. 5s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)



The Memorial to Christina Rossetti in Christ Church, Woburn Square.

The last work of Burne-Jones.

epithet, *juste milieu*? I would not say so. One could wish, indeed, that writers who are evidently Christians had a little less reserve in expressing the principles which their best judgments imply. It is really the fact that a man's opinions about literature cannot remain apart, as if his religious beliefs did in no degree colour them. The creed in its heights and depths is far from being a centre of indifference, a compromise, or a dilettantism. And of all human utterances, poetry, since it is the most profoundly alive, is also the most sincere. Even sincere

scepticism, as in that Omar Khayyam of which our book has excellent things to say, is by its melancholy, its defiance of a Power denied yet haunting the soul, poetical in its negations. I think the day is coming when this frank admission of our attitude towards the first and last questions will throw a flood of light on the art of criticism, lifting it from a mere matter of your taste and mine to the neighbourhood of science, and thereby proving that, however poets may seem to write for pleasure, they sing in unison with divine harmonies.

THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHOR OF "CRANFORD."

BY MRS. ELLIS H. CHADWICK.

THE mothers of the great writers are always interesting. It has often been deplored that we do not know more of the mother of Charlotte Brontë, but scant as our knowledge of her is, still less is known of the mother of her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, and that little as recorded is not correct. It has always been affirmed by members of her family that Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, to give Mrs. Gaskell her full maiden name, lost her mother in 1810 when she was a baby of a few weeks old and when her parents were living at No. 1, Belle Vue, which was part of old Lindsey Row, Chelsea; but this is not so. Mrs. Stevenson died in October, 1811, at 3,

Beaufort Row, which is now known as Beaufort Street, in one of the houses which has since been demolished.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was a little more than a year old when her mother died, and by the time the father could make arrangements for his little daughter to be taken to Mrs. Lumb, his wife's sister, who lived in a tall red brick house on the heath-side at Knutsford, the baby was about thirteen months old. This is confirmed by a letter to Mary Howitt written by Mrs. Gaskell herself in May, 1838, where she says: "I was early motherless and taken when only a year old to my dear adopted native town Knutsford."

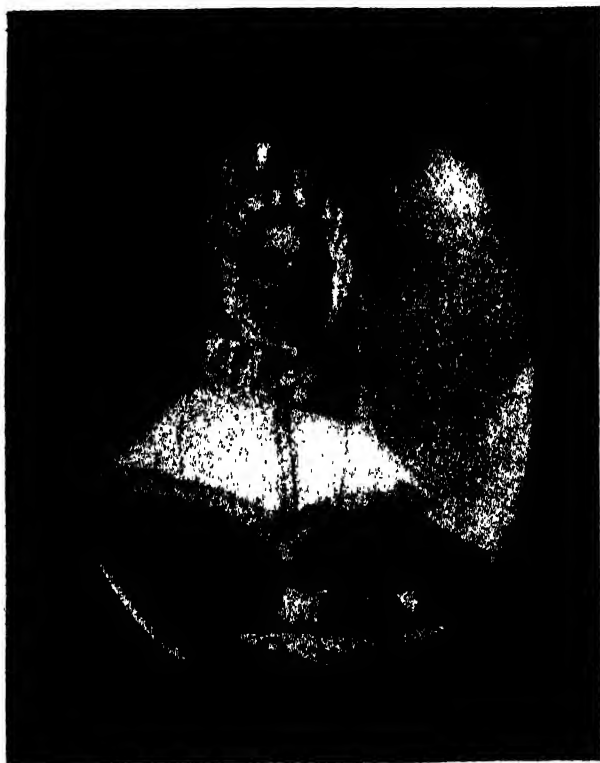


Photo by Warwick Brooks.

Mrs. Lumb,

of Knutsford, the Aunt with whom Mrs. Gaskell lived until her marriage.
(From an oil painting.)

It is strange that Mrs. Gaskell's own relatives should have thought that Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was only a few weeks old when taken to Knutsford, for there is not the slightest doubt about the letter to Mary Howitt being in Mrs. Gaskell's own handwriting. Mrs. Gaskell was certainly born on September 29th, 1810, at a house in old Lindsey Row, which from the Chelsea rate books and the title-deeds of the house I proved in September, 1909, to be the present 93, Cheyne Walk, for I have handled the actual faded bit of paper on which the birth certificate was written in 1810, which was deposited in Dr. William's Library, to be afterwards transferred to Somerset House.

According to the Chelsea rate book for the June quarter of 1811, William Stevenson removed with his family to 3, Beaufort Row, and there his wife died in the October of that year. Eighteen years afterwards, Mr. Stevenson was buried from that same house. The reason why forty-six years have been allowed to elapse before this information could be absolutely verified—Mrs. Gaskell having died in 1865—must be attributed to the statement of the family on the subject as recorded in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as well as in Dr. Ward's biographical introduction to the Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, and to the incorrect spelling of the name Stevenson in the Chelsea Church Register.

The parish clerks of bygone days have much to answer for, and they have often sorely tried the patience of those who have had to follow them in the research which is necessary for gaining authentic information concerning those who can claim a place in that great Valhalla the "Dictionary of National Biography."

We are now quite familiar with O'Prunty becoming Branty, Bronte and finally Brontë, though the parish clerk cannot take all the blame or credit of this interesting alteration; but in the case of William Stevenson, it was certainly the fault of the clerk, for when residing in Chelsea Mrs. Gaskell's father always spelt his name Stevenson, though it is said that his ancestors spelt it Stevensen, which Mrs. Gaskell said betrayed her Scandinavian origin. In the old Chelsea rate books the name appears in 1810 as Stephens, and later as Stephenson, and finally Stevenson, and in the Chelsea directory for 1812 it is written Stephenson, though Mr. Stevenson is correctly described as the Keeper of the Records at the Treasury Office.

In the Burial Register of the old parish church of Chelsea is an entry which evidently refers to the interment of Mrs. Stevenson, dated October 30th, 1811, though the name appears as "Elizabeth Stevens age 40." Mrs. Stevenson was buried in the King's Road Burial Ground, Chelsea, which was used as an extension of the Old Chelsea Parish graveyard, until December, 1812.

The celebration of the centenaries of distinguished people has its uses, if only to set in motion careful research connected with the person to be honoured. Recently, in looking through some correspondence which belonged to her mother, one of Mrs. Gaskell's daughters has found a contemporary letter which suggests that her maternal grandmother died about November, 1811, but having searched every register of burials in and around Chelsea, I have not been able to find any record except the entry for October 30th, 1811. As a further proof that this refers to the novelist's mother, it may be mentioned that Mr. Stevenson was buried in the King's Road Burial Ground on March 27th, 1829, therefore he must have owned a grave there previous to 1812, after



Copyright.

Corner of Old Lindsey Row, Chelsea.
Showing house on the left in which Mrs. Gaskell was born, and on the right where she lived when her mother died in 1811, and her father in 1829.

which no new graves were sold in that burial place. This would point to the fact that he bought a grave there when his wife died in 1811. This old graveyard is now used as a recreation ground by the inmates of the Chelsea workhouse.

In order to verify the age of Mrs. Stevenson, I have searched the registers of baptisms from the old Unitarian Chapel at Knutsford, but this does not give any assistance, for a footnote in one of the registers states: "The register of Knutsford Chapel previous to 1791 is lost; it is supposed to have been taken away among the books of Mr. Lord, a former minister, and has never been found."

I have, however, been able to consult a book entitled "The History of the Family of Holland of Mobberley and Knutsford," privately printed in 1902, which refers to "Elizabeth Holland who married the Rev. William Stevenson" as the fourth daughter of Samuel Holland of Sandle Bridge, Cheshire.

Copying the dates of birth of Samuel Holland's daughters from the grave-stones in the Knutsford Unitarian burial ground, I find Anne, the eldest, was born in 1766; Hannah (Mrs. Lumb) in 1768; Mary, mentioned as the third daughter, in 1770; Catherine, 1772; and the youngest, Abigail, 1773. There is no mention of Elizabeth, as she was buried in Chelsea, and as the fourth daughter, she must have been born in 1771, which would prove that she was forty in 1811.

Now that we know that Mrs. Gaskell was a baby a year old when her mother died, and not a month old, as every previous writer has felt compelled to believe, it is easier to grasp the fact, so often stated, that the stage coach journey of little Elizabeth Stevenson with Mrs. Whittington, a friend of the Hollands, from Chelsea to Knutsford, suggested the account in "Mary Barton" of "babby's journey" from London to Manchester with the two grandfathers, for certainly the treatment of the "babby" is much more suited to a child of a year than to one a few weeks old as the story represents, for so young a baby could not have needed "pobbies," nor would a crust of bread have been of any use. It is just possible, in the absence of confirmation of the actual age, that the story is responsible for the statement that the baby Stevenson was only a few weeks old when her mother died, and that in weaving the account of her own early travels into the story, Mrs. Gaskell altered the age of the child.



Photo by Ernest Chadwick.

Mrs. Lumb's House in Knutsford, to which Mrs. Gaskell was taken when a year old.

All other writers have given the wrong date of Mr. Stevenson's death, March 22nd, 1829, as recorded in the Chelsea Parish Church Register, so that the celebration of Mrs. Gaskell's centenary has led to research in many directions, and has produced authentic information which otherwise might never have been brought to light.

If Elizabeth Stevenson's mother had not died when her famous daughter was a baby, it is questionable if we ever should have had "Cranford," for it was the early years of Mrs. Gaskell's residence in Knutsford that impressed her with scenes which she depicted with such charm and pathos in that prose idyll and also in all her stories of Knutsford life.

Some of the chats with "Miss Matty" are founded on fact, and it is interesting to know that the beautiful Aunt Hannah—Mrs. Lumb—who became a second mother to Elizabeth Stevenson, was noted for her "elegant economy" and, like Miss Matty Jenkyns, was chary of candles. When alone on winter evenings she would sit knitting by the firelight, but immediately she heard her niece's footsteps coming along the path, she would take up her paper spill and light a candle "to make it more cheerful like." If, however, company arrived, a second candle was lighted, for by carefully relighting each candle in turn she had been able to keep both about the same height, as the author of "Cranford" relates in her chapter on "old letters." "Cranford" is with the immortals, and as long as the book lives Mrs. Gaskell's name will be held in grateful remembrance, for the story of the society in that little country town is redolent of the humorous as well as the pathetic side of the old-world village life of the early Victorian period, when Sedan chairs, pattens, and gigot sleeves were *de rigueur*, things which the present generation needs a footnote to explain the meaning of.

New Books.

HANNAH MORE.*

There has been such an ebb-tide flowing away from the eighteenth century writers, especially since 1800, that it is agreeable to encounter a new biographical study: Nothing in the shape of the Higher Criticism of Hannah More, but a frank acceptance of her as one of the Sibyls! Miss Meakin enjoys thoroughly the discussion and defence of Hannah and ends by communicating to the reader a certain amount of her own enjoyment. It matters a good deal, it seems, that such a heroine was born, not at Stapleton, as the books say, but at Fishponds which is a hamlet of Stapleton. Again, as Miss Meakin recounts with glee, Hannah's cottage of Cowslip Green was not in the parish of Blagdon, but in the adjoining parish of Wrington. She was *not* indifferent to natural scenery. She did *not* cultivate the friendship of a slave owner. Her strict observance of Sunday was a Puritan, and *not* a Calvinistic trait. We cannot afford to ignore Hannah More. So Miss Meakin says, and she knows so much about the subject that it would be presumptuous indeed for us to contradict her.

One cannot help being astonished at the number of ladies who enjoyed a reputation for learning and literary distinction during the seventies of that century. Besides Hannah who represented the "Nine" (Garriek's nickname for his young favourite) and the "Queen of the Blues" (Mrs. Montagu), we hear much of Miss Carter who knew Greek better than Johnson, Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson's favourite "little toad," Fanny Burney. With the exception of the last, they can hardly be said to have left "a wrack behind." Miss Meakin takes them very seriously. Mrs. Montagu, she tells, got her knife into Voltaire more than once, and the detractor of our immortal bard writhed in anguish under her witty retorts. The author says complacently: "One cannot but be struck in studying the lives of our eighteenth century writers, with the fact that they all emerged more or less from one and the same little group of intellectually disposed families, or if they did not emerge from them, they were drawn into their circle. London, so much smaller then than now, had its literary centre, its intellectual soil, and its intellectual atmosphere, just as some continental cities have to-day a musical soil, and a musical atmosphere. No wonder that some good plants were produced."

Miss Meakin seems at times to take a rather optimistic view of this blue stocking reserve. Most of the great century figures were passing, and the mutual admiration society who had met under Mrs. Montagu's umbrella can hardly be said to have fitted the vacant places. One imagines them platitudinising in the Miss Seward vein upon the value of correct views until one would be fain to shriek aloud "*Allons jasons des solécismes!*" The lively Hannah got more didactic and more square-toed in this censorious atmosphere. Where are the productions of this society to-day? Who now reads "Percy," which in its day earned as much for Hannah as did "She Stoops" for Goldsmith? Who has heard of "Sir Eldred of the Bower," a poem for which the writer, as Cadell expressly stipulated, was to get the same amount as Goldsmith obtained for "The Deserted Village"? Hannah pleased the great ones of her time by her liveliness, sincerity and buoyancy. She pleased Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and Burke by her quick schoolgirl memory and ready sensibility. Rather a pretty "methodee" she was, too, and one who impressed the old with a sense of appreciation combined with sufficient wit and purpose to make a good transmitter from one generation to another. This, the good Hannah, who lived to be one of the few subjects of George IV., to retain a lively recollection of the glories of the reign of George II., was to be in a most complete and emphatic manner.

* "Hannah More: A Biographical Study." By Annette M. B. Meakin. With portraits. 14s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

But we certainly do not read the excellent Hannah now—even those of us who still cherish a fondness for Maria Edgeworth and Harriet Martineau. Her books are with difficulty accessible. Enormous as the sale must have once been, it is now perfectly quiescent. One seldom sees her books on the stalls—or even in the barrows. We read about her now, as the subject of biographies, such as those of Roberts, Miss Yonge, or now Miss Meakin, which afford us a succession of pictures of the London and the Bath of other days—when Wimbledon Park was seven miles from town, and as "un-Londonish as if it were a hundred"; when gentlemen of the Museum came to fetch away Garrick's legacy of old plays, which Charles Lamb was subsequently to explore; when Hannah disputed with Lord Monboddo as to the rights and wrongs of slavery; when Johnson praised her "Bas Bleu" as a great performance, took her hand at dinner, called her his child, and said that it was as dangerous to talk poetry before her, as to discuss the art of war before Hannibal. "He continued his jokes and lamented that I had not married Chatterton, so that posterity might have seen a propagation of poets." It is amusing still to read of Hannah's disillusionment with her dairywoman poet, of her correspondence with Horace Walpole, and her guarded criticisms of Gibbon. As she grew older she grew more didactic. The approbation of bishops became as food and drink to her. She communicated to rich and poor alike, the way in which well-to-do middle class evangelicals would have them behave. In this frame she wrote on "Manners of the Great," "The Religion of the Fashionable," "Female Education," and "Village Politics"—common sense tracts for the times. In the main they were, it would seem, a kind of mixture of Benjamin Franklin and John Bull, Lady Grove and Father Bernard Vaughan. Sunday observance appears to have been the keystone of her extremely drab, disagreeable and utilitarian gospel. That she meant well to all alike is illustrated by the fact that this reporter of village conversation took the responsibility of addressing a book of advice to the greatest lady in the land, the Princess Charlotte. This indomitable spinster ends up by advising every man how to select a wife. Sydney Smith incurs the severe reprobation of the authoress for having ventured to laugh at the excellent Hannah's pretensions. Personally, I think the young Cælebs would be better advised in asking the well-nourished Sydney, than in accepting the edifying but dogmatic proposals of such an incorrigible old maid as Hannah, at the age of sixty-four. "Cælebs" is undoubtedly a successor of Grandison, that Prince of Prigs.

The good Hannah was evidently a sound philanthropist in the field of action, so far as her extremely limited vision permitted; but as to whether she was an exponent of the highest Christian philosophy in inculcating upon the poor the virtues of contentment, frugality, total abstinence, humility, reverence for clergy and constitution, hatred of the French, and trust in God and the Gentry, we must leave it to our individual readers to determine.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"YORICK'S" HEAD AND HEART.*

"Laugh I will, my lord, and as loud as I can," said Sterne to Bishop Warburton. He laughs in his letters on the slightest provocation. The laughter is sometimes healthy and natural, it is sometimes strained and insincere, sometimes rather crude and empty, but seldom ill-natured. The laughing Sterne, when he is not coarse, is, on the whole, a likeable personality; but all except shallow or easily satisfied or exceptionally patient natures would grow tired of a long course of him. He is well as an acquaintance; he would become rather intolerable

* "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne." By Lewis Melville. In 2 vols., with 26 illustrations. 28s. net. (Stanley Paul.)



Laurence Sterne.

From a painting by Ramsay, at Jesus College, Cambridge.

From "Life and Letters of Sterne," by Lewis Melville. (Stanley Paul)

as a companion. The laughing Sterne is often a mere actor, and frequently, in really humorous moments, he cannot quite forget the actor's tricks. He was called "Cervantic" by himself and others, he deserved it less often than he or they imagined. At his best, a humorist, at his worst, an indecent "entertainer," the comic spirit in the great sense was not his; he had not sufficient insight and imagination. His soul, so to say, too often put on evening dress and remained as local as a dinner-table.

In his letters he also weeps, and weeps copiously. The tears are for the most part the tears of a ready and experienced performer. The performance conduces to tedium on occasion. It is not life, or the semblance of life, so much as a bit of sentimental eighteenth century drama. Yet it does not seem altogether artificial, as the performer for the time had got into the habit of believing in it. Sometimes when it appears to be human and unrestrained it is only the outer and casual man that laments and weeps; the deeper Laurence Sterne is not affected, and does not manifest himself. Indeed, for various reasons, very seldom in his correspondence, and not often in his books, did he sound his deepest, his whole, self. He realised a varied, in its way arresting and often piquant, personality for literary and epistolary use; in the way of sentiment and humour he often cultivated it sedulously enough, though at times he was content to be plodding or superficial; but the deep soil and strata of Individuality, in the true sense, he did not till or even consider.

In his assumption that "Yorick" was never really in love, despite his numerous "love-affairs," Mr. Melville is on fairly safe ground. It is another way of suggesting that he never really sounded the deeps of his nature. His letters and confidences do not show at any stage an individual lover for whom the world has been re-created, or whose own nature has been in any wise sanctified; they are rather those of an amatory animal with an eager desire

for companionship, spiced with a certain psychic intoxication. At times both the letters and the journal to "Eliza" (Mrs. Draper) betray a fair approach to conviction and sincerity; they even rise to a colourable imitation of intensity, with a curious dash of mild, unconscious blasphemy. But even here "Yorick" protests too much and too theatrically, and the affected naiveté with which he opens his heart to all and sundry, servant, peer, bishop, and so on, is too utterly utter. And, during a break in the composition of the tear-besprinkled "Journal," we find him writing to another lady, "racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together . . . it could not be the lady in Bond Street, or Grosvenor Street, or ——— Square, or Pall Mall—we shall make it out, H, when we meet. I impatiently long for it." Temperament, not soul, made him a lover, as accident or necessity rather than a "call" made him a clergyman.

Mr. Melville is elaborate and apologetic in his work. He tells his story in a leisurely and straightforward way, clearing up sundry misconceptions, but giving us rather too generously of the casual detail which so many modern biographers imagine to be conducive to reality and comprehensiveness. Not only family troubles but domestic expenses and travelling arrangements, and other things still more incidental, are paraded with affectionate liberality. The work has been dutifully, but too industriously, done. The volumes are of the useful kind which after the first perusal will be kept for reference, and apart from their elaborate information they have enough of the moods, confessions and capers of "Yorick" to keep them distinctive and alive.

W. P. RYAN.

BERGSON AND ABOUT BERGSON.* ✓

In lucidity and in the wealth and brilliance of the every-day examples with which his thought is illustrated, Professor Bergson stands almost alone among philosophers. He is difficult to read in the sense that he requires a very close attention, easy to read in the sense that nearly always his meaning is quite clear. In order to understand him, a knowledge of philosophical terms is less essential than a working acquaintance with scientific nomenclature; for he includes science within the scope of his philosophy, and although metaphysics can be expressed in comparatively non-technical language by a philosopher of Bergson's literary genius, it is impossible to deal with science except in its own technical language—at all events, without appalling loans from the circumlocution office. Bergson cuts the ground from under the feet of those who would try to explain him. It is hardly possible to write so plainly as he does himself.

It is no blame to Mr. Landsay that he has had to labour under that disadvantage. Those who take up "The Philosophy of Bergson" in the hope of finding, in one volume, a short cut to Bergson's philosophy, will be disappointed. There is no such short cut in Bergson's own writings, systematic and summarized though they are, it is almost useless, for instance, to read "Creative Evolution," his most celebrated work, unless one has first studied his theory of pure duration in "Time and Free Will," and his theory of perception in "Matter and Memory." To the question, so often heard of late: "What can I read of Bergson's, just to get the hang of him?" there can be only one answer: "Read him all." Mr. Landsay will not do as a substitute. He is more difficult than Bergson himself.

What he has tried to do is to indicate the place of Bergson's philosophy in the main stream of philosophic thought, to reduce it to more technical terms, and to show its bearing on the problems with which modern philosophers are more immediately occupied. In other words, he has attempted to range Bergson. Also, he says, "I have ventured to

* "The Philosophy of Bergson." By A. D. Landsay. 5s. net. (Dent.)

"Laughter: an Essay on the Meaning of the Comic." By Henri Bergson. Authorised translation by Clouesley Brereton and Fred Rothwell. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

criticize the details of Monsieur Bergson's arguments when they seemed to me to obscure what I take to be the main results of his thinking." In those respects he has done a very careful and a useful piece of work—spade-work none the less. Precisely because Bergson's writings are "so fresh and original," they cannot be ranged, cannot be reduced to current technical terms, without the best of their freshness, their suggestiveness and their imaginative flight proving too elusive for the process. Mr. Lindsay has swallowed the camel right enough, but the gnat has flown away. Though there are, of course, plenty of debatable passages in his interpretation, I have only come across one statement which one actually falls foul of:—

"In all intelligent thinking, the past is continually used in guiding our selection among present movements, and present perception in its turn is used but as a symbol of the past. All our memories are 'there' to be used, but not jumbled together in a kind of lucky-bag, in which we plunge at random, but connected together by laws."

Surely it is time for philosophers to give up speaking of *laws* as if they were directing intelligences or a kind of universal policemen. Scientists, even, invoke their so-called *laws* with less assurance. "Connected together by laws" sounds, no doubt, very explanatory, but it can only mean, "Connected together because somehow or other they appear to be connected together."

One fault, however, does not spoil a book. Mr. Lindsay's volume is, as I have hinted, not introductory to Bergson's philosophy, but supplementary to it, and as such it should prove a help not only to the amateur, desirous of studying Bergson from another vantage point, but also to those more academic students of philosophy who find themselves somewhat outraged by Bergson's unconventionality and his popularity.

"Laughter: an Essay on the Meaning of the Comic" was first published in a series of three articles in the *Revue de Paris*. For that reason, no doubt, it is written with an even greater simplicity and avoidance of technical terms than Bergson's other works. And for the same reason, no doubt, it does not strike one as so thorough or exhaustive. It furnishes an explanation, and a good one, of the comic, but not of laughter as a whole.

Life, in Bergson's view, is a continual flux, a continual becoming. It is plastic, adaptive, self-conscious, and continually creating itself without repetition—to such an extent, indeed, that psychologically speaking the law of cause and effect no longer represents facts, inasmuch as where the same combination of causes is never repeated, it cannot be said that certain effects follow certain causes. The comic, on the other hand, has its origin in a lack of plasticity, in a lapse from full consciousness and complete adaptation to environment; in repetition, in habit, in automatism, in rigidity. It is "something mechanical encrusted upon the living." It is "some rigidity or other applied to the mobility of life, in an awkward attempt to follow its lines and counter-~~feit~~ its suppleness." When, to take a crude example, a man walks into a lamp-post, he is comic because, instead of seeing the post and adapting himself to its presence, he walks mechanically into it. He is laughed at, and that laughter, according to Bergson's view, is the human or social gesture which reproves him for his lapse by humiliating him. Comedy is concerned with subtler lapses, transferred to the region of character. Society demands a plasticity and an adaptation of the individual to the whole which the comic personage lacks or refuses to give; and society reproves him with ridicule and laughter. The more developed the society, the greater the plasticity demanded from each member of it; hence the observable fact that comedy, as opposed to horse-play, requires a considerable degree of civilization.

That, needless to say, is an exceedingly bald summary of a theory which Bergson works out in a manner which is fascinating, if not invariably convincing, anyhow at first sight:

"Laughter is, above all, a corrective. Being intended to humiliate, it must make a painful impression on the person against whom it is directed. By laughter, society avenges itself for the liberties taken with it. It would fail in its object if it bore the stamp of sympathy or kindness."

But although Bergson's explanation of the comic, and of the particular laughter which greets it, may be sufficient, it does not seem so certain that he has explained all the sorts of laughter. Is it always a corrective gesture? Is it not frequently a gesture of exuberance, a sign not of reproof, but of abundance of life? What of the laughter which greets a well-timed obscenity? (Whether it ought to, or not, is a question for moralists. Sufficient for the philosopher that it does.) Is it not rather an encouragement? Has it not something to do with the fact that obscenity reminds us of existent and necessary life-forces which society tries to keep decently covered up? What of merriment, when one laughs not *at* somebody, but out of sympathy and satisfaction?

Those are questions which may find their answer in Bergson's theory, or may not, and there are many more one would like to ask. In any case, the book is full of good sayings well translated (Bergson has had uniform good fortune in his English translations.) Sentence after sentence possesses an epigrammatic neatness and force. Hereunder are a few, taking at random, beginning with a definition of art from the splendid passage on it:

"So art, whether it be painting or sculpture, poetry or music, has no other object than to brush aside the utilitarian symbols, the conventional and socially accepted generalities, in short, everything that veils reality from us, in order to bring us face to face with reality itself."

"Laughter appears to stand in need of an echo."

"However spontaneous it seems, laughter always implies a kind of secret freemasonry, or even complicity, with other laughers, real or imaginary."

"In every wit there is something of a poet—just as in every good reader there is the making of an actor."

"For it is a remarkable fact that the more questionable an art, science or occupation is, the more those who practise it are inclined to regard themselves as invested with a kind of priesthood, and to claim that all should bow before its mysteries. Useful professions are clearly meant for the public, but those whose utility is more dubious can only justify their existence by assuming that the public is meant for them: now this is just the illusion that lies at the root of solemnity."

Wherefore, I think, without undue solemnity, I had better shut up, and cease for the moment to exercise the very dubious profession of critic.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

A NAVVY'S SCRAPBOOK.*

The author's position and the conditions under which this book has been produced are almost unique. "Gleanings" was first issued in December, 1910; it has already gone through various editions, and five thousand copies of it have been printed. It is the work of a daily labourer only just out of his teens. Mr. Patrick MacGill, the eldest of ten children, is the son of a Donegal crofter, and when only twelve years old had to turn out into the world and work for his living. The worst of his cruel experiences was, probably, the occasional impossibility of getting employment, and in "Have You?" he furnishes glimpses of its consequent troubles:

"Have you tramped about in winter when your boots were minus soles?

Have you wandered deuced unhappy with your pockets full of holes?

Have you wondered which was better when your capital was light,

A plate of fish and taters, or a hammock for the night?

Have you ever smelt the odour of some swell refreshment shop,

And would exchange your very soul for just one single chop?

When every one was happy as the week drew near an end,

Have you wandered through the city without a cent to spend?

Through some wealthy person's window have you seen the fire glow,

While shiv'ring 'neath a ragged hedge you sheltered from the snow?"

What induced this youth to forego the ordinary amusements of the working man during his hours of relaxation, and seek his pleasure in literature, may only be guessed at;

* "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook." By P. MacGill, 6d. (P. MacGill, 8, Jamaica Street, Greenock.)

but, as with Chatterton, pride was probably the motive power. At any rate he has contrived to educate himself up to a high mental standard, and make a fair bid for fame. He tells that some of these "Gleanings" were written in a dark corner of a navvies' hut full of "men shaggy as bears, dressed in moleskin and leather, reeking of beer and tobacco," the while he was scribbling down his fleeting fancies in a grimy notebook, hearing "on one side a trio of experts discuss the Johnson-Jeffries match, and on the other side a dozen gamblers argue and curse over a game of banker." Notwithstanding such surroundings, this young Irishman has overcome the defects of his irregular education and, if his lines "My Bookcase," are to be accepted literally, he has become familiar with the works of a large number of the world's mastermen.

As poetry and politics cannot abide together, it is gratifying to find Mr. MacGill asserting he has "left politics severely alone," although it is seen that he cannot refrain from trenching upon topics of the day. In his "Introduction," he says: "I spoke to a man once, asking him what he thought of going back to the land and having small holdings. 'Very good,' he said, 'in fact, the solution of all ills.' Afterwards I learned he was a gravedigger!" It will be surmised from this and from similar "asides," that Mr. MacGill possesses humour of a sarcastic tendency. He indulges this feeling in his revised versions of La Fontaine's fables, but their modernised morals are scarcely worthy of his powers. He should not waste his time in translations; he should forsake his ideal loves—his Irenes and his Isas—put his "Locks of Hair" in the fire, and fling his invocations "To B—" to the winds. He can do better things. Such pieces as "He rose a Man," "No More," "Was it all in vain?" and "To Erin," in their various ways are far more valuable. They deal with real humanity; they strike a higher note, and display more maturity of taste. Some poems in this collection, whilst quite different from what their author's

antecedents would have led us to expect, although good in their way are too strongly infused with the spirit of other men's writings: they are not sufficiently original in tone to proclaim the advent of a new poet. "The Dream," is an example. An extract will show that it has plenty of vigour

"I've sat at their tables, and drank their wine and played with skill my part,
My tastes and my ways and my loves seemed theirs, but they never guessed my heart,
For often at night when the feast was done, and the flickering fire grew low,
Would memory muster the years away and the joys of the long ago,
And bring them into my aching mind, as sleep with its wand of power
Changed in a flash the feast-hall dim, to scenes of a fairer hour,
When far from the gloss of the tissue art, and pleasure upreared on pain,
My soul on dreams was borne away to live in the past again."

The most imaginative poem in the book is "The Isle in the Mystic Sea." It is replete with Celtic suggestiveness, but would be better without the final stanza: a poem needs no explanatory moral tagged on to it. If the author of these "Gleanings" is to make any permanent impression on the age, he must shake off the influence of his favourite poets and sing as his feelings, and not his readings, prompt him. He must seek his themes not in the pages of books, but in the infinite originality of nature, and he may then produce something worthy of his high ideals, for his writings are full of promise: they display pathos, a strong sense of humour, sympathy with the lowly, a love of nature, and above all, a healthy ambition. He is understood to be preparing for publication another book, dealing mainly with navvy life, which he believes will be a better work than his first, so it is to be hoped that the promise of "Gleanings," will be fulfilled.

JOHN H. INGRAM.



Photo by Thos. Rennie, Greenock.

Mr. Patrick MacGill.

DEAN SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

From 1741 to 1900 Swift's correspondence has been more or less fully published in no less than twelve editions. In a most concise and convenient Table (p. vi.) these are arranged and analysed by Mr. F. Elrington Ball, showing how Time and literary treasure seekers gradually increased the store. One is appalled at the sum of human toil expended for a century and a half on these not invaluable relics, and after studying them—this instalment, at least—many will ask whether the game was worth so many candles. Not of course the Swift enthusiasts, the specialists in his literary period, nor that stout band of lazy leisured readers who eat what is set before them asking no questions, and having once begun, feed on till the last course, though conscience is all the time warning them that time and digestion might be better spent. Anyway the admirable edition now before us has a triumphant defence against every cavil. It is final, definitive, the very best that ever will or can be. Sisyphus has at last got the ever-growing snowball to stand firm for ever. A few precious discoveries will no doubt be made as the years go on. Grave scandals in the family of the Dean's wig maker may come to light, the date of some joke may be corrected by days or weeks; we may yet recover the recipe for lemon pudding invented by one Queen Esther, or find out where the other bought her stay laces. But diligent search for autograph letters to or from Swift is no longer likely to be rewarded by more than enough to make up a meagre appendix, though no doubt many obscurities in the published letters may yet be cleared up. So, if all goes well the labours of six generations of editors will soon come to maturity. And Mr. Ball's edition is definitive, not only because it is the last, but because it is the best; not quite perfect perhaps, yet so excellent that no sensible scholar will ever waste time in trying to improve upon it.

* "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, 1670-1717." Edited by F. E. Ball. 2 vols. 10/6 net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

In his really useful Preface, the editor pays a graceful and feeling tribute to his predecessor, the late Caesar L. Falkiner, who after a year's labour bequeathed his task and materials to his friend. The confidence of so exact and exacting a scholar has not been misplaced. Mr. Ball excels in method; his insight is clear, his judgment sound, his tone modest and sober, his industry indefatigable. Much of it passes perforce unnoticed. For instance, the enormous labour involved in arranging (for the first time), in correct chronological order this mass of letters, so many of them with dubious or obviously wrong dates or none at all. We may safely trust his judgment in printing nothing which is not demonstrably genuine. Thus his argument (endorsed by Dean Barnard, Vol. I., p. xxii.) against the attribution of the three famous Montagu letters is conclusive, and his explanation doubtless correct. I cannot understand how the Hist. MSS. Com. could be deceived by the signature. They are just familiar business letters to the Duke evidently from his favourite, Mr. Lamotte, Rector on his Northants estate, who seems to have acted as his honorary steward and agent. He addresses his Grace as Rev. Doctor, and signs himself "Jonathan Swift"—clearly some little standing joke between themselves. Again, though he does not commit himself, Mr. Ball evidently agrees with Forster and Craik that Swift's remark to Hunter about getting "my Virginian bishopric" was only a jest; both Scott and Sheridan took it quite seriously. Indeed I have met with a good many more grave statements in the Dean's letters which I suspect to be due to his love of "bites," now called "sells" or "scores"—a stupid form of jest then in fashion.

But the Editor's admirable method and care are best seen in his Notes. Before beginning each letter we can gather almost at a glance all that should be known of its source—does the original autograph exist? and where? has he himself copied or collated it? how far, and when, and how correctly has it been already printed? And so forth. Too much care cannot be spent on such points. Curiously enough the most interesting letter in the Chetwode series—it showed the Dean's humanity in the case of a cat—was somehow lost, but its contents were "declared" to Forster by the owner. Again in the footnotes much help is given and much space economised by constant cross references. Great—sometimes perhaps too great—pains have been taken to elucidate obscure allusions. A good many, however, mostly in Swift's earlier letters are discreetly ignored; these I take to be either deliberate mystifications to outwit the letter-openers, or standing jokes to us unknown between the correspondents, or clumsy pleasantries, for it must be owned that Swift's playfulness was sometimes elephantine. But the longer notes are biographical of the good old Croker type. These require judgment and restraint. They may be overdone, and I think Mr. Ball now and then overdoes them. Such notes when confined, as for instance in the Suffolk Papers, to important personages and relevant anecdote, are as delightful as the text; they instruct the many and refresh the memory of the few. But jealous editors pounce down on some obscure person, incidentally mentioned, as in a mere list of diners, and ferret out more or less rubbish about him—if a clergyman, his parentage, connexion, school, college, his various preferments, the poems he could never publish and the two sermons which he did—all with carefully revised dates. Now obviously the strict rule should be, in annotating letters such as these, to deal only with persons and incidents that affected, influenced, or illustrated the life and work of Swift, and that only so far as they did so. Further details, and the careers of the irrelevant obscurities, may be sought by the curious in the D.N.B. Where that is silent, know that curiosity is idle. On the other hand to many these irrelevancies have a fatal fascination. I myself can barely skip a line, and then I forget it all. What waste of time when one might have been going over the "Journal to Stella" once again! And to think there are six great volumes in all—and so many great books yet unread! Still Mr. Ball's notes are interesting, often curious, and, so far as I can judge, very accurate. Sometimes there seems a little want of proportion. Thus

in his long notice of Lady E. Germain (I. 110), he never mentions that as a rich and active widow she became perhaps the best known woman in society. Further he observes that Germain's vast wealth "passed ultimately to a son of the first Duke of Dorset." *A son!* Why not mention that this son was Lord George Sackville (afterwards Germain) of Minden notoriety? And further he says that the only connection of Germain with the Sackvilles was that the Duchess was daughter of Germain's Dutch comrade, Marshal Colyear. My impression is that it was Lady Betty who left the property to Lord George, and that she was his aunt—at least, somebody, I think Granby, says so. It is possible that the libertine Germain may have been suspected to be the real father of the Duchess. But no doubt it is all down in the D.N.B.

As to the Correspondence itself, I wish the Editor had prefixed to each volume a list of the letters which now appear for the first time, or in complete and correct version. Many are highly important, especially those to and from Archbishop King. Yet I do not gather a clear impression of Irish affairs from Swift and his friends, and recall—it may be bad taste—the extreme interest excited by the almost forgotten Letters of that most prosaic and business-like of prelates, Primate Boulter. However, he will come on for comparison in the later volumes. Candidly, I am rather disappointed with the Correspondence so far, especially with the first volume. Of course nothing could be omitted, but some letters seem as a whole or in part hardly worth printing. But the interest grows as Swift becomes a personage, as men of genius and action gather round him, as his aim and outlook become wider and his experience ripens. The best volumes are yet in store. One desideratum I miss sorely. It is hopeless for any one to understand and enjoy these early volumes unless he has at his elbow Sir Henry Craik's admirable "Life of Swift," and even Mr. Temple Scott's edition of the "Prose Works." But if Mr. Ball had prefixed a concise two-page biography mainly composed of dates, those two pages would have been well thumbed. The most gracious feature of the work is that it contains nothing fresh about the Dean's relations to the two Esthers. After all what business is it of ours? Long ago I took my line, rightly or wrongly, and chose to think that the whole affair was only friendship seasoned by flirtation; that it suited Swift to pun and banter and flirt, and, in short, unbend in converse with what he considered the inferior female mind. And further, that with all his faults he was loyal to a severe if unconventional conscience. So I left, and still leave it at that. The party spirit and greedy place hunting of the period is repellant, but one gets used to it. We cease to blame Swift—it was a popular game, like golf, and less contemptible. When we come to Queen Anne's last days, we cannot help enjoying the scramble. On the whole is there much to blame in Swift's political career? Was he not inwardly consistent?

His successor in the Deanery contributes an interesting and judicious Introduction. Few will gainsay his praise or censure of Swift. He says all that can fairly be said against his character and conduct, nearly all that can be urged—and it is much in his vindication. That Swift's conscious religious opinions went beyond Deism I cannot admit, but curiously enough there seems to have lain deep down in him the stern, grave ecclesiastic. Many other points in Doctor Barnard's Introduction invite comment, but we must await the completion of Mr. Ball's great work before attempting to revise our estimates of Swift by its light. And so with hearty commendations and hopes for a happy consummation of his labours we take leave.

Y. Y.

"OTHER SHEEP."*

A study? No, Mr. Begbie, an impressionist sketch, full of colour and life. A study means quiet processes of reflection upon masses of relevant material gathered by patient

* "Other Sheep. A study of the people of India, with particular reference to the collision between Christianity and Hinduism." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

research. Dr. Hume's recent book is a study; Professor Hogg's small tract on Karma is a study of one element in the collision to which Mr. Begbie refers. But "Other Sheep" is an appreciative, one-sided eulogium of the Salvation Army's methods in India, and particularly of Mr. Tucker, who is the Fakir Singh of the stories. Readers of Mr. Begbie's previous volumes upon home missions will know what to expect in this sequel—vivid descriptions, earnest conviction, and a passionate emphasis upon the saving truths of evangelical Christianity. The field covered by the sequel is so vast and intricate and remote, however, that the impression produced sometimes fails to be clearly cut. There is a tendency to abstract argument, instead of concrete illustrations. Even when the descriptions are full of detail, as in the case of Benares, they present less individual human interest than the earlier volumes on London. In one of the early chapters the author notes how "there is a handsome tree-shaded road in Bombay, running between gardens and sea, where the rich and fashionable take the air from five to eight o'clock of an evening, and where you may see more splendour in five minutes than any capital of Europe could show you in a week; here you may behold in the midst of motor cars and lordly chariots a fine brougham drawn by a pair of tall horses, with two flunkeys on the box and two flunkeys at the back, carrying in its drab-lined interior a Parsee lady dressed in the most delicate pale silks imaginable, who, leaning back on her cushions, rests a naked biscuit-coloured foot on the ledge of the door, every toe twinkling in the sun." Mr. Begbie is best when he reveals this human touch in the Indian natives whom he met. He is less convincing in his vehement thesis that there is no use taking Christianity to oppose Brahminism until we first purge our own religion from clericalism, ceremonialism, and all magic rites, from the superstitions which have suffused Latin Christianity. There is truth enough in this contention to make it timely. But it is going too far on this line to say that "England's greatest obstacle to an understanding with Mohammedan people throughout the entire East is the ceremonialism of Christianity, regarded by all Mussulmans as blasphemous idolatry." And Mr. Begbie's appeal for a firm belief in the Bible, and at the same time for a gospel based on the majestic simplicity of Jesus Christ, opens up a series of problems which cannot be solved so easily as he seems to imagine.

However, the book has its own striking qualities. Mr. Begbie has the journalist's eye for telling episodes and vivid contrasts. He also is sympathetic towards the British government. Perhaps the most effective pages are those which describe some Ceylonese experiences. If the reader will begin by taking "De Profundis," "Buddha-land," and "Restoration," he will get into touch with Mr. Begbie at his best.

SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.*

The two latest books to hand about Shakespeare may fittingly be considered together, if only because they form an interesting contrast in matter and treatment. Mr. Saint-George's "The Young Man from Stratford" is a lively contribution to that interminable absurdity, the Baconian controversy. Mr. Figgis's "Shakespeare" is a sound and serious study of the dramatist and his art.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Saint-George arouses prejudice to start with. His book is badly got up; its very title breeds suspicion; the prefixed sonnet is worse than poor; the opening chapter, with its would-be humorous pose of a jurymen addressing his fellow-jurymen, is a melancholy example of failure in an effort to be funny. Such initial obstacles are nearly enough to turn even the most heroic explorer aside. But on reading further we find that the volume is much better than we had been led to expect. Mr. Saint-George knows his ground; he makes his points neatly;

* "The Young Man from Stratford: A Jurymen's View of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy." By Henry Saint-George. 2s. net. (William Reeves.)

"Shakespeare: A Study." By Darrell Figgis 5s net. (Dent.)



Photo by Claude Harris, Regent Street, W.

Mr. Darrell Figgis.

he carries the war with much vivacity into the Baconian camp. He is particularly successful in showing the self-contradictory character of the so-called evidence upon which the Baconians rely, and the way in which any one part of their case, carried well home, will be found to cancel some other part of it. Those who can still take interest in a dreary and profitless discussion will doubtless be amused to see the Baconian men of straw bowled over again for the one-hundred-and-first time. But I am myself more concerned with the author's attitude towards the fanatical Shakespeareans. I have long been convinced and have often said that, as Mr. Saint-George suggests by the way, the wild extravagances still current about Shakespeare's "universality," his encyclopaedic learning, his legal attainments, and so forth, have been at least a part cause of the persistency of the anti-Shakespearean heresy, and that the bogey who figures as Shakespeare in the pages of Baconian writers is a not unnatural pendent to the superhuman monster of orthodox romantic criticism. Mr. Saint-George's little book falls into line with the healthy movement which is now gaining strength away from romantic superstition towards commonsense and historical reality. He is courageous enough too, to touch frankly on matters which are, as a rule, either avoided altogether or handled with a finicking respect for modern susceptibilities. Thus he speaks roundly of the "morbidly erotic" element in many of the plays, and of "the ever present dainty delicacy" which he regards as one of Shakespeare's "distinguishing characteristics." My only quarrel with this remark is, that Shakespeare's "delicacy" is by no means always "dainty," but is often, rather, of the full blooded and robustious kind.

It is more difficult to speak of Mr. Figgis's book, both because it is so massive and thorough, and because it bristles with points for discussion. That so thoughtful and independent a writer should still be so much under the influence of the romantic tradition in criticism, seems to me to be a matter for deep regret. He says that Shakespeare's biographers have too often been lacking in a "sense of divination." My own complaint would rather be that, in biographers and critics alike, we have had altogether too much "divination," we have not yet emancipated ourselves from the amazing vagaries of Coleridge's "divination," for example. Mr. Figgis does a little "divination" occasionally on his own account, and is therefore enabled to tell us

a number of things about Shakespeare which are not revealed to the ordinary intelligence, as for instance, how Shakespeare comported himself in discussion: "In arguments at the 'Mermaid' he would probably either be silent, because he saw the wider issues of the debate, or, if good sack were in him, engaged in the lighter word-play that Fuller credited him with, because over-earnestness in discussion could but inevitably narrow the issue, and so destroy the truth of it." This bit of pure fancy, for of course it is absolutely nothing more, is only one instance of the author's tendency—the tendency of the old school—to eke out fact with "divination": reminding us somewhat of Southey's learned friend who wrote whole volumes of hypothetical history in the subjunctive mood. Not infrequently, too, Mr. Figgis drops into the romantic critic's familiar habit of working out *a priori* theories about Shakespeare's method and art without the slightest reference to such facts as either contradict outright or at least suggest qualifications. He praises Shakespeare as "supreme" among dramatists "in the subtle faculty of conveying requisite information in apt and natural dialogue." Well, Shakespeare at his best was undoubtedly a master of good business-like openings; but what about such glaring examples of how not to do it as we find, for instance, in "Richard III.," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale"? Even the exposition of "Hamlet," which is the special topic of Mr. Figgis's remark, is sadly clogged by lumps of undigested narrative. Again, emphasising, and rightly, Shakespeare's pre-occupation with character even at the expense of plot, Mr. Figgis goes so far as to assert that "it was never he himself that wrought the construction wherein to place his characters; he created the characters that should themselves achieve their destiny, weaving it in a certain fashion according to the impulsion of life that drove them forward." But how can he say this in view of the fact that Shakespeare habitually took over his plots ready-made? It is indeed true that he often adapted his stories to meet the characters; but on the other hand, as I have myself pointed out elsewhere, the exigencies of the machinery of the action upon which he had to work often interfered with, and sometimes ruined entirely, the psychology of his characters. It is a pity that a writer who has thought so steadily about his subject should be beguiled into such transcendental utterances, to say nothing of such excursions into abstract æsthetics as: "We do not demand Illusion in a Novel, for in a Novel we seek Relation; but we demand Illusion in Drama, for in Drama we seek Contention and a Reaching-after." For otherwise, he has much to give us of real value, and no serious student of Shakespeare can afford to pass by his book. Especially noteworthy are his long and elaborate chapters on Shakespeare's stage and craft, and everything he says about the influence of contemporary stage conditions upon the form and spirit of the dramatist's work. Even on the very page which contains the dark saying just quoted, we come upon the illuminating sentence: "Antony did not go from Athens to Alexandria in five minutes; he merely went out from the stage by one door and entered by another. Athens and Alexandria were never in the matter. The whole concern was with the stage of the Globe." This is enough to show the clearness with which Mr. Figgis has perceived the long neglected truth that technical conditions were fundamental elements in the structural principles of the Shakespearean drama. The knowledge and insight which he brings to bear upon this part of his subject deserve the highest praise.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

THE DUTCH IN THE EAST.*

Mrs. Clifton has, as she confesses, given a popular rather than a strictly accurate title to the volume in which she describes an expedition made by her husband and herself

* "Java, Sumatra, and the other Islands of the Dutch East Indies." By A. Cabaton. Translated and with a Preface by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.) "Pilgrims to the Isle of Penance." By Mrs. Talbot Clifton. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

into the East in search of orchids. The route taken by the "pilgrims" ran from Calcutta to Rangoon, from where visits were made to Mandalay and to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands; and then from Rangoon to Singapore, and so home by Batavia and Penang. Of their journey Mrs. Clifton has written a bright but not always, as we shall have occasion to show immediately, a very well informed account. The lure of the exotic flowers runs through it for such as these attract, and there is much to entertain any general reader, particularly in the pages upon the Andamans, the isles of convicts, which give the book its fanciful name. Here the impressions are fresh and direct, and they are helped out by some excellent photographs.

Mrs. Clifton's book, like her route, skirts the Dutch East Indies, and at one point touches on them, but it is for a more particular reason that we associate it now with M. Cabaton's. The orchid-seekers, having landed at Batavia, were naturally anxious to push on to Buitenzorg with its unmatched botanical gardens, and beyond that their acquaintance with Java was apparently brief and not extensive. About that island Mrs. Clifton's volume says little, as we might thus expect, but the little is curiously erroneous. The distinction drawn between British and Dutch systems of administration in the East points to a belief on the part of the author that in Java Holland still maintains forced cultures; whereas, of course, she condemned them half a century ago—since when, nevertheless, they have received a benediction from many English travellers—and such as remain to-day are quite peculiar exceptions. The same lack of knowledge of changed conditions is evident in the remark that "to demonstrate how enormously the Dutch make their colonies pay, I must mention that they send back to Holland annually two hundred thousand pounds sterling out of the profits of Java, and in addition have paid for the Achinese War". The Dutch, indeed, have done much more than that out of the profits of Java, but the statement quoted above, standing unqualified and alone, can only have been set down in ignorance of the ultra-paternal government of the Javanese, which it now pleases Holland to promote. Again, we read that the Chinamen in Java are not allowed to work in the country districts, and in the towns may only do manual labour for one another; if one of them goes into the country, even for a day's work, he has to pay a fine. That, needless to say, is a comically inadequate recital of the problem of the all-pervasive Chinaman which faces Holland to-day in Java. And when, perceiving the wise adaptability of the Dutch there, on the manifestations of which, however, in food, dress, and social habits, her comments are somewhat sarcastic, Mrs. Clifton explains that "they settle down and look upon the East as their home and their abiding city, and seldom or never go back on leave," she is really missing the most obvious element in Dutch colonial life, its social impermanence.

Outside Buitenzorg, these are the only impressions of Java Mrs. Clifton records, and in them we have such justification as is required for a translation of M. Cabaton's comprehensive and informing work. If an observant and travelled visitor from among us can enter the Dutch East Indies and leave them, entertaining so inadequate and erroneous notions about their life and administration, there must be a considerable popular darkness to dispel. The whole subject, as Mr. Bernard Miall remarks, has been unaccountably neglected by the English author, and the English reader, shut off from the enormous body of Dutch literature upon it which has accumulated in the last fifty years, has had only a few, but excellent, French works to guide him. Now, however, he possesses a volume in his own tongue to enlighten him about the development of Java since Sir Stamford Raffles left it, and particularly about the political and economic importance of the Dutch colonies in the East at this interesting moment.

They stand, like Brazil, on the edge of a new era, Mr. Miall says in the historical sketch with which he prefaces his translation. As to their fate, M. Cabaton remarks that the past will answer for the future. This new and, in some

respects, critical situation, logically developed from the error and wisdom of earlier administrations, gives brightness in retrospect to a drab page of colonial history. For that reason we wish that Mr. Miall had amplified his account of Raffles' government so as to include the complexities of land tenure in Java, the only important subject on which we feel M. Cabaton rather fails us. That would have explained the difficulties and failures of administrators, both English and Dutch, in the past, and thrown light on many of the problems of the present, amongst them the position of the Chinaman, the friction between colonist and official, and the freeing of such forced labour as remains. The other main factors in the experiment Holland is now making—her new policy of education of the natives, and fresh developments in her old one of native aristocratic rule—could not be better elucidated in the space than they are here by the author and his translator.

D. S. MEIDRUM.

RIVAL SISTERS*

And rival brothers too, it will be seen, for whilst it is Mr. James Bone who plays the part of Court Painter to the high-nebbit old beauty in the East, it is the famous Murhead of that ilk who has celebrated the soiled young Cinderella who sits stirring the strong Clyde soup and polishing up the ship-ware in the West. Gude forgie's, though, did we attempt to judge between them here: if we weigh them simultaneously, it is in the self-same pan of the scales, with strictly non-invidious epithets—"unrivalled," "unique," "unsurpassed"—heaped up in the other. And indeed, though it will sound exorbitant to claim so much, these would in any case be the real right words, the proper adjectives: due not only to Mr. Murhead Bone's drawings (whose right to them is, after all, pretty well official by now) but also to his brother's book, the work of a writer known hitherto—at all events by name—to none but a lucky few. Nor does one forget the "Picturesque Notes" in order to make such assertions. "Edinburgh Revisited" is a most radiant and distinguished piece of writing—brilliant yet rounded—beautiful without prettiness—outlined as keenly as the Castle when it cuts against the sunset, yet as countrified and heartsome in its detail as the little glowing taverns that still snuggle about the West Bow. And it is just this emotional "reach" of the book that wins it a right to that strong word unique. Edinburgh's own range, to be sure, is of the richest; her fingers press a wonderful octave; it would be a very wizened mind that failed to find itself quickening in new directions at their touch, mixing notes together with a sudden daring—striking out audacious contrasts of expression. With her frock-coats and rapiers, her dour lawyers and dark legends, her countless kirks and her queer old crimes, this "east-windy westendy" Græco-gothic town fairly out-Brodies the Deacon, in a dozen directions at once, in the vein of a splendid duplicity; and all these surface contrasts of crescents and crags, of the old Adam and the eighteenth century one, are but minor variations and enrichments of the best paradox of all: the fact that she is a city set on a hill. She will bury you deep in a black wynd, fathoms below the free sunlight, and then, in a twinkling, by simply flinging back a door, proclaim you lord of a glittering landscape spreading beneath you to the hills;—and the very wind that gives the top-hats in Princes Street their inimitably resolute rake was filling sails on the firth a second before and will be shadowing cornfields the next. Young Louis Stevenson reviled those winds—and, indeed, they nipped his body sorely, but we cannot doubt that they fed and nursed his prose. Ranging the hills and the sea for elemental images, and then fitting them together with a crafty urbane click, that prose is supremely the

product of a town where you may stroll, at your ease, on an eighteenth century terrace and watch ships beating out for the Baltic, or sit softly among your books, and see the mists melting above moorland farms. A City that fairly FORCES rich prose!

True enough; but just as true that the moment you take such a source of inspirations for your sitter you tax far more than the special strength which she provides. Few writers, certainly, have been strong enough to stand such a siege; their work either splinters and jars, like *So-and-so's*, or else they pick and choose eclectically among the aspects—this one sticking to the Old Town and its tales—another taking up with Architecture—the most famous of them using just enough of it to make a kind of cameo profile. But Mr. Bone's book accepts and embodies them all. "Edinburgh goes to one's head," he does once admit, with a kind of happy desperation, "so crowded, vivid and sounding are the impressions she breaks about her," but even as he gasps it he dashes the spray from his eyes and leaps level with his subject:

"Edinburgh goes to one's head, so crowded, vivid and sounding are the impressions she breaks about her. A flag is your only simile. Like a flag the city cuts clean and brave against the clouds, fluttering over often in the shake of the east wind. She is a thing of history, torn and stained with old deeds and great days, and starred with burning names. Take a flag the sight of her makes the blood move at a quick step."

And his prose can keep pace with all her moods. It is dandiical in Princes Street, pawky down at Leith, grim enough in Greyfriars, and on the page which tells of the Deacon it screws the pitch up by a device so novel yet so sound that even that old drama clutches the reader by the throat afresh. The chapter on the New Town is as spacious and secure as the masonry of which it speaks; and bedded in the midst of it are fluted passages of a lingering beauty, carved with an exquisite skill:

"Then there comes a moment when the delicate little trees quietly assert themselves as potent factors in the spell of Edinburgh. In a winter afternoon at dusk, when the sun has left a tinge of red in the west, and the waters of the Forth are blue as a dead man's eye, while night steals in from the east, and the sea mists and the town smoke conspire to help her—then, citizens on their steep way down from the Old Town to their homes in Stockbridge do well to stop at the corner of Queen Street and look west. From the hanging gardens the empty little trees with their deep-blue limbs rise and unite the grey astringent pink of the sky with the wan green grass and black earth, while the lemon-grey stone of the Heriot Row houses appears at the bottom, with perhaps a lit window or two, their glow still paled by the twilight, to give a hint of home and fire-sides. At such a time I have felt there a sense of fugitive beauty that was almost intolerable, something in the blend of intimacy and mystery in the scene that seemed to say that the key to the secret behind the material face of things lay there—there all about one—but that the night was coming on, and in a moment more the spell would be gone, the faculties would re-assert themselves, and the soul return to its silence. That spirit of strange wounded beauty of which Watteau among painters had the surest vision, lingers somewhere in Edinburgh, and these delicate, starved little trees among the masonry are the magic wands to summon it."

To set that delicate scroll-work beside one of the ripe genre studies in the lilting chapter which deals with the "lands" is to get some idea of the grasp of this new, strong and subtle artist. And the proof of the rightness of his vision is the way all these various aspects swim together to form a common picture. As he writes, Edinburgh ceases to figure in the mind as a piece of brittle fantasy. It warms from within, deepens and mellows. It loses its air of being a piece of stage-scenery. It becomes human and habitable, a jolly home for living men.

And meanwhile, over in the west, it is a precisely complementary service that Mr. Murhead Bone has been rendering Glasgow. "Edinburgh Revisited" betrays the housewifely heart behind the famous beauty; "Glasgow" is a mirror convicting utility of loveliness, a loveliness of which she never dreamed and which has crept upon her unawares, the unsought seal of her labours. We have no etcher like Mr. Bone, none so vital or adventurous; but he is *de race* for all that—it is no anxious originality that takes him to our cities for his subjects—it is just because he is the due child of the traditions that he turns so frankly and

* "Edinburgh Revisited." By James Bone. With Etched Frontispiece, 16 mounted Collotype and 50 line drawings by Hanslip Fletcher. 21s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Glasgow: Fifty Drawings." By Murhead Bone. With Notes on Glasgow by A. H. Charteris. (James Maclehose & Sons.)

simply to these strange contemporary flowers, with their petals of fenestrated stone and their stems of twisted streets and the quivering, black pollen of their traffic. The mark of his work is an absolute honesty—a craftsmanship so uncannily perfect that it could easily conquer us by sheer virtuosity, but that is always controlled by an intellect of beautiful serenity and candour. A man need not be a native of Glasgow, need not even know the place, in order to recognise these drawings and rejoice in them all. For there is no typical expression of a modern city which has not its choice ambassador here; and townfolk all over the country—in Birmingham, in Liverpool, in Edinburgh herself, will perceive with a thrill that they have been walking among pictures all their lives. In "Buchanan Street, looking South" it is that familiar effect of a tall, rapid vista, all vertical lines and concentrated detail dwindling sharply, along which the eye runs like a hand rippling across harp-strings, striking off rich arpeggios of pleasure. "St. Vincent Street, looking West" is a record of the hour that comes when evening tip-toes up some blank suburban street, making the hushed houses seem momentous, and drawing in its wake a range of far spires and roof-tops rising to assume their one hour of solemnity. "Gordon Street" exalts one with the sight of quivering clots and strings of clustered traffic, very tiny and tense, as one sees them from a high building, working and breaking down below. The "Demolition of the Barony Poor House" has the haggard and penetrating beauty that breaks from such themes, coming to us in forms as strange as stalagmites or gourds.

But in most the drama is wholly impersonal and intrinsic. There are no pathetic fallacies in Mr. Bone's work. He is a master of mists, as his "Tracehorses on a Foggy Day" proves, but he has no need to wait, with Whistler, for evening to turn chimney-stacks into campanili. And whilst he can track and repeat the least wrinkle on a wrung face of buildings as relentlessly as Meryon, he never thrusts the rendering askew, or tugs it into melodrama, as the Frenchman too often did. The result is that the emotions roused by these pictures of street-scenes are as primitive and enduring as those which come from the sight of far hills or woods or at the touch of rain. Could they only be distributed as easily as printed books they might stir men as the early Kipling did. They certainly take us closer to the realisation of actuality than any literature we have: save for a page or two of Mr. Wells, modern writing has never faced its surroundings so frankly. Town Planners and Municipal Reformers are a fine sight, of course, and they have their due place in the scheme of things. But this portfolio might do more than them all to make a man aware of the wonder of urbanity and proud of his part in it and zestful to serve his city.

DIXON SCOTT.

A BATCH OF NOVELS.*

Mrs. Penny's *Rajah* was brought up at Eton and Oxford, but after his pleasant English years he must return to his own kingdom to take up his duties as ruler. He had made friends, chief among them Ted Dersingham and his sister Delphine, and took Ted out as his secretary, Delphine following to keep house for Ted. Of course the Rajah missed England, and Ted and Delphine were priceless helps to remembering the old days, through the squabbles and intrigues of the Zenana where his father's four widows lived and plotted. But gradually his obligations towards his people prevailed on him to lean to Indian ways, he went through religious ceremonies and joined in strange rites to please them, and though Delphine nearly loved him and he her, and almost they joined forces in marriage, matters

stopped short, the Rajah married the daughter of one of his nobles, who had been Delphine's friend in England, and Delphine went home, though it is hinted that she would probably end by marrying the Political Resident. It is all a straightforward story, never sensational nor profound in any way, the characters are distinctly differentiated rather than delineated, and the incidents are interesting without being highly coloured. Even the kidnapping of Delphine by the hostile Zenana rouses very little emotion in the reader's mind. You know it is going to end all right and without much trouble. A very cheerful readable tale, with just a suggestion of the problem of educating Indian princes that Mr. A. E. W. Mason set before us so startlingly in "The Broken Road."

Taking together the four books that follow—"Earth" by Muriel Hine, "Moonseed" by Rosalind Murray, "The Taming of John Blunt" by Alfred Ollivant, and "A Sheltered Woman" by Mrs. H. H. Penrose—one might find a common measure for the four in their principal women. They display indeed contrasted points of view, two of them—"A Sheltered Woman" and "Moonseed"—presenting women of the reticent, fine hearted, sensitive type, to a certain degree unequal to grappling with life, unable to master their fate; the other two have for heroine the more modern, free-thoughted, active, fine-hearted, dauntless woman, facing life steadily and bravely. Miss Hine's Diana is a live, lively person, "half a boy" as the rough old painter tells her, noble and sane, though it is not quite clear how the ripe major, the old philanderer, falls in love with her or she with him; it would seem that a lawless kiss snatched in an Italian moonlight made all the difference to her between careless friendship and love. The book has no little verve, and introduces several other people who play their parts with spirit, though we are rather tired of the Jack of the modern novel, the "good-looking young Englishman with his trim white yacht and respectful crew, his whole air of good breeding and British prosperity." He appears in so many books nowadays, and is so much made to stock pattern. We should have liked more of Ericson, the big, tumultuous, red bearded, buoyant, outspoken Royal Academician, with his genius and his big heart. The active part of the story is hardly so good as the beginning, where there are some excellent portraits, none in the book being better than that of Diana's mother, sourish, selfish, hypochondriacal, yet in the end by a beautiful surprise almost winning our regard.

Another portrait of a self-reliant, brave souled girl is to be found in "The Taming of John Blunt." The story cannot be better epitomized than in the little note on the cover of the book:

"The protagonist is a Socialist publicist known as the Un-speakable Blunt. Rough yet heroic, a savage fighter with the heart of a child and the manners of a barbarian, he goes up to Cumberland to investigate an old-time aristocrat's management of her estates. There he charms, and is charmed by, the niece of his aristocratic antagonist. The latter brings an officer of the Guards on to the scene. The two men battle over the girl. John conquers the man and is conquered by the woman."

There you have the story in a nutshell. But with every deference to Mr. Ollivant his people are not real. This grievous result he attains by his way of presenting them. His ideas of the noble woman, spinster, heroic, rigidly conforming to her ideal of life; of the fine free girl, pure and courageous, gay, mischievous, understanding; of the big-hearted big-bodied man, unconventional, full of burning thoughts; of the rugged woman of the cottage; of the dear delightful mother of John Blunt (the friendliest of all the people in the book, for she dies in the first chapter and remains an *idea*, unspoilt by emphasis or crude phrasing), all this is arresting and interesting to the last degree. But in the working out it becomes conventionally unconventional, theatrical, jarring. Blunt never does anything in an ordinary way: he "chuckles" all the time, everything is violent and unreal. Mr. Ollivant has something of the epic manner, grandiose, spacious, great doing: we saw it in "The Gentleman," but in "John Blunt" the manner becomes mock heroic, almost burlesque. Blunt is simply, as Lady Florence says, "The most really impossible person

* "The Rajah." By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto & Windus).—"Earth." By Muriel Hine. 6s. (John Lane).—"A Sheltered Woman." Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Alston Rivers).—"Moonseed." Rosalind Murray. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson).—"The Taming of John Blunt." Alfred Ollivant. 6s. (Methuen).—"A Circuit Rider's Wife." Corra Harris. 6s. (Constable.)

I ever met. No manners, no breedin', no nothin'." It is most unkind to marry Rachel to such a bear. Moreover it is hard to imagine that if fifty odd years of such a delicious little old mother could not lick him into shape, Rachel could do it in a few weeks, or ever at all at his time of life. The strength and vividness of Mr. Ollivant's robust and virile style, though it is strained and misapplied grievously on many occasions, gives this book an undoubted advantage in holding the reader's attention. But Ericson, in Miss Hine's book, little as we see of him, is more suggestive of reality than John Blunt with all this emphasis and underlining.

In "Moonseed" and in "A Sheltered Woman" we have very quiet, very restrained stories, yet in their restraint showing no little art. Miss Murray tells of a strange suppressed girl, Chloe, eager for beauty in all things, with deep sensitive feelings, who falls in love with a bright, artistic young man who unfortunately engages himself most unsuitably to her cousin Augusta, an out-of-doors, sport-loving girl, proud, unsentimental, unswerving from a rigid code. Claude proves unworthy and the engagement is broken off, but Chloe forgives his weaknesses and still loves him.

In time she too comes to find him impossible, and ceases to love, but the passing of this love takes something from her life, and though she finds sober content in a sober marriage with a good, middle-aged man, nothing can ever restore the freshness of life before her romance was killed. The characterization is very subtly and clearly wrought, and the frame of the story well shaped and carefully proportioned. "Moonseed" assures an attentive reader that Miss Murray is capable of very good work indeed.

In "A Sheltered Woman" Mrs. Penrose has given us a novel that should find a wide public and help to establish her reputation firmly. The story of Cecily Chalmers is a pathetic one. Left after three months of marriage by the husband she adored, who went off to his regiment in West Africa; living in a bungalow near three of his aunts, she was betrayed through her innocence and goodness by Violet Chalmers, her sister-in-law, who one night brought her lover into the bungalow, and by a fatal chance he was seen, and this story, carried to those grim aunts and transferred to Major Chalmers, brought him home to accuse Cecily of infidelity. Indignation and a soft-hearted promise of secrecy wheedled out of her by Violet (who swore her innocence and gave plausible explanations) kept Cecily from telling the whole thing to her husband. And the estrangement when he left her almost killed her. Violet was divorcing her husband, and had got her decree nisi, when Major Chalmers was persuaded by the strange boy Lawrence Colburn that he was in the wrong. He went down to Cecily, but hearing the truth about that suspicious night he declared he would stop Violet's divorce. This agony of having endured so much in vain, of betraying her friend when she had kept her secret till all was safe, and when she had told only her husband whom she would have trusted, was too much for Cecily, and the shock killed her. The portrait of Cecily is masterly, and the other people—Fred her husband, self-righteous, making a fetish of "duty" and his own opinion; the three aunts, two of them narrow-minded, carping, scandal-hunting, tale-bearing, the third more human and understanding; Lawrence Colburn the schoolboy, poet, painter, perhaps a little too much endowed with intuition and knowledge to be quite convincing in one or two instances, but charming and a true friend; Captain Bosworth; old Susan the maid—everybody is given a distinct individuality and a definite place in the story. In short, for its art and its story, the balance and feeling of which are alike admirable, this is certainly the best of all the books already mentioned.

As for "A Circuit Rider's Wife," by Corra Harris, it is impossible to praise it too highly. It describes the life of the Methodist parson in the heart of the country districts of America, with its uncouthness, its poverty, its privations, its austere spirituality, its homely nobility, its triviality, its upliftings, its desolations, its triumphs. Told in the first person by the parson's wife, who as a girl was part of the gay Episcopalian society of a little white-and-blue

town in Middle Georgia, it recounts how they met and singled out each other from the first moment, and how in less than a week they were engaged, and married in less than a month, and drove off to the parsonage on the Redwine Circuit, "a little wren of a house, hidden between two green shoulders of the world." Soon the Episcopalian girl had to learn new ways and new people, and these are described with a vividness, a pungency, a precision that cannot easily be surpassed. The circuit and its ways, the open-air meetings with their picnicking flavour, the revivals, the backsliders, the working of the Spirit in her husband, her own part in sustaining and mothering him, his faith, his singlemindedness, the women who pestered him, the trials that followed on their poverty, such as the difficulty of finding clothes, all the thousand and one varieties of a monotonous long life spent in going from circuit to circuit, finding "the same kind of sinners everywhere and the same defects in all the saints," till "at last I came to understand that there is just one kind of sin in the world—the sin against love—and no saints at all," all this is to be found told in the most delightful way, with an exquisite sense of humour playing over all like sunlight, a tenderness and comprehension that is never sentimental, and in a supple, subtle style that arrives at distinction. That is the quality of the book, distinction. It says what you do not quite expect in a way you do not quite expect, but just a little better than you had ventured to hope. The wit of the thought and expression never jars with the complete reverence of the whole. Read the sixth chapter on William and his Worldly Mind, and his love of horse-dealing, or the eleventh on Finances and Fashions, and then the deep sweetness of chapter four, which describes William at a deathbed, or five, which shows him in the shadow of despair, and you cannot find anything incongruous. The beauty and dignity of spiritual Methodism find in this book a wise and true expression. The charm of the manner is only equalled by the penetration displayed in interpreting. Even in the humorous pages there is something tender and sympathetic, something that shows the heart of the people as it is, as in the account of the revival where the saintliest soul in the village testified as follows:

"Brother Thompson, you know, all of you know, I try to be a good man. But the flesh is weak. I git tempted and fall into sin before I know it. I'm suffering remorse now bec'ase I set my old Dominique hen twice and cheated her into hatchin' two broods of chickens without giving her a day's rest between settin's! My remorse is worse bec'ase a man can't apologize to a hen or make restitution!"

Here is an excellent paragraph in summing up:

"These faded daguerreotypes of memory suggest but faintly any idea of the people with whom I began my life as a minister's wife. I can only show their narrowness. I am not able to give the shrill high notes of faith in their lives. They made an awful business of being good. And the contrast between them and the witty, mind-bred, spirit-lost people of the world was startling indeed, but more to their credit than some are accustomed to think."

F. M. ATKINSON.

"SEEMS SO!"*

It is quite easy to find fault with this book. Whether you are a Liberal, a Conservative, or merely a critic, doesn't matter, you can't prevent yourself from being struck by certain blemishes. Politically, the authors have no good word for any party; brickbats of destructive criticism are hurled at all alike, and no allowance is made anywhere. Critically and politically Mr. Reynolds and his two collaborators bring us, in effect, a bucket without a bottom and say: Put us some water in this for our needs. In other words, they state their case bluntly and leave it there, with no hint whatever of how the case is to be met. It is as if a physician diagnosed a malady, then stopped short of a prescription—parallels could be multiplied. They may answer that they are not doctors; and we can reply with

* "Seems So! A Working-class View of Politics." By Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley. With a Frontispiece from a photograph by Melville Mackay. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)



Arguing the Point.

From "Scenes So" by Stephen Reynolds. (Macmillan.)

the fact that in this particular trouble all the world is an anatomist, and can put its finger on the seat and cause of the disorder. Briefly, who is there in these islands who doesn't know of the discontent of the so-called working classes? Surely no one who deserves to be counted as a citizen. And this is what Mr. Reynolds offers us—a needle-eye view of this discontent as it moves and has its being in a small, south coast fishing port.

Yet taking the book as a whole it is one that must make certain persons—we hope certain classes—think afresh—not, as we have said, because they didn't know of these matters, but because the points are here driven home in a quiet, first-hand manner; are put before them in grey home-spun, the very strength of which is enough to arouse some needful attention. Not, again, that these ailments of the body politic are receiving no attention; there never was a time when they received so much, and the more they get the more they ask. It was a case of *Oliver Twist*; soon it will be the *Fat Boy*. And the evil is that he does not know which is the best food for him, nor how much to take of any portion; while his very humanity and the whole conditions of the situation have made him, and always will make him, discontented with what is given. Still, in the general interests of humanity and the particular betterment of the race, it has to be given; and it were wiser to have a rather slow and bloodless revolution, no matter what heart-aching it costs, than one of fire and sword. The working man—that is the industrialist, and even the workers on the soil in the north, not your out-of-date agricultural labourers in the south—is out to wrest certain rights from the capitalist, for whom he has been too long a tool, and in that wrestling Mr. Reynolds's long-shoremen, and all the laggards of the south and east and west, will benefit. The trouble is: Will that wrestling stop short when justice is satisfied? Or will the pendulum swing too far the other way? And all true citizens must be concerned at this uncertainty.

If the book has any outstanding value it is in the fact that it comes not merely from a part of the country where stagnation has long been the order, but also that it emanates from a class that has claimed no attention in politics and is generally, the whole coasts around, of a phlegmatic, "follow-me-father" order. In addition it stirs up many points of contention, and lets light into many little corners which must, from the common nature of things, be dark to the mass of persons who have not lived amongst hand-workers; such as: "The cheap political Press is becoming an object of stronger and resentful suspicion. . . Its irresponsibility

for anything except vote-catching is defeating itself. The semi-educated clerks of the suburban railway train, the tradesman hurrying down-street to see if the papers are in, place more reliance on its statements than do workmen; for working people, who live much in the past and let the future take care of itself, have longish memories. In the end, it does not do to tell them one thing one day and the reverse next week. Among some of the younger men here it was one of the jokes at recent elections to get hold of rival half-penny journals and to compare their headlines; and the verdict usually was: 'They're all of 'em liars together. They only does it to deceive the likes of us. They ought to be muzzled, or put a stop to, I reckon.'"

This, at least, is a straw, and a pretty correct one, showing how the wind blows. As to the divisions of this discontent

i.e. the subjects discussed in the book they are many; and we could easily have fastened on any one of them and filled our space with comments for and against the authors' point of view. But instead of doing so, we have striven to give some hint of the whole; and to show that while the book is one of some real value, it is not outstandingly so, for the simple reason that it neither goes into the under-currents of this great obvious stream, nor does it either show us in any way how to dam the stream or to turn it aside to some better end. Mr. Reynolds is, apparently, not an idealist at all, not a builder up, or both here and in that far better book of his, "The Poor Man's House," he would have had some constructive theory to offer. His mission seems to be to show up certain evils and leave them there, yet to show them up in a way that will at least arrest attention and compel the more penetrative, resourceful and formative thought of others to take up the matter where he leaves it and pursue it to some more definite and cogent end.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE FREE MARRIAGE.*

With the suffragette agitation reaching its acutest stage, amid the breaking of windows in the West End and the incomprehensible hostility of the leaders of the cause towards public men who are brave enough to sympathise with and support them, Mr. Keighley Snowden's new novel comes wearing a certain air of timeliness, for it offers a shrewd and sympathetic study of those insistent problems of sex equality, the right of a woman to go her own way and retain her individual freedom after marriage, and of the baffling and uncertain elements of feminine psychology in general.

So far as I remember, no novelist who has handled the question of free marriage has boldly chosen as his protagonists a man and wife with a few children. It is a simple matter for a childless man and wife, when they tire of each other or feel the bond of wedlock unduly irksome, to arrange quite amicably to dwell apart. She can proceed to earn her own living; he his; it is only the personal happiness and well being of each that is involved in this separation, and so long as they obtain these all is for the best. But when there are children to consider, the whole aspect of the situation is changed, unless both husband and wife are

* "The Free Marriage." By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

without scruple and can lightly throw over the responsibilities they voluntarily took upon themselves. Mr. Snowden's man and wife are childless; to that extent he simplifies the problem; otherwise, he deals with it very frankly and with marked ability. His Dick and Margery Jerrold had agreed, on marrying, that neither should be bond-slave to the other; that each should be still at liberty to pursue a separate aim and course in life without consulting the other. They are both journalists; Dick a sensitive, over-conscientious one; Margery of more robust fibre, and with a knack of writing exactly the cheap and catchy stuff that suits the readers of the lady's journal to which she is attached. On a point of conscience and personal dignity Dick quarrels with his editor and losing his engagement cannot find another. Margery earns enough for the two but it humiliates him to be dependent on her, so he gets together a trifle of money and goes away to rent a small cottage in the country whilst he lives there alone and writes a second novel that shall bring him money and fame and lift him for ever out of the journalistic rut.

Meanwhile, living without him and pursuing her own work in London, Margery attracts the attention of the proprietor of her paper. This man, Hurst, a great newspaper owner of the coldly calculating, imperious, ultra-modern type, is one of the subtlest and most masterly-drawn characters in the book. He is taken with Margery's brightness and vivacity, and from placing increasing confidence in her, appoints her his private secretary. She is so far from suspecting anything more than an honest friendliness in these favours that she even ventures to ask him to use his authority and have her husband restored to his post on the paper that had dispensed with his services, and Hurst not only consents to do so but obligingly adopts methods of doing it that shall open the door so wide that Dick may easily return without pinching his vanity in the entry.

This arranged, Hurst at once begins to move quickly in his private designs. He dispatches Dick, on a moment's notice, to report the wine riots in France—sends him off on an evening when Margery is coming to dine with her employer, and before she has met Dick since their estrangement. He had come to town to interview Hurst, not knowing that her influence had been at work to secure his recall, and had not yet been home to see her. When she arrives at Hurst's flat and learns that her husband had been there, and is already on his way to France without even a good-bye to her, she is hurt and angry, and Hurst accentuates her resentment by withholding explanations and suppressing the message Dick had left for her with him. For the time, her deep love of her husband is obscured, and Hurst subtly, calculatingly proceeds to take advantage of this. That he failed was due to no relenting on his part. Nothing but an accident saves Margery from his callous snare, but though the accident brings Margery and Dick together she does not find it easy to win back his love and his faith in her. She has to travel a dark, sad road before she can find admittance again to his heart, and once there is glad to confess that the free marriage was a mistake and that "I think, Dick, we haven't been living enough for one another."

The sketches of journalistic life are vivid and true, and full of interest. They make an excellent setting for a strong and poignant story that has been well thought out and is written with ripe knowledge of humanity and with imagination. In characterisation, as well as in dramatic and emotional forcefulness "The Free Marriage" reaches a higher level than Mr. Snowden has ever touched before. He has done other good books but, so far, this is his best.

S. J.

THE BROWNING'S ONCE MORE.*

A warmth of expression and a liberal display of sentiment, vivid colour and ecstatic asides, such were presumably among the qualities looked for by his hearers in the narrative of an *Improvvisatore*; to have demanded an exactitude

* "The Brownings; their Life and Art." By Lilian Whiting. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

and carefulness inconsistent with impromptu utterances would have been unreasonable; and so long as he added the piquancy of some high-flown compliments to the more prominent persons among his audience, he might think his task creditably achieved. Biography is not improvisation, but both the merits and defects of the *Improvvisatore's* method are apparent in Miss Whiting's work. She is an emotional rather than a critical biographer; but that is not to say that her book is not both interesting and acceptable. Robert Browning himself loved to look at men and things from different points of view. We have had serious English records of his life and work, too serious and too cold, it may be, in Miss Whiting's opinion, which may be called "Half-Rome"; Mr. Chesterton's monograph may stand for "Tertium Quid", and now here, suffused with feeling, comes the American presentment, "The other Half-Rome." It is true that Miss Whiting, as her title shews, sets out to include more than her predecessors did; but of Mrs. Browning she tells us little more than we have already learnt in the biographies of Robert Browning, less, indeed, in one respect, for she ignores the medium question, which was practically the only one on which the poetess differed seriously from her husband. Perhaps Miss Whiting thinks we have already had enough of that episode, and many people will agree with her. The book, as a whole, may be read with enjoyment by those not previously familiar with its story; but its real value lies in the handful of letters, hitherto unpublished, written by Browning in his later years to some of his American friends. Before, however, these are considered, Miss Whiting will, it is hoped, pardon a writer who ventures to touch lightly upon some of the defects incidental to her method, with a view to their correction where possible. The *Improvvisatore* was not deliberate, and there are evident traces of haste in Miss Whiting's pages. Positive repetitions are found on pp. 194 and 206, and on pp. 267 and 268. On p. 14 she speaks of the first eight parts of "Bells and Pomegranates," as if there were more, whereas they are eight in all; Eastnor Castle (p. 22) is not a "seat of the Somersets"; not Macready's departure for America (p. 35), but that of the actor who played

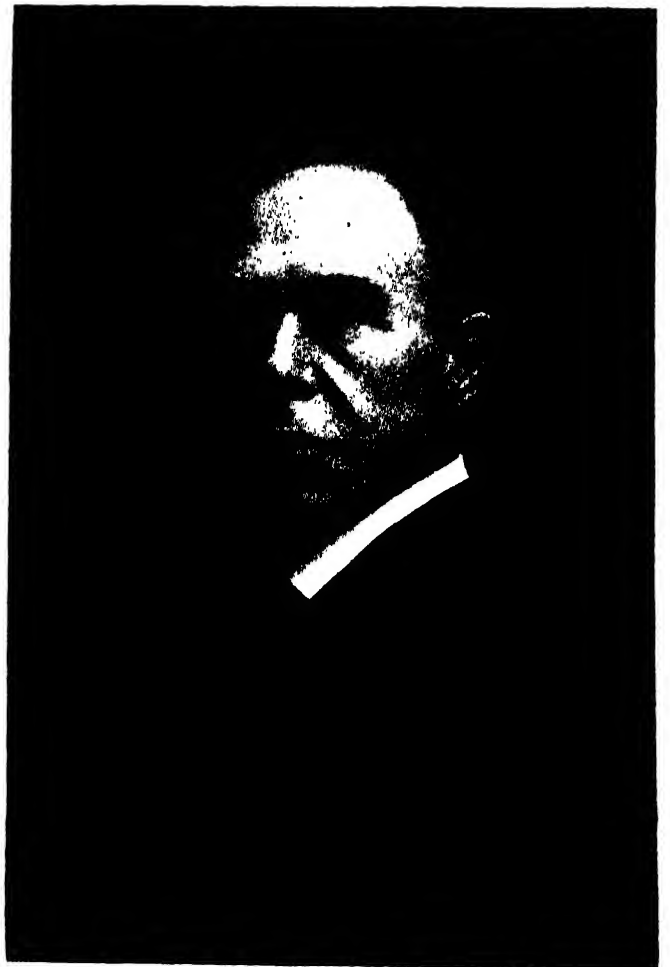


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Keighley Snowden.

Pym checked the run of *Strafford*; Browning's early friendship with the Flower sisters is pointedly ignored (p. 40); the "Pension Rue Ville l'Evêque," p. 93, is an odd contraction of the Hotel de la Ville in the Rue d'Evêque; the statement, on p. 28, that "at Como they abandoned the diligence for the boat, sailing through the lovely chain of lakes to Fluelen" is to attribute to the poets a faith which could remove mountains; Devonshire Street (p. 129) becomes Grosvenor Street on p. 130; Lady Marian Alford's father was not the *Duke* of Northampton (p. 153); the editorship of *Cornhill* was not offered to Browning on Thackeray's death (p. 203), but on his retirement; and selections from the Brownings' poetry were not demanded (p. 210) for "The Golden Treasury." Miss Browning, we are told on p. 244, "was able to ride a mule or a donkey as one to the manor born"; the Lady of the Manor, in fact! On a certain occasion (p. 294) "The entire Venetian Syndic" (how could it be otherwise?) was present; and the last sentence in the book, a really eloquent one, is marred by the substitution of a "was" for a "were." These, as well as some obvious printers' errors, are matters readily susceptible of alteration; but whether adulation of the living, which in a book concerned with the great dead jars painfully upon an English reader, will permanently satisfy Miss Whiting's taste, who but herself can say?

To come to the new letters. Browning's indebtedness to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, which has always been recognised, can now be still more amply realised. Her judicious Venetian hospitality protected the poet from himself. Why he needed such protection is rather mysterious, but that he did this correspondence proves. "I have been nearly eleven weeks in town," he writes (August, 1888), "and hard social work all the time up to the latest, when, three weeks ago, I found it impossible to keep going . . . Poor battered me, tugged at and torn to pieces, metaphorically, by so many sympathisers, real or pretended." The picture of a poet, well on in the seventies, who allowed his energies to become exhausted by the acceptance of perpetual hospitalities, some of which at any rate he might have had the firmness to decline, troubles the imagination. It is clear, too, that he valued "peace and quietude." Those, at any rate, he found under the roof of his Venetian hostess, who knew how to keep bores and crowds at a respectful distance. He was duly grateful. "He never regarded gratitude as a burden," Mrs. Bronson has recorded, "as less generous minds are apt to do." These letters, illustrative in the main of Browning's heart rather than of his intellect, shew him gifted with a depth of affection, too, which ordinary men, particularly in old age, do not possess. They emphasise, also, his perennial youthfulness. We see him furnishing the "bare framework" of a comedietta, which Mrs. Bronson filled up—does this survive, one wonders?—mending her verses and begging her to take his alterations "for what they are not worth"; and correcting in the high Alps the proofs of a poem of which he had been "too negligent in London; many distractions stood in the way of that." In the most interesting passage of all he describes his first visit to Asolo, "delicious Asolo" as he then called it. His last stay in that city of enchantment has rightly been fixed upon by all his biographers as one of the most beautiful episodes in his career, illumined as it is with the light of an approaching sunset. Let us hear his own account of his earliest acquaintance with it fifty-one years before.

"When I first found out Asolo," he writes, "I lodged at the main hotel in the Square—an old, large inn of the most primitive kind. The ceiling of my bedroom was traversed by a huge crack, or rather cleft, caused by the earthquake last year; the sky was as blue as blue could be, and we were all praying in the fields, expecting the town to tumble in. On the morning after my arrival, I walked up to the Rocca; and on returning to breakfast I mentioned it to the landlady, whereon a respectable middle-aged man, sitting by, said: 'You have done what I, born here, never thought of doing.' I took long walks every day, and carried away a lively recollection of the general beauty, but I did not write a word of 'Pippa

Passes"—that idea struck me when walking in an English wood, and I made use of Italian memories."

Here we may fitly leave him, amid the happy reminiscences of youth and poetry.

H. C. MINCHIN.

THE YELLOW PERIL IN ART.*

There are alarmists who foresee in the near future an invasion of Europe from the Far East. They call it "The Yellow Peril" and, concerned only with material conquest, are unaware that they have been cleverly prophesying after the event and that the Western world has already bowed its head to the Yellow Conqueror. And the victory has been the greater because no diplomatic or commercial bargains have had to be struck, imposed by the brutal logic of guns and bayonets. The pen, they admit, is mightier than the sword, where treaties have had to be signed, but they have not dreamed that the brush may be mightier than the pen. They have not realised that, in things of vital importance, Europe, that is the Europe which really matters, has gladly recognised its master. In a word they are ignorant of the fact that Europe has, in artistic affairs, gone to school to Japan, just as, in material affairs, Japan has gone to school to Europe. And who, realising that man is composed of matter and spirit, can doubt which has learned the most valuable lesson?

For two hundred years it had been an accepted axiom in the Western world of Art that the last word in Painting had been said by Raphael, Correggio and Titian. As in our "schools of sound learning" all teaching had to be founded upon the study of Greek and Latin, so, in our schools of Art, it was axiomatic that everything had to be founded upon the classicism of Greece or the Renaissance. There were, of course, a few audacious persons who dared from time to time to be indifferent to precedent, but they were howled down, and Art was on the verge of being choked in an atmosphere of brown sauce and red shadows, when suddenly through our stuffy studios swept a draught of sweet, clean east wind. The old teachers wrapped up to the ears in conventions shivered a bit and ordered the windows to be closed, but the young men had savoured the freedom which lay outside and were not to be denied. It was true, they admitted, that the last word had been said in the grand style by Greece and Italy. All glory to the past for that. But was that any reason why they should sit in unventilated studios for ever making poor travesties of Greek and Latin masterpieces, any more than that their fellows in the schoolroom should sit for ever spoiling good paper with halting Greek and Latin iambs? They had no thought of belittling the achievements of classicism, but they wanted to express *themselves*, and there were teachers from the East standing about outside in the unfettered air ready to teach them the way to do it. So certain naughty boys, whose ring-leaders were Alfred Stevens, Narcisse Diaz, James Whistler, Edouard Manet and Alphonse Legros, kicked over Dame Europa's forms (or formulæ), at which they had sat too long, and played truant to the school of Nippon. Thus was inaugurated a revolution in the art of Painting in Europe of which the end is not yet. Fortunately, the boys who thus took French leave of their Dame's School had minds of their own, minds very alien to those of their new masters. Otherwise we should have had a repetition of the old trouble, poor mockeries of bygone masterpieces. But they took care to absorb the spirit, and ignore the letter. They grasped the Japanese essentials and appropriated them to Western requirements. That was in the third quarter of the nineteenth century and most of the pioneers are now dead. But the revolution goes on, and the rising generations demand *Histories* and text books. And they are getting them.

Fortunately for us in England, we have *one* man who is recognised, both in Asia and in Europe, as a supreme

* "The Painters of Japan." By Arthur Morrison. 2 vols. Illustrated. 4s 5s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)



Photo by F. W. Clark.

Mr. Arthur Morrison.

authority on the Art of China and Japan, and it is to Mr. Arthur Morrison that we are indebted for the latest, though by no means the final utterance on a matter of outstanding importance. We may not agree with all he has to say, but we shall be wise, before expressing anything adverse to his opinions, to start with the presumption that he is right and we are wrong. Not that, even in the generous space of these two splendid volumes which lie before us, even he can say a tithe of what is to be said, or give examples of more than a little that is to be seen, of the vast material that has been accumulating during a thousand years. For it must be remembered that Eastern Art and Art, be it said, in a very lofty, some would say the loftiest, meaning of the word, was being practised when our Allied the Great, surrounded by ferocity, barbarism and ignorance, was laying the foundations of Britain's primitive civilization, and that this Art, through developments as various and as clearly marked as those of European Art, held an unbroken record until it culminated in the outstanding genius of Hokusai who lived into the days of Queen Victoria. Think, then, of this vast period, during which at least a thousand painters lived whose names are still well remembered in their own country, think of the tens of thousands of paintings which they produced, and then gauge if you can the enormous difficulty of Mr. Morrison's task, appreciate the remarkable ability with which it has been accomplished.

We must, of course, be careful, in the enthusiasm engendered by any new discovery, whether material or spiritual, not to allow ourselves to be blinded to the merit of achievement to which we have grown accustomed. We must not ignore the splendour of Western Art, because, for the moment, we are overwhelmed by the revelation that has come to us from the East. What we have to do is to recognise St. Paul's eclecticism, that there are diversities of gifts but the same spirit. And, it must be remembered at the same time, as Mr. Morrison justly points out, that the innate character of Japanese Painting was limited and determined by its conditions. "Process and material," he writes, "made the convention one of restraint, simplicity, directness and sincerity. A wet brush was used on a sheet of paper or silk on which the design must be placed boldly,

rapidly, without hesitation, and once for all—for there was no recalling the touch once hazarded." There we get the limitations and the virtues which arose from the necessities. Just so it was with the fresco painter, though he *could* cut away a mistake and lay in fresh plaster. "But the Japanese painter had no such resource. Any interference with the surface of fine grained silk once painted meant ruin on the instant, and the fibrous paper, drinking the colour or ink as deeply as the silk itself, was equally obdurate." That is well said. It indicates where the possibilities of Eastern water-colour painting fall short of the possibilities of Western painting in oils. And it indicates further that painting by first intention, decision of touch, must be mastered in a way that has only been revealed to a few of the painters in oils. The necessities of their material demanded from the Eastern painter unity of design, simplicity and disregard of unimportant detail. Chiaroscuro, the staple of oil painting, was ruled out. The painter must suggest to the imagination what was not there. He must call upon the beholder of the picture for his collaboration, and he was fortunate in that alongside him was growing up a nation of Connoisseurs on whom no suggestion, even of the subtlest, would fail of its effect. "For Art in any form" as Mr. Morrison, most justly says "is nothing but a language—the vehicle of a transcendent message from mind to mind." And here I would pause for a moment to preach my own sermon, not for the first time in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, that Art must be democratic, must inform our national life, must not be the luxury of the few, a closed book to the many, not a mere Sunday-go-to-meeting-in-a-top-hat affair, but something permeating, sweetening our existence morning, noon and night. That is what it has done for the Japanese and that is what it may come to one day in Europe when we realise that the spiritual essence of things is something better than the material cloak.

But why, it will be asked, did it come to Japan in its infancy and must it come to us, if ever it does come, in old age? The answer is easy. It is because Japanese Art was in its origin essentially childish. It is because Japanese Art is the direct outcome of its calligraphy. From earliest childhood in Japan the brush is in everyone's hand. It, instead of the pen, is the instrument of education. Their writing is done with it, and the picture is only a further development of the hieroglyphics in which they write. As Lafcadio Hearn has said, "It is not surprising, considering the strangely personal, animate, esoteric aspect of Japanese lettering, that there should be wonderful legends of calligraphy, relating how words written by holy experts, became incarnate, and descended from their tablets to hold converse with mankind!" And if this could be said of mere handwriting, what could not be said of the pictures painted by master hands which were but the transcendent developments of these same hieroglyphics? What wonder that Japanese critics should have said, as they have said, of the living lines of certain masters "that, had it chanced in the midst of a stroke that a swift sword-cut had severed the brush, it would have bled." And it was this intimate relationship between handwriting and painting that gave the Japanese painter an audience at once stimulating and appreciative.

But I have only touched the root of Mr. Morrison's great subject when I see the limits imposed upon me by a relentless editor. I should have liked to enlarge on the fact that landscape painting, with us the invention of yesterday, has afforded to the Eastern painter his chief means of expression for a thousand years; that in treating other subjects it has been his primary aim not so much to paint them with consummate skill as to suggest the part they play in the visible universe. I should have liked to do more than merely pray the student not to turn away from Eastern Art because to his conventional eyes it may at first sight appear in many cases grotesque and childish, but to persevere until he comprehends something of the Eastern view, assuring him that once started on an adventure full of delight, he will go on until perhaps even the school of Nan-jui, may yield up its secret to him. And,

talking of Nan-jui, I should have liked to enlarge upon the fact that the revolt against professionalism in the middle of the eighteenth century resulted in a movement advocating principles almost identical with those of the post-impressionist of to-day. But these and a hundred other things of compelling interest are dealt with by Mr. Morrison better than I could deal with them and I cannot do better than send the student to the fountain source. There he will find the master-key with which to unlock one of the most fascinating and fantastic caskets in the world, filled to the brim with treasures of boundless delight.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S CARICATURE.*

When Synge wrote "The Playboy of the Western World" and many people protested that it was an excessive caricature of Irish peasant life, Mr. Yeats retorted that Synge had paid the Irish peasantry the profoundest compliment in his power by making them the subjects of his art. Now that Mr. George Moore has paid Mr. Yeats himself a similar profound compliment by making him the cockshy of his caricaturing genius in "Hail and Farewell!" one hopes that Mr. Yeats will be equally philosophic. Superficially, there seems to be little in common between "Hail and Farewell!" and "The Playboy." Mr. Moore is a dealer in prosaic acids: Synge was an adventurer into the grotesque infernal regions of poetry. They are alike, however, in having written of Irish life with what Mr. Masfield has called "brilliant malice." Synge's malice was pessimistic and, if it is not straining a word too hard, almost affectionate; Mr. Moore's is gay and has claws. Synge's laughter had something horrible in it: his exuberant phrases expressed, not exuberance of spirit, but a wild pursuit of vitality. Mr. Moore's jests, on the other hand, are never anything approaching horrible, though they are often cattish. He has reassuring self-command, and, even when he is saying the worst he can remember about his old friends, he does so with the imperturbable cheerfulness of the smoke-room. Still the descent from "Esther Waters" and "The Untilled Field" to "Hail and Farewell" is as precipitous as, in Synge's case, was the fall from the universal beauty and symbolism of "Riders to the Sea" and "The Well of the Saints" to the rococo parody of "The Playboy."

There are, of course, a multitude of readers who urge that we should judge literature quite apart from its reference to reality. But both Mr. Moore and Synge challenge us as realists. Mr. Moore, as he himself knows, is one of the greatest realistic novelists living: "Esther Waters" gives him a position as the greatest realistic novelist who has yet written in English. Synge, too, claimed that he had brought reality upon the stage. He insisted on the realism even of his separate phrases. And both "Hail and Farewell!" and "The Playboy" are masterpieces of realism for a considerable part of the way. Mr. Moore gives us in "Hail and Farewell!" a ruthlessly true account of his return to Ireland during the Boer War in order to assist in the literary and dramatic revival. But his ruthlessness is the ruthlessness of the mocker, the observer of surfaces, not the ruthlessness of the imaginative man, the observer of souls. He can show us Mr. W. B. Yeats hurrying in and out of a bun-shop or helplessly in need of rest and refreshment after a brief spell of work. But he reveals to us nothing of the Mr. Yeats who wrote "The Wind among the Reeds" or who kept alive the Abbey Theatre.

Only once does his portrait of Mr. Yeats rise far above the level of caricature, and that is when he describes him as a Grand Inquisitor of Art, a priest of literature who could burn you at the stake for writing badly. Mr. Moore may praise you for a moment, but the next moment he will say in the hearing of all that you have no back to your head or describe your nose or your figure in a way that will make

* "Hail and Farewell! I. Ave." By George Moore. 6s. (Heinemann.)

you look mighty ludicrous. The truth is he has neither respect nor affection for Ireland—a land of ruin and weed, he calls it—and amid the artistic and national enthusiasms of Dublin, he was as uncomfortable as a fish out of water. Of Mr. George Russell ("A.E.") alone he speaks in unconditional praise. The measured uncomplimentariness of his descriptions of Irish movements and the leading personages in them is seen at its most innocent in his account of a speech in Irish by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League.

"A torrent of dark, muddled stuff flowed from him, much like the porter which used to come up from Carnecum to be drunk by the peasants 'on midsummer nights, when a bonfire was lighted. It seemed to me a language suitable for the celebration of an antique Celtic rite, but too remote for modern use. It had never been spoken by ladies in silken gowns with fans in their hands, or by gentlemen going out to kill each other with engraved rapiers or pistols. Men had merely cudgelled each other, yelling strange oaths the while in Irish, and I remembered it in the mouths of the old fellows dressed in breeches and worsted stockings, swallow-tail coats and tall hats full of dirty banknotes, which they used to give to my father. Since those days I had not heard Irish, and when Hyde began to speak it, an instinctive repulsion rose up in me, quelled with difficulty, for I was already a Gaelic Leaguer. Hyde, too, perhaps on account of the language, perhaps it was his appearance, inspired a certain repulsion in me, which, however, I did not attempt to quell."

Unfortunately, repulsion is not the stuff of which literature is made, and one wearies of Mr. Moore's repulsions in this book as in "Memoirs of My Dead Life" one wearies of his loves. Moreover, one suspects his genuineness. He makes even truth look quite unlike herself by compelling her to attitudinise in fancy dress. In the result, his book must be judged as a *jeu d'esprit*—a *jeu d'esprit* in the politest of bad taste—at the expense of the Irish literary revival. Thus, and something more. Waste and pettiness though much of the book is, there is enough wit and observation in it to last any ordinary novelist a lifetime. And there is the exquisitely-phrased overture in which Mr. Moore gives us a study of Irish gentry in decay which has no equal in literature. It is his humour to boast that he would have saved the Irish language and given it a masterpiece which would have been hailed throughout Europe, had he only in his boyhood in the West of Ireland used his chances to learn it, and written the story of the passionate people who lived about him. There is more in this than jesting. Mr. Moore is the only great novelist that Ireland has produced: he is one of the novelists of Europe. His genius, even in "Hail and Farewell!" is a constant amazement and delight. His waste of genius in the same book—his niggling nastinesses and unimaginative disparagements—make one wish that some faith or affection had saved him from giving to the café's so much that was meant for mankind.

ROBERT LYND.

SOME OF OUR SINGERS.*

When England was a nest of singing birds she did not listen to the song of other than domestic creatures, whereas I have been distracted all this morning by the most exotic importations. One of them is no more foreign than was the writer of "Hajji Baba"; we may quote these verses of Mr. Ben Kendim on Woman Suffrage:

"When seaweed binds a storm at sea, when spiders break the oak,
When architects can make a mosque of rainbow, night and smoke,
In those dear distant days a man will rule his women-folk."

* "Eastern Songs." By Ben Kendim. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)—"Sword and Blossom Poem," (Vol. III.). Done into English verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake. 3s. 6d. net. (Hasegawa, Tokyo; and Simpkin, Marshall.)—"Under the Swedish Colours." Done into English verse by Francis Arthur Judd, arranged by H. M., with a Preface by Edmund Gosse. 1s. net. (Mathews.)—"Verses." By Dolf Wyllarde. 1s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)—"The Epic of God and the Devil." By John Frederick Rowbotham. 10s. 6d. net. (Baylis.)—"The Cup of Quietness." By Alfred Hayes. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Fifty Poems." By John Freeman. 1s. net. (Herbert and Daniel.)

And often certain methods have been brought to bear :
 "There's sunset on the Bosphorus, the Conqueror's golden stream,
 And all the peace of Paradise in gardens where I dream,
 And peace as deep as the deep sea inside my cool Harim."

But it is rather disconcerting to find Mr. Kendim, from out his oriental robes, singing of Galahad, and still more disconcerting to read him on Bismarck, with no reference to anything eastern :

"Pray that you be utterly forgot,
 You and your triumphs, mean bargains of your trade,
 Friendship a feint, your sacrament a plot,
 Your lies the twins of oaths, your kiss before you shot,
 Creator of the people you betrayed."

In "Sword and Blossom Poems" (Vol. III) we welcome an old friend, Mrs. Peake, whose versions from the Japanese are perfectly delightful. This book, printed in Japan and beautifully illustrated by native artists, has seduced me utterly ; but no alien arts are needed by this verse :

"'Tis Autumn, and the early morning air
 Here in Arashiyama strikes so cold,
 The kindly Maple trees have bade us wear
 Brocaded garments of their red and gold"

And this is the first time that Mrs. Peake has included love songs. Here is one, translated from an anonymous writer :

"Scatter yon blossoms, Cherry trees, I pray,
 To keep my friend still longer at my side,
 Quick ! with your drifting snow of petals hide
 The Road by which he thinks to go away"

Mrs. Peake is to Japanese poetry what Mr. Crammer-Blyng, author of "The Lute of Jade," is to the Chinese. What can be more beautiful than this :

"As on the mountains, when the Clouds above
 Fall to the earth in Mist a man may see
 The dim, white blossom of some Cherry tree,
 So only have I seen the One I love"

The Swedish poems are not so well translated, and it seems as if Mr. Judd had attempted to be quite faithful, to be quite literal, omitting no word, whereas he should rather have striven to omit, if possible, no spirit and none of the perfume of poetry. As the adventurous Queen Christina lies upon her death-bed :

"Nay, this is more than dreaming who should dare
 To sing without in teeth of order stern ?
 From heavy slumbers suddenly aware,
 What sounds are these ? the dying Queen would learn"

And yet it is interesting to walk awhile in such untrodden meadows, even if we cannot say that from this little book we have derived those exquisite sensations of the Swedish philosopher, Strindberg (an "austere writer," says Mr. Gosse, in his introduction to this volume), when he took a celebrated forest walk, and as his feet trod now on moss and now on earth, experienced a universe of thrills. The sonnet by Count Snodsky (1841-1903) on Cellini is good, so far as the idea goes, and this brief song, "The Goth's Song," of Viktor Rydberg, is well rendered :

"In northern woodlands
 The pine-trees nod,
 O race of Woden,
 War-rousing God !
 Go down where cypress
 And cedar sigh,
 'Mid slaves unmanly
 Content to die
 Lull them to slumber
 With song of the sword ;
 To hergs auroral
 Bear golden hoard.
 To the warrior's cairn,
 To the hero's mound,
 Where fir-trees shadow
 The darkling ground."

Before I allude to "The Cup of Quietness," and to Mr. Rowbotham's work, a book by the well-known novelist, Dolf Wyllarde, attracts attention. She is more modest than Mr. Rowbotham, who, I believe, calls himself (or permits his publishers, though not of this book, to call him) "The English Homer." Miss Wyllarde's prose, of which I do not profess myself more than a moderate lover, had

not prepared me for "The Flower-Seller." Here is the last verse :

"Violets, sir ?"
 Her basket shows a scented heap,
 One splendid colour, soft and deep,
 And such a contrast matched with her,
 This mud-stained wreck, who plies her trade
 On perfect things that God has made !
 'Violets, sir !'"

This is a very varied and a fascinating book. On the other hand Mr. Rowbotham is not to be merely laughed at ; he is a facile rhymet, he is moved by the horrors of life into such a passion that we are ashamed at his unfortunate effect on our sophisticated eyes. But what will you, when in a most righteous ode, "The Devil at Prostitution," he gives us :

"Each unsuspecting girl
 With many a sunny curl,
 Converting her into a hag diseased and dirty,
 Before she's anything like thirty"

and this about the Devil, who

"Out of the joy to be her lord and owner,
 Often comes to visit her *in propria persona*"

With the name of Mr. Alfred Hayes I own that I have hitherto been unfamiliar. I must ascertain if in the four books which he has already published there is anything as fine as the poem "To my Little Daughter," with these stanzas :

"Thou still hast taught me, since the dawn
 Of that May morning, when I stood
 Joy-stricken on the dew-drenched lawn,
 While all around
 The great bird-chorus gathered to a flood
 Of rapturous sound ;
 "And mingled my full heart with theirs,
 And, as the sun rose, sought again
 The cradled answer to my prayers,
 And met those eyes
 Untroubled yet by joy, undimmed by pain,
 So calm, so wise"

Now and then, in Mr. Freeman's "Fifty Poems," you will run across a line which trips you up. "Was it Love's Ghost's last call ?" And one resents it thoroughly, because in this delightful little book one is led on so trippingly, and if one halts at all it is to meditate the startling beauty of a line or passage or a poem. The exquisite No. 20 I have seen quoted elsewhere, and Mercutio would have treasured it. No. 32 is another gem which, after celebrating Love most worthily, concludes :

"Love, Love, what shall be said of thee,
 Blind Pilot singing over the sea ?"

These fifty poems it is to be hoped that his next collection will embrace a hundred, and so on, and so on—show a great variety of metre, and if here and there it is a trifle academic it is never otherwise than interesting, while on some occasions the success is brilliant. Here is the last verse of No. 3 ("Evening Beauty : Blackfriars") :

"So in her darkening loveliness is she seen
 Like an autumnal passion-haunted queen,
 Who hears, 'A captain-king is nigh the gate'—
 'Tis Antony, Antony !' Then hastens she,
 Beauty to beauty adding yet, till see,
 A queen within the queen perilous with love and fate !"

By calling his book "Fifty Poems" Mr. Freeman has inclined me to a calculation. It appears that he sells beauty at an average price of 300 of a penny a line. There are in these days few investments that can be so safely recommended.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

Novel Notes.

THE BELLE OF SANTIAGO. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin is perfectly at home in romantic melodrama; he catches the appropriate atmosphere of mystery; he knows how to manage a strong scene; his characters glow with the fire of their passions; he has no place for business or anything that savours of the workaday money-making life; sentiment holds undisputed sway. The reader of "The Belle of Santiago" is not long left in doubt as to the depth and nature of the sentiment which draws young Anthony Heron into a midnight meeting with the beautiful Señorita Mercedes under the walls of her father's castle; nor does the outraged parent, alighting upon the rash couple, conceal his feelings on this preposterous violation of Spanish etiquette. "Get a mattock and dig a grave big enough for two," he commands his men forthwith. The lovers, however, are spared this untimely end by the intervention of Anthony's friend, Don Lopez, the soul of honour, who placates the father by marrying the discredited Mercedes, well knowing her love can never be his. Broken-hearted, Anthony returns to England, where in due course he receives a message from Mercedes: "I have borne a child that she may wed with your son. Antonio mio, you will do this for my sake . . ." This is the central point of the plot. At long last we see Anthony's son retracing his father's footsteps and, after many adventures, finding with Mercedes' daughter the happiness that was denied to their parents. Mr. Burgin provides an entertaining character in Pedro, the optimistic little waiter, and an unusually powerful one in Cuchillo, the faithful dwarf with the great dog-like eyes. "The Belle of Santiago," is a capital story—it has an ingenious plot, and is narrated with a deft and skilful lightness of touch.

THE MONEY MOON. By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

If the charm of "The Broad Highway" was its picturesque realism, the charm of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's second novel, "The Money Moon," is its dainty and delightful unreality. It is almost as fantastically improbable as a dream, but it is one of the happiest and most winsome dreams that ever a man remembered after he woke. Jilted by a pretty American girl, who is fascinated by the title of an English aristocrat, George Bellew leaves his valet behind in London and sets out to tramp the road into the country hoping to find forgetfulness and balm for his wounded vanity. He walks straightway into some amusing rough-and-tumble adventures and thence onwards into the golden meshes of a new and exquisite love affair that develops in an atmosphere of quaint humour and gracious sentiment and is shaped to an idyllic end by a series of cunningly devised disasters, misunderstandings, and a final daring and desperate abduction. The characters are wonderfully human and real; Bellew himself, the blundering, good-hearted, romantic-minded American millionaire; his quaintly philosophical valet; the witching Miss Anthea, working her farm and taking in lodgers; Anthea's man, Adam, and her fanciful little nephew, George, otherwise Small Porges; the wistful Miss Priscilla and her soldier lover—they are all sketched with sympathy and humour and in the very colours of life. They are actual persons playing their various parts in one of the blithest, tenderest, freshest, and most delightfully Arcadian dream-stories that was ever written.

SAINTS, SINNERS, AND THE USUAL PEOPLE. By St. John Lucas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. St. John Lucas is no provider of mental pabulum for subscribers to the circulating libraries. He writes because he has got something to say, a way to say it in, and a select but appreciative public. He is a writer indeed worth following up, and those who love wit, humour, and irony, and are not repelled by a style which is at once

mobile, well-bred and restrained, may be recommended to make acquaintance with his second book "Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People," a book which we have no hesitation in describing as the best volume of short stories that has come our way for quite a long time. The promise in these stories—and a great promise they make—is made by their variety. There are three stories poking excellent fun at the Saints—tales which in treatment and intention show a sort of hesitation between the kindly Catholic attitude towards the hagiology adopted by Baron Corvo in those delightfully funny "Stories Toto told me," and the frankly and derisively anti-clerical spirit in which Anatole France approaches the legends. There are three ironical studies in the unexpected, which are as good as anything Mr. G. S. Street gave us years ago in "Episodes." There is a screaming piece of farce ("The Statute of the Commander"), an excellent, because non-anthropomorphic, story of a cat ("The Pale Cat"), an attempt, but not quite a successful attempt, at a grisly shudder ("The Gorgon's Head"), and three studies full of mordant humour which the author calls "Grotesques."

ETHAN FROME. By Edith Wharton. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Wharton has more than satisfied one's expectation, and her art has never been shown to greater advantage than in this story of Ethan Frome, the young Massachusetts' farmer. It is a tragedy, almost unendurably poignant, but justified by its inevitableness. From his youth Fate dealt hardly with Ethan. His father died, leaving him a bleak unproductive farm, and a failing saw-mill. After a lingering illness, his mother also died. That was in the Fall; had it been in the Spring his future might have been different, but Ethan dared not face the winter alone in this "New England farmhouse that made the landscape lonelier." Then he took his first step toward the abyss: he asked Zeena, the tall, uncomely, raw-boned woman who had nursed his mother, to be his wife. From that time his life was a martyrdom, for Zeena soon showed her real character as a sickly, querulous neurotic. Then came the next stroke of Destiny. To save expense, for the poverty at the farm was grinding, Mattie Silver, the penniless young cousin of Zeena, was invited to live with them. As the girl served without pay her cousin suggested that on the rare occasions, when there was an entertainment in the village, Mattie should go to it, so that she should not feel too sharp a contrast between the life she had left and the isolation of the farm. On these occasions, Ethan, although at first he had inwardly demurred at the extra toil imposed on him, was accustomed to fetch home his wife's cousin. Soon he found himself wishing that the village might give all its nights to revelry. Gradually the wife's suspicions are aroused; a hired girl is employed, and Mattie must go. Poverty makes Ethan helpless; money might have saved two lives, if not three, but there is none. So the blow falls in the last act that is to consign the three to a living death. It is a beautiful, sad, but intensely human story, working out to its final conclusion with all the inevitability of a great Greek tragedy.

MADEMOISELLE CELESTE. By Adele Ferguson Knight. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The French Revolution seems still to be an inexhaustible theme for romance. Just as our sixteenth-century poets would win their spurs by writing a sonnet-sequence, so our modern historical novelist enters the field with a romance beginning at the time when the tumbrils were hurrying to the guillotine. The book before us opens with a scene showing Celeste arriving at the actual place of execution, when her escape is cleverly effected by a diversion created by her lover and his accomplice. To the accomplice falls the task of escorting the heroine to England and to safety. The adventures of the pair supply an enthralling story, the love of Celeste turning from her renegade Royalist lover to her resourceful champion. Ingeniously avoiding the commonplace, the author keeps the

heroine in France, as she elects to forego the certain safety of flight, by returning with her husband to share the fortunes of his tenantry. It is a well-written, interesting novel, and possesses not a little of the atmosphere of gallantry and romance that seem to belong by right to this period. The author's name is new to us, but it is a pleasure to welcome as a first attempt, a book so creditable and workmanlike. If the beginning of the story almost inevitably recalls a familiar chapter in Dickens, it is due to the author to say that the rest of the story is worked out with undoubted freshness and originality. In fact, the plot contains quite a number of clever and ingenious surprises.

NO SURRENDER. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Art is a jealous mistress, and when a brilliant writer endeavours to advance a cause through the medium of fiction the artistic quality is bound to suffer. That is not to say that "No Surrender" is not an interesting, witty and brightly-written book. Indeed, given the conditions, it is about as good as it could be. Those familiar with rural life in England will recognise the truth of, and will be delighted with, the incisive pen pictures of Sir Godfrey Walker, M.P. and his wife, Sir George Crompton and his sister. These are types which are to be met with in every English county, and they serve to illustrate in secular life, what the phrase "invincible ignorance" implies in ecclesiastical parlance. The life amongst the mill hands would seem to be equally true to life, and some of the characters—notably Jenny, who is a fine creature—are apparently transcripts from life. On the whole the book is written with restraint, but one hopes and believes that the incidents described in the chapter headed "In the Punishment Cell" are exceptional. But pray, Miss Maud, now that you have done your duty by your sex, give us some more of the stories we love so much better.

A SOCIETY MOTHER. By Edmund Bosanquet. 6s. (Long.)

If, as we believe, "A Society Mother" is the first work of its author, we shall in future watch the publishers' announcements pretty closely for the name of Mr Edmund Bosanquet. There are many excellent qualities in his work. He can tell a story very well, and his chief fault of occasional over-elaboration is one of which he will soon be able to cure himself. And besides, he certainly possesses gifts of lifelike characterisation. But perhaps the best point about "A Society Mother" is that the author is clearly well acquainted with the life he describes. It really would seem that he knows the life and manners of the "Smart Set." The plot of the book is comparatively simple. Howard Leonardson, a Jewish financier of unimaginable wealth, has fallen in love with Mrs. D'Enville, who is unhappily married to a spendthrift and unfaithful husband. Having got D'Enville into his power, he proposes that that gentleman shall consent to be divorced from his wife, when Leonardson believes that she will marry the man who is able to offer her love and luxury. His scheme succeeds to a certain point, but it breaks down altogether when Mrs. D'Enville's son puts his veto upon his mother's marriage. Very clever is Mr. Bosanquet's study of the love existing between his mother and her son, and very pleasant too are the sketches of the boy's school life at Eton; but though it is on the side of the angels, it cannot be said that "A Society Mother" will prove acceptable reading for everybody. But the sophisticated novel-reader will doubtless—and quite justifiably—admire the book.

The Bookman's Table.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND HIS TIMES. By Frédéric Lohée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. With 16 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)

Monsieur Frédéric Lohée is, as all the world knows, one of the leading authorities upon the period of the Second Empire, and probably no living writer is better equipped to undertake the duty which Monsieur Lohée has set himself in the present work. The author tells us that his design is to write a complete biography of Talleyrand—after Napoleon, with whose character his is contrasted to excellent effect in these pages, one of the most remarkable geniuses France has ever known. This task the author has found it impossible to compress within the covers of a single volume, and he accordingly projects a second volume dealing with the latter portion of Talleyrand's life, and opening with the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna. Thanks to a large amount of new material which has recently been discovered, Monsieur Lohée is enabled to throw a novel light upon the character and aims of his hero. He by no means neglects the lighter side of Talleyrand's character, and much space is set aside to a consideration of the society of the day. Mr. Bryan O'Donnell's English rendering of this most interesting book is worthy of the highest praise.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY. By Lewis Melville. 12s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift)

Everybody who is interested in Thackeray—and who is not, nowadays?—will find something to interest him in this book of Mr. Melville's. It is a collection of miscellaneous papers that have, for the most part, already appeared in the English and American magazines, but three good chapters are here published for the first time. You have chapters on "Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature"; Thackeray



Madame Grand, Princesse de Talleyrand.
From "Prince Talleyrand and his Times" (John Long.)

as a reader and critic of books, as an artist, as a writer of ballads; on Thackeray and his illustrators; on the London of "Esmond"; on Thackeray and Dickens—fourteen chapters in all on various aspects of Thackeray's life and work. He was not a great critic, preferring second-rate books of the first class, as Mr. Melville says, to the greatest. "While as a matter of course he admitted that Milton was a great poet, he added that 'he was such a bore that no one could read him.'" Perhaps you may think this slightly discounts what Mr. Melville has said elsewhere of Thackeray's culture and Dickens's lack of it; it is an interesting point, anyhow. When he began as a critic, "like most young writers," observes Mr. Melville (and he might have added like a good many older ones) "he sought for the blemishes rather than the virtues of books sent to him for review"; but growing mature he saw that "love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred," and that it was better and even cleverer to be kind than cruel. In discussing the merits of Thackeray and Dickens, Mr. Melville sometimes betrays a little natural bias; he declares that "if jealousy existed between the two men, it was not on Thackeray's side"; yet elsewhere he tells how anxiously Thackeray inquired about Dickens's sales and his own, and in yet another place confesses that "for many years Thackeray envied Dickens his popularity and financial success." The book affords further evidence, if any were needed, of Mr. Melville's intimacy with all that concerns Thackeray; it is full of various information that will be helpful to the student, and its light and gossip style makes it attractive reading for the general reader. The illustrations are numerous and really illustrative.

MY ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE. By Dr. Frederick A. Cook. With 50 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Arlan & Co., Chichester House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.)

It is hardly our purpose to go into the details of the controversy as to whether Dr. Cook ever reached the spot on the earth's surface which he likes to speak of as the "boreal center." He may have done so, or—which is probably the more generally accepted opinion in this country—he may not. For ourselves, we are neutral, but the reader will notice that we have not included our notice in the "Novel Notes" section of *THE BOOKMAN*. The reason for this is that we are uncertain whether the book really is fiction or fact, and we must therefore take it at its own valuation. But we will say that if it is fiction, it is very good of its kind. Almost would Dr. Cook persuade us. . . . He writes well, certainly, though we cannot but think that nearly a third of this book—in which the most astounding charges are made against Admiral Peary—is very ill-advised indeed. The whole of Dr. Cook's story is here given in much detail, from the start of his expedition down to the present day, and it is only right for us to say that if it is true, the bitterness with which certain portions of it are treated is at any rate partially justified. The mere onlooker will find the book to be one of great interest, and for that at least Dr. Cook may be thanked.

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

It is a very astonishing thing that this book, which is a sign of the times, should contain so little that is absolutely original; and that, in spite of its lack of originality, it should be almost startling. Mr. Hueffer writes, casually and dogmatically, what many of the most expert minds of the day have thought and are thinking. He is careless in definition, he repeats himself, he says everything with a sort of large, imperious nonchalance. He cries out upon modernity, and upon Victorianism, in quite the usual manner of the conversational critic. Yet there is health and vitality in all he says—enough to make this book shine like a good deed in a naughty world, and enough to set a-thinking all the people who do not possess, and who will not understand, what he calls "The Critical Attitude." In fact, Mr. Hueffer writes as one of that small body of men, of whom Mr. Arnold Bennett is the most notable—the craftsmen-critics. He brings to his criticism the sure, trained sense of the writer

who cares most for art and its expression, without emotional credulity, and without the amateurishness of the average educated unprofessional critic. But his valuation of such writers as George Eliot and Mr. Galsworthy, his characterisation of the Great Figure of the Victorian era, his studies of modern dramatists, are all familiar to those who move in literary circles; and may, to some, appear as purely temperamental as the quite different opinions of so temperamental a critic as, say, Mr. Chesterton. Outside these circles, Mr. Hueffer may earn a legitimate triumph; his opinions may be listened to with what he describes as "dislike and dread"; they may provoke a startled indignation; but only if his book can be put into the hands of those who blindly accept tradition in literary opinions. Thus, on the subject of Shakespeare, Mr. Hueffer may arouse disquiet by his assumption that the greatest English writer is probably inferior to Turgenev; when he says "to the great bulk of educated criticism of to-day, George Eliot has become a writer unreadable in herself and negligible as a critical illustration," he may shake the reader who has always been a little uncomfortably loyal to the tradition of George Eliot's supremacy; he may terribly distress many people by his elaborate explanation that "money spent upon the Arts is not only money invested in sound securities, but that it adds distinctly to the good-will of the nation as a going concern." If he can convince those who are not already convinced, Mr. Hueffer will have triumphed indeed; but his book is largely addressed to the converted. The fact that he has himself assisted earlier in that conversion will no doubt be a satisfaction to him; and "The Critical Attitude" should be read by all who truly care about just estimates, yet, in its very nature, the book must appeal most strongly to those who have acquired or are acquiring the Critical Attitude for themselves. It is, in fact, written in a professional key—of Art as it appears, from the inside, to the artist. It is deliberately unheroic, free from illusion, and suggestive rather than final. Where it becomes important is in its definitely anti-Philistine and anti-sentimental character. Mr. Hueffer, with his fellow-craftsmen, looks upon Art without pretence of even the most accidental kind. He demands the "vision of things as they are." It is that which makes him a realist in criticism, far from the elaborate thesis-monger, or the poet who picked a handful of gems from Shakespeare's plays and exclaimed at them. Such a book may be casual, the proofs may have been passed unread, some of the individual opinions may seem debatable: What remains is the extraordinary sanity of the artist who is familiar with the work of his contemporaries, and who does not hesitate to appraise it.

THE ENGLISH COURT IN EXILE. By E. & M. S. Grew. 15s. (Mills & Boon.)

It would be ungenerous not to pay a special tribute to the patience, ingenuity, and research that have gone to the compilation of this new and imposing-looking record of the life of James II. and his Queen at Saint-Germain. If zeal, experience, a consistent determination to be thorough, and a literary appetite that can assimilate and emphasise trifles with an almost prodigious readiness, would make a work of fair historical proportions, this story of the life of James II. and his family at the Chateau of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and their relations with the French court after their precipitate flight from London in 1688, would be one of the season's literary triumphs. Unfortunately, a mere taking of pains does not reconstitute history on a large scale. That work demands a certain breadth of vision, and a certain sense of aloofness that these authors do not exercise and, as a consequence, their history-making, though based upon a first hand study of contemporary diaries, memoirs, histories, pamphlets, and manuscripts, sinks occasionally to the level of the every-day manufacturers of books. Students keenly interested in this vague and troublesome period, will be grateful of course to Mr. and Mrs. Grew for the scholarship and the trouble that they have expended; the authors give a very carefully balanced and stirring account of the incidents that led up to the flight of James II. to France, but from a reader's standpoint, the work appears



An Apartment of the English Royal Family at St. Germain.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Solomon Renuch.
From "The English Court in Exile" by F. and M. S. Grew (Mills & Boon)

to suffer afterwards from the fact that a distinct portion is then allotted to James's expedition to Ireland. This section is really rather clumsily contrived. At the same time, the authors give a clear and succinct story of the efforts made by the unhappy monarch to recover his throne, and have made a careful and able study of the character of Louis XIV. showing his treatment of the exiles to have been always "that of a great king and a great gentleman." His relation to the fugitive and ruined guests was without reproach. It was dictated by the most delicate courtesy, by the most boundless generosity. All that he had was placed at their disposal."

WITH NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO. By Edward Bruce Low. 15s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

This volume embodies the work of the late Edward Bruce Low among documents and diaries dealing with the Waterloo and Peninsular campaigns. It is now produced under the editorship of Mr. Mackenzie MacBride who furnishes a most interesting introduction in which he comments on the habit of weaving the story of history round its few great leaders in warfare. The British citizen, he says, has little idea of the extraordinary exertions, privations, discomforts, which are suffered chiefly by the common soldier in the ranks. "Of the real warfare no accounts with which we are acquainted give a picture anything like so graphic as the words of the actual soldiers themselves." Perhaps the most important chapters of the book are those dealing with Napoleon at Waterloo, though they occupy less than a third of the space. The vital strategic importance of Hougomont is interestingly elaborated by the late Edward Bruce Low in a chapter on "The Guards at Waterloo," in which he quotes Victor Hugo's remark: "This corner of the earth, could Napoleon have held it, would have given him the sovereignty of the world." The closing of the gates of Hougomont was due to the magnificent bravery displayed by two rugged Highlanders of immense stature, Colonel Macdonnell and Serjeant John Graham. The diary of Napoleon's equerry, Jardin aîné, and the journal of one of his Aides-de-Camp give rather pathetic glimpses of the great Emperor on the field of Waterloo. Both of these documents, printed for the first time in this volume, are interesting and have some real historical value. The diaries of "the actual soldiers themselves" are very

plentifully used. Serjeant Nicol describes his experiences with Abercrombie and Moore in Egypt; Serjeant Robertson's diary is quoted for the ghastly story of the retreat from Corunna. The late E. B. Low points out that if the British Government, instead of splitting up their magnificent army of 60,000 men at this time of European crisis, had sent an adequate force to assist the Spanish and Portuguese allies, five years fighting in the Peninsular would have been saved. Wellesley, it will be remembered, had only 20,000 men with which to oppose the combined armies of France (at that time ten times more numerous than his

own), owing to the decision of Canning and Castlereagh to aid Austria in the war they were waging with France, and their determination to equip the ill-fated Walcheren expedition. Ruskin, in "Praeterita," tells us that he traversed the field of Waterloo without the slightest inclination to be a soldier. After reading this fascinating record and the diaries of the brave and simple warriors who have painted so vividly the horrors of war when robbed of the romance of the battle field, we must confess that we, too, have very little inclination for the soldier's life. We should add that the book is provided with a serviceable index and many excellent illustrations, but why not have placed them opposite their context? For instance there is on page 60 a portrait of Sir James Macdonnell, to whom we have already referred in the defence of Hougomont, but the reader must turn sixty-three pages before he will find any reference to him. This carelessness diminishes the value of the illustrations.

IRISH RECOLLECTIONS. By Justin McCarthy. 10s 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Readers who have reached middle age will be delighted to find Mr. Justin McCarthy still alive, and—well, *not* kicking—kicking never was the *forte* of Mr. McCarthy, otherwise he would have made a bigger figure in Parliamentary life but talking, and talking in these early "Irish Recollections" of his, with a charm and vivacity rather rarely to be found, we fancy, in the work of a veteran, eighty-two years old. The novelist to whom we owe "Dear Lady Disdain," the historical student who described the "History of Our Own Times," the politician whom Charles Stewart Parnell dismissed with bantering acerbity as "a nice old gentleman for a lady's tea-party," is our creditor for so many hours of easy instruction and innocent amusement that we trust many a New Year will come round before so genial and popular a personality undergoes the inevitable eclipse. The present generation, accustomed to what is grandiloquently called the sociological romance—the kind of fiction we mean that Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Oliver Onions write—can have little notion of those leisurely days of the 'eighties and early 'nineties, when Mr. James Payn, Messrs. Besant and Rice, and Mr. McCarthy introduced us to charming girls and pleasant men, and never

troubled us with anything even dimly approaching to problems and social tendencies. How immeasurably distant from the present year of grace those days seem! Mr. Payn is dead, Sir Walter Besant is no longer with us; but happily Mr. McCarthy can cry "So am not I." And those of us who still have pleasant memories of his "Donna Quixote" and his "Maid of Athens" must join with that younger generation which has enjoyed the life of Gladstone, and derived instruction from his history of "The Reign of Queen Anne" in hoping that for many a long day the author of so many delightful books may be spared to make the boast. Certainly these latest reminiscences of Mr. McCarthy's show no signs of failing force or impaired vitality. Written with an urbanity, a kindliness, a tolerance, and a mellow wisdom that are the note of their author's style they deserve, and, indeed, cannot fail, to be widely read. No one who wants to know the average life led by a cultured and gently-born Irish family in the first three decades of Queen Victoria's reign can afford to overlook Mr. McCarthy's latest chapters. If we had to single out for praise any particular pages in these "Recollections," they would be those in which the author pays a fraternal tribute and raises a charming memorial to his sister Ely, and those which are devoted to an account of that extinct master, the Irish absentee landlord.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

The drift of the title is not the only elusive feature of Miss Elisabeth Cosby's romance, *A Servant of the State* (6s.), for the plot also is unnecessarily teasing. The title does not mean that the story is one of high diplomacy, but merely indicates the profession of the successful lover. Veronica's happiness seemed likely to be frustrated by the re-appearance of the mother she had been brought up to believe was dead; but de la Cherois showed in his private affairs the resourcefulness of his profession, although the author leaves us a little in the dark as to the value of his services to the State.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

We give a very warm welcome to the handy volume just presented to us by Elizabeth E. Goldsmith, *Sacred Symbols in Art*. There has long been need for such a book, and its help to those who find pleasure in the picture galleries of the world will be incalculable. It enables us to recognise the saints by their symbols, it explains the meanings of colours, the habits of monastic orders, and it helps us also to the inner and beautiful meanings of the symbolism, by giving us the legends and the attributes of the best known saints. The book is well and carefully carried out, and is enhanced by nearly sixty illustrations.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

A book of many allurements is *A Tour through Old Provence* (6s. net) by A. S. Forrest. The author possesses a very readable style, and by his gossip of places, people, legends, anecdotes, history, and even personal experience and advice, leaves us all deciding that Provence shall be our next holiday goal, without doubt. By word and by numerous excellent illustrations he gives an admirable impression of the Provence of history and of to-day.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

Mr. C. Herman Senn, G.C.A., has edited a new edition of the monumental work of that "good culinary architect," Charles Elmé Francatelli, which should prove very welcome to those in search of a cookery book of what may be styled the "advanced" kind. *The Modern Cook* (7s. 6d. net) was not designed on lines suitable for small households, though the student will find means to gratify almost every taste among the innumerable recipes which it contains. The value of the book is enhanced by a most exhaustive index and a useful glossary.

MESSRS. KEGAN, PAUL & CO.

"Italy is the ideal place for a summer holiday," says Mr. Douglas Sladen, in *How to See Italy* (7s. 6d. net), and one is tempted after reading this full and lavishly illustrated volume to say that Mr. Sladen has written an ideal guide-book for those who wish to go and see it. In particular he tells you how to see Italy by rail, furnishing the traveller with all needful information for his journeyings, whether he is seeking only a genial climate or beautiful scenery, or whether he goes as a student of sculpture, painting or architecture. Everything is most carefully and lucidly arranged in chapters that discourse on the



The Castle of Sirmione.

From "How to See Italy," by Douglas Sladen (Kegan, Paul & Co.)

charm of Italy; on the differing scenery of different parts of the country; on its architecture; where to see its famous paintings and sculpture; on its churches and chapels and noble monuments and public buildings. Each state, with its places of interest, is dealt with separately and exhaustively, and there are special chapters on what to see in Rome and in Sicily. Mr. Sladen is the most informing and pleasantly gossipy of guides, and his book runs to nearly six hundred pages, but is convenient in size, strongly and compactly bound, and light in the hand. Its hundred and sixty illustrations include a number of excellent photographs by Miss Dorothy Ridley, and a very useful map.

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In *Under Eastern Skies* (6s.), Miss Olive Tompest tells a sad little story, the *motif* of which is "the unwritten law in the Indian Army—which is occasionally responsible for terrible tragedies—to the effect that nobody must marry until he has attained the rank of captain." The author seems to us somewhat to weaken her case by portraying two of her principal male characters as atrocious bouncers, but she has unquestionably a thorough knowledge of India and the Anglo-Indian military life. The book is well managed, and there are several passages of considerable dramatic power.

MESSRS. GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO.

In *A Thackeray Year Book* (2s. 6d. net), Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Melville have compiled a very charming volume of selections of the wit, humour, satire, opinions and philosophy of the great Victorian novelist. The book is arranged in order of months, and there is an extract for every day of the year. The compilers have drawn on the poems and miscellaneous articles, as well as on the novels of Thackeray, and their pages are rich with his shrewd criticisms of life and character, and his wisest and most suggestive sayings. These, with an excellent frontispiece portrait and a tasteful binding, should make this one of the New Year's most popular gift-books.

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Hazell's Annual (3s. 6d. net) that invaluable footnote to the history of the past year, with its concise, well-informed articles on all the leading current topics, and its full record of the men and movements of the time. It is happily and accurately described as "a hundred Blue-books boiled down into one red one." The index is larger than ever, and contains about seven thousand references.



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*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
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*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration*

News Notes.

The March BOOKMAN will be a Lady Thackeray Ritchie Number, and will contain a special article on Lady Ritchie and her work by Lewis Melville. Other important articles in this Number will be "The Eve of the Catholic Emancipation," by Dr. William Barry; "Beaumarchais and Lafayette," by A. W. Evans; "The Rowley Poems," by John H. Ingram; "Nietzsche," by Holbrook Jackson; "Tennyson and his Friends," by Cranstoun Metcalfe; "William Morris," by Edward Thomas; "The New Logic," by Professor John Adams; "Psychology of the Religious Life," by Dr. James Moffatt, etc.

Most of our Dickens pictures are reproduced by permission from Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new

edition of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens." We have already made reference to these two handsome volumes, which are enriched with five hundred illustrations, including numerous portraits of Dickens, his family and friends, facsimiles of his MSS., and photographs and sketches of places associated with him, the whole having been collected, arranged and carefully annotated by Mr. B. W. Matz, to whom and to Messrs. Chapman & Hall we are greatly obliged for the assistance they have kindly given us. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Matz for the loan of the photographs from which we have reproduced our presentation plate and the portrait of Dickens on the cover, the former being from a photograph by John Watkins, the latter from one by Gurney, of New York.



Charles Dickens.

From a sketch by Samuel Laurence in 1837, when "Pickwick" was appearing in monthly parts.

In former issues of THE BOOKMAN we have reproduced a good many selections from the work of Cruikshank, "Phiz," Fred. Barnard, Sir Luke Fildes, Frank Stone, and other of Dickens's early illustrators. He has been illustrated in colour by Frank Reynolds, Cecil Aldin, and several of the younger school of artists, and we have recently reproduced examples of this work. In the

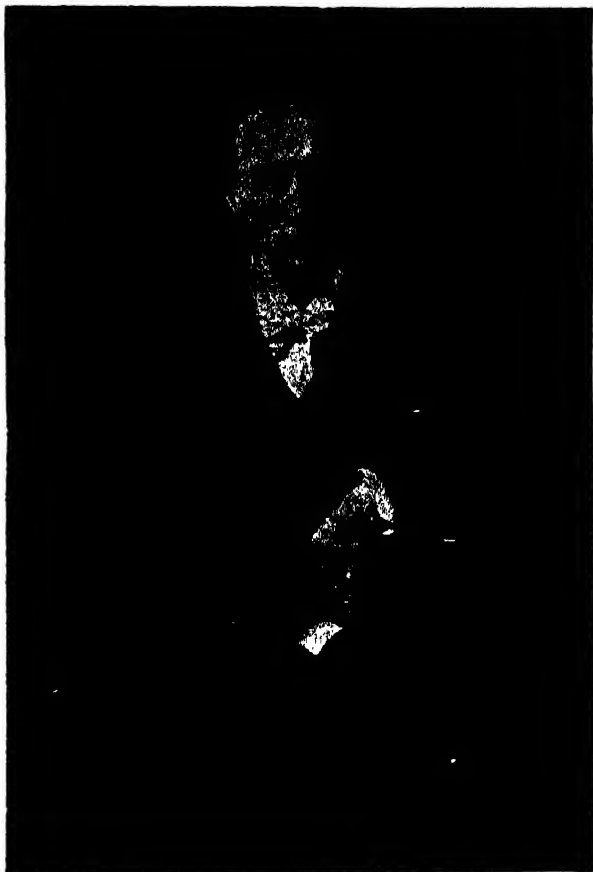


Photo by Violette Cotton.

**Mr. Henry Fielding
Dickens, K.C.**

Youngest and only surviving son of Charles Dickens.

present issue, by the courtesy of the Waverley Book Co., the Educational Book Co., Messrs. A. & F. Pears and Messrs. W. Collins we are enabled to reproduce a half-dozen black-and-white illustrations by the latest of Dickens's illustrators.

In addition to the complete works of Dickens that Messrs. Chapman & Hall are now issuing, with all the original illustrations, in their beautiful Centenary Edition, there are charming editions of Dickens, with the original illustrations, published by Messrs. Macmillan; Messrs. Dent have included his works in their "Temple Classics;" Messrs. Blackie have them in two excellent series. Mr. Frowde issues various editions ranging in price from a shilling to three-and-six a volume; and Messrs. Nelson have published several volumes in their wonderfully cheap two-shilling series; the *Daily Chronicle* publishes a good sixpenny edition; and "Everyman's," the "World's Classics," Cassell's "People's Library," Collins's "Illustrated Pocket Dickens," and practically all the cheap fiction series include most of his novels. To make out anything like an adequate list would be a considerable labour; almost every publisher who has not published some of Dickens's books has published books about him, and many have done both.

The new edition of Dickens that the Waverley Book Co. is issuing contains introductions by Andrew Lang, A. C. Benson, William De Morgan, G. K. Chesterton, Bernard Shaw and other well-known writers; it is illustrated throughout with character-sketches by Charles Pears, and includes beautiful reproductions in colour of the famous character-drawings by Fred Barnard.

Messrs. A. and F. Pears publish a charming edition of Dickens's five Christmas Books, with introductions by Clement Shorter, and illustrations by Charles Green and L. Rossi.

Literature is no longer overlooked as it used to be when titles are being conferred on the distinguished men of the nation, and we warmly congratulate Sir H. Rider Haggard on the honour that has justly fallen to him. He has just added to the long list of books for which we are indebted to him a new novel entitled "Marie," in which he returns to some of the characters and scenes of his early triumphs and tells the story of the first love of the famous Allan Quartermain. The story is published by Messrs. Cassell, who are issuing also a new novel by Mr. Max Pemberton, called "War and the Woman."

Miss Jeannette Marks, the author of "The End of a Song," that was published last autumn by Messrs. Putnam, has been declared one of the winners

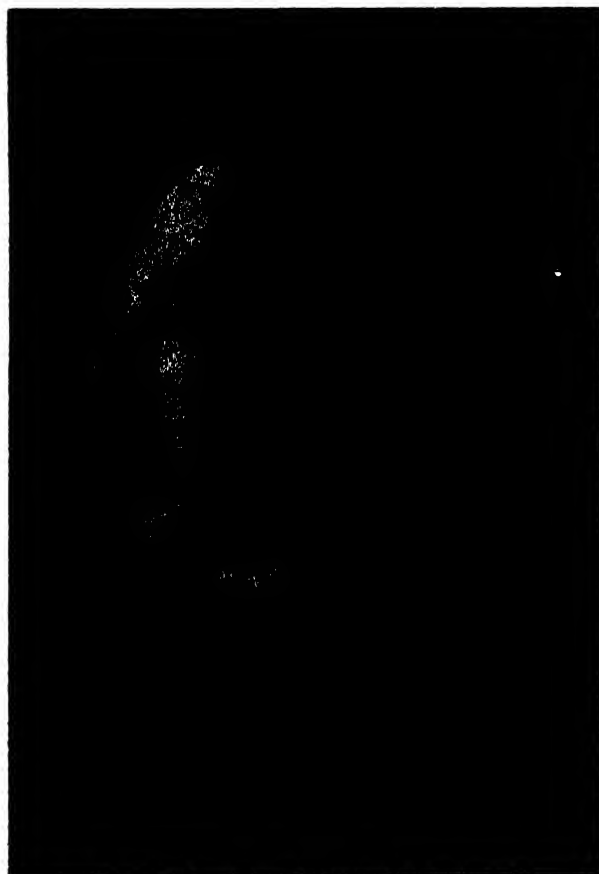


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

**Mr. Alfred Tennyson
Dickens.**

Dickens's fourth son, who died last month in America, where he had been giving a series of readings from his father's books.



Photo by Vandyk

Miss Mary Angela Dickens

Whose new novel, "The Debtor," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this month

of the prize offered by Lord de Walden for a Welsh drama. It is probable that her two short plays, "The Welsh Honeymoon" and "The Cuckoo," will be produced before long on the London stage.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, who is well known as the author of several successful novels, is a granddaughter of Charles Dickens. Her father, Charles Dickens the younger, was the novelist's eldest son. Her new novel, "The Debtor," which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. have in press for immediate publication, centres on the restoration to health of an invalid by a miraculous power. Mary Chichester, a young widow, who has had an unhappy married experience, runs a successful tea-shop in Bond Street. She becomes engaged to Donaldson, a flying man, who, like herself, is an agnostic. Mrs. Chichester falls ill, and is declared by two specialists to be dying of heart disease. She pays a visit to a Catholic friend at Devonshire, who lives in a beautiful old house, to which is attached a simple chapel enshrining a small statue of the Virgin. The invalid prays earnestly before the shrine and is healed. The doctors conclude that their diagnosis was wrong, but one of them is not satisfied and ends by becoming a Catholic. This step causes her to break with Donaldson, and she ends by giving herself up to good work.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is recently home from a visit to America. A farewell dinner given in his honour by Mr. and Mrs. George Harven at the St. Regis Hotel, New York, was attended by a hundred distinguished Americans, including Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), Justus Miles Forman, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Frank Craig, Harrison Rhodes, Charles Dana Gibson, Albert Bigelow Paine, John Kendrick Bangs, George H. Doran, Miss Marie Von Vorst and Miss Carolyn Wells. One of the most felicitous speeches was that of Kate Douglas Wiggin, who said: "The approach of Thanksgiving reminds me of a remark of Leigh Hunt, who said he was disposed to say grace for a dozen other things in the day rather than his dinner. This thought has been starting a train of others in my mind this evening. We have a form for blessing food; might we not have a private one for a walk in the woods, a homecoming, an open fire, a child's kiss, the sight of a dear friend, a wide view of sky and sea? Above all, why have we no grace for books, those intellectual and spiritual repasts—a grace for Milton, a grace for Shakespeare? I often think of it when I am reopening an old book or closing a new one, for I am ready to worship a new (authentic) idol as well as an old one. The new idols themselves sometimes have a disturbing way of refusing to bow at the shrines of their older



Photo by Falk, New York.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Whose new novel, "Havoc," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

brothers. But after all, you don't suffer keenly when you see your neighbour's idol rocking on its pedestal; for your own never budes a hair's breadth no matter how fierce the attack! You may outgrow the author you have admired, but you never really outgrow the one you have loved. "However, I don't care what the new idols *read*, if only they can write! So I shall say in my Thanksgiving grace: 'May the Lord make us truly thankful for a man who has made books of insight, power and beauty rise from the dust and smoke and noise of the "Five Towns"—Arnold Bennett!'"

Another English author who has lately been in America and been most hospitably and enthusiastically entertained there is Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose new novel, "Havoc," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. He was the guest of the St. Botolph Club, at Boston, and the St. Botolphians caricatured him on their menu in the act of playing golf, and printed under it the following brief lyric composed in his honour:

"We've dined full many a famous guest
Within this happy home,
And for each literary fest
We've hammered out a poem.
The mill has creaked and groaned with toil,
Producing just a verse—
The subject was quite bad enough,
The product was still worse.

We never had a cinch in rhyme
Till you turned up, O Oppenheim."



Mr. Keene Abbott.

Author of "A Melody in Silver" (Putnam).



Miss Rose Schuster.

Whose first novel, "The Triple Crown," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

In reviewing that excellent story, "A Melody in Silver," which was published last autumn by Messrs. Putnam, we spoke confidently of its author Keene Abbott as a woman, saying that no man could write about children with such complete understanding. Well, we were wrong. Keene Abbott is a man; he writes largely for the American magazines and is dramatic editor of the *Omaha World-Herald*. Happily, it seems, we were by no means alone in our guilt; several of our contemporaries fell into the same error, and Mr. Abbott says he is now trying to lead a ladylike existence in order to be worthy of the nice things we said of him, but he is not sure whether we regard him as a delicate young thing or as an old maid; if it is as the latter, he will fiercely resent it, but if we only consider him as "a nice, mild, sweet-tempered old woman (preferably a widow)" he will do his best to forgive us for mislaying his sex. We condole with Mr. Abbott on the fact that he is only a man; but we congratulate him on being the author of a delightful book that few women and fewer men could have written.

Miss Rose Schuster, whose first novel, "The Triple Crown," is published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is probably one of the youngest novelists who ever had a book accepted. Her story is a romance dealing with the period of the War of the Roses.

A little over a century ago Mrs. Barbauld wrote a remarkable heroic poem, "Eighteen Hundred and

Eleven," in which she took the gloomiest view of the conditions of life surrounding her, and in fervently eloquent terms prophesied the downfall of England. The Sunrise Publishing Company, Warrington, has re-issued this poem in a sixpenny volume, with a frontispiece portrait and an admirable critical and biographical introduction by Mr. Arthur Bennett. Mrs. Barbauld was a better poet than prophet, and this interesting philippic of hers should make chastening reading for the pessimists among us who are saying to-day much what she said a hundred years ago.



Photo by Romney, Glasgow.

Miss Maude Little.

Author of "The Children's Bread" (Chatto & Windus).

"The Children's Bread" (Chatto and Windus) is Miss Maude Little's third novel. Her other two, "At the Sign of the Burning Bush" and "A Woman on the Threshold," were published in 1910 and 1911, and not only won golden opinions from the critics but were immediately successful with the public. Miss Little has, happily, had no long struggle for recognition. Her first printed article appeared in 1908 in *The Humane Review*, to which she has remained an occasional contributor; she had two stories in the *Daily Chronicle* in 1909, a poem, "The Banshee," in the *Spectator* for January, 1910, and has won prizes for short stories in the London Quill Club, of which she is a member. She has already

made considerable progress with her fourth novel, a study of middle-class life, the scene of which is laid in Glasgow, though the characters are chiefly Irish. She herself is of Irish extraction, but her home has always been in Glasgow.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, whose new book of poems, "Emblems of Love," is published by Mr. John Lane, has had an education which has been more scientific than poetical. His first volume of

poems was published some year or so ago by the same publisher, but he has more recently issued two little volumes as a private venture and says that the results show that, with intelligent method, poetry can easily find a profitable market nowadays. He is at present engaged on a poetical drama that will deal poetically with the lives of ordinary folk, and bring out the romance that is inherent in everyday events. He has lately completed a book of metaphysical Pyrrhonism in the form of dialogues that are chiefly fantastic in form, and this will be published shortly by Mr. Martin Secker.

For assistance with the general illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Foulis, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and Mr. John Murray.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS. FEBRUARY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best alphabet after the manner of "A was an Archer who shot at a frog," concerning itself with any well-known living author, the names of his books, their and his leading characteristics, and so forth.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

- I. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss GWENDOLINE JONES, of 2, Mirador Villas, Uplands, Swansea, for the following:
AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY. By G. BRONSON HOWARD.
"To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do."
W. S. GILBERT, *Princess Ida*.

We also select for printing :

THE HUMAN CRY. BY MRS. DAVID G. RITCHIE.
(Methuen.)

"Had I but plenty of money; money enough and to spare."
BROWNING, *Up at a Villa,—down in the City.*

(Miss M. Waller, 12, Buckingham Road, North
Watford, Herts.)

THE HUMAN CRY.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

THOS. MORTON, *Speed the Plough.*

(Rosie Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds.)

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER
(Duckworth.)

"The Carpenter said nothing but

"The butter's spread too thick."

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.*

(Richard Goodfellow, 4, Morehampton Road,
Dublin.)

THE DRUNKARD. BY GUY THORNE.

"There was a door to which I found no key."

OMAR KHAYYAM'S *Rubáiyát.*

(Violet L. Watkin, The Raven, Flint, North
Wales.)

NO SURRENDER. CONSTANCE E. MAUD. (Duckworth.)

"For when his legs were smitten off

He fought upon his stumps."

Chevy Chase.

(Miss M. Hurlbutt, Queensferry Hall, Queens-
ferry, Chester.)

A SOCIETY MOTIFER. BY EDMUND BOSANQUET.

(John Long.)

"At every word a reputation dies."

POPE, *Rape of the Lock.*

(Miss H. R. Wood, Glenlyon, Harrow.)

II.—We are dividing the Prize for the best new
NURSERY RHYME, and are sending Two New
Books to Miss FLORENCE M. WILSON, of The
Greenan, Ballyholme, Bangor, Co. Down; and
Two New Books to Mr. C. M. WALKERDINE,
of 32, Crompton Road, Handsworth, Birming-
ham, for the following :

"I looked out at my Lady Moon,

Out of my mother's house,

And oh! she stepped in her milk-white shoon,

As soft as a peeping mouse!

But though she travels so far, so far,

She'll have to turn back again, -

And lock her door with a silver star,

And hide from the wind and the rain."

FLORENCE M. WILSON.

"Little Miss Pretty-toes,

What would you do,

If your shoes should wear out,

And your toes should come through?

"Count them all gaily,"

From one up to ten;

Then run to the cobbler's

For new shoes again." C. M. WALKERDINE

We also specially commend the NURSERY RHYMES
sent in by Olivia Connolly (Brockley), N. Brown (North
Shields), H. A. Cole (Newtownards), Miss E. Close (Hove),
Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Miss F. Briggs (Crown
Hill), Miss A. J. Briggs (Crown Hill), A. Eleanor Pinning-
ton (Brighton), H. Caby (Fordham), L. White (West
Ham), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), R. H.
Evans (Constantinople), Horace W. Walker (Beeston),
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burn), L. Port (Clapton), M. A. Newman (Badingham),
R. S. Wyatt (Victoria Park), E. M. Karn (Gloucester),
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Tyne), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), F. W. Lawfield
(Sawston), J. Donald Malcom (Bacup), Mrs. J. E. M.
Featherstonehaugh (Rotherfield), L. A. Spilsbury (Hoy-
lake), E.M.E. (Nottingham), Miss B. M. Wigglesworth
(Sandhurst), Miss E. L. Conyers (Ben Rhydding).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review
in not more than a hundred words is awarded
to Mrs. JOHN ADAMS, of 23, Tanza Road,
Hampstead, N.W., for the following :

FELLOW PRISONERS. BY R. K. WEEKES. (Alston Rivers.)

This book grips one from the start; indeed, the end of Chap-
ter I. is as dramatic as anything we have read for long. The
author evidently knows prison life and routine well, and writes
with insight. The story is in fugue, and is admirably managed.
The crippled villain is drawn with restraint, as, indeed, are all
the characters, except Sybil Lenanton, the Girton don, who
remains to the end, an extremely unconvincing figure. The style
is excellent, the dialogue crisp and not too clever, and the
interest is sustained to the last page. Certainly a book to read
and remember.

Other good reviews received are :

THE BELLE OF SANTIAGO. BY G. B. BURGIN.
(Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin seems imbued with a spirit of true romance.
"The Belle of Santiago" is a worthy successor to his other
novels, both in delicacy of treatment and ingenuity of plot.
The latter is out of the ordinary yet not wholly confined to the
realms of fancy. The story, with its refreshing absence of
present-day worldliness, has great charm; the atmosphere of
romance which pervades the book, the passionate love of Señorita
Mercedes, the honourable selfless devotion of Don Lopez, and the
delightful union of Antony's son and Mercedes' daughter cannot
fail to give pleasure to the twentieth century reader.

(Dorothy Smith, 78, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.)

TANTE. BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Edwin Arnold)

A masterly study of a musical genius of superficial charm, but
appalling selfishness. Mrs. Sedgwick is to be congratulated upon
the manner in which she has portrayed, with unflinching convic-
tion, the fascination and villainy, yet withal pitifulness, of her
heroine, entirely avoiding that irritating, though common, fault
of continually thrusting before her readers the particular "points"
of her story. Perhaps the infantile simplicity of Karen—who
shares the post of heroine with her guardian—is a little wearying,
but in Mrs. Talcott we have a perfect and unique picture of
patient faithfulness, and in Gregory a fine specimen of straight-
forward manliness.

(Margery Wilkins, Utttoxeter.)

DAN RUSSEL THE FOX. BY E. C. SOMERVILLE and
MARTIN ROSS. (Methuen)

If it were not that the authors definitely say there is no such
thing, we should have classed this book as a sporting novel.
Sport and fiction run side by side through the tale, converging
at critical moments. The most praiseworthy feature is the
character drawing. John Michael is the exact contrast to his
step-brother the M.F.H.; Mrs. Delanty is the usual clever
widow who hunts for both foxes and a husband. Fanshawe,
again, is the customary quarry of such, with money and no
brains. But the heroine, Katharine, is altogether charming.
We should like another "episode" in her life.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

Of the numerous other reviews sent in (several of
which are as good as some we have printed), we par-
ticularly commend those of E. C. Luin (Stamford Hill),
Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Alice M. Morgan
(Sheffield), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Miss
Bond (Pinner), Alice Mullins (Hampstead), M. A. New-
man (Badingham), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss J. A.
Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough),
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(Brighton), Florence Karn (Gloucester), Miss A. S. M.
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Robinson (Cambridge), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow),
Naomi Isaac (Hove), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), J.
Ewance Griffiths (Warrington), Vivien Ford (Bristol),
George Stanton (Leicester).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO
"THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mrs. H. H.
PENROSE, of Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green,
Surrey.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SOME DESULTORY NOTES.

BY B. W. MATZ.

THE literary atmosphere of the last few months has been permeated with Dickens. Readers of every nationality have been turning to his books again—some persons have made acquaintance with them for the first time. In the process one has come across a Philistine or two, who, being of the latter category and having chosen the story of "Oliver Twist" to start with, has exhibited in his conversation a burning desire to "tick it off" in a twelve-line review after the present fashion of criticising novels, half-read and undigested. Such a judge is quite satisfied with himself if he has discovered a few faults in the construction of the story, and having entirely overlooked the many qualities which have made it the great book it is, he presumes to stand aghast at the novelist's popularity, and to wonder how it was ever attained. He is not really serious; a little pedantic perhaps, as befits the modern manner, but easily and willingly forgiven, and perhaps as easily convinced that the test of time is after all the best, the absolute touchstone of greatness.

Speaking generally the books of Dickens—almost all of them—have stood this final test, and although there may be—indeed we know there are—certain readers who say that they do not care for them, as there are persons who have yet to learn the fascination of golf or the pleasure of eating asparagus, it is an indisputable fact that the reverse is the prevalent and popular opinion, and the fact remains that Dickens's books have never lost their hold on the English-speaking race, or for the matter of that upon any other race into whose language they have been translated. His reputation as the most popular novelist in the history of literature is, at the moment of the celebration of the centenary of his birth, actually at its highest, with no indication of its being sullied in the immediate future.

There have been in the past those, who, whilst admiring his greatness at the time, have predicted an eventual eclipse of his genius. The case of the critic in the

Quarterly Review in 1837, who, speaking of Dickens's undoubted qualities at that time, predicted that, having gone up like a rocket, he would come down like a stick, will be remembered. On the other hand, an American critic said sixty years ago, in remarking how solidly Dickens's reputation was established, that "the deluge of swashy literature may pass over it, the wind's shallow waves of changing fashion, or superstition, or politics, without shaking it; because it is founded on a rock. . . . In short, the works of this author . . . shall be admired at some later day, not on account of antiquity, but in spite of it; because they have set forth nothing less general than the truth of nature, and appeal to all men by a common bond."

To-day we know the truth: posterity has inherited the treasure of his books, and on the brink of the centenary of his birth no one denies posterity's right, even if some cavil at it.

For many months past all eyes have been fixed on the day—February 7th, 1912—particularly those of the student and enthusiast: and it had been hoped that the anniversary would see permanently established in London something of a practical nature and value connected with Dickens's name, such as one of his London homes secured to the nation, as Shakespeare's

Charles Dickens, 1868.

at Stratford, Carlyle's in Chelsea, or Scott's at Abbotsford; and the present writer expressed a hope in the pages of *THE BOOKMAN* for November, 1910, that some such scheme might be consummated this year. But other schemes have taken the place in the public eye which such a scheme required, and so we have had to bow our heads and wait awhile.

However, whether or not the year of Dickens's centenary comes and goes, leaving nothing behind of a tangible form as a connecting link between his greatness and his association with his own great city, there is every indication that the nation is proud of its heritage, and that so unexampled a genius will retain the affection



Photo by Ben Gurney, New York.



John Dickens.

Father of the Novelist. From a painting by John W. Gilbert, in the possession of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.



Elizabeth Dickens.

Mother of the Novelist. From a painting by John W. Gilbert, in the possession of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.

and regard of his countrymen, not merely as its premier novelist, but as one of its most notable men.

There is no intention in these few words to attempt to estimate the comparative value of Dickens or of his books as an asset of the nation. That has been done so often and so ably in volume after volume, and all the pages of THE BOOKMAN are not available to us, even were we bold enough to make the attempt. Nor is there a single phase even of their many-sided variety that could be approached with the hope of saying anything that has not been said before, although it is possible (as the monthly publication of a contemporary proves) to be continually adding fresh light to various incidents in his books and life, topographically, bibliographically, and pictorially. But avoiding the temptation to select some phase which might only appeal to the student, and be of interest only to him of the meticulous mind, it may be more appropriate to glance at the more generally attractive

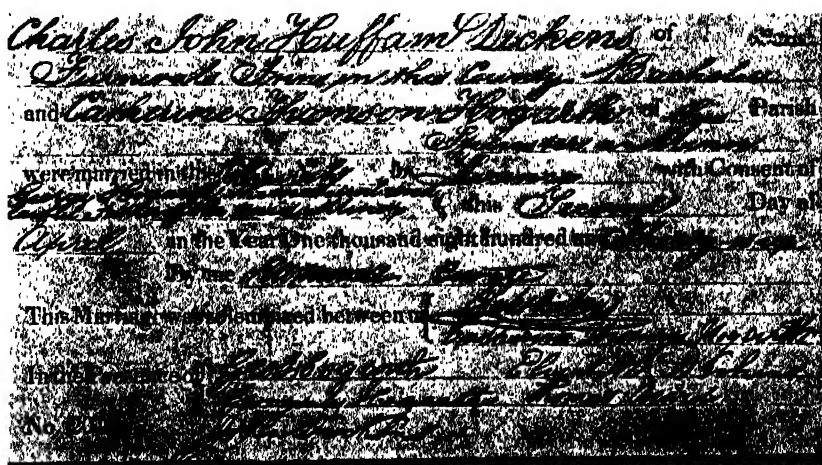
features of Dickens's life and personality as they are revealed in his books.

Most novelists, we presume, adapt certain incidents from their own lives to certain requirements of their novels. The creation of a character has its genesis in someone they have known or have met, and the more the writer is endowed with the imaginative genius, the more he elaborates and embroiders upon the fabric of his own observation. The fact that Dickens had this power to a greater extent than most men is not to be taken as indicating that he was in any sense a copyist rather than a great creative genius, but that he realised better than other writers that Nature, human or otherwise, was the truest and most permanently valuable material for his purpose, because it is universal. He not only saw with an eye and realised with a mind abnormal in their quality but he placed on record what he saw and conceived in character and scenes, in such a manner as to make the reader see and conceive as clearly and as vividly as he had done.



387, Mile End Terrace,
Portsmouth,

where Dickens was born, February 7th, 1812.



Reduced facsimile of Marriage Certificate of Charles Dickens and Catherine Thomson Hogarth.

He had this power when a lad, and it matured as years went on. In his first sketches the art of dramatising, so to speak, incidents of his childhood days at Chatham came naturally to him. The people he met there when only eight or nine years of age furnished him with models, as incidents of their lives furnished him with action. And when he became a young man in a business office, he found material for other sketches, of which "Making a Night of it" is but one instance. Those who have read his letters to his friend Kolle will find how faithfully the environment of those days is conveyed into the "Sketches," whilst the prototype for this sketch referred to will be easily discovered.

And so on through all his books the same thing occurs. In some cases his portraiture of friends and acquaintances, such as Squeers, Skimpole, Boythorn, Miss Mowcher, caused him some uneasiness for the pains he had taken. But when he put himself into his books it mattered to no one at the time because no one knew. Yet he is in many of his own books. The most notable and lifelike, of course, is "David Copperfield." Here we have, on his own evidence, given to his friend Forster, certain details of his life as boy and young man pathetically and dramatically pictured for us. David's career is not, of course, a minute account of Dickens's early experience, but phases of David's life are identical with phases in the life of Dickens.

The blacking-factory period of his life is reflected in the similar period of Copperfield's, with the wine-bottle trade substituted for the blacking-bottle



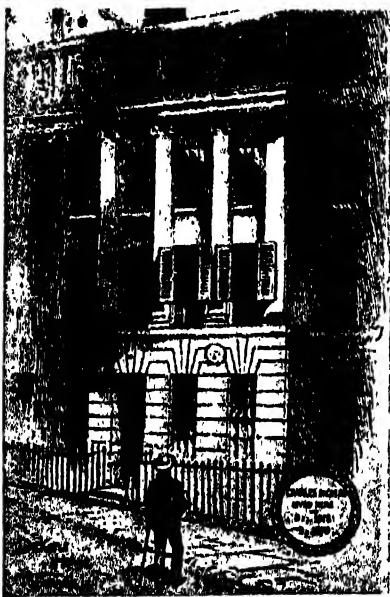
Charles Dickens

in 1840, when he was writing "The Old Curiosity Shop." From a painting by R. J. Lane in the possession of His Majesty the King

trade, and we know that the novelist loathed his post as much as Copperfield did his. But although he kept his secret from his own family and friends until years after Dickens did not hesitate to introduce it into his books. How this early period of his suffering boyhood affected him, and how accurately it is described in fiction, is as familiar as are the details of the real history told in his biography. Forster did not hesitate to give them to the world as told him by the novelist, because nothing could better exemplify the courage and fortitude of his friend, or show what a noble character and genius had emanated from hardship and incredibly uncongenial discouragements. When one thinks of it all, and realizes how Dickens brought himself by his own determination to be one of the greatest men of his age, one can see how easily, without heroism, his genius might have been snuffed out.

Without such strong will his life and character must have been different. The experiences of his early days affected him throughout his career, and many times in his other books we find his thoughts have drifted back to Hungerford Stairs, although he confesses to a horror of going near the place, and studied to avoid it. Take the following passage describing Clennam:

"A man who had, deep-rooted in his nature, a belief in all the gentle and good things his life had been without. Bred in meanness and hard dealing, this had rescued him to be a man of honourable mind and open hand. Bred in coldness and severity, this had rescued him to have a warm and sympathetic heart. Bred in a creed too darkly audacious to pursue, this had rescued him to judge not, and in humility to be



Dickens's Chambers in Furnival's Inn, 1836-7.

Drawn by F. G. Kitton. Dickens was living here when he began to write "Pickwick," and it was here that Thackeray called with proposals to illustrate it.

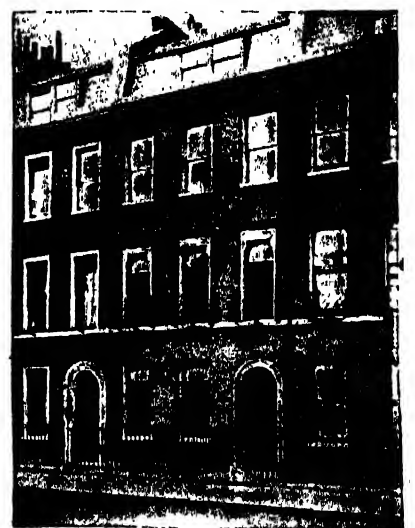


Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

48, Doughty Street,

where Dickens lived 1837-9. Here he finished writing "Pickwick" and wrote "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

merciful, and have hope and charity." This is but the recollection of his own trials coming vividly into his mind, with the added joy and satisfaction in the knowledge that good could come from such a life.

Nor did he confine his personal touches to his own career. We have pictures of the domestic troubles of his father, the interlude in the Marshalsea Prison and the whole struggle for existence of the family in those grey days, presented in his masterpiece, not in dull narrative, but with the magic of a romantic story exhibiting all its attendant humour and pathos—real in itself, yet with its actual reality veiled.



The Four Elder Children of Charles Dickens—Charlie, Mamie, Katie and Wally—with "Grip" the raven.

From a drawing by Maclise in 1842.

In the same book we get his first love affair glowingly described in Copperfield's love for Dora, for we know from his own lips that there was a Dora in his real life, and the recent publication of the letters which passed between them have further revealed the details of this youthful love affair. He refers to it again in an article entitled "Gone to the Dogs" in *Household Words*, where he speaks of "his bright-eyed Araminta (with the obdurate parents)—the inheritance I myself entered on at nineteen years of age." This bright-eyed Araminta became, as we all know, on renewed acquaintance many years later,



Mr. Winkle goes a-hunting.

From "The Pickwick Papers," Illustrated by Charles Pears. (Waverley Book Co.)



Silas Wegg at his Stall near Mr. Boffin's house.

From "Our Mutual Friend." Illustrated by Charles Pears. (Waverley Book Co.)

and after considerable remodelling, Flora in "Little Dorrit," whilst Clennam, as we have hinted, doubtless possessed many traits of the novelist's own character.

We have suggested that many of the "Sketches by Boz" are but incidents of his early days both at Chatham and during his youthful apprenticeship as a solicitor's

clerk, and we know how much of his experiences found their way into the "Pickwick Papers." His schooldays and school-fellows are faithfully made history in "Our School," his reporting escapades have furnished him with many a chapter and exciting story, and his family and friends were used as models, such as his father as Mr. Micawber, his mother as Mrs. Nickleby, his sister as Mrs. Gargery, his sister's little son as Tiny Tim, Mrs. Roylance as Mrs. Pipchin, and scores of others. In his own weekly paper, *Household Words*, he frequently contributed an autobiographical chapter in the shape of a sketch or story. Two occur to me at the moment, entitled respectively "Gone Astray" and "New Year's Day," both dealing with his boyhood, the former relating how he was lost in London, and the wonderful things he saw during the time, the second telling how he was taken out to see the Soho Bazaar by "a grim and unsympathetic old personage of the female gender," whom he refers to later as Mrs. Pipchin. This paper forms a delightful sketch which was, as he suggests, founded on fact "to the best of my remembrance and self-examination of the past."

But perhaps the member of his family who figured in and influenced certain of his writings most was his wife's girl-sister, Mary Hogarth, whose early death dealt him such an irreparable blow. She was but seventeen when she died suddenly soon after he went to live at Doughty Street, and whilst he was writing "The Pickwick Papers." So terrible was the crushing blow to him, and so utterly prostrated was he, that a part of his immortal book had to be postponed in consequence. She had endeared herself to him by her sweetness of nature "even more," as we have been told, "than by graces of person," and she had made herself an ideal in his life. And throughout his career, he used her amiable good nature as the model for such characters as Rose Maylie, Little Nell, and more than one other of his charming young women, and never seemed to let her pure nature out of his memory. In his letters to Forster he refers to the subject of her death more than once as years rolled by. On one particular occasion when abroad he describes a vision he had, in



Charles Dickens in his Study at Gads Hill.

Except for the addition of the figure of Dickens, this is evidently a copy of Sir Luke Fildes' famous painting, "The Empty Chair."

which he saw her and recognized her voice and "knew it was poor Mary's spirit"; and on another, he reminds his friend that "this day eleven years poor dear Mary died." There can indeed be no doubt that the loss of his "dear friend and companion" affected him greatly, and inspired many of the affectionate and gentle thoughts of

young life which are to be found in his books.

One might enlarge upon the theme that the books of Dickens contain not only cameos of his own life and that of his friends and family, but, as will be seen from the article which follows this, pictures of the places he knew and loved. Wherever the novelist found himself, either on a holiday or business journey, there he found material for his books, and such material has become far more living and real, and far more valuable for creating and establishing the atmosphere of the world he knew, than any minute description of history. It is in this way that we have got to know the novelist with so personal an intimacy, and have become so well acquainted with all his doings and all the places and scenes of his books. • He aimed through all his writings at securing the confidence and respect of his readers. He wrote to please them first, and he wrote of those things and people whom they could understand. And therein, like Shakespeare, his books have the universal appeal, and like him also, because "he does not depict men as kings, but kings as men; not men as peasants, but again peasants as men."

The following words which Dickens puts into the mouth of David Copperfield when the latter is struggling for a livelihood as an author, may be taken to express the thoughts of the novelist himself:

"In pursuance of my intention of referring to my own fictions, only when their course should incidentally connect itself with the progress of my story, I do not enter on the aspirations, the delights, anxieties, and triumphs of my art. That I truly devoted myself to it with my strongest earnestness and bestowed upon it every energy of my soul, I have already said. If the books I have written be of any worth, they will supply the rest. I shall otherwise have written to poor purpose, and the rest will be of interest to no one."

It is unnecessary to ask if the books of Dickens are of worth. Posterity has decided for us.

"I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto," was the novelist's own memorable utterance. No expressed desire of any great man has ever been more completely realised.

CHARLES DICKENS AND LONDON.

I.

ALTHOUGH born in Portsmouth Charles Dickens may be said to have been essentially a Londoner. His father brought him to the city when he was but two years of age, and for a very brief period they lived at 10, Norfolk Street (now Cleveland Street) by the side of the Middlesex Hospital, when an appointment in Chatham took the family there. In 1823 they again returned to London, and took up their residence at 16, Bayham Street, Camden Town. From this time onward until Charles Dickens acquired Gad's Hill Place in Kent in 1860 he resided in London, leaving it only for either holiday purposes, or in search of new environment and change in writing his books.

That he loved London is but half truth. London with all its alluring associations of men, places and things was to him a sheer fascination. It became and remained a part of his very existence. He would walk about its streets for hours as a relief from work, always "seeing many little things, and some great things, which because they interest me," he says, in the preface to the "Uncommercial Traveller," "I think may interest others." And when away from it he pined and longed for it, as for instance when he was in Genoa working on his Christmas book, "The Chimes." Writing to a friend he says, "I seem as if I had plucked myself out of my proper soil when I left Devonshire Terrace; and could take root no more until I return to it. . . . Did I tell you how many fountains we have here? No matter. If they played Nectar, they would not please me half so well as the West Middlesex water-works at Devonshire Terrace." He craved for the London streets, and so missed the long night-walks before beginning anything; that he seemed, as he said, dumbfounded without them. "Put me down at Waterloo Bridge at eight o'clock in the evening, with leave to roam about as long as I like, and I would come home, as you know, panting to go on. I am sadly strange as it is, and can't settle."

Many such outbursts of desire for his beloved London came from him when away from it; its streets were as a lodestone to him. He knew London as perhaps no other person knew it, and there is scarcely a story, long or short, written by him that does not exhibit his knowledge with loving accuracy. Indeed his novels are great prose epics of London, mirroring its life and manners in characters and scenes.

And so London of his day has come to be known as Dickens's London, with houses, streets and places made memorable by his facile pen as Dickensian landmarks.

The houses he lived in himself and in which his masterpieces were conceived and written have the first interest.

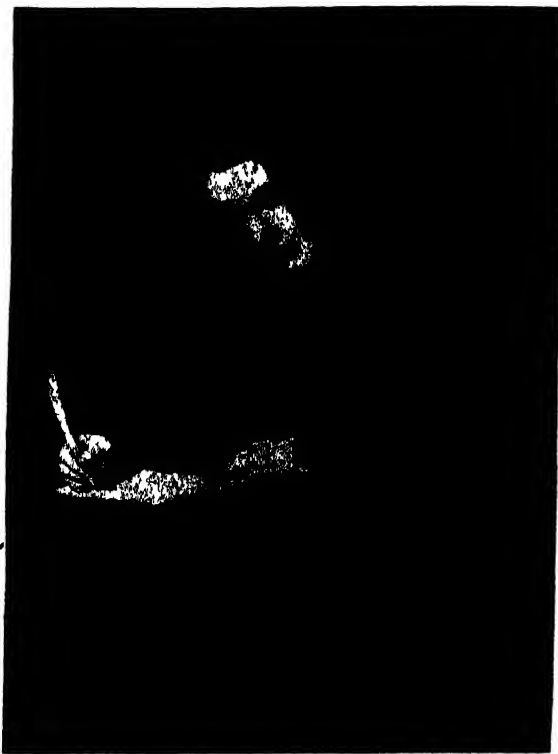
10, Norfolk Street, where his family lived from 1814-16, and 16, Bayham Street, Camden Town, the first London abode which has any vital association with the novelist's early life, have been referred to. The latter was a small house of the cottage type, and not, as Forster described it, "a small mean tenement." It was demolished a few months back, but it played so touching a part in the boyhood of Dickens that one laments its loss. The lad occupied a small garret in the house, and no doubt it is that one described in "David Copperfield" as the room occupied by its hero when lodging with the Micawbers.

"My room," says little David, "was at the top of the house at the back—a close chamber, stencilled all over with an ornament which my young imagination represented as a blue muffin and very scantily furnished." The description fitted it admirably when I visited it prior to its demolition—except so far as the "blue muffins" were concerned, the absence of which a witty member of the party accounted for, by suggesting that Time had had them for tea long long ago.

From here Dickens began to acquire his knowledge of London and its types, and in this very room he no doubt pondered over those first real beginnings of authorship which he thought "so clever," but which he was too nervous to show anyone. When later he conceived that wonderful "Christmas Carol" this very house must have been in his mind for it exactly tallied with the home of the Cratchits, even to the outhouse in the back garden where the pudding was

boiled in the copper that famous Christmas. Bob, it will be remembered, lived in Camden Town, and it is curious, too, to notice that, with few exceptions, Dickens's own residences until he finally deserted London for his favourite Kent, were within a short radius of this particular spot.

From Bayham Street the family took rooms in a larger house at 4 Gower Street, North, likewise demolished, where the novelist's mother made that courageous effort to start a school as a solution to the falling family fortunes. But notwithstanding the fact that little Charles, as he has told us "left at a great many doors a great many circulars, nobody ever came to the school . . . nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or



Charles Dickens at the age of 39 (1842).

From a painting by Francis Alexander, of Boston, U.S.A.

"The artist's rooms were at No. 41, Tremont Row. . . . The doorway and stairs leading to the painter's studio were thronged with ladies and gentlemen eagerly awaiting his [Dickens's] appearance. The crowd waited till the sitting was over, and saw him back again to the 'Tremont' and this was repeated every morning while he was sitting for his picture."—From "Charles Dickens in America," by W. Glyde Wilkins (Chapman & Hall)



10, Norfolk (now Cleveland) Street, Fitzroy Square,
where Dickens lived, 1814-16



16, Bayham Street, Camden Town,
where Dickens lived, 1823-24



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell

The little back garret in Bayham Street.



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell

The Blacking Warehouse, 3, Chandos St., Covent Garden.

that the least preparation was made to receive anybody." This failure necessitated another removal and the family went to live with Mrs. Roylance at 37 Little College Street, still in Camden Town. Things went from bad to worse and shortly after, the novelist's father succumbed to the rigour of the law and removed to the Debtor's prison in the Borough.

During this period little Charles then at work in the blacking watchhouse in Hungerford Market lodged in a house in Lant

Street, Borough, to be near his parents. It was in Lant Street that Bob Sawyer lived, and its dismal aspect was humorously pictured by the novelist in narrating the story of the famous party Bob gave to his friends. Released from the Marshalsea prison, John Dickens and family returned to Mrs. Roylance in Little College Street, thence in 1825 removed to 13, Johnson Street, Somers Town, N.W. Here they remained for five years and the fortune of the family having improved, Charles was taken from his uncongenial work and sent again to school—the Wellington House Academy in the Hampstead Road—which school he so minutely



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell

Little College Street (now College Place), Camden Town,
where Dickens lived, 1824-25



Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road,
where Dickens went to school in 1824.



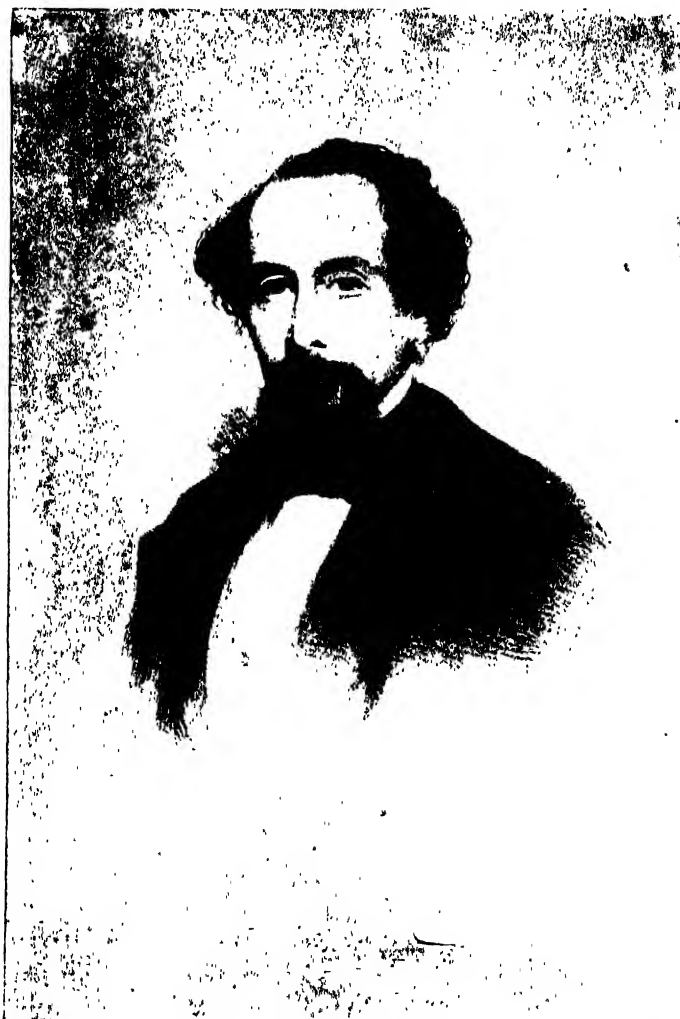
Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

Lant Street, Borough,
where Dickens lodged, 1825, whilst his father was a prisoner for debt in the neighbouring Marshalsea.

described in "Our School" many years after. The Johnson Street house exists to-day and has recently been honoured with a County Council tablet announcing the fact that it was once the residence of Charles Dickens.

The next few years of the novelist's life do not receive very minute attention of his biographer, John Forster, but recent researches reveal the fact that after leaving Johnson Street, his father lodged in a house in the Polygon, Somers Town, during 1829, and then took lodgings in Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square. The exact house in this street has not so far been traced, but the publication in America of the correspondence between Dickens and Marie Beadnell and of his letters to his friend Kolle, prove that he lived there from 1830 to 1833, for many of the letters are dated from Fitzroy Street, each, however, devoid of a number. These were the days when he was a lawyer's clerk, and incidentally a young lover. But that is another story.

In 1833 his family moved to 18, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, again as lodgers, and there is a significant interest attached to the house, for during its occupancy Charles Dickens entered the House of Commons as a reporter, and first blossomed out as an author. It is also evident that at this time Charles Dickens left the family hearth and took lodgings for himself, for it is on record that he resided for a period in Cecil Street, and



Charles Dickens.

From a drawing by Baugniot (1858.)

probably also in Buckingham Street, Strand. The description of David Copperfield's chambers, under the care of Mrs. Crupp, in the latter street, may possibly be recollections of his own in either or both of these streets. He had by this time determined on a literary career, and anticipating success he took more commodious chambers in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, in 1835, where he wrote most of his "Sketches by Boz" and "Pickwick Papers." It was whilst here that he took to himself a wife. He rented lodgings at 11, Selwood Terrace, Fulham, for a few weeks, necessary to the marriage being consummated at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. The honeymoon was spent at Chalk, a village in Kent, and the couple returned to Furnival's Inn, where they remained until 1837. In that year 48, Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square, was rented, where it may be said the novelist

and his wife started their first home. Here he completed "The Pickwick Papers," wrote "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

In 1839 he moved to a larger house at 1, Devonshire Terrace and remained there until 1851, during which period were written "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Haunted Man." From here he made brief changes for holiday and other reasons, staying on different occasions at 4, Anna Park Villas, Twickenham, 1838; Wylde's Farm, Hampstead, 1839; and Elm Cottage, Petersham, 1839; at Cobley's Farm, Finchley, 1843; 9, Osnaburgh Terrace, Euston Road, 1844; and



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

13 (formerly 29),
Johnson Street,
Somers Town,

where Dickens lived, 1825-29.



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

18, Bentinck Street,
Cavendish Square,

where Dickens lived, 1833-34.



1, Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone Road,

where Dickens lived, 1839-51.

From a sketch by Daniel Maillie.

1, Chester Place, Regent's Park, 1847. In 1851 he moved to his new residence Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, remaining there until 1860 when Gad's Hill Place, which he so admired in his early days, and so desired for a residence, became vacant. He at once purchased it and lived there until his death.

At Tavistock House were wholly or partly written "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Great Expectations," and here, too, many of the famous amateur theatrical performances in which he took so keen a delight were enacted.

At Gad's Hill the rest of the novelist's work was conceived, and the last page of "Edwin Drood" written.

It is not in the scope of this article to deal with his residences outside of London.

As we have suggested he frequently left his home for a short period for change of environment to finish certain scenes in books or to create new ideas, and during his tenure of Gad's Hill he would take a house for the London season, bringing his work with him. These houses naturally have an interest for the reason that certain portions of his books were written in them although they cannot be rightly called his homes.

They are as follows: 5, Hanover Terrace, N.W., 1861; 16, Hyde Park Gate, W., 1862; 57, Gloucester Place, W., 1864; 16, Somers Place, W., 1865; 6, Southwick Place, W., 1866; 5, Hyde Park Place, W., 1870.

This latter was his last London residence. He came there in January for his last readings at St. James's Hall and remained until the 30th May when he returned to Gad's Hill. It was at this address the greater part of "Edwin Drood" was written and where he read the parts as they were finished to his friends. The actual last page was penned in the chalet in the garden of Gad's Hill.

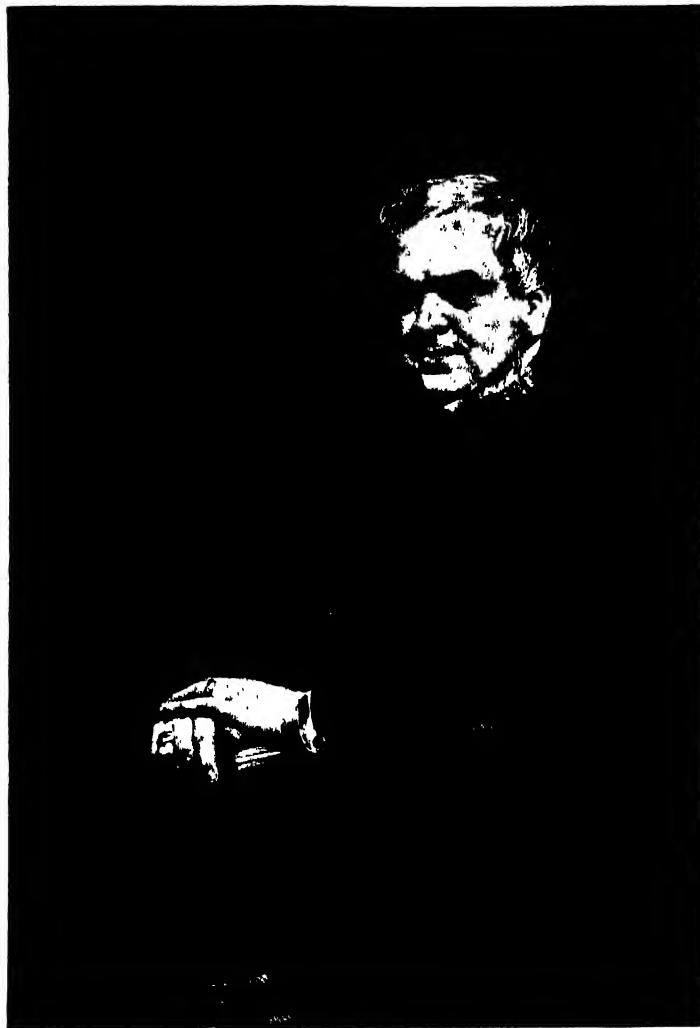


[Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

58, Lincoln's Inn Fields,

where John Forster lived.

Forster says, in the "Life of Dickens" (Chapman & Hall): "He saw his little book 'The Chimes' in its final form for publication; and to a select few brought together on Monday the 2nd of December [1844] had the opportunity of reading it aloud." Among the select few were Douglas Jerrold and Carlyle. Forster's rooms, where this reading took place, were the originals of Tulkinghorn's chambers in "Bleak House."



John Forster.

Engraving by C. H. Jeens.

II.

G. A. Sala, himself an authority on London, once described himself as encountering Dickens in the oddest of places and most inclement weather, in Ratcliffe Highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. "A hansom" he said, "whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton, and there he was, striding, as with seven league boots, seemingly in the direction of North End, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway sent you forth at Lisson Grove, and you met him steadily plodding towards the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters Road at Holloway, or bearing, under a steady press of sail, underneath Highgate Archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way down the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

This is probably no exaggeration of what really happened, and throughout all his books we find the fruit of these pleasurable exertions. I suppose there is no part of London or of what were its suburbs in his time, that is not associated in some way with his books. Houses, streets, hotels, effigies, pumps, monuments, have become familiar to us through that association and have added glory to existences which otherwise would never have been noticed at all. In this it may be said that Dickens discovered London for the Londoner, and has made him acquainted with its streets quite as much as he has made him acquainted with persons who walk them.

**Hablot K. Browne.**

"Phiz,"

who succeeded Seymour as illustrator of "Pickwick," and illustrated ten other of the novels.

see the kind of house that Riah lived in as manager of Pubsey & Co., with an elaborately-laid-out garden on the roof which so attracted the doll's dressmaker. We can take a view of the Little Wooden Midshipman still existing at Messrs. Norrie & Wilson's in the Minories, whose shop in Leadenhall Street had been the original of old Sol. Gill's, and make a special excursion to Aldgate Pump as Mr. Toots did. If time and inclination served, a visit might be made to the scene of the Brick Lane

If we start from any point in the metropolis we immediately come in contact with a Dickensian landmark. The City itself has many. The Guildhall where the Bardell and Pickwick case was tried; Bevis Marks, the home of Sampson Brass, which immediately conjures up the picture of the Marchioness and Dick Swiveller and also reminds us that the "Red Lion Inn" patronised by the said Richard, was on the opposite side of the way, so that having found the inn the position of Sampson Brass's home can be fixed. We can stroll into St. Mary Axe and

**George Cruikshank.**

The first illustrator of "Sketches by Boz" and "Oliver Twist."

Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association in Brick Lane, and to the original of Titbull's almshouses, both down Whitechapel way. Having taken lunch at "The George and Vulture" in George Yard, Lombard Street, where Mr. Pickwick and Sam were "suspended" after the former's *contretemps* with Mrs. Bardell, or at the Albion Hotel in Aldersgate Street, where the dinner to celebrate the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" was given, we would naturally stroll on to Goswell Street

**Charles Dickens.**

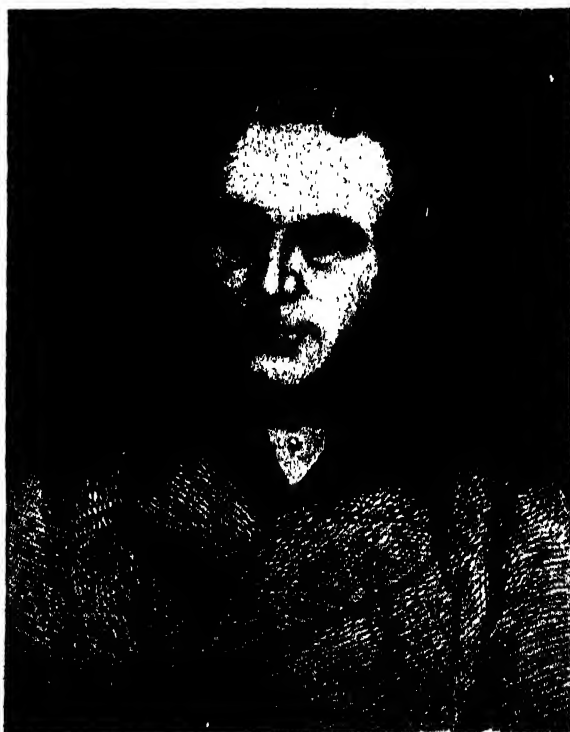
(1859.)

From the painting by W. P. Frith.

**Richard Doyle.**

who collaborated with Leech, MacLise and Stanfield in illustrating "The Chimes," etc.

(now Goswell Road) where Mr. Pickwick lodged, and contemplate its situation much as Mr. Pickwick did himself when he threw up his bedroom window on that memorable morning when he and his friends started on their journey. Not far away is the City Road, changed of course in atmosphere from the time when Mr. Micawber

**John Leech.**

who illustrated "A Christmas Carol" and other of the Christmas books.

lived in Windsor Terrace there. Yet we shall find a pleasure in peeping at it. Retracing our steps towards Holborn, passing through Little Britain, where Mr. Jagger's offices once were and having special thought for Mr. Wemmick, into Smithfield, not "the shameful place . . . all asmeared with filth and fat and blood and foam" as Pip found it, we come out facing Newgate Prison. The fact that this is not the Newgate Prison of Dickens's day or of the Gordon Rioters' time matters not. It was on the very spot and very like it in general appearances, and the sight of it will bring to mind the riotous scenes of "Barnaby Rudge" and remind us that Wemmick escorted Pip through its interior and what a depressing scene he found there.

Turning down Snow Hill there will still be found a "Saracen's Head"—closed as I write, but to be re-opened by an enthusiastic Dickensian manufacturer who is to preserve the Nickleby associations with it by decorating its exterior with Dickensian statues, etc. This is not the "Saracen's Head" where Mr. Squeers and his pupils foregathered, although the present building stands on part of the old coach yard, but its name and associations inspire the same feelings as the original would have done.

Wandering round about this district, we should come to "that open square in Clerkenwell which is yet called by some strange perversion of terms "The Green," associated with Oliver Twist, Charlie Bates, the Artful Dodger and Mr. Brownlow; to No. 54, Hatton Garden, which was the Police Court presided over by Mr. Fang, the Magistrate, before whom Oliver Twist was brought.

Bleeding Heart Yard still exists, although nothing like Mr. and Mrs. Plornish's residence could be found there.



Mrs. Charles Dickens

(Dickens's wife).

who died in 1879.



Charles Dickens.

(1859.)

From a photograph by J. & C. Watkins.

Wandering along Farringdon Street visions of many associations with Pickwick would crowd our thoughts—the old Farringdon Market, the Fleet Prison standing on the site of which is the Memorial Hall where many Dickens celebrations have taken place. Behind is La Belle Sauvage Yard, the one time coaching yard of a famous Inn where Tony Weller as coachman ended and started many a journey.

Wending our way over Blackfriars Bridge, which as Dickens has told us was his way home from the blacking warehouse, we naturally would go "down that turning which has Rowland Hill's Chapel on one side and the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop door on the other," (both of which landmarks still exist although the former is no longer a chapel); but we would look in vain for the boot-lace shop, the hatters, or the show van with "the fat pig, the wild Indian and the little lady," all of which so fascinated him in those days. However the drab atmosphere will recall all the feelings which these recollections of the novelist brought back to him. We might unconsciously look about as we pass Southwark Bridge, (the "Iron" Bridge of "Little Dorrit,") for the house that the boy in his attempt to conceal his home from Bob Fagin, bade him adieu at, making believe that he lived there. And by easy stages we find ourselves in Lant Street, the very street where a back attic was taken for him. "The little window" he remembered "had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a paradise."

This neighbourhood, with streets named after Quilp, Little Dorrit and Arthur Clennam is a veritable piece of real Dickens-land, having its numerous associations with "Little Dorrit," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver

Twist," "The Pickwick Papers." Almost opposite Lant Street is St. George's Church where little Dorrit was christened, where she slept in the vestry on one occasion, and where she was eventually married; the site of the Marshalsea Prison of the same book; the public gardens, locally known as Little Dorrit's Play Ground, with the remaining walls of the prison as a background on which is a printed notice informing the world of the fact that the Marshalsea prison was immortalized by Charles Dickens in "Little Dorrit"; and at one time John Chivery's shop could be found in Union Road.

The "White Hart Inn" in the Boro', where Sam Weller came from, is of course demolished. But a visit to the "George Inn" will convey to the pilgrim the best idea



Charles Dickens.
(1867.)

From a photograph by Mason & Co.

obtainable in reality of what it was like. And one can still see the steps of London Bridge where Nancy and Mr. Brownlow had that momentous interview. The enthusiast may wander round the Monument with a view of getting the real atmosphere of Mrs. Todger's boarding-house, or try to identify Daniel Quilp's home on Tower Hill.

But there are other places in London to visit less conjectural. The Temple will revive many memories. Pip and his friend Pocket had chambers in Garden Court, to which Magwitch came one night and revealed himself as Pip's unknown benefactor. In Pump Court Tom Pinch was installed as librarian, and Fountain Court is famous as the spot where Ruth Pinch met her lover. Paper Buildings was where Sir John Chester had chambers, as

did Mr. Stryver, K.C., whom Sydney Carton served as "Jackal." Just outside the Temple is Essex Street, where Pip found a lodging for his friend Magwitch, and going down it on to the Thames Embankment, through Charing Cross Gardens, we pass the bottom of Buckingham Street where Mrs. Crupp's house once stood, and reach Charing Cross Station, built on the site of old Hungertord Market, where the blacking factory stood, at which Dickens was the drudge. Opposite the station is the Golden Cross Hotel, whose name reminds us of the stirring incident between Mr. Pickwick and the cabman,

although the original hotel stood where Nelson's Column now stands. Within a small radius of here Dickens associations and memories throng upon the pilgrim. Down Parliament Street is the "Red Lion" where young David Copperfield gave his "magnificent order" for a glass of the "genuine stunning," an actual incident of Dickens's own life; there is St. Martin's Church on whose steps old Peggotty met David Copperfield that stormy night; Chandos Street, Covent Garden, to which was removed the blacking shop in whose window Dickens sat pasting labels on the pots; Maiden Lane, where he patronised the coffee shop; Covent Garden Market, where he wandered about as a lad, and resorted later to get materials for his books; Hummum's Hotel where Pip slept on a certain notable night,



Photo by J. W. Tyrrell

5, Hyde Park Place.

where Dickens stayed in 1870, whilst he was writing "Edwin Drood."



The Chalet, Gad's Hill.

Forster says, in his "Life of Dickens" (Chapman & Hall): "On the 8th June he passed all the day writing in the Chalet. He came over for luncheon, and, much against his usual custom, returned to his desk." He was taken ill that evening and died the next day, June 9th, 1870.



David Copperfield and Uriah Heep,

as drawn by "Phiz."

From "David Copperfield" (Chapman & Hall)

and Tavistock Hotel where Dickens himself stayed; Broad Court in Drury Lane, where Miss Snellicci lived, and Tom-All-Alones used to be not far away. Across the Strand there is Osborne's Adelphi Hotel where Mr. Wardle and his friend stayed after Mr. Pickwick's release from prison, and partook of supper; the Adelphi Arches through which the lad Dickens was fond of wandering, and many other places which the reader of the early chapters of Forster's "Life of Dickens" will recall. Along the Strand we come to Norfolk Street, where Mrs. Lirriper had her lodgings, on the corner of which street stands the house occupied by Messrs. Chapman & Hall at the time "The Pickwick Papers" were originally published, and from whose stall Dickens had previously purchased the magazine containing his first published story. Across the road is St. Dunstan's Church, the church of Trotty Veck's encounter with the Bells.

The old Inns of Court all figure more or less in Dickens's books or his life. Clifford's Inn behind St. Dunstan's Church has its most

prominent reference in "The Pickwick Papers" as the scene of a gruesome tale told by the old man in the "Magpie and Stump"; Lincoln's Inn Hall, where the case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce "dragged its slow length along"; "Barnard's Inn" where Pip and his friend Pocket lived before removing into the Temple, and a terrible place according to Pip, where "dry rot, and wet rot, and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar—rot of rat, and mouse, and bug, and coaching stables near at hand besides—addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned 'Try Barnard's Mixture'"; Sergeant's Inn where Mr. Pickwick obtained his *habeas corpus* for getting into the Fleet; Symond's Inn, now no longer existing, "a

little pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone Inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter"; "Staple Inn" where Mr. Grewgious occupied a set of chambers behind the doors with those mystic letters "P.J.T."; "Furnival's Inn," where the novelist himself lived and wrote "Pickwick," upon whose site stands the Prudential Assurance Building with the sacred Dickensian spot marked by a bust of the novelist; "Gray's Inn" where Traddles lived and before his time Mr. Perker.

Indeed the whole environment of these legal Inns is



David Copperfield and Uriah Heep,

as drawn by Fred Barnard.

From "David Copperfield" (Chapman & Hall).



Charles Dickens presiding at the Newvenders' Dinner, April 5, 1870
two months before his death.

From *Pan*, April 23rd, 1870.

"Like Falstaff, but with a modification almost as large as himself, I shall try rather to be the cause of speaking in others than to speak myself to-night."—"Dickens's Speeches" (Chatto & Windus).

crowded with Dickensian nooks and corners. There is Took's Court (the original of Cook's Court) Chancery Lane, where Snagsby's stationers' shop was; John Forster's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the original of Mr. Tulkinghorn's; New Square and Raymond's Buildings associated with Dickens's own legal education, as well as with creations in his books; "Thavie's Inn" in Holborn, where we are reminded of Mrs. Jellyby and Peepy with his head between the area railings. Going westward along Holborn, with visions of Bill Sikes and Oliver tramping to Chertsey on the burglary expedition, we think of the Gordon Rioters sacking the distillery—a distillery is still there on the site of the old one—of the "Black Bull" where Sairey Gamp nursed Mr. Lewsome, and Kingsgate Street where she lodged over Pol Sweedlepipe's barber's shop, both buildings, by the way, now demolished; passing Southampton Street, where Miss Twinkleton and Rosa lodged with Mrs. Billickin, on

to Newman Street, Oxford Street, the scene of Mr. Turveydrop's dancing academy, through Golden Square, past Ralph Nickleby's House, not forgetting Dr. Manette's residence in Carlisle Street, off Soho. And so by easy stages we could reach the more aristocratic West End, and think of Silas Wegg with his wooden leg and stall, watching a certain house in Wimpole Street, where Mr. and Mrs. Boffin resided. We might find Mr. Dombey's House, dreadfully genteel, in the region between Portland Place and Bryanston Square, Tite Barnacle's in Mews Street, Grosvenor Square, Mrs. Witterly's in Cadogan Place, where Kate Nickleby acted as companion, "which

is in Sloane Street but not of it" for the people of Cadogan Place "look down upon Sloane Street and think Brompton Road low."

As a matter of fact, we could wander in all directions, North, South, East, West, as far afield as Jack Straw's Castle for a "red hot chop," as Camberwell, in company with Wemmick to his castle, as Bow, in search of Mrs. Nickleby's cottage and the house of the "gentleman next door," as Richmond, in search of the "House by the Green," where Pip drove Estella, and find many more landmarks and associations on the way. But space forbids, and enough has been said to indicate that London to-day is still Dickens's London. And in spite of the fact that the flight of time and the house-breakers have swept much away, there are scores of Dickensian landmarks yet remaining to keep the novelist's memory green in the city he loved best and that plays so large a part in all his writings.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS

BY THOMAS HARDY, G. BERNARD SHAW, DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, SIR F. C. BURNAND, ANDREW LANG, F. ANSTLEY, M. E. BRADDON, J. ASHBY STERRY, PERCY FITZGERALD, RICHARD WHITEING, HARRY FURNISS, I. ZANGWILL, JEROME K. JEROME, CECIL ALDIN, ROBERT HICHENS, G. S. STREET, JOHN HASSALL, LUCAS MALET, BEATRICE HARRADEN, FRANK REYNOLDS, ARTHUR MORRISON, MARY E. MANN, W. J. LOCKE, WILLIAM DE MORGAN, PERCY WHITE, AND G. K. CHESTERTON.

THAT in our days Dickens meets with some depreciation is no sign that his vogue is on the wane. He has always had his depreciators. Even in the first great days of his abounding popularity there were some who stood apart and sniffed. Emerson said (in those Journals of which Messrs. Constable have just published the fifth and sixth volumes) that Dickens could not write dialogue and had no insight into character, and that "Oliver Twist" "begins and ends without a poetic ray, and so perishes in the reading." But he thought better

of some of the later books. The *Quarterly* was cold to "Pickwick"; the *Saturday* wrote contemptuously of "A Tale of Two Cities" when it first appeared, and in general if you compare what was written of the work of Dickens when he was living with what is written of it now you are brought to a conclusion that the appreciation of him is growing rather than diminishing.

By way of putting this to the test, we sent an application to a selection of representative authors, artists, and men and women eminent in English public life, and asked

them to favour us with a note of: (1) Any personal recollection they had of, or connected with Dickens; (2) whether their life or work owed anything to his influence; (3) their personal opinion of the value of his novels; whether they considered his humour appealed as strongly to readers of our time as of his own, and which they would rank as the greatest of his books. And they have very kindly responded in the following terms:

THOMAS HARDY

and the influence of Dickens:

In reply to your inquiries I regret to say that I have no information to give that can be of much service to you. I did not know Dickens, though when a young man in London I heard him read from his books in the Hanover Square Rooms.

But as I was thinking more of verse than of prose at that time, I do not know that my literary efforts owed much to his influence. No doubt they owed something unconsciously, since everybody's did in those days.

Your other questions I cannot answer.

THOMAS HARDY.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

thinks all Dickens's later works magnificent:

(1) None.

(2) Obviously a great deal. My works are all over Dickens; and nothing but the stupendous illiteracy of modern criticism could have missed this glaring feature of my methods—especially my continual exploitation of Dickens's demonstration that it is possible to combine a mirrorlike exactness of character drawing with the wildest extravagances of humorous expression and grotesque situation. I have actually transferred characters of Dickens to my plays—Jaggers in Great

Expectations, to You Never Can Tell, for example—with complete success. Lomax in Major Barbara is technically a piece of pure Dickens. It is not too much to say that Dickens could not only draw a character more accurately than any of the novelists of the nineteenth century, but could do it without ceasing for a single sentence to be not merely impossible but outrageous in his unrestrained fantasy and fertility of imagination. No combination of phonography and cinematography could reproduce Micawber, Mrs. Sparrit, and Silas Wegg from contemporary reality as vividly as Dickens; yet their monstrous and side-splitting verbal antics never for a moment come within a mile of any possible human utterance. That is what I call mastery: knowing exactly how to be unerringly true and serious whilst entertaining your reader with every trick, freak, and sally that imagination and humor can conceive at their freest and wildest.

(3) Dickens was one of the greatest writers that ever lived: an astounding man, considering the barbarous ignorance of his period, which left him as untouched by Art and Philosophy as a cave man. Compared to Goethe, he is almost a savage. Yet he is, by pure force of genius, one of the great writers of the world. His greatest and deepest contemporaries, Carlyle and Ruskin, William Morris and Tolstoy, knew this perfectly well. All his detractors were, and are, second-raters at best.

There is no "greatest book" of Dickens: all his books form one great life-work: a Bible, in fact. But of course the tremendous series of exposures of our English civilization which began with *Hard Times* in 1854, and ended with *Our Mutual Friend*, throw his earlier works, entertaining as they are, into the shade. *Little Dorrit* is the work of a prophet—and no minor prophet: it is, in some respects, the climax of his work. *Great Expectations* is equally wonderful as a study of our individual struggles. But all are magnificent. G. BERNARD SHAW

Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

gives some early recollections:

Although a life-long admirer of Dickens, and a reader of almost the whole of his works, many of them several times over, I have little to say of him, as I never had the opportunity of making his acquaintance. I first heard his name during the last year of my school-life at Hertford (1836) when the four masters in the school were in a state of excitement about a story which was appearing in monthly parts, and was handed about from one to another. It was spoken of by them as something quite new, and exhibiting marvellous humour and talent. The title, however "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," was not very attractive to a schoolboy of thirteen, and I do not think I read it till some years afterwards. A little later, however, I heard my brother William speaking of it to a friend, and saying that the style of humour was above less-educated readers. As an example he referred to the description of the scene in the club meeting, when Mr. Winkle "threw himself upon the chair" to stop the quarrel between Mr. Pickwick and the "haberdasher."

I only saw Dickens once, when I heard him give a reading in St. James' Hall, one of the passages read being the account of the young doctor's supper party, and strange to say, I thought it was not well-read and did not bring



Charles Dickens giving a Reading
(1859).

From a photograph by H. Watkins.

out the humour of the scene as many other public readers would have done.

My opinion of his novels is a very high one. I have recently ranked him with Sir Walter Scott as the two most remarkable novelists the world has produced. His greatest story is, I think, "A Tale of Two Cities," followed very closely by "Barnaby Rudge." I owe most to his teaching as to the unity of human nature, showing, as did Herbert Spencer, that virtue and vice, wisdom and folly pervade all classes in an approximately equal degree; while he has confirmed my deep-seated conviction of the inherent injustice and cruelty of our whole system of law, criminal and civil, which another great man, Jeremy Bentham, had pierced with scathing ridicule.

Notwithstanding all that can be said against his mannerisms and exaggerations, I believe that the myriad characters Dickens has given us constitute a portrait gallery of English life and manners during the mid-nineteenth century that will be read with delight so long as the English language continues to be spoken.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND

pictures Dickens as he saw him:

(1) I saw Charles Dickens several times. *Vidi tantum*. I remember his coming into the stalls at the "Lyceum" to see Fechter, who at that time was performing in some melodrama. Dickens was not in evening dress, but wore a black velvet coat, white waistcoat, and a brilliant red tie. He did not stay for the last act. I heard him read the trial scene from "Pickwick" at St. James's Hall, and was greatly disappointed by his rendering of his own inimitable humour.

While my "Happy Thoughts" were appearing in Punch, I was introduced to Edmund Yates at the house of Montagu Williams, and I have never forgotten how immensely pleased I was when Yates informed me that Charles Dickens had told him how greatly he appreciated this work of mine.

(2) I suppose that in some way or other my work has been influenced by the writings of Charles Dickens.

(3) I do not think that his humour appeals to so many at this time as it did; but it

appeals as forcibly—and, speaking for myself, it appeals more forcibly than ever it did. His mere sentiment does not appeal to me: it seems theatrical. His strongest situations are melodramatically arranged, as for "a curtain."

I think I should select as my own special favourites "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," and "Oliver Twist." But his "characters" in all his books, without exception, are every one of them my constant friends and most amusing and interesting companions.

F. C. BURNAND.

ANDREW LANG

wonders who buys Dickens:

I never saw Dickens, and my life and work, such as they are, owe nothing to his influence so far as I am aware. The readers of our day, of course, do not

"How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books?" said the old gentleman.

"I think I would rather read them sir" replied Oliver.

"What! Wouldn't you like to be a book-writer?" said the old gentleman.

Oliver considered a little while, and at last said he should think it would be a much better thing to be a bookseller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing, which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.

Vide Oliver's Tryst in which the old gentleman does not say, though I do that Chapman and Hall are the best of booksellers past, present, or to come; and my trusty friends, which I give under my hand for the benefit of Edward Chapman, his book, this fourteenth day of November 1839.

Witness D. O. L.

Montagu Williams



Miss Georgina Hogarth.
(About 1850)

From a painting by Augustus Egg.

see the point of his "topical" jokes and, as he is not up-to-date, I often wonder who the purchasers of his books can be—the same mystery surrounds the purchasers of Scott's.

No doubt "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield" tie for first place among his works.

A. LANG.

F. ANSTEY

in praise of Dickens:

(1) I have no personal recollection of, or connected with, Dickens.

(2) I think it very probable that, as I have been a constant reader of Dickens from the time I was ten years old, both my life and work have been influenced by him, though it is naturally difficult for me to say to what extent, or in what degree.

(3) I consider that the combined humour and humanity of his novels give them the highest conceivable value. Judging from the fact that his works are as widely read as ever, if not more widely, I should say that his humour appealed at least as strongly to readers of our day, as of his own.

I rank "David Copperfield" as his greatest book. "Great Expectations" a very close second, and "A Tale of Two Cities" third.

F. ANSTEY.

MISS M. E. BRADDON

and the influence of Dickens:

I regret that my time is so closely occupied that I cannot possibly enter upon a theme upon which I could say much, namely, the influence of Dickens on my

thoughts and work. I think it is impossible for anybody to have lived in the Mid-Victorian age and not to have been influenced by that most powerful and remarkable writer. But I can say further that his books were a considerable factor in the happiness of my younger years.

MARY MAXWELL.
(M. E. BRADDON.)

J. ASHBY-STERRY

tells of his meetings with Dickens:

As a youth I can remember it was a great delight to me to meet Dickens in the street and I used frequently to encounter him in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, which was his quickest way from the office of *All the Year Round* to Charing Cross Railway Station. Sometimes, after staring hard at him, I would bolt down one of the alleys into the Strand and, something like Trabbs' Boy, turn up in another direction and meet him again. The last time I saw him—save at some of the final readings at St. James's Hall—was on the West Pier at Brighton. It was a miserable day, blowing hard and raining, and I thought I had the whole place to myself. But on walking round the head of the pier, behind the curved glass shelter, I beheld the author of "Pickwick"! He had his coat collar turned up and he was looking bronzed and hearty. Quite heed-

less of rain and flying spray he peered through the mist and gazed upon the huge billows rolling in. He seemed like a sturdy pilot who was steering the pier through a very difficult bit of navigation. I passed slowly, very slowly, by him, raised my hat and went away heartily congratulating myself on my good fortune.

The influence of Dickens on the writers of his day was something extraordinary. It has never been sufficiently admitted what a wonderful school for young authors was *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. He not only had a wonderful eye for talent, but he knew exactly how to employ that talent in the right direction, and how to make the very best of the writers on his staff. It is difficult to understand why a list has never been made of those who first appeared in print in the aforesaid publications. Such a list would comprise those who eventually became some of the most brilliant writers of their time. Why is it we have no journals nowadays like the two already named? Is it that we cannot get the writers, or that the readers are not forthcoming? It is more probable that the editor is not to be found.

It is very difficult to say which are one's favourites in the whole series of Dickens's novels. But if I might name three, I would say "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," and "Dombey & Son." The last, independent of its merits, has a great claim on my affection, as it was the first work by Dickens that I ever read, when about nine years old. Walking down Leadenhall Street after reading the description of Sol Gill's establishment, I at once spotted the Wooden Midshipman, outside the original of the shop described in the story,

and it was long afterwards that I found my surmise to be correct. A good many years subsequently when the shop was moved to the Minories and the house was demolished, I wrote the history of the Wooden Midshipman and its associations in *All the Year Round* for Charles Dickens Junior. My juvenile explorations in Dickensland have been continued all my life, but the real spots alas! are getting fewer and fewer and soon there will be none of them left.

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

PERCY FITZGERALD

looks backwards:

Some forty-two years have gone since Charles Dickens's death. It is singular that now we are celebrating his centenary and, looking round to see who is with us that knew him personally (no one had such troops of friends as he had—practically all the literary men of his day were friends of his as of course) we find only two or three remaining. There is no writer now, poet or novelist, who receives such general homage as he did. He was known by sight everywhere as he walked, and everybody was at his service. His name was a general passport. I remember going round with him on one of his Reading Tours, and when I was expressing my thanks for the great enjoyment he had given me, he broke out with his hearty exuberance: "No, no! this is nothing—you must come with me to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and let us make the whole Leith tour together. The railway directors will give us a saloon and we shall victual it, with all good things and have a rare royal time of it." But an important domestic event in our family deprived me of this pleasant junketing.

Once indeed, I saw him subjected to an incivility at an Irish railway-station. The companies not only placed a saloon carriage at his service, but never charged him anything for carrying his rather heavy apparatus, gas-fittings, screens, etc., and this was mentioned to a rough, coarse station-master. "I don't care whether its Dickens or anybody else. He must pay all the same, like other people."

But as we look round now the eye does not fall on these crowds of friends. All have disappeared; three at most

remain—one a personal friend to whom he was attached, viz., Mr. Marcus Stone; another, Sir Luke Fildes, and the third a literary one—myself, in fact. It is a fortunate thing, however, that this survivor should have been on terms of closest intimacy with him and was bound up with the traditions and methods of his two journals. No one in fact was more closely connected with those papers than myself or wrote so much



Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.

From a photograph taken about the time he was illustrating "Our Mutual Friend"

for them. No one now could tell so much of him. I had free entry to him at any hour. "Of course Mr. Dickens will see *you*," was the formula, and I often found him at lunch, when he might have excused himself instead of inviting me to sit down and join him. I may mention, without imputation of vanity, some little facts which will show the position I held. As a matter of course everything I offered was printed at once, or if the subject was not quite suitable, he would insist on paying for it. Again, it was surely a high privilege, in the case of a journal for which he himself, Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins, and Mrs. Gaskell wrote novels, to find oneself commissioned to write a long three-volumed novel. One felt proud to be in such company, and I wrote no less than five such novels for him.

The adding to the other duties of his strenuous life, the editing of a highly-popular journal, entailed a constant weekly supervision and a never-ceasing drudgery upon Dickens for he discharged every duty in the most thorough and conscientious fashion—was indeed needlessly scrupulous, reading every article sent to him or commissioned by him, and correcting all the proofs. And the correcting was so profuse, as those who have seen it know so well, as often to amount to a re-writing: that is, he introduced so many fresh sentences, even adding a line here and a word there, with extraordinary deftness and skill. Not only this, but he would write explanatory letters and often apologetical ones giving his reasons, etc. He was indeed a wonderful being.

Not half enough has been said of Bob's native character which seemed inconsistent with the usual tradition of the successful author. He was *unspoiled* to an incredible degree, took no airs, had no "swelled head," was ever modest and unassuming. He was content with the second or third place when he should have had the first, wished rather to listen than to speak.

And then his never-failing good humour, and amiability! He was ever ready with a pleasant jest. It was a delightful thing to watch in that marvellously expressive



Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

The only surviving member of Dickens's staff on *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*.

face, as I often did, "the kindly engendure" of one of his lively conceits. He would "rally" a friend in the pleasantest, most waggish fashion, taking stock of some little failing or peculiarity, but with a delightful and airily light touch. He had often a sly jest at my ways, particularly on a certain uncertainty, owing to the embarrassment I felt when he pressed his repeated hospitalities. I would note a peculiarly whimsical smile when this came about, as though he were saying to himself "Now he is going to hesitate." He might be standing there yonder, his hands deep in his pockets, a favourite pose of his, and looking downwards. I was before him. He was about to reply. First, the sparkling, ever-searching eyes began to rove about and twinkle; some humorous quip was occurring to him. Then you saw it descending to his deeply-furrowed cheeks, where all the muscles, the very "cordage of his face" (as was said of, or by, Macklin) seemed to quiver, to relax and light up with internal enjoyment. Then it passed still farther downwards, stole under his rather grizzled moustaches, when



Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.

From a photograph taken about the time he was illustrating "Edwin Drood."

the muscles round the mouth set to work in their turn; and finally, thus heralded, came the quip itself in a burst of joyous laughter! Delightful being! He enjoyed the detection of any little inequalities. Indeed:

"A merrier man
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk without
His eye begets occasion for his tongue;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest."

Here the Bard has assuredly drawn his portrait.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

RICHARD WHITEING:

A personal recollection and some opinions:

(1) I did not know Dickens personally. I last saw him at the great dinner given to him some time in the mid-'Sixties at Freemasons Tavern. It was on the occasion of his departure for America for the second visit

that was to make amends for Martin Chuzzlewit and "American Notes." There was a mighty gathering, but nearly every name I recall now is the name of a dead man. Bulwer was in the chair; Maclise was of the company; my neighbour at table was Henry Thompson the surgeon, then a rising man; Sala was not far off. He seemed to resent the allusions to Dickens as the life and soul of *Household Words*, and muttered low, thunderous discontent as who should say: "I am the real Simon Pure!"

(2) Willy, nilly, every writer of fiction who touched the time of Dickens owes something to his influence. He swung us round into the sense of our real subject, the uncommemorated million, and our real patron, that million itself. He wrote for the average man; and that man in his multiplex personality surged up to him in gratitude and admiration like a whole people acclaiming its chief. The democratic movement in literature had come to town.

(3) I think he is the greatest in his line the world has seen since Aristophanes, or, if you like, since Rabelais. Both necessarily lose a lot by the mere lapse of time, which mars the freshness and the felicity of their strokes—the all in all. At least, I judge so by the translations in which alone the Greek master is accessible to me. Dickens will lose, has already lost, by such wear and tear, but enough of other quality will remain for many generations to prove his mastery. He was a veritable portent when he appeared, and they all saw at a glance what he was driving at. That ought to be enough to place him for ever.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" (if only for the sake of Mark Tapley) is, I think, the greatest book. Mark is a thing of imagination all compact. It is a whole philosophy of endurance and great endeavour—Epictetus, Marcus, The Bhagavad, and the Little Flowers of St. Francis—in a flash of idealistic caricature that carries to its highest point the frolic gaiety of heroism smiling in the face of death. All the others go mumchance through this ordeal; this one takes it in a coranto. How Dickens came by it and to it I could never make out. Perhaps it was some Christmas present from the skies.

RICHARD WHITEING.

HARRY FURNISS:

What he owes to Dickens:

(1) I never saw Dickens—he died when I was a boy. Charles Dickens, however, created for us delightful imaginary friends we seem to have known, and our mutual friend, Charles Dickens himself, is of these the greatest.

(2) I cannot say that my life has been influenced by Dickens, or by any author or artist, but as the only artist who has ever illustrated all Dickens's works (90,000 volumes of which have been sold in less than two years) I owe this success entirely to the influence of and my admiration for the author.

(3) I have lectured on Dickens for two years, and it takes me one hour and forty minutes to answer your third question. Whether I consider his humour appeals to readers of our day as of his own, is answered in my reply above. "Great Expectations" I have always considered his greatest book—long before I knew that Dickens himself held the same opinion.

HARRY FURNISS.



**Mr. Riah and Miss Wren at the
Six Jolly Fellowship Porters.**

"Stop a bit," interposed Miss Wren. "I'll give the lady my card." . . . Miss Abbev with manifest tokens of astonishment read the diminutive document."—From "Our Mutual Friend." Edited by J. A. Hamerton. Illustrated by Harry Furness (Educational Book Co.).

I. ZANGWILL tells how he first read Dickens.

When I was nine or ten a schoolboy friend lent me a coverless book without a title-page which I kept hidden in my locker and read in school hours with all the surreptitious sweetness of stolen blisses. The stories it contained seemed to me infinitely more vivid than any I had ever read, not excluding even those of "The Boys of England." There was a particularly haunting passage about tripe. Years afterwards I discovered that the volume was by one Charles Dickens and was entitled "Christmas Books."

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

JEROME K. JEROME thinks he once met Dickens :

I have the idea that, when a little lad, I met and talked with Dickens one evening in Victoria Park. I made use of the incident in "Paul Kelter."

I should doubt the possibility of any living reader not having been influenced in life and work by Dickens.

To myself his humour appeals as strongly now as when at first it broadened and sweetened my outlook on life. "David Copperfield" I have always considered his greatest book.

JEROME K. JEROME.

CECIL ALDIN on illustrating Dickens :

I regret I have no personal recollection of Charles Dickens.

I never enjoyed anything so much as when I was illustrating "The Pickwick Papers."

An artist might illustrate Dickens all his life, and never repeat himself. Every page of his work suggests an illustration.

The humour of Dickens must appeal, in any age, to any one who has any sense of humour himself.

CECIL ALDIN.

ROBERT HICHENS

pays tribute :

I have no "personal recollection" to give you. I never saw Charles Dickens. I don't know that my work owes anything to that great man and unique genius. My life owes many hours of intense pleasure. I think his novels of immense value. I prefer "David Copperfield," as a whole, to the others. His humour seems to me undying. Can Mrs. Gamp, can Pecksniff, can Betsy Trotwood, Pickwick, Micawber, a hundred others die? I don't believe it. We pass, but they remain, to move new worlds to laughter. I not only admire Dickens's work. I love it.

ROBERT HICHENS.

G. S. STREET

and the humanising power of Dickens :

I reply to your inquiry about Dickens as a matter of courtesy, but without the slightest hope that my opinion can be of any value, because, since I read him as a boy, I have very seldom even looked into him. There is a good deal of accident, I think, in one's re-reading of great authors: Thackeray, Sterne, Meredith, and some others I re-read constantly; Dickens, never. I don't possess an edition of him. When I *do* take up one of his books I turn to passages or characters I remember and read again with pleasure and admiration, but not with the feeling of familiar attraction I get from the others.

I think, of "the value of his novels," that they have done much to make English people more humane and kindly: but that they have promoted such a vast amount of joy and laughter is enough for gratitude. There is a fashion in modes of humour, no doubt: but real humour is real humour for always, and if anyone cannot be amused by Dickens he must be humourless.

G. S. STREET.

JOHN HASSALL

translated "Pickwick" into German :

Personally, of course, I have no recollection of Charles Dickens, though my grandfather, the Rev. J. B. Owen, of Chelsea, used to meet him at dinners where all the guests used to hang on every word the great novelist uttered. My mother's impression of Dickens's readings of his Carol, in some hall somewhere near St. Martin's Lane, is chiefly of the ready manner in which he moved the audience to hearty laughter or real tears. This to me in his books is the chief charm, the mixture of true humour and deep pathos, which is exactly what happens in everyday life. I have no preference for any one volume, but I am no longer keen on the delightful "Pickwick Papers," as when I was at school in Germany we had to translate it (about three-fourths of it) into German! How the author would have wept if he could have understood the translations! This taught me patience, endurance and resignation, and my possession of these qualities can be indirectly attributed to his influence.

JOHN HASSALL.



The Death of Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Mr. Tulkinghorn's time is over for evermore; and the Roman pointed . . . helplessly at him from night to morning, lying face downwards on the floor, shot through the heart."—From "Black House," Illustrated by Harry Furniss (Educational Book Co.)

LUCAS MALET

thinks him the greatest of all Novelists save Balzac.

(1) I have, I regret to say, no personal recollections of Charles Dickens.

(2) I am not conscious of any direct influence which he has had upon my life or work, save in so far as he has procured me an immense amount of enjoyment and taught me to understand many aspects of the English character.

(3) In my opinion, Charles Dickens, although lacking in knowledge of certain sections of society—learned and aristocratic—is not only the greatest of English novelists, but probably the greatest of all novelists, save Balzac. He is the first, and, so far, remains immeasurably the finest, writer of fiction produced by modern democracy in England. This fact will, indeed must, secure to him lasting interest and influence. As "a writer with a purpose" he is never guilty of sinking the artist in the reformer to the injury of his drama—a merit which cannot be too highly extolled.

I have no means of judging whether his humour appeals to readers of our day as strongly as to those of his own. But, I venture to assert, that those to whom his humour does not appeal must be rather hopelessly deficient in that most reconciling sense.

Among so many masterpieces, I hesitate to pronounce as to the greatest. Personally, "David Copperfield,"

"Nicholas Nickleby," and "The Tale of Two Cities," appeal to me most.

MARY ST. LEGER HARRISON.

(LUCAS MALET.)

BEATRICE HARRADEN

prefers "Oliver Twist" and the "Tale of Two Cities."

I love, and have always loved Dickens's books. I suppose "David Copperfield" is his greatest, but my favourites are "Oliver Twist" and "The Tale of Two Cities."

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

FRANK REYNOLDS

on Dickens's humour :

I think that any feeling I may have for character and character drawing is very largely due to reading Dickens as a boy. With regard to his humour, he certainly amuses me, but then I've grown up with him—as it were—and this no doubt makes a difference. People who find him laborious and out of date appear to forget that he is still the source of a good deal of modern humour. Of all his books I prefer "Pickwick," though the early part of "Copperfield" strikes me as his finest work.

FRANK REYNOLDS.

ARTHUR MORRISON

finds all Dickens's works delightful :

I fear it is quite impossible to give my opinion of the value of the novels of Charles Dickens in any such space as I have time to fill now. Whether or not his humour appeals as strongly to readers of this day as to those of his own, depends on the readers. If it does not, I am sorry for them and for their loss; but I see no reason to suppose any such sudden national decadence. Nor can I say which I consider his greatest book; for it is a peculiar property of his books to seem to me but one long and very delightful work, as easy and unfettered in form and progress as any of its separate chapters.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

MARY E. MANN

remembers a Dickens' reading :

(1) I was taken as a child to hear him read in order that for all my life mine might be the honour and glory of having seen Charles Dickens. I remember that I was bored through the trial scene from Pickwick, and recall that my father—a Dickens devotee—grumbled that "the man did not realise his own conception of Buzfuz." I remember, too, waking up to delighted recognition when Dickens, in the person of little Bob Cratchit, carried Tiny Tim on his shoulder across the stage. It is evidence perhaps of the vividness of this representation that now so many years are passed, I have to call my reason to confute the illusion that the immortal child in the flesh was not in his creator's arms.

(2) Certainly not my work. For I have always held that Dickens is inimitable and that his imitators are and should be accursed.

(3) That they are invaluable. That I cannot imagine what my own life, especially my youth, would have been without the companionship of Mrs. Nickleby, of darling Paul Dombey (loved and wept over, in spite of my better judgment) of Toots, and the Marchioness, and little Pip, of Fanny Squeers and the Dorrit family. His humour does not appeal to the present age. Hardly any school

boys or girls read Dickens for choice. Booky youths and maidens speak of him as a negligible acquaintance, they no longer hail him as one supremely loved. The general reader, escaped in some inexplicable way from his thralldom, pronounces him vulgar, and does not perceive that he is divine. The men and women and children, rich and poor, great and lowly, cultured and uncultured, whose idol Charles Dickens was, were emphatically not of this generation.

MARY E. MANN.

W. J. LOCKE

on the superior person and the greatness of Dickens:

(1) For a writer to "gauge the influence that another" writer has had on his work is an exceedingly difficult matter, unless he boldly and avowedly imitates his hero, or unless it is a question of mere tricks of style; and for one who holds that colour in all forms of art should be clear and not muddy to say what he owes to such a crystal clear colourist as Dickens is more difficult still. I can, however, safely state that I have never been conscious of Dickens in any of my work, whereas I have often had to

"shoo" away the tricky ghost of Sterne or (dangerous and delectable phantom!) the will-o'-the-wisp spirit of Anatole France. That, generally, Dickens has had a profound influence on my literary life there can be no doubt. But then so have Shakespeare, the Bible and Rabelais and other immortals whom I have chosen as intimate deities.

(2) The mere fact of my putting Dickens among the immortals answers the first point. His humour, compounded of the divine elements of tears and laughter, ought to be eternal. Of course there will always be the superior person (generally very young) to whom Mr. Micawber, Sairey Gamp, and Mr. Pickwick make no appeal; but, thank Heaven, those who wear the whole armour of culture are, after all, few in this world, and the simple-minded (and of such is the kingdom of the immortals) are many.

(3) I think "David Copperfield" is his greatest work—on account of the balance of its construction, the subtle playfulness of its humour and the restraint of its deep pathos.

W. J. LOCKE.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

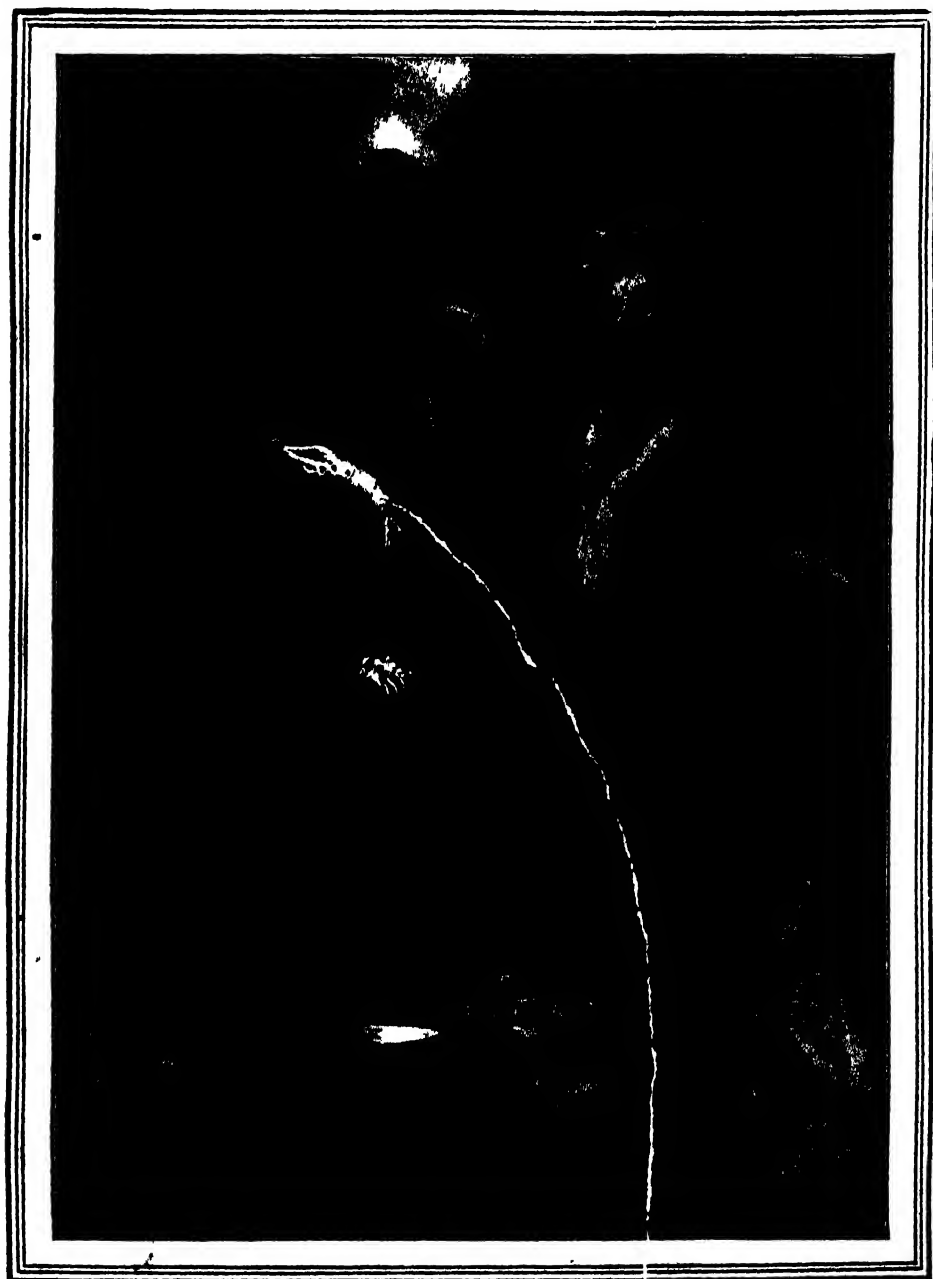
believes he owes Dickens everything:

(1) Unhappily I have no personal recollections. I wish it were otherwise.

(2) In my opinion I owe Charles Dickens everything that a pupil can owe to his master—to his head-master. Whether I have succeeded in rising above mere imitation is a point I leave to my readers. My own memory of Charles Dickens is simply one of unmixed gratitude and plenary acknowledgment of obligation.

(3) It is impossible to assign a value to any work without a standard of comparison. In the case of the two great novelists of last century, Dickens and Thackeray, there is no such unit among English writers, except Shakespeare. To make the comparison would be presumptuous, unless one gave to it the study of a lifetime. Humour always appeals most to its own age. Keeping this in view, I should say Dickens's humour showed an exceptional vitality. I meet people now and then who deny it, but have always found their own samples of humour, produced at my request, the reverse of exhilarating.

I think there can be no doubt which is his greatest book. But autobiographic parallel is such a powerful engine in fiction that it is scarcely fair to his other works to place them in competition with it. Conceive the



"In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch."

From "A Christmas Carol," Illustrated by Charles Green.
(Messrs. A. & F. Pears.)

difficulty of writing the "Tale of Two Cities," as against "David Copperfield."

WM. DE MORGAN.

PERCY WHITE

describes a Dickens reading :

When I was a boy I heard him give one of his last readings, and I still vividly recall the impression he made on me. The reading was given in the Hall, afterwards known as Mellison's Skating Rink, which had just been built, and was used then for "entertainments" for the first time. The scene he acted, rather than read, from "David Copperfield," dealt with the flight of Little Em'ly. What chiefly struck me was the enormous vitality—"magnetism" they now call it—of the man. He swept his audience away on the stream of his own emotions, thrilled them with every tone and suggestion his voice, words and brilliant eyes conveyed. The intense mental activity blazing in his face, his beautiful moving voice held the audience



Charles Dickens. 1869

From a photograph by Ben Gurney, New York

spellbound. It was a magnificent exhibition of a man's control of human feeling; "theatrical," perhaps, to some extent, judged by modern methods, yet unforgettable. The physical strain of those readings, however, was even to my boyish eyes tremendous, and I doubt not that the great novelist paid for those triumphs by a shortened life.

PERCY WHITE.

G. K. CHESTERTON is brief but emphatic :

- (1) Personal recollection . . . —*Nothing*.
- (2) Whether life or work owes anything to influence . . . —*Everything*.
- (3) Personal opinion of value of his novels—His novels have long been independent of anybody's personal opinion. I consider that his humour appeals

more to readers of the present day. I think his greatest book is "Pickwick."

G. K. CHESTERTON.

ABOUT POETRY.*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT has not been uncommon amongst those, each for his time, unique personages the Professors of Poetry at Oxford, to divide their praedlections between continuous "courses" and individual discourses. Mr. Mackail has already communicated his own exercises in the former kind to the world; now he gives the latter, with some additions originally delivered to extra-academical audiences. The book is welcome, and its contents are interesting. We have an initial attempt at that Dark Tower (which, unlike the other, lies in the middle of the fairest possible champaign) the "Definition of Poetry," and a corresponding *coda* on the "Progress of Poetry." Between them there is an eleven of miscellaneous essays—"Poetry and Life"; two on Virgil and Virgiliana; two on Arabian poetry; one on Dante; two on Shakespeare; one apiece on the "Poetry of Oxford," "Imagination," and "Keats." These subjects undoubtedly compose a good lucky-bag; neither will the dipper therein often dip in vain.

Some such dippers are most likely to be disappointed if they draw the "Arabian" articles. There could be no reason against, but much for, the selection of the subject. Among the greatest critical products of the

* "Lectures on Poetry." By J.W. Mackail. 10/6 net. (Longmans.)

Chair—with no companions indeed (I do not, of course, speak of living past occupants) except the work of Copleston, Keble and Arnold—ranks the *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum* of Lowth; and Hebrew certainly might make room beside her for her younger sister, Arabic. But, unfortunately, we learn at once that Mr. Mackail knows no Arabic except from translations; and (apologising for bluntness) it must be said that he who knows nothing about poetry except from translations knows nothing about it at all. Nor is this the worst. He has two translators before him—Sir Charles Lyall and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Sir Charles's knowledge of literary Arabic is well-known; Mr. Blunt's intimacy with the Arabs of recent and present times is already a matter of history. Which of them gives the original more exactly the present writer cannot say, for, like Mr. Mackail, he knows no Arabic. But what he can say, as a practised critic in divers languages at divers times, is that Mr. Blunt's versions are very much more like late nineteenth century English poetry than Sir Charles Lyall's. And Mr. Mackail obviously, indeed confessedly, prefers them. It is, of course, possible that Arabian poets of the "times of ignorance" wrote like the *Sonnets of Proteus*, but it is difficult not to fancy that it is the Protean quality,

that attracts Mr. Mackail rather than the Arabian. At any rate one impartial reader has been constantly reminded during the perusal of these essays of the innocent Blair's open avowal that when he thought so highly of *Ossian* it was because *Ossian* was like Homer and Virgil and the Bible.

This objection applies nowhere else ; and though there may be others they are less fatal, indeed, not fatal at all as one fears this is. You never can make a Definition of Poetry ; and Mr. Mackail knows it, and says it, thereby proving himself to be a not unworthy or unsavoury professor of Poetry itself. You can only make shots at it, and your St. Sebastian catches the nearest arrows in his hand, and casts them away with a gracious smile. Mr. Mackail's shot, describing rather than defining poetry as a matter of "pattern" and "repeat," appears to have annoyed some people very much ; why, it is impossible for others to see. "Pattern" is no doubt an unlucky word, especially when it is frequently repeated in Mr. Mackail's somewhat Arnoldian fashion. In sense it is rather mechanical ; in sound it rhymes to "slattern" and suggests "patter" and "patten" with a compound pictorial image, arising in consequence, which is not perhaps happy. But in itself it goes as near to one side of "the martyred body of our saint" as well may be. Moreover, Mr. Mackail, in many places of the three more abstract essays, the two first and the last, is all but absolutely sound on the most important thing of all, the independence of poetry as regards Subject. It is curious that he should have thought it "a paradox" to say that "no subject is in itself more or less poetical than another," that "no subject is poetical at all except in so far as poetry takes it," that "a subject does not inspire poetry ; it is poetry that inspires a subject." This is Apollo's own truth : but Patrizzi and Pinciano had said it centuries, Hazlitt and Hugo decades, before Mr. Mackail was born. So, too, there is a golden sentence, in one of his Virgilian essays, in which he ventures to point out that an "*Ur-Iliad*" never existed. But one is sometimes tempted to ask whether these admirable deliverances, as well as others, in which, like Coleridge, he almost or altogether admits that metre is essential to poetry, are not in a manner resipiscences. If "the subject does not inspire poetry" how is it that the "fully socialistic commonwealth" will "produce a nobler poetry" ? It is only the subject that will have changed there. So, too, the sentence about the *Ur-Iliad* would be infinitely more comforting if it did not come pages after (therefore not disannulling) a most disheartening statement that "the delicate and rigorous processes of modern analysis" have fixed the *Ciris* "within twenty years, or thereabout, after the death of Catullus," and that "it was written by Gallus" at the time when he and Virgil were friends. O Bakespearism ! O days when people used to deal out *Henry VI.* like a pack of cards to Marlowe and Peele and Kyd and Greene and the rest of them ! Here are all our old friends of that time back again, and Mr. Mackail is of the company ! How, in the name of that delicate and rigorous instrument, the fiddlestick, can you be certain that a particular piece of a literature—of which infinitely the greater part is lost and of which the very literary history, so to speak, is almost a blank save for later traditions—was "written within twenty years or thereabout" of



"Barkis is Willin', says you."

From "*David Copperfield*." Illustrated by W. Groom.
(W. Collins, Sons & Co.)

a given date ? The present writer loves criticism as well as he loves anything short of poetry ; but this is not criticism, it is "hariolation."

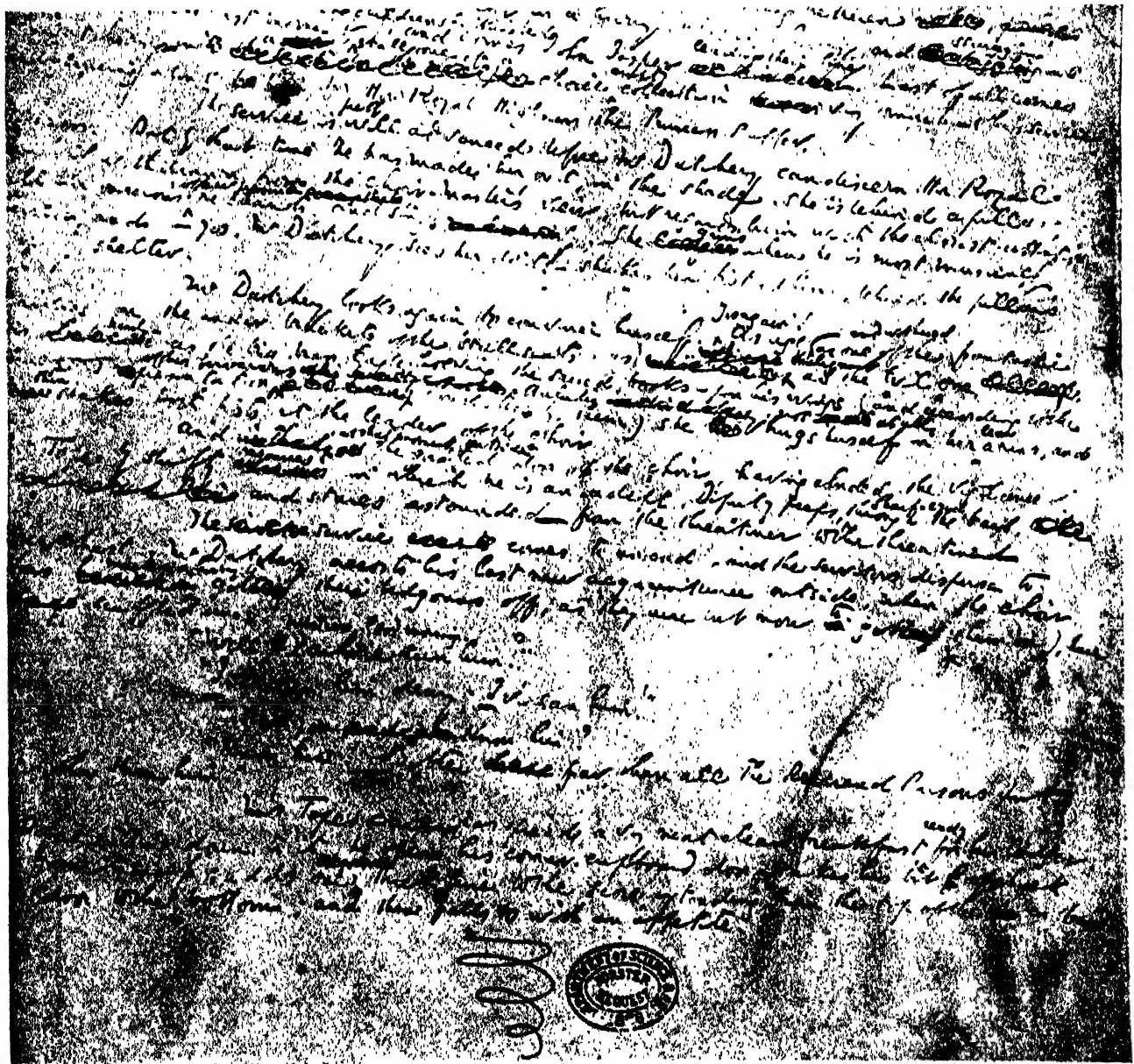
However, Mr. Mackail is so sound on most of the major questions that one has no desire to pick a quarrel with him. He is perhaps rather hard on Macaulay when he contrasts his phrase of "illusion" with Shelley's of "revelation" for Poetry. "Illusion" meant to Thomas Babington almost exactly what "revelation" meant to Percy Bysshe ; and though the state of the latter was in a more gracious heaven, it was not relatively so different. In the paper on "Poetry and Life," the apparently promised working out of a parallel between Hesiod and Langland in contrast to Homer and Chaucer seems to stop short somehow ; and the Greek poet of the people is rather left out in the cold while Mr. Mackail is warming his socialist fingers over *Piers Plowman's* fire. And is *Troilus and Criseide* a "greater" poem than the *Vision* ? There are critics who would say that they are incommensurable though both great. The Virgilian pair has especial interest because of the many lines which Mr. Mackail's enthusiasm takes. Perhaps, from the cool point of view of general criticism, there is nothing more in Virgil's favour than the extremely different sides from which "Maronolaters" seem to approach their idol. The Roman patriot, the nature-poet, the ideal of "correctness," the ingenious patcher and piecer of almost every constituent of the school-epic into a sort of sealed pattern of it ; the consummate exponent of "pity"—he is all

this to them, and it is certainly much. The veriest Devils' Advocate, or the critic who says: "All this is true, but somehow the total does not appeal to me," must admit a kind of uniqueness in it. Mr. Mackail seems to be specially attracted to the "pity" side; but he puts them all well. And, though there are very many false doctrines on the subject, the True God of Criticism loves an enthusiastic praiser, so long as he is likewise intelligent, beyond any other of his servants.

It is difficult to be other than desultory in reviewing such a book as this, which is itself necessarily *quodlibetal*. But there are a few other points that we may mention. In his remarks on the distinction between poetry and prose Mr. Mackail seems, naturally enough, to have given more attention to poetry, and while he has made the division clear on that side he has left it rather cloudy on the other. A true *distinguo* requires clearness on both sides. In regard to the Arabian matter it seems rather a pity that, if he dealt with it at all, he did not follow out in a different direction his fruitful conjecture of a possible relation between the Eastern Greek poets of the Anthology and the Arabs; and he might, perhaps, consider whether a reversal of the Eastern-Western

influence which he, like most people, assumes, might not be traced in another and Western-Eastern line. *Chansons de Geste* certainly existed before the first Crusade; and such a story as that of Zumurrud and Ali Shahr (unaccountably left out of the Gallandian versions of the *Arabian Nights* though duly given by Lane) is infinitely more suggestive of a Western romance corrupted by Eastern touches than of the opposite.

One or two positive errors or over-statements may be noticed, arising chiefly from an apparent dislike on Mr. Mackail's part to the "perhaps" or the "I think," which others use. That Chaucer "established the decasyllable in English" may be allowed: for there is a certain blessed ambiguity in the word "established." But in none of the senses of that word is it true that he established the octosyllable, which was firmly niched more than a century before his birth. So, too, to call "The Two Gentleman of Verona" *obiter* "the earliest of the plays" is somewhat unscholarly. An early play it must be; one of the earliest it may very well be; but there is no evidence of any kind whatever to show that it is "the" earliest. Anyone may think it so, and say that he thinks it so; nobody, at least nobody of Mr. Mackail's class, should say that it is.



Facsimile of the last page of "Edwin Drood."

"Of the sentences he was then writing, the last of his long life of literature, a portion has been given in facsimile on a previous page; and the reader will observe with a painful interest . . . its evidence of minute labour at this fast-closing hour of time with him."—Forster's "Life of Dickens" (Chapman & Hall).

The essay on the open puzzle of the title "Commedia" is one of the best of the whole, though, perhaps, the writer considers (as one may, without impertinence, hold to be rather his way), somewhat too curiously, and does not, on the whole get very much beyond War-ton's eighteenth-century common-sense solution of the problem. And on the Sonnets, that is to say Shakespeare's Sonnets, he is not to be blamed if he does as others do—famously so long as they show others to be wrong; less when in non-destructive work they go beyond an "*O Altitudo!*" But let us close with two things, one the best, the other the worst in the book. Whether the popular notion, accepted by Mr. Mackail, of Shakespeare's having gone through some particular period of *mal moral* at the time of the great tragedies is anything but moonshine, may be a debatable point. But the present writer never knew it justify itself so well as in a passage here. The critic, comparing the episode to Dante's famous passage through the bath of fire at the top of Purgatory, proceeds to quote the incomparable sequel of the apparition of Matilda in Paradise, and simply adds "Her name in Shakespeare is Miranda, Perdita, Imogen." "It is only a conceit," somebody may say. Perhaps, but there are some who think that not a few of the greatest things in literature are to be found among conceits, and one William Shakespeare seems not to have disagreed with them.

So agreeable is it that one has to go back to it, and to its suggestion of the waters of Lethe and Eunoe, to wash away if possible, and to forgive at least as a critical Christian, a terrible phrase which meets us almost in the very last lines of the book. Here, Mr. Mackail, as "a son of Oxford," speaks of his mother as "that elderly but irrepressible enchantress." Now, enchantresses are sometimes old, or look so (for they are not really), but they are never "elderly." And though they always are, or ought to be, irresistible, they leave to quite a different class of persons the quality of being "irrepressible." An "elderly but irrepressible enchantress" suggests, no doubt, divers actual types—Mrs. Bardell, Flora Finching, possibly even Blanche Amory



Charles Dickens and Little Nell.

A statue group by Frank Edwin Elwell, in Frank Park, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

when she had been for some years Madame la Comtesse de Montmorenci de Valentinois. But Oxford? However, there is no need of extended comment. As a poet whom Mr. Mackail knows very well once wrote in another matter:—

"Besides, it is King Guilbert's lot,
Whatever he says, she answers not."

Nor need any of her other sons answer for her.

New Books.

BIBLE LETTERS OF GEORGE BORROW.*

A linguistic friend recently told the writer that, when he was about to learn a new language, the first step he took was to go to the British and Foreign Bible Society for a New Testament in that particular tongue. Polyglottism has always been the special hobby of the Society and it was in the work of building up this reputation for linguistic versatility that George Borrow succeeded in proving his value. It is far from easy as a rule for a linguist to make a substantial mark. Some have maintained that the special faculty of acquiring languages rapidly is associated, more often than not, with a small brain capacity. Cardinal Mezzofanti was a case in point, and so it has been held was Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who had Greek and Latin as well as any man in Illyria. Dr. Walsh maintained, with some skill, that no man could attain more than one language in anything approaching perfection. Some who repudiate

* "Letters of George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society." Published by Direction of the Committee. Edited by T. H. Darlow. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

these ideas would adopt the view that Borrow was never a great linguist or anything like it, but was at best a mere smatterer in out of the way tongues. But even granting him linguistic capacity, it is no easy matter on such a basis to find such a man as Borrow a legitimate and profitable field for the exercise of his talents. Migration is the condition which sets this gift upon a pedestal. It may be done mentally, by translation, or physically, by travel. But translation in an ordinary way is one of the worst paid industries in the world. Travel to be profitable must usually be commercial, diplomatic or scientific. Borrow was not a man of science, nor was he, like Prior, Lowell or Motley, a man of letters and diplomat interchangeable. Eventually, he assumed almost every rôle to which traveller could aspire; he was in a way a commercial agent, a literary colporteur, a diplomatist and a linguistic explorer. His "Letters to the Bible Society," now first published in full, make clearer than ever before that he was engaged at first solely in the capacity of an expert. He was favourably known to persons of influence on the Society's Committee as an adept at learning hard languages. He was wanted to go to



Charles Dickens
(1864)

From a photograph by Mason.

St. Petersburg and to superintend the preparation, cleaning and printing-off of a Manchu translation of the Bible the printed formes of which had been injured by the great flood of the Neva in 1824. This translation had gone through many vicissitudes, and it seems to have sprung in the first instance from a version made by a Jesuit, named Puerot, in days when the Manchu or Mandchou was a much more vital tongue than it subsequently became. In later days it was spoken only by the children of heaven; and, when spoken before Europeans, had first to be translated into Chinese and then retranslated from that comparatively familiar idiom. A good deal of the Bible was retranslated or revised by a writer in the Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office, named Lipofstsoff, between 1821 and 1826. Why Lipofstsoff should not have been paid to pass this translation through the press himself is not very clear. Borrow was eventually selected for the work and we get a unique portrait of him in these pages showing off his paces in the most artless manner as an apt student of official Chinese. He had only had the necessary books a month when we find him writing to point out errors and mistranslations in his predecessor's version. The editorial secretary hardly sees how he can make effective progress without a Manchu grammar; but Borrow writes to show that the secretary is ludicrously mistaken. After six months study he gets the post at £200 a year and sets out for Petersburg armed with introductions to influential persons in the Russian Capital (July, 1833). Borrow had obtained a reputation in Norwich in days gone by as a rather scurrilous and, in the phrase of that day, "atheistic" person where sacred themes were under discussion. He had certainly belonged to a godless Taylorian clique in the city. His views may of course have changed; but it was not altogether surprising that some of his old associates should have laughed at his new found piety, his great zeal for hymns, homilies and pious tags, his profound earnestness in the cause of religion and virtue. More amusing though, because more characteristic, is the way in which he holds forth to the Rev. Mr. Jowett, the Editorial Superintendent of the Bible Society in his letters, upon the progress he is continuing to make in the Mandchou tongue. He is careful to select as a tutor a man who was twelve years a resident in Peking, and who speaks in the soft, subtle, and refined accent of the capital. He pays him about six shillings a lesson and grudges it not, inasmuch as the perfect acquisition of Mandchou is one of his most ardent wishes. He can already write Mandchou faster than English! He composes hymns in Mandchou. But he proceeds to warn the society explicitly against it. It is one of those deceitful tongues, the seeming simplicity of whose structure induces you to suppose, after applying for a month or two, that little more remains to be learned, but which after a year's assiduous study begin to reveal themselves in their true and formidable colours. He is soon submitting epigrams in Mandchou for the delectation of Bible House. The preparation of the type progressed apace and, by October, 1834, Borrow was writing to the excellent Mr. Jowett, "my proof-sheets are rushing in so fast that time is exceeding precious to me and I grudge every moment that is not devoted to my Maker or to my great undertaking." He was certainly not defective in the optical power of magnifying his undertaking. If moved "one inch" from his own proper course he threatens disaster to the whole enterprise. "I want no assistance but that of God and will accept of none." Borrow hoped that he might be employed to distribute Mandchou Bibles in central Asia and complete his journey home by way of Peking. He was disappointed in this ambition, but he did the journey in imagination so vividly that he came later on to believe that he had actually accomplished it in fact. As a solatium he obtained the roving commission which has made the "Bible in Spain" a sort of household word in Protestant circles. The application of Borrowian adventure to provincial meetings of the society had in fact proved a most valuable stimulus. Borrow sailed for Lisbon in November 1835. The four hundred and seventy pages that follow are mainly concerned with his wanderings in the Peninsula

and are very largely identical with the text of the well-known classic. But to the curious student they supply an abundance of sidelights and characteristic touches. Here for instance is a letter from the Foreign Office to the Secretary of the Society in which one may recognise the Palmerstonian tartness among a thousand. It ends thus "I am directed to add that, under the circumstances, Lord Palmerston considers it to be extremely desirable that the Bible Society should for the present prevent its agents from pursuing a system which is not only calculated to endanger the security of British subjects residing in Spain, but which at the same time cannot fail to be injurious to the cause which the Society are endeavouring to advance. When the civil war shall be over, and the internal affairs of that country shall have become more settled the benevolent exertions of the Society will have a better chance of being successful." We see Borrow's adventure here from the inside. His relations with his colleague (Lieutenant Graydon) and with his committee at home were far more precarious than we might have supposed. Externally his position was a good deal more secure than we might have had reason to think after a perusal of "The Bible in Spain." Borrow knew how to enhance our sense of these perils in the most delicious manner and to convey the impression that St. Paul's adventures and voyages after his were relatively humdrum. The pecuniary side of the story and its details, the frequency of Borrow's appeals for money, and the minute care with which this Daniel in the Lion's Den provides for the immediate future insensibly undermines our former implicit belief in the nonchalant heedlessness and childlike faith of our Spanish Apostle. The letters administer an ingredient which Borrow sedulously eschewed. The world at large will probably continue to prefer the documents in the artistic and sophisticated form given them by the Word Master. But all who are curious as to the evolution of a masterpiece, all who like to get behind the scenes, all those who hunger to know how literary proprietary articles are made and to resolve them into their constituent components of aloes, ginger, and soap, will not fail to study this extremely interesting and decorative volume, which looks externally like a Tudor Translation and has, indeed, as many will think, a good deal of the old Buccaneer-of-the-Spanish-Main attraction about it. Borrow's expressions at times are worthy of a period when men of English birth foamed with fury at the thought of the Spanish Inquisition. "Dark Madrid," he says, but dark is an epithet which "I thank God I may now drop, for can that city justly be called 'dark' in which thirteen hundred Testaments at least are in circulation and in daily use?" The interest in Borrow can hardly be anything other than very much alive at the present day in which it is no recondite fact that no less than three distinct lives of the great *Gilano* are in a state of active preparation. To all really interested in the facts, as contrasted with the fictions, of his career this book cannot fail to prove of capital importance.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THREE QUEENS *

In a day when the rapid book-maker flourishes, when a writer "gets up" his subject in the same way as a barrister his brief, it is refreshing to come across such a work as Miss Greenwood's "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England." Miss Greenwood works leisurely. The first volume of this work appeared in 1909, and at the end of 1911 the second volume was issued. It is clear, therefore, that the author is making a bid for a higher renown than do most writers of the present day, and consequently it is due to her that she should be judged by a standard higher than

* "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England." By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. II. Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Queen of George III.; Amelia Elizabeth Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of George IV.; Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, Queen of William IV. 10s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons, Ltd.)

that applied by an amiable reviewer to the authors who aspire to no more than a cursory reading during the season in which their book appears. The latter class appeals to the circulating library public that wants history or biography in solution, with the romantic side of the subject—which is also too often the fictitious side—brought out into strong relief. Miss Greenwood's "Queens of England" will doubtless command a handsome proportion of the circulating library public, but its appeal is less to that than to the serious historical student, who will assuredly put it on his shelves as a companion, as well as a sequel, to Miss Strickland's volumes on the predecessors of the Hanoverian Queens of England.

If these queens are happy in their biographer, it must be confessed that the biographer is happy in her subjects. The unhappy Sophia Dorothea of Celle, the clever managing Caroline of Anspach, the narrow-minded Charlotte Sophia, the irresponsible Caroline of Brunswick, and the sober Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, are a quintet that, while it may tax the powers of character-drawing of any writer, must give great variety to the labour of whosoever attempts to depict it. Therein is material for the exercise of judgment. Was Sophia Dorothea of Celle guilty or merely foolish? Was Caroline of Brunswick innocent or more than vastly indiscreet? Perhaps these are not the most important questions: they are without doubt those upon which Miss Greenwood's opinions will be sought and discussed. That is human nature. No one ever talks of Queen Adelaide, though that royal lady will take a higher place in many minds when Miss Greenwood's essay has been read. One's opinions of Caroline of Anspach and Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz are fixed. But the compelling interest is in Dorothea and the second Caroline. There is in their lives that touch of drama, that touch of tragedy too, that makes the whole world turn to whatever is written about them. The others by comparison led humdrum lives: these two are among the heroines of history—the women remorselessly persecuted by persons from whom there was practically no appeal. Caroline, it is true, enlisted the sympathies of Parliament in her earlier days, and contrived to hold up to obloquy a shameless husband; and in later days secured the suffrages of the people to such an extent that the highest tribunal in the land dared not allow to pass a Bill that declared her guilty. Even those who believed she had sinned could not bring themselves to pronounce her guilty, rightly holding that whatever she had done was condoned by the behaviour of her consort. Had the House of Lords found Caroline guilty, the House of Commons would certainly have thrown out the Bill. But had the Lords passed the Bill, it is possible that the Bill would never have come to the Lower House, for such, indeed, was the temper of the people at this time that an adverse verdict might have meant the overthrow of the monarchy. The Prince Regent hated his wife so much that he would have faced the risk; but the ministers could not consent to do so, and there can have been few scenes in the entire history of Parliament since Cromwell ejected the members more dramatic than when Lord Liverpool rose, and moved that his own Bill be read that day six months.

In that part of her preface which deals with authorities, Miss Greenwood writes: "Southey's 'Authentic Memoirs of George III.,' which sometimes appears in lists, seems to be an imaginary reference. No such work is to be traced, unless it is a misnomer for the anonymous 'George III.: His Court and Family' (2 vols., 1820)." These lines are peculiarly interesting to the present writer, as he is one of those who, in a list of contemporary books on George III., has included Southey's (not Southey) "Authentic Memoirs of George III.," and he can assure Miss Greenwood that this is not an imaginary reference, nor is the work confounded with "George III.: His Court and Family," which latter (why deponent knoweth not) is usually ascribed to John Gait, who was not innocent of the crime of pot-boiling. Indeed, the present writer is the proud possessor of a copy of the "Authentic Memoirs," no other copy of which he has yet been able to trace in any public or private library, though doubtless there are many in existence. The full title-page is as follows:

"Authentic Memoirs of our late Venerable and Beloved Monarch George the Third, whose Exemplary Piety and Virtues have shed during the longest Reign, over a period the most eventful and important in the Annals of History, so bright a lustre. Compiled chiefly from private sources of authenticity, and comprising numerous interesting Anecdotes of his late Majesty, the Royal Family, Nobility, &c., never before published. To which will be added particulars of his late Majesty's illness, Funeral Ceremonies, &c., with the Correspondence of the present Queen, on the Subject of the Coronation. By Robert Southy, Esq. 'I wish that every poor child in my Dominions should be able to read the Bible.' Expression of our late Pious and Benevolent King. London: Published by J. Jones & Co., No. 6, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row, and Sold by all Booksellers and News-men. 1820. Entered at Stationers' Hall."

In spite of the promise of the title-page, any value that the book may possess is entirely due to its rarity. Who Robert Southy was no one seems to know. Can it be that he was some poor denizen of Grub Street desirous to lure a careless public to buy his book under the impression that it was by the author of "The Life of Nelson"? Perish the thought!

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE CENTAUR.*

What Maurice Guérin dared not do, Mr. Algernon Blackwood has done, and done triumphantly. Taking the wildest and strangest of old Greek myths, he has brought it into close relation with the actual life of the modern world. His "Centaur" is the masterpiece of the new romantic movement. The ingenuity with which it is composed is, however, somewhat too patent: it draws off the attention from the main idea. Instead of putting his extraordinary study in mysticism in a modern frame, Mr. Blackwood makes, so to speak, a series of sandwiches, with alternating layers of his strange, beautiful, philosophical romance and of his ordinary matter-of-fact atmosphere. Certainly he manages to get in this way the connection between life and imagination at which he aims, but we often find ourselves admiring his literary skill, when we ought to be carried away by the strength and passion of his feelings. The simpler and easier form of composition would, we think, have been more effective.

Yet in spite of the way in which it is interrupted, his story makes the impression he intended. It touches the imagination and fills the mind with new ideas. Conceived in a very curious vein of pagan mysticism, "The Centaur" is both the interpretation of an ancient view of nature and a study of the modern romantic temperament. Much of its strange force is due to the fact that a multitude of persons in Christendom is now in a frame of mind similar to that of the classic pagans. Robbed of the beliefs of their fathers, and yet unwilling to acquiesce in the vision of annihilation which is all that science can offer them, they build up, out of their restless and unsatisfied longings, the old, wild, superstitious ideas of heathendom. Rather than let their feelings starve and wither, they are ready to deify the blind forces of nature, or let their imagination run riot amid the fancies of Oriental gnosticism. To these temptations of the modern spirit, Mr. Blackwood has fallen in some of his earlier tales of horror and mystery. He felt he would rather surround himself with the terrors and ghosts of primitive days, than let his feelings grow slack and cold for want of exercise. As a merchant of antidotes against the comfortable dullness of civilisation, he was as remarkable as Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Henry James. Lately, however, he has found in the works of William James a clearer and higher source of inspiration.

Terence O'Malley, the hero of "The Centaur," was an Irishman of the modern pagan mystical school. In him, the romantic desire to escape from civilisation became something more than the call of the wild. He loved the wilderness only because he obtained there strange ecstasies of the spirit in which he seemed to reach to the souls of things.

* "The Centaur." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

All the material universe was to him a spiritual system: the earth lived, and the creatures that she carried on her bosom were but incarnations of her moods. Mr. W. B. Yeats, it will be remembered, is inspired by a pagan mysticism of this sort; but it is with a certain timidity that he uses it in trying to revive the faery myths of ancient times. Mr. Blackwood is bolder and, it may be, more sincere. His Centaur is put forward as a real embodiment of a mood of nature: he stands for everything vaguely working in the neo-romantic mind of the present day—the desire to escape from our mean and stifling civilisation, the wild longing for a larger personality, and for some miraculous control over the material part of life. The extraordinary truth of feeling with which Mr. Blackwood portrays O'Malley, who represents the best qualities of the modern romantic temper, makes the introduction of the Centaur as natural and inevitable as anything in modern fiction. Finding then that the way of escape into the larger freedom of the spirit means a loss of his personality, O'Malley at first hesitates, but after seeing in a vision the lovely life of the spirit, he goes out on the great adventure. The whole tale is a beautiful allegory, close in touch with actual life but somewhat pagan in feeling. It is quite the best thing that Mr. Blackwood has yet given us.

THE RESURRECTION IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

It should be understood in the first place that, according to the mind of Dr. Budge and by the negative testimony of all extant memorials, there is no reason to postulate, in connection with the cultus of Osiris, the existence of any expectation that the physical part of the Egyptian believer would be raised from the death-state. At the same time there did enter into the life of the other world a certain spiritual body which continued "for ever and ever," as the vehicle of the individual soul, and this transit was termed a resurrection. It appears to have lived thereafter in a state of liberation and had the freedom of heaven and earth. The resurrection of this body depended on religious ceremonies performed by priests on earth. These in their turn depended on the life and immortality brought to light by the divine mission of Osiris. The ceremonies were funereal, and were accompanied by sacrificial offerings which seem to have been equal in importance with the liturgical rites and the rest of the great body of observances. Why in connection with these it was necessary, or at least desirable, to embalm the physical corpse does not appear from the texts; but Dr. Budge supposes (a) that "the eternal welfare of its spiritual constituents" somehow depended thereon, for the simple reason (b) that the Egyptians were much too practical to have undertaken the task otherwise. This notwithstanding, he tells us otherwise, that the fate of the body was unimportant, comparatively speaking, "provided that the sacred words of the liturgy of the dead had been said over it." I am putting here with the uttermost simplicity what is in truth an involved question, because more than one kind of soul and more than one spiritual body were recognised in Egypt. Of these it is impossible to speak in a brief notice; and so also I omit from consideration what may have happened to the majority of the dead, for example, on the field of battle, who were deprived of funereal ceremonies, to say nothing of the embalming process. The intimations are wanting on this subject, but they may have benefited in some way by the priestly recitation, "probably at regular intervals during the year," of the spells, incantations and other formulæ contained in the oldest known recension of the "Book of the Dead."

The immortal and impassible body, vehicle of the higher soul, was a counterpart of that which the individual bore on earth. It was certainly an arch-natural body, but it is

described throughout in the terms of flesh and blood. So also the beatified life in the kingdom of Osiris, which was attained by the justified man, was in the image and likeness of this world. But behind such surface teaching lies all that which is implied by many indications that the redeemed being, and citizen of the heavenly kingdom, was made one with the creative power which operates in the universe, and that he was incorporated with the supreme rulership of Osiris. The titles for the attainment of this state are summarized in the word justified, which I have just used. Those who attained to the kingdom so did in virtue of sanctity, or sanctity at least is presupposed concerning them. They had "satisfied all requirements" and were not "accused of sin." As such, the resurrection to the life beyond was made in them perfect; they entered into the divine generations and counted no longer amidst those of earth. The pantheon of Egypt, represented by the palmary divinities therein, was concerned actively in the raising of the faithful dead. Horus included him among the company of the gods; Horus gave sight to his eyes; Isis and Nephthys endued him with divine strength; he was united with Osiris and was in a sense identified with him, as indeed with all gods in turn. Their stories were his stories; their acts and attainments were his.

To what extent the required sanctity was of the vital order, and to what extent it was artificial or imputed, is difficult to determine. Dr. Budge says that, according to the texts, life everlasting "could only be acquired by those who had lived righteous lives on earth." But he says also (a) that the sin of yesterday was blotted out by the offerings of to-day; (b) that every offence was atoned for in this manner; and (c) that "ceremonial cleanliness of body" made pure in every way. The question arises whether certain texts, separated from certain practices, did not represent a standard which came to be regarded as impracticable. Dr. Budge implies this when he says that "as no man could possibly fulfil the demands of the law, it was the mercy of Osiris which ultimately decided the fate of the soul." He who himself had risen and entered into the radiant life of heaven was the resurrection and the life of those who died in the faith of him, having also lived in that faith, in any case so far as external observances were concerned. The ground of the great mystic possibility was that Osiris himself had been once an inhabitant of this earth and was "the first man who had raised himself from the dead." So rose the believer, so also ascended on the ladder of the gods, to be joined with his own spirit in the second birth of the life beyond.

The next question and it is one which is most important of all—is whether the root-matter of the history of Osiris—his life, his death and dismemberment, his resurrection and ascension—can be credited with a meaning which would lift it out of the common path of mythologies. In a word, is it simply part and parcel of the story-making which built up the gods of old, or is there any mystic sense veiled thereby? We know well enough that in many countries and at many ages of the world the progression of the initiated soul is presented under the aspects of mystical death, mystical rising and translation to heaven. Unfortunately, there is no hint of such a possibility in the critical apparatus of these volumes, otherwise so elaborate. To myself as a mystic, the scattered materials by means of which Dr. Budge has been enabled to reconstruct, firstly, the legend of Osiris and, secondly, the legend of the soul in its redemption, speak to me with trumpet voices, but it is after another manner than the message conveyed in external ritual procedure and the great host of observances and beliefs by which the texts were overlaid. The doctrine of integration in the divine nature appears in these texts plainly; the path by which it was attained is also plain; it was one of devotion and of a perfect moral law. The fact that the code was much too high for general observance in Egypt and the fact that artificial substitutes were devised to get over the difficulty do not leave the original intent less clear. But if this sanctified law and this mystic doctrine are at the root of the religion of Osiris, one who is not an Egyptologist is disposed to wonder whether texts like the "Book of the

* "Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection." By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. Litt. D. Illustrated after drawings from Egyptian papyri and monuments. 2 vols. £2 net. (Lee, Warner.)

Dead " contain only funereal ceremonies ; and I understand that there is a growing tendency at the present day, among scholars of repute, to recognise the possibility of a more mystical interpretation of Egyptian doctrine and ritual than Dr. Budge might be prepared to acknowledge. It may be that there is an aspect of resurrection in Egypt which has not yielded its secret to all the care and learning in these memorable volumes. The author tells us on his own part that behind the whole mystery of religion in Egypt there is that of the ineffable God—unnamed, unknown and inscrutable. The veil of Isis has not been therefore lifted as to all that which was signified thereby and therein.

We know in conclusion the distinguished position occupied by Dr. Budge in his particular department of research. His latest contribution to the literature of Egyptology is perhaps the greatest of all. In a wonderful manner, as it seems to me, he has elucidated the obscurities of Egyptian religious beliefs, on their external side, by reference to those of modern African peoples, which in his view are perpetuations or reflections from the predynastic period.

A. E. WAITE.

POST-LIMINIUM.*

There is about all Lionel Johnson's work an austerity, a grave dignity, such as one might imagine, never having seen or spoken with him, to have been no less characteristic of the gesture of his hand or the poise of his head in speech or in thought. It holds itself aloof, and yet, from that remoteness, makes an appeal even more sure than if it had spoken intimacies in our ear. It was, in the curious and subtle meaning of that word, like its maker, aristocratic. None could have called it great ; and it had not that inevitable swiftness that startles the mind and holds fascinated the imagination. It was patient, rather ; and reserved. But its dignity had the effect of grandeur ; and its austere deliberation gave it an even excellence that, if it masked spontaneity on the one hand, shut out weakness on the other.

This was naturally most marked in his poetry, for poetry, even as it is the highest of arts, is the purest expression of a man's personality. It is also the chief characteristic of his prose. But in his prose one may see him unbend ; and the act conveys a curious sense of slack, inasmuch as it comes after a passage of grave earnestness, and is forthwith succeeded by further passages of that same earnestness. For example, he writes of Blake thus : " 'Blasted by excesses of light,' he may be, and too full of 'that fine madness,' common, as Plato knew, to poets : not a man for the straight waistcoat and the padded cell, but certainly touched somewhere." No one who has ever read his poetry, no one who has read such a poem as "Winchester" with its high manner and balanced workmanship, could ever conceive of his speaking of Blake as "touched." It strikes, somehow and somewhere, on a discordant note, that is not altogether set at rest by the flowing passages that follow after.

This is, however, a matter awoken by the circumstances of these "Essays and Critical Papers." They are, for the greater part, reviews of books in such papers as *The Academy*, *The Spectator*, *The Outlook*, *The Speaker* and *The Daily Chronicle* ; and they suffer from the natural difficulties that beset a man who cannot freely choose a subject or the manner of its delivery. As we look back on Lionel Johnson it becomes apparent to our minds that it was not he who was distinguished by writing for these papers, but these papers that were distinguished by association with his name ; and we therefore fall into the way of thinking, in our sentimental retrospect, that they no doubt recognised that honour and accorded him what books he wanted. Instead of which, he doubtless had to take such books as were sent him, thereby adjusting his quality to their quality, and to take trouble to maintain himself on the various reviewing

staffs. Moreover, he had to write to the editorial column-measure : which is not always an inspiring thing to do ; and, more important still, he did not write with an eventual public in mind.

The result of this is that in not all these essays does he show that finished care and sense of balance that we look for in him. Mr. Whittemore speaks of this as an "unpretentious book." We may feel that it is a pity that an unpretentious book should lead the van in a collected edition of Lionel Johnson's works ; but the fact that Johnson did indeed find discomfort in the restrictions spoken of, may be discovered in the sudden sense of freedom we feel in the handful of essays in this book that are truly essays and not "critical papers," meaning reviews. This is chiefly remarkable in what has hitherto been virtually the only one of Johnson's short essays that has become at all known, "Party and Patriotism in Ireland," that Mr. Yeats had printed at the Cuala Press over three years ago with one of his own. It may be partly owing to the fact that it was first written for delivery as a lecture, but the fact remains that it is entirely unconstrained and unconfined ; it moves with flowing ease and inspiring cadence : qualities which are not always characteristic of all these essays. So again in the youthful lectures on "The Fools of Shakespeare," which, in its very circumlocutory manner, is full of a charm that is at freedom to exercise itself.

All this is only to say that Lionel Johnson was so fine and finished a writer that we expect the very best of him. There are not many critics who, from their hours of hack-work, could give us a volume such as "Post Liminium." Take, for example, the four essays on Walter Pater ; particularly the last of the four, the essay from *The Fortnightly Review*. There is more of the glow of true appreciation in these than in any of the one or two more pretentious books on Pater. So, too, when he writes on "O rare George Borrow !" or "Clarence Mangan" (an almost lonely article on the Irish bard) or "Coventry Patmore's Genius" or "Cardinal Newman." In each the subject gives a happy and accordant cue to the essayist, with the result that we receive an appreciation that sets us at one with the writer who woke it into being—which happens to be almost the only service a true critic can achieve.

Mr. Whittemore tells us that the title he has chosen for this book is "an old legal one" that "alludes to the right of a man, after a lapse of time, to enter into his own, over his former threshold." There can be no doubt surely, that the Collected Edition promised us, of which this is the first volume, will bring Lionel Johnson into his own. But it seems from the enclosed Prospectus that his best-known prose book "The Art of Thomas Hardy," is not to be included. It seems incredible, for the Poetry (the next volume to be issued) is his first title to his right ; "The Art of Thomas Hardy" is his second title ; and this present volume, full of excellent things as it is, is his third and completed title. And altogether a body of work remains that, if not for the general, will at least with the lovers of the finished things of literature be a continued joy and possession.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

MORE SINNED AGAINST—? *

It is seldom our lot to review a book of such interest and importance as this biography by Mr. Rafael Sabatini of one of the greatest figures in history. That Cesare Borgia was no saint Mr. Sabatini is the first to admit. He was beyond all doubt a remorseless egotist, cold, terrible, cruel and treacherous in an age when the same attributes were to be found in practically every man of first-rate importance throughout Europe and, above all, throughout the Italian peninsula. But Mr. Sabatini maintains, and, we think, rightly maintains, that Cesare's character has been undeservedly aspersed. This is not to say that Mr. Sabatini has set out with the express intention of "whitewashing"

* "The Life of Cesare Borgia." By Rafael Sabatini. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

* "Post-Liminium : Essays and Critical Papers." By Lionel Johnson. Edited by Thomas Whittemore. 6s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

the Borgias. What he has done is to collate carefully, where necessary, the various sensational accounts upon which have been reared the myth of the stupendous infamies of the Borgias and to turn upon them the light of common sense and reason. To some extent this has already been done. No historian to-day accepts the picture of Lucrezia Borgia as given by Dumas and Victor Hugo. And in the same way Dr. Richard Garnett, writing in "The Cambridge Modern History," declines to saddle Cesare Borgia with the murder of the Duke of Gandia. But much still remains to the account of Cesare which, if not actually inaccurate, is at least "non-proven."

• We may select as an example of Mr. Sabatini's methods the passage in which he deals with the accusation that Cesare caused the death of his brother-in-law, Alfonso of Aragon. He takes the narrative of Paolo Capello and examines individually the various remarkable statements of which it is composed. He shows that several of these statements are absolutely incredible and that others are highly improbable, and he sums up :

"This conclusion, however, it is fair to draw : if, on Capello's evidence, we are to accept it that Cesare Borgia is responsible for the death of Alfonso of Aragon, then, on the same evidence, we must accept the motive as well as the deed. We must accept as equally exact his thrice-repeated statement in letters to the Senate that the prince had planned Cesare's death by posting crossbow-men to shoot him."

One other charge against Cesare with which Mr. Sabatini deals very lucidly is that of his having poisoned the Cardinal of Modena. This charge is accepted as true by the German scholar Gregorovius, who follows Giovio in declaring that the poison was contained in the Borgia's "infallible white powders." But Giovio, as Mr. Sabatini points out, convicts himself by naming the poison- "Cantarella," i.e., Cantharides. In other words we are expected to believe a man who can describe the green, very acrid and burning Cantharides as "a white powder of a faint and not displeasing savour." Other examples of Mr. Sabatini's careful criticism could be adduced, but it were superfluous so to do. We will conclude our notice by saying that Mr. Sabatini has not only done much to clear the character of Cesare from unsubstantiated accusations but has also given a clear and picturesque account of the career of a man who was a distinguished administrator and a magnificent if somewhat reckless soldier.

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND LADY.*

This is the fifth reprint within four years, but there must still be some who need to have the praises of the book sounded in their ears. Sir John Grant got himself and his family into financial troubles, owing largely to his electioneering expenses in connection with an English pocket-borough, and in 1827, he accepted a judgeship in Bombay. But his daughter, Elizabeth, fortunately kept vivid memories of their life in England, Edinburgh, and Rothiemurchus, which her niece has edited with a few notes. The result is an extraordinary fascinating record of domestic and social life in their family during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The father continued his studies for the bar in Edinburgh and London, even after he inherited the property. "The French Revolution had made it a fashion for all men to provide themselves with some means of earning a livelihood, should the torrent of democracy reach to other lands." The girls were educated by governesses, and a rough record it is. William, the older son, was sent to Eton. "I look back with horror on that school of corruption, where weak characters made shipwreck of all worth." Of Oxford, in 1810, the authoress retains a memory which is also on the north side of friendly. She went to stay with her uncle, the Master of University College, and enjoyed herself on the whole. But she was struck with "the ultra-Tory

* "Memoirs of a Highland Lady." The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant, of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith, of Baltbays, 1797-1830. Edited by Lady Strachey. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

politics and the stupidity and frivolity of the society," and as for the religion of the place it "appeared in those days to consist in honouring the King and his *ministers*, and in perpetually popping in and out of chapel." But Speyside made up for all the disappointments of England. The home-life there had its drawbacks ; parental severity and favouritism clouded the household now and then ; money troubles were added, before very long. Still, the girls felt at home at Rothiemurchus as they did not even in Edinburgh, and the most delightful pages in this journal describe their employment, amusements, and neighbours.

The authoress claims to have been one of the set who introduced quadrilles into Edinburgh society in 1817. She saw Mrs. Siddons act. She remembers the appearance of the Waverley novels, which she chronicles with curious curtness. And she narrates how George the Fourth gave offence to the Lowlanders by wearing Highland dress at the levée in Holyrood Palace. "However," she adds, "this little slur on the Saxon was overlooked, and it gave occasion for a laugh at one of Lady Saltoun's witty speeches. Some one objecting to this dress, particularly on so large a man,



"The Author."

From "Memoirs of a Highland Lady" (John Murray).

'Nay,' said she, 'we should take it very kind of him ; since his stay will be so short, the more we see of him the better.' "

But indeed the whole book is a treasure of good things. Pathos and humour are mixed in these memoirs, and the graphic sense of character. It is a gain, for which we are indebted to Mr. Murray, that the volume now appears at a price which will carry it into still wider circles of the reading public, and especially of those who love Scotland and in Scotland Speyside.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.*

Perhaps, when all is said, William Allingham will owe his literary immortality to the fact that he had a genius for friendship. His poems are graceful and have a delicate, flower-like charm, and flower-like they are fading, though

* "Letters to William Allingham." Edited by H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

his delightful nursery song, "The Fairies," is always sure of a life in the Anthologies. He wrote a cultured and pleasant prose, and after serving for a while as sub-editor, succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine*; but happily he was a hero-worshipper and had the luck to meet or took the trouble to get introduced to many of the greatest authors and artists of his time, and the letters in this volume, most of which were written to him whilst he was away in Ireland where he was engaged in the Customs Department, and the recently published "Diary," scrappy as much of it is, in which he recorded something of his intercourse with his famous contemporaries, are, I think, his surer passports to lasting remembrance.

Less than a score of these letters are written by Allingham; all the rest are written to him, and many of them by such men as Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Rossetti, Carlyle, Thackeray, Burne-Jones, Kingsley, William Morris, Patmore, Landor, and other of the Victorian giants. But it is a truism that it takes two persons to make a good letter—no one can write well except to a correspondent who is well worth writing to, and these are a sort of letters that owe not a little of their value and interest to the character of the recipient. If you do not know it already, you gather from them that Allingham must have been a brilliant as well as an eminently likeable man. He had the faculty that never goes with a small nature of recognising superior greatness in others, though he had a healthy conviction of his own powers; also he had something of Boswell's knack of drawing people out, and it is characteristic of him that he invariably brought out what was best, most genial and most kindly in them. His own letters, adroitly provocative of replies, are good enough reading to make us sorry no more of them were available. "You describe better," Leigh Hunt wrote to him, "than any letter-writer I have had since the time of Shelley, and I dare not say you were surpassed even by him."

Leigh Hunt was his first correspondent of note. Allingham was nineteen when their correspondence began, and in 1847, when he was twenty-three and Hunt sixty-three, they met, and through Leigh Hunt he made acquaintance with many of the great men of his day. The letters that passed between these two throw interesting little lights on the literary world of the 'Fifties and show what an affectionate regard the old poet grew to feel for the younger one. They chat of books, criticise each other's work; Hunt, as urbanely gossiping as in his essays, replying, when Allingham mentions that he is reading Chaucer almost for the first time:

"I envy you your first acquaintance with Chaucer. It is as if you had never beheld the sunrise before, or found yourself in any great company of your fellow creatures out of the pale of Shakespeare. Chaucer is all earnestness, and sympathy, and morning freshness, and faith; ay, faith even when he banters; for he finds everything human worth making an impression on him, whatever it be, and receives it so deeply that he transfers it with like force to the reader. He laughs and weeps like an unspoiled child, and yet has all the knowledge of a man."

There are beautifully natural, self-revealing letters from Madame Bodichon—none in the book that are more spontaneous, more breathingly alive; and several written in the gayest of humours by Burne-Jones, two or three reproduced in facsimile and adorned with caricatures of the artist by himself. "Do 'ee come there's a dear," he concludes one, and another, "Adoo—transpire as soon as you can. You are always a comfort to me." And this latter sentiment finds different expression in many of the letters of other hands. Even Carlyle is eagerly remorseful that unintentionally and by sheer mischance he had slighted Allingham; otherwise his communications are rather ponderous, but that was Allingham's fault—he brought it on himself by writing to the sage asking advice as to the study, first of Irish history, then of general history, and then as to the value of College Lectures, and Carlyle replied each time at length and with due seriousness; but the letters from Mrs. Carlyle are delightfully characteristic. She writes in one, from Malvern:

"We are here till the end of the month—Mr. C. taking the water cure, and I looking at him taking it. A lady told me the other day that it was 'quite delightful to hear from the bath-

man how sweetly Mr. Carlyle took his baths!' his only regret, the bath-man said, being that he was not kept longer in the pack! So you see the cold water must be acting favourably on his faculty of patience and resignation, if on nothing else."

And in another:

"What you say of Ruskin's book is excellent. 'Claret and buttermilk,' till one don't know which is which! But what could be expected from a man who goes to sleep with, every night, a different Turner's picture on a chair opposite his bed that 'he may have something beautiful to look at on first opening his eyes of a morning' (so his mother told me). . . . He is amiable and gay, and full of hope and faith in—one doesn't know exactly what—but, of course, he does."

"Twice last summer he drove Mr. C. and me and Nero out to his place at Denmark Hill, and gave us a dinner like what one reads of in the 'Arabian Nights,' and strawberries and cream on the lawn; and was indulgent and considerate for even Nero! I returned each time more satisfied that Mrs. Ruskin must have been hard to please. One feels always one could manage other women's husbands so much better than they do—and so much better than one manages one's own husband!"

She goes on to mention that they had been living lately in the same house with Tennyson—Lord Ashburton's; and Tennyson had read his "Maud" to the company there: "He seemed strangely excited about *Maud*—as sensitive to criticisms as if they were imputations on his honour; and all his friends were excited about *Maud* for him! and an unknown Cambridge gentleman wrote to Mr. Carlyle to ask him to be so good as to inform him what was his opinion of *Maud*! You may imagine how Mr. C. would toss the letter into the fire, sending a savage growl after it!"

There are letters from Emerson giving high praise to some of Allingham's poetry; and it is interesting to find A. H. Clough incidentally telling Allingham, "I had a line from Emerson the other day introducing a friend—a Mr. Henry James—who is staying here and whom I rather like." Aubrey de Vere expresses surprise at the sudden popularity of Browning's poems—"his publishers told me that in fifteen years he had hardly sold fifteen copies of them; and all at once they have leaped into popularity so great that I hear the young men at the Universities run after him more than Tennyson." There are letters from Dickens asking for and acknowledging a contribution for the 1853 Christmas Number of *Household Words*; a half dozen from George Eliot, in one of which she compares Allingham's "narrative of homely life," "Laurence Bloomfield," with Crabbe, and considers it is "touched with a higher poetry than his." Such criticisms of Allingham's work and that of many of his contemporaries are scattered all through these letters. Mrs. Browning is not alone in failing to admire Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"; Ruskin agrees that neither Lowell nor Longfellow wrote good poetry yet he adds:

"From Lowell I have received more help than from any other writer whatsoever. I have not learned so much—but I have got help and heart from single lines, at critical times. For real ability, I think his shrewd sense and stern moral purpose worth all Keats and Shelley put together. I don't compare him to Keats, but I go to him for *other* articles—which I can't get from Keats—namely, Conscience, Cheerfulness and Faith."

One must make an end of quoting, but the letters are full of good things; they are the complement of Allingham's "Diary"—the two books together form an entertaining and a valuable addition to the literary chronicles of the Victorian era; and one cannot but be grateful to the man who inspired such letters and to the editors who have so admirably arranged and annotated them.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

SONGS AND SINGERS.*

"Songs of Joy" is Mr. Davies' fourth volume of poems, and the best things in it are his very best, while the flaws

* "Songs of Joy, and others." By William Davies. 2s. 6d. net. (A. C. Fifield.)—"A Sicilian Idyll and Judith." By T. Sturge Moore. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)—"Emblems of Love. Designed in Several Discourses." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Six Lyrics from the Ruthenian of Shevchenko." By E. L. Voynich. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

and failures are less than in the other books. Several of the shorter pieces are perfect—"Fancy's Home," for example, "The Owl," "To Sparrows Fighting," and "The Sleepers." They are simple, instantaneous and new, recalling older poets chiefly by their perfection. As he advances—and he does advance both in range and fineness—Mr. Davies repeats himself more and more seldom, so that it is harder than ever to do him some kind of justice by quoting one poem. I would quote "Fancy's Home" but people would mutter "Blake!" and condemn it. I will quote "To Sparrows Fighting" in spite of the "Herrick!" with which some may deafen themselves:

"Stop, feathered bullies!
Peace, angry birds;
You common Sparrows that,
For a few words,
Roll fighting in wet mud,
To shed each other's blood.

"Look at those Linnets—they
Like ladies sing;
See how those Swallows, too,
Play on the wing;
All other birds close by
Are gentle, clean and shy.

"And yet maybe your life's
As sweet as theirs;
The common poor that fight
Live not for years
In one long frozen state
Of anger, like the great."

That is a summary and perfect example of what Mr. Davies has hitherto done. It has his characteristic simplicity and delicacy; the light spirit of it, and the thought, are peculiarly his own. His thought deepens without darkening or over-weighting his verse. He has also done several things which are new to him, like the lines "To a Bore," and like "Christ the Man," which opens in a style that perhaps foretells yet farther advances. In his love poems he makes his most unquestionable steps forward; for he has gained in depth, and in variety, and is grave and light with equal charm and truth. His longer poems in blank verse—one of thirty and one of nearly two hundred lines—are also good. They are familiar without commonplace: both abound in gusto, and "The Child and the Mariner" has magic in it.

Mr. Davies does his good and his indifferent things by the grace of God or the lack of it. Mr. Sturge Moore probably knows, or has tried to know exactly the effects he is producing, and has spared no conscious labour to make them clear and consistent. I doubt whether he has left anything in these two dialogues to provide against the needs of those who care nothing for the poet's aims. There is nothing in them which seems to have a life of its own, a wild life, I mean; all is tamed and trained to the performance. But to-day at least the blitheness and lucidity of the "Sicilian Idyll" are irresistible. The whole dialogue is as clear seen as the boy Amvntas:

"Twelve or thirteen he seemed, with clinging feet
Poised on a boulder, and against the sea
Set off. His wide-brimmed hat of straw was arched
Over his matted black and abundant curls
By orange ribbon tied beneath his chin;
Around his arms and shoulders his sole dress,
A cloak, was all bunched up. He leapt, and lighted
Upon the boulder just beneath; there swayed,
Re-poised,
And perked his head like an inquisitive bird,
As gravely happy; of all unconscious, save
His body's aptness for its then employment;
His eyes intent on shells in some clear pool,
Or choosing where he next will plant his feet."

Writing like Mr. Sturge Moore's has an exalted pedigree, but not exactly a tradition. Consequently it has only itself to depend on, having to convert the reader before gaining his ear. How good it is, then, in its kind, may be gathered from its perfect success in the "Sicilian Idyll" and a very severe pictorial beauty which it creates in the difficult story of Judith and Holofernes.

Mr. Abercrombie also handles the story of Judith as well

as of Vashti, of some Scottish girls in 1745, and some pre-historic warriors. Mr. Abercrombie is a lyric poet of such abounding vitality that with that alone he can keep his drama alive. Another generation may ignore the dramatic form of these long lyrics, and in so doing may be able to pass over even the passages, here and there, which are neither dramatic nor essential to the lyric effect, as when Ozias says to Judith, whom he loves:

"And yet I still
Feared for my dream, even as a maiden fears
The body of her lover."

Mr. Abercrombie is not strong enough to make us forget that Ozias is supposed to be speaking when we come to the lines:

"Judith, shall we not thus together make
Death admirable. . . ."

or to make us forget that he himself is really saying:

"Yea, I that know thee, Judith, know thy soul,
Worse rankling hath in it from heathen insult
Than flesh could take from steel bathed in a venom
Art magic brewed over a charcoal fire,
Blown into flame by hissing of whipped lizards."

But these two hundred pages are really too good to have a word said against them in a notice of this size. In them all the vitality is constantly at fever heat. He cannot make green wood ooze in the fire without saying:

"As green wood bleeds its hissing sap
In the red heat of a fire."

This Scotch girl, Jean, thinks of watching a man's love for her as "a wild adventure of glee":

"To see the sight of you pour into his senses,
Like brandy gulpt down by a frozen man,
A thing that runs scalding about his blood."

She says again:

"Yes, love is strong. I have well thought of that.
It drops as fiercely down on us as if
We were to be its prey. I've seen a gull
That hovered with beak pointing and eyes fixt
Where, underneath its swaying flight, some fish
Was trifling, fooling in the waves: then, souse!
And the gull has fed. And love on us has fed."

Mr. Abercrombie's imagery is wonderful. It is his native air. None of his characters can speak without it, as often as not using the imagery, not as a comparison but as the thing itself. As in:

"The king's mind is a summer over us;
Thou with a storm wilt fill him, and the hail
That shelters thee will leave us bruised and weeping."

Vashti has seen a spectre. One of her women asks:

"Was it the kind with nose and mouth grown sharp
To an eagle's bill, and claws upon its fingers,
The curve of them pasted with bloody glue?"

Arnold said that if Shakespeare had written an epic he would have died of a plethora of invention. Mr. Abercrombie shows at least that he can keep long poems alive by a beautiful, bewildering plethora of invention. If poetry were a matter of brilliant passages these dialogues would surpass not only the same writer's earlier work but most of his contemporaries'. As it is, not one of these poems is equal as a whole to "Blind" and "Indignation" in his "Poems and Interludes."

Mrs. Voynich's biographical sketch of Shevchenko, the peasant poet of the Ukraine, is more telling than her translations of his lyrics. Her style is pure and transparent and interposes nothing between us and the original which could possibly have been excluded; she allows us to see how beautiful the original must be, and in "Only friend, clear evening twilight," does something more; but six short pieces are insufficient when they are so quiet. The narrative poem from the Russian of Lermontov is not more successful; and is left in a state which would prove it a translation without any other proof. The work fails, in fact, by being a neither perfectly literal translation nor creative reconstruction.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE WAR GOD.*

Few arts tend to become so stereotyped as that practised by the playwright. It used to be said that from an intellectual point of view the theatre always lagged a generation behind the times. With a Bernard Shaw kept busy among us, and actually become popular at last, the old gibe can hardly be urged against our stage to-day. But in the playhouse, especially, the revolutionaries of one era may impose the conventions of the next, and it is just possible that at some distant date it might be imperative to start a reaction against the tyranny of Shavian "artificiality." Imitation, the bane of all art, is peculiarly rife in this most conservative of atmospheres, and though old themes are welcome enough, if treated freshly, and the emotions on which a dramatist must play vary from age to age in degree rather than in kind, there is need of a constant influx of ideas, of resolute endeavours to make the microcosm of the theatre approximate to the world it is supposed to mirror, if it is to remain a vital force in our midst or to preserve our respect. It is just because Mr. Israel Zangwill has recognised this necessity, and has stated in dramatic form one of the most urgent and puzzling problems of modern civilisation that his "tragedy" of "The War God" ought to provoke interest, and command admiration. In the world-politics of our day there are two opposed schools of thought and diplomacy which solicit our suffrages. There are the patriots and practical politicians who tell us that a nation's chief asset is its prestige, that its essential for growth and even life is commercial or territorial expansion, that to secure such advantages rivals must be held in check, and peace under these circumstances can only be guaranteed by preparedness for war. There are the humanitarians who deprecate a resort to the arbitrament of the sword, deplore the current competition in armaments as insane, and preaching the doctrine of the brotherhood of man denounce war, and the trade movements or diplomacy which rely on the "mailed fist" as flatly defying the better conscience of mankind. Between these alternative creeds the man in the street halts in a curious bewilderment. Both schools represent a policy to which he is drawn, either by sentiment or by a realisation of the facts and instincts of human nature; both in their relentless logic present an ultimatum to which he is unwilling to subscribe. Yet on a score of occasions as a citizen of Empire, as a voter faced with conditions he did not create, he has to make up his mind to throw in his lot with one or other of these extremists. His quandary, his hesitation between arguments which alternately drag his judgments and his feelings this way or that, furnishes the subject of Mr. Zangwill's drama.

In the imaginary European state of Gothia that supplies the setting of "The War God" such a conflict of opinion is seen operating and is typified by two rival geniuses, a Chancellor who is a man of blood and non, and a Count turned peasant and literal interpreter of Christ's gospel who is an advocate of peace and non-resistance. Obviously Mr. Zangwill has shaped his Torgrim and Frithiof on the historical models of Bismarck and Tolstoy, and as obviously his borrowing of their personalities has increased the realism of his stage-appeal as well as saved him trouble in characterisation. Both sides are allowed their full say though the author's sympathies are with the party of peace, and the clash of ideals and temperaments his protagonists provide makes an excellent basis for drama. But in point of fact he offers us declamation rather than action, and if his statesman and his prophet escape being mere rhetoricians his play certainly resolves itself for the most part into a set of alternate harangues, while such incidents as he does employ are of far too violent and melodramatic a kind. In the majority of these sensational scenes his revolutionary Maid of Honour, Norna takes a prominent part—a woman she who herself kills the saintly Frithiof, because he disapproves of forwarding the cause of peace by violence, and is ready in turn to assassinate the Chancellor, though she is in love with his son. Heroines of social revolt have before

now murdered officials they deemed tyrants and said good-bye to their lovers, but where are we to find a match for so crazy a termagant as Norna outside the pages of an irresponsible romance or the absurdities of extravaganza. The real strength of Mr. Zangwill's drama is to be sought in the Nemesis which he prepares for his unscrupulous champion of war, and in the skill with which he makes the teaching of the dead Frithiof bung about the Chancellor's discomfiture in the very height of his success. Secretary, son, king all desert him, and we behold him in the end childless, robbed of office and power and work, left with no interests and no objects for his affections, contemplating a future in which men of his type and views can have no share. If only the comic-operative crowd of Frithiof's hymn-singing disciples could be banished from the stage at that moment, we should have had few more impressive tableaux in the modern theatre than that on which Mr. Zangwill finally rings down his curtain, and the technical shortcomings of the playwright notwithstanding, it is impossible to overlook the exalted idealism, the eloquence, the humour, the irony which inform his plea—for it is his plea—for international amity and concord.

The medium which Mr. Zangwill adopts for his play is that of blank verse, and since this has never been actually discarded on our stage he scarcely needs justification for its use. It lends a certain dignity to his language in keeping with the subject, and the sort of blank verse he affects is at once fluent and supple, suiting itself either to epigram and broadly humorous effects or to the loftier flights of oratory. Two samples of it will serve to indicate its quality. Hear Frithiof scolding his great enemy:

"I hear the cannon booming peace and love.
Poor soul! I came in love to bring you peace,
That peace of God which passeth understanding.
Why squat here spinning crafty labyrinths,
Jettison your filthy network o'er the globe?
You think to bind the future? Poor grey spinner
Fate, the blind housewife, with her busy broom
Shall shrivel at one sweep your giant web,
And leave a little naked scuttling spider."

And now for Torgrim, defending his policy of brute force:

"Dominance—
There rings the password of the universe.
Who knows it, he is free of every camp.
Equality, your level, endless cornfield,
However fat and fair and golden-stalked,
Would set us pining for the snow-capped peaks
And barren glaciers. Life is fight, thank God!
Come, bare your forehead to the fierce salt Truth.
Take war away and men would sink to molluscs,
Lumpets that wait the tide to wash them food.
The nations would grow foul with lazy feeding
What Heaven loves is breeds with life a-tingle,
Swift gliding, flashing, darting fear at rivals,
Men fearing God and with no other fear."

Fine rhetoric, you will perceive, but no more than that; indeed you must not expect great poetry from Mr. Zangwill, you must be content with facility rather than inspiration. You will note, also, that the voice can rest naturally almost at the end of every line. The author is rather short-breathed in his verse, indulges in what is known as the end-stopped line, does not deal much in enjambement and so can be said to resort to a pre-Shakespearean, not to say, pre-Miltonic mode. Such a vehicle can hardly lift a poet into the regions of the sublime, but it allows for an orderly and, on the whole, a stately progress. F. G. BETTANY.

A PRIZE NOVEL.*

Mr. Melrose is to be congratulated on another successful Novel Prize Competition. A Prize Novel may be very good, and yet disappoint us, for we open it in the natural expectation that we are going to read something of quite exceptional merit. Here is a story that in open competition with several hundred others has outdistanced all competitors. It comes to us, moreover, wearing a guarantee of its excellence signed by such notable judges as Mr. A. C. Benson,

*"The House of Lisronan." By Miriam Alexander. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

* "The War God." A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. W. J. Locke. Surely, then, it must be a novel of no ordinary qualities, if it is going to satisfy the anticipations that are thus aroused in us.

It is a romance of the days of William III.; its earlier chapters pass in Ireland and England, then it crosses over into France for a while, and returns home to Ireland to take up the threads of an old wrong and weave them to a strong and vividly dramatic conclusion. It is a story of love and hate, of political intrigue, injustice and the wreaking of a righteous vengeance, written with a vigour and ease and resourcefulness of invention that can only be compared to Stanley Weyman at his best. Meinherr Van der Wynykt, that swollen, drunken Dutch savage, is one of the most loathsome and most memorable villains of recent fiction; his abhorrent shadow is over all the book—even over those many chapters of it in which he plays no visible part. When he first arrives on the eleventh page you feel, before he makes his entry, that he is bringing disaster in his train and that the instinctive fears of Ethna, the beautiful young widow, the lady of Lisronan, are no mere outcome of a timorous fancy. Those were the days when the Catholics suffered persecution, and the Papist in Ireland held his estates on sufferance and might be easily ousted from them by a Protestant informer who had influence in the right quarter. The Lisronans were Catholics, and Van der Wynykt had lent the King money and was a power at Court, and therefore to be propitiated by those who had possessions he might take away from them. But his gross behaviour whilst she is acting as his unwilling hostess forces Ethna to rebuff and offend him, and her patient lover Owen D'Arcy practically turns him out of the house: an indignity he never forgives and is swift to visit upon them without mercy.

The scene in which he returns, armed with authority, and brutally evicts Ethna's household, with the incident of Ethna's own escape from his horrible embraces at that juncture, is a wonderfully realistic and live piece of writing. Her broken life thereafter, D'Arcy being dead; the flight of her young son Dermot with her out of the country, and Dermot's adventures in France, always with the resolve at the back of his mind, despite her dying wishes, to go home again when he is fully of age and have a reckoning with the monster who was responsible for their woes, is unfolded graphically and with a ripe narrative skill. And the fateful love of Dermot for the pretty, frightened girl who is for long believed to be Van der Wynykt's daughter, and his final realization of his dark dreams make a fitting and powerful end to one of the ablest and most telling romances we have read in these many years. Miss Alexander has imagination, a sure gift in the presentation of character and the born story-teller's cunning in capturing and holding a reader's interest. In a word, "The House of Lisronan" is a very remarkable first novel, and if Miss Alexander is going to write a second that is better, or even as good—then, beyond question, there is a place waiting for her among the most popular of our novelists.

S. J.

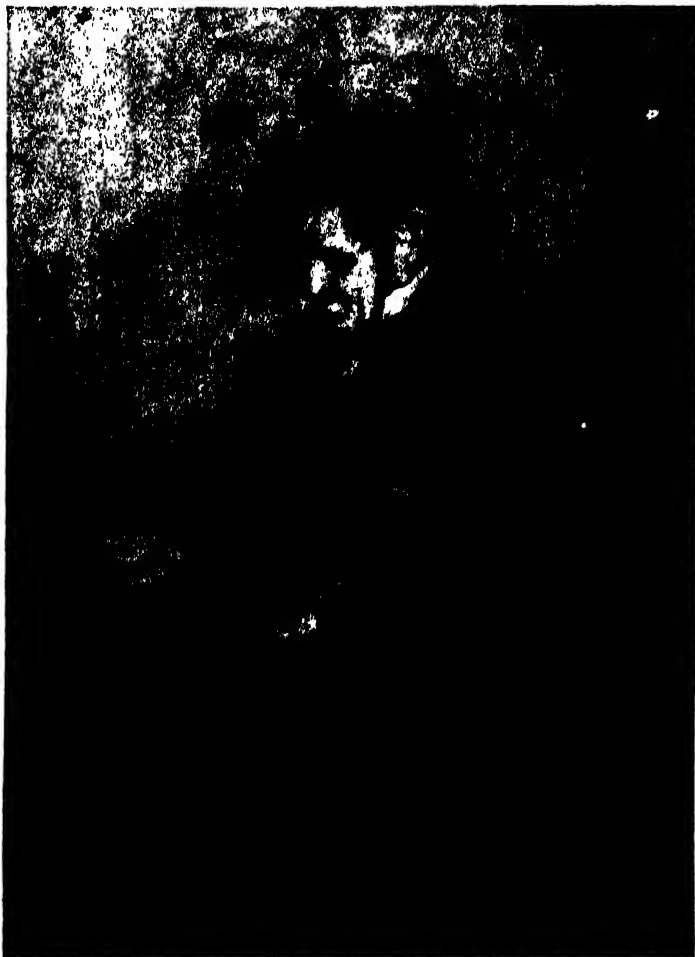
IRISH HUMOUR.*

All who have read those delightful books, "Spanish Gold" and "The Seething Pot" will realise that Mr. Birmingham is just the man to write a book on "The Lighter Side of Irish Life." Nor will the most ardent admirer of his novels be disappointed in the present work. It is always interesting when an author treats as matter of fact the same themes which he is wont to put to fictional uses. It is at once a guarantee of good faith, and an instructive exhibition of the raw material of his craft. Mr. Birmingham has made good use of the humours of Ireland in his stories.

* "The Lighter Side of Irish Life." By George A. Birmingham. Illustrated by Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

Here he gives us choice specimens of the same in, so to speak, the unmanufactured state. Some idea of the scope of the book may be gathered from the list of contents. "As Others see Us," "As We see Ourselves," "The Irish Clergy," "The Irish Official," "The Irish Peasant," "The Brogue," "Old Customs and Superstitions," "The Yank," "Wit and Humour." Such are some of the suggestive chapter-headings. The traditional Irishman, who greets you with "the top of the morning to ye," and calls you "a broth of a boy" has been effectually exploded by Mr. Bernard Shaw and other honest folk. Nor does Mr. Birmingham seek to foist him on us. On the contrary, he is most scrupulous in giving us the real article, and nothing but the real article. But his Irishman, the Irishman of fact, is at least as attractive as the puppet who for so long usurped his place in the Saxon imagination. Mr. Birmingham protests against the English expectation that Irishmen shall always be amusing, and he illustrates his point by the story of the Irishman who recited Tennyson's "Revenge," which the audience insisted on considering a comic poem.

Nevertheless, as its name implies, this book abounds in entertainment. It is full of good stories well told, such as that of the priest who "settled the controversy between the two Churches in a short and easy fashion. Taking a Bible he opened at the first and longest of St. Paul's epistles. "Tell me now," he said, "who did the Apostle write that to?" "The Romans," said his opponent. "That's enough," said the priest. "You show me the epistle he ever wrote to the Protestants, and I'll give in to you." Not the least attractive part of an attractive book are the illustrations, beautifully reproduced in colour, of Mr. Kerr. The whole production, indeed, has that charm which one associates with the publications of Mr. Foulis.



Home from the Fair.
A Financial Muddle.

From a water-colour drawing by Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A., in: "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham. (Foulis.)

Novel Notes.

"THE GOAL OF FORTUNE." By E. E. Towgood. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"The Goal of Fortune," is a first novel by Miss E. E. Towgood, which made its appearance in the loud confusion of the Christmas publishing season. The time could hardly have been more unfavourable, for Miss Towgood has none of the arts which can challenge the assured popularity of "annuals" and "gift-books." A delicate, rather precise, faculty of expression, a fidelity to observed life, a fanciful appreciation of character, are the chief items in her equipment, and with these there is a kind of picture-sense which enjoys and employs the details which make up scenes. To summarise her story would convey nothing of its total effect, for "The Goal of Fortune" is an account rather of people than of events, and Miss Towgood is to be congratulated on making her debut with a book which is so definitely a thing achieved. There are too few novels by women which really express the woman's view, perhaps because the models which have most acceptance are the work of men. Miss Towgood's models, if she has any, are sound; she has gained from them a direct and workmanlike manner of presentation, briskness of dialogue, compactness of form. For the rest she writes as she feels and knows, within the limits of her experience. I think it was Fanny Burney who went the length of never leaving two male characters alone together, because no woman could possibly know how they would then talk and behave. The author of "The Goal of Fortune" has not hesitated to step in where the author of "Cecilia" feared to tread, but it is always a feminine imagination that supplements a feminine observation. There are many charming moments of illumination, gleams of sympathetic and whimsical insight. Alison, the heroine of the tale, has humour, brains and purpose, but it was "inevitable that she would fall in love with her first serious wooer." It helps the reader to a realisation of Alison better than a dozen pages of narrative. Miss Towgood's novel is an earnest of work yet to come—work, I hope, more spacious in compass in which her undoubted gifts shall have a larger field for their exercise. Readers of her first book will look with interest for the development which is to be expected in her next.

PATCHES AND POMANDER By Arthur Brebner 6s. (Blackwood.)

In "John Saint" Mr. Arthur Brebner wrote a first novel of unusual promise, which has borne fruit in a somewhat unexpected manner in "Patches and Pomander." The author no longer concerns himself particularly with seafaring, and his new book is also an historical study of the times of King Charles II. instead of a modern adventure story. But it does seem to us that Mr. Brebner has found his *métier*. His touch throughout is sure, and he handles the "costume" portion of his story with much ability. The book opens with a description of the death of Simon Rutherford, now a searcher for the Philosopher's Stone, but once—well, perhaps it would spoil the reader's enjoyment in the book to say what he once was. Rutherford is a rich man, but besides leaving all his property to Anthony, he also gives him some very incoherent details as to the whereabouts of certain valuables. The manner of the book then changes into a highly spirited account of Anthony's quest. There is a pleasant love interest, and the result of all is a novel that no lover of historical fiction should neglect.

BROWN FACE AND WHITE. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Mixed marriages have always appeared to me a radical mistake often fraught with grave social as well as moral consequences." The problem is being discussed by Eveleigh, an English missionary stationed with his wife and child in a small inland Japanese town. A fellow countryman of theirs, Villiers, who manages a neighbouring tea-plantation, has succumbed to the fascination of a beautiful Japanese

girl, Kusatsu, and the missionary's only hope of frustrating what he believes to be a disastrous marriage lies in the provision of an English mate for the lonely Villiers. The desirable person arrives in the shape of Eveleigh's sister-in-law, but the happy consummation of his little plot is only attained after the girl Kusatsu has sacrificed her life to save the man she loves. Mr. Holland conveys the local colour with conscientious skill, and though the action of the novel moves rather slowly at the outset, the telling of the siege of Eveleigh's party by an armed mob of rioters egged on by the native priests and by the frequenters of "The Golden Kitten," a tea-house of ill repute, soon fans the reader's excitement into full flame.

THE GREEN CURTAIN. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

That an author who had already to her credit no less than seventy-two novels should in her seventy-third write her most distinguished, her most convincing, and her least sensational work, is surely something to wonder at. Yet this is what Miss Braddon has accomplished in "The Green Curtain." This story of a great young actor who flourished during the Regency and met an untimely death at the hand of the brother of the great lady whom he was on the eve of marrying, is not only a first-rate, an engrossing tale, it is, to use a tedious phrase, a most intimate and finished psychological study, the finest full-length picture of a player which we have met with in contemporary fiction. George Godwin, who electrified Drury Lane audiences in such great Shakespearean rôles as those of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "King Lear," and who, by the way, in career and temperament has not a few points in common with Irving and Forbes Robertson, is fully individualised and quite startlingly alive. Fanny Fountain, the fair, frail, affectionate creature he marries—and discovers to have been some time mistress to the Prince of Wales—is radiantly vital. And no less full of life, no less carefully studied, is the sketch of Isabel (Lady Beaumont), the gracious, deep-souled woman who at the last moment is robbed of her long-delayed happiness by the brooding, fanatical brother to whom she has devoted herself from his childhood. Equally admirable too is the depiction of the minor characters, of Sally Merritt, Godwin's ever-faithful foster-mother, of the old Duchess of Pentland, his patroness and friend, and of the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, M.A. of T.C.D., his confidant and earliest tutor. But we scarcely see why Lady Holland should be disguised as Lady Bayswater, or why the Countess of Jersey should masquerade as Lady Guernsey. And, without taking the trouble to consult such authorities as Genest and "The Annual Register," we dare affirm off-hand that "Mantred" was never staged at Drury Lane about 1818, and that the nation which was celebrating the third anniversary of the battle of Waterloo was one scarcely likely to go in fear of a Napoleonic invasion! This question of dates brings us indeed to a very interesting question of literary ethics and conventions. Is the author of a historical novel justified in inventing a great historical character? Or rather—and this is in what Miss Braddon's audacity consists—is she justified in substituting a fictitious historical character for a real one? The great actor who, flouting the Kemble School of stately port and gesture and measured declamation, captured the town what time Byron, Whitbread, Douglas Kinnaird and Peter Moore were managing the affairs of Drury Lane Theatre, who won the enthusiastic plaudits of critics so temperamentally divergent from one another as Hazlitt, Talfourd, Campbell, Fanny Kemble and Keats, was not George Godwin, who never existed, but that wayward and erratic genius Edmund Kean. And, save for his glowing eyes and doubtful parentage—Godwin is described as the offspring of a peer's liaison with an actress—Miss Braddon's Drury Lane hero has not one single point of resemblance to the real Simon Pure. When a notice of one of Godwin's performances is quoted as having actually been penned by Hazlitt, surely the very generous licence usually granted to the romantic novelist is being rather outrageously transgressed?

THE LONG HAND. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. 6s.
(Stanley Paul.)

Probably a good many writers find it difficult to make a satisfactory beginning to their books, but Sir William Magnay clearly does not. In "The Long Hand" he is well in his stride on the second page, the reader's interest is aroused, and there is promise of exciting developments before the *dénouement* is reached. Again, the author has chosen a scene and period which are, to say the least of it, unfamiliar to English readers. Munich at the end of the eighteenth century, during the time when Count Rumford was Regent of Bavaria, offers practically an untouched field for the English romancist. We may wish that the whole novel had borne out the promise of the first fifty pages—which, unfortunately, it does not—but there can be no doubt that Sir William Magnay has engineered a thoroughly readable and interesting story with its full share of adventure and excitement, and a pretty love interest. In fact, although it is not one of his best books, "The Long Hand" ought fully to satisfy Sir William Magnay's numerous admirers.

THE DISPUTED MARRIAGE. By Lilian Street 6s. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

It is not easy, however distinct and nobly charming a personality you may possess, to play an unconventional game with the emotions, or an unconventional part in your social circle, without bringing some sharp verdicts upon yourself. So Barbara Lulworth, most charming of women, we understand, met with some severe criticism, for her sentimental friendship with Jack Stafford, a married man, whose wife lived an (outwardly) pious life at Monte Carlo, and such-like spots. The book is written in the form of letters, and Jack Stafford (who is a hero of the first water, be it understood) writes, for instance, to Barbara of her portrait which hangs opposite the table of Dennis, the artist, "What I want to buy is his portrait of you . . . but perhaps it would make me long too often and too much for you." Then follow the lines beginning: "Guard her for ever for my great love's sake." It may be seen that had the unlovable woman, Jack's wife, been "nasty" she might have reasonably joined in the condemnation of sweet friendship between husbands and charming ladies. However Barbara becomes engaged to the artist, and then the love-story of herself and her devoted men is told with sympathy and simple charm by means of a well-varied correspondence.

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER. By William Caine. 6s. (Greening & Co.)

A recent novel, "A Man with a Past," contained a diverting sketch of a certain Mr. Patten, a whimsical music-hall song writer, who was wont to dislocate the even tenor of his conversation by sheering off suddenly into impromptu verse. Mr. William Caine in this amusing novel of his has struck an equally happy vein in Messrs. Blooter and Salt, the World's Champion Cat-laffian Cross-talk Combination, whose habit of breaking into absurdly inconsequent patter and "business" on the slightest provocation proves wholly irresistible. Other "pros" whose oddities enliven the story include a retired Strong Man and an active Strong Woman, who rejoices in a contortionist for a husband. The retired Strong Man keeps a tea and beer garden in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, where the wholesale flirtations of his flashy daughter Emily involve no fewer than five victims. Carpenter, the principal victim, is an impossible young author, whose dislike for doing anything that is obvious plunges him into a series of farcical escapades. The description of the way in which Carpenter is slowly but inevitably drawn into Emily's net is one of the best things in the book. Mr. Caine exhibits a keen relish for the practical joke, but he does not despise subtler forms of humour, which ever and anon find play in witty digressions on the fads and foibles of mankind—Hampstead mankind in particular. If you do not want to laugh don't read "Old Enough to Know Better," for it will certainly make you laugh if you do.

THE REVOKE OF JEAN RAYMOND. By May Ford. 6s.
(Stephen Swift & Co.)

The author of this novel imposes a two-fold strain on the reader by the somewhat excessive use of the "long arm," and by raising a constant suspicion of a didactic intention. There are few, probably, who will share her creator's admiration for Jean Raymond, who proclaims her independence and unconventionality, with a rather irritating persistence and shrillness. Jean's marriage with Bernard Gretton imposes a distinct strain upon our imagination, which is not lessened by the description of their conjugal infelicities; for when Jean ultimately leaves her husband, it is for a reason that would scarcely hold good in the most obliging of transatlantic courts, the incompatibility in this case being due to Gretton's boring his wife to death with his passion for Wordsworth and his interest in vivisection. The futility of Gretton suggests that the author was thinking more of her "case" than of reality; and in spite of all his fatuity we have some sympathy for Gretton's impatience with Mary Margetson, the "bachelor-friend" of his wife, whose excellencies and socialistic enthusiasms were sufficient to wreck the peace of any home. Miss Ford has put good work and good writing into her book, but when she next essays to administer a powder we hope she will be more liberal with her jam.

The Bookman's Table.

PASTELS UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS. By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Pastels are a light ephemeral means of recording impressions. Take them out of the frame and they will not long survive." But those before us, judged by the Rosebery or any other just standard of criticism, should outlive many a contemporary volume. They are delicate, yet incisive; light, but acutely informed. And they are essentially entertaining as well as instructive. When, on the voyage out, the gentle Frau B., having listened to the German sergeant's account of the sensation caused by his progress with a comrade and in uniform along Oxford Street, a sensation which led to the police having to take them both away in a cab, is recorded as asking in distress: "Were the Londoners indeed so hostile?" what a light is thrown on England and the English as seen through German eyes. The continuation of the narrative has its point also: "The sergeant smiled, his red and-white cheeks swelled, his moustache curled and curled, his billiard-ball eyes glowed with amusement. Hostile! dear ladies! It was pure admiration. Never, never before had those Londoners seen two such handsome fellows." And so we pass on to a night view of St. Helena, a glimpse of Round Table Mountain, follow the Northward Trek, pause at the grave of Cecil Rhodes, halt awhile at Buluwayo, explore Zimbabwe and its wonderful ruins, enjoy "a five o'clock" on the veldt, are impressed with the majesty of the Victoria Falls, journey on to Salisbury and listen to a thrilling account of an episode of the Mashona Rebellion, take part in a discussion on hotels, wreckage, Umtali, and "the white missus," and finally take train to Beira, and ship for the East Coast voyage home. One of the impressions that are deepest in our mind, at the conclusion of the trip, is that of the immense advantages that Rhodesia holds for the "odd women" here at home.

CASTELLINARIA AND OTHER SICILIAN DIVERSIONS. By Henry Festing Jones. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

The cult of specialisation to-day is nowhere more diligently practised than in the literary world. Our novelists have portioned out the world between themselves: some writers deal, so to speak, in continents, others only in obscure corners of continents; but they seldom reach beyond their self-imposed confines or trespass on what they would

regard as other authors' territory. The author of the book before us, Mr. Henry Festing Jones, has annexed Sicily as his literary domain. "Divisions in Sicily" was a most interesting and unconventional travel book, and "Castellinaria" is equally diverting. We must admit, however, that the Sicilian dialogue puzzles us not a little. In a chapter entitled "Malagigi" we read the following: "'I saw her die at Trapani. The Empress Marfisa came and found her dying of grief in a grotto for the loss of her husband, Ruggiero da Risa.' 'Precisely. She was Marfisa's sister-in-law because she married Marfisa's brother Ruggiero da Risa.' 'Then who was the cavaliere errante, Ruggiero Persiano?' 'He was the son of Marfisa and Guidon Selvaggio, and this Guidon Selvaggio was the son of Rinaldo.' 'Had Bradamante no children?'" It is space only that forbids us quoting more of this entertaining conversation, which is nevertheless rather puzzling to the lay mind. Save for a few more unintelligible passages, we have found the book fresh and interesting, and the sketches entitled "Earthquake Echoes" (of Messina, 1908) are exceedingly good.

A KEEPER OF THE ROBES. By F. Frankfort Moore. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore has a genius for gold-digging. He takes a diary which is simply a sealed book to the ordinary reader from its mass of trivialities, and washes out the intolerable deal of worthless sand it contains, until there are left a few glittering pieces of gold which all the world will snatch at. Out of Fanny Burney's inordinately long diary he has extracted a narrative of extraordinary power and value. Ostensibly the narrative derives its value from the humanity with which it clothes two royal figures, giving flesh and blood to what with most people are nothing more than names. On this aspect of it the editor himself lays full stress in his brilliant preface, one of the most fascinating pieces of work ever seen from his pen. But with all his excellent historical intentions the editor is gradually overmastered by the charms of another creature of flesh and blood, the humanity of Fanny Burney herself. And so it must be with the reader. Absorbed though his natural man may be for a time by the introduction into the sacred precincts of Court life, his higher self is captivated by the strange vicissitudes of the little lady's fortunes. Accustomed to move in the highest literary circles, herself "not least but honoured of them all," accustomed to the society of Burke, of Bruce the African explorer, of Count Orloff the Russian almost-Emperor, of Reynolds, who stayed up all night reading her novel "Evelina," and of the great Dr. Johnson himself, whose letters to her Boswell ineffectually implored her to hand over to him, that he might "show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam"—after moving amidst this galaxy of talent the popular authoress became a mere tirewoman, compelled to rise at six and refused leave to go to bed till after midnight. She might never move beyond the sound of the Queen's bell. She had to stand and stand while the Queen's hair was being curled and crimped and powdered. She mixed the royal snuff, and was treated as a scullion by the head Keeper of the Robes, a perfect Cerberus. In one country house gold laced

superciliosities regarded her as a nonentity, and to avoid starvation she was feign to eat apricot and bread from an equerry's pocket. The palace too was freezing in winter—"wind enough in these passages to carry a man-of-war." There were compensations: the reverend "reader" who "practised a thousand mischievous tricks to confuse me in the royal presence," the comedy of the visit to Oxford, the engrossing Warren Hastings trial. But there were also dreadful seasons, when the Palace felt the slow approach of the King's madness. "Talking -talking -talking, till he is thus terribly hoarse. . . . The Queen almost overpowered with some secret terror. . . . A stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house." And finally the "terror walking by night."

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Robert Langton (Hutchinson.)

This is a revised and timely re-issue of a very interesting book that was first published privately in 1883. Mr. Langton has since then been gathering together new facts, which are now all incorporated in his pages, and add not a little to our knowledge of the early days of Charles Dickens. To some extent, of course, Mr. Langton has had to rely on Forster's invaluable "Life," but he has hunted tirelessly after people who knew Dickens personally in his youth, and has obtained records and anecdotes from his old nurse, from some of his schoolfellows, and from divers friends and neighbours of the Dickens family when they were living at Chatham, Rochester, and elsewhere. He gives the words of a duet that Dickens and his sister Fanny sang, standing on the dining-room table of Mr. Tribe, then landlord of the "Mitre," at Rochester, the Tribe and the Dickens children being playfellows, and he traces Old Orlick's song, "Beat it out, beat it out, Old Clem!" to doggerel rhymes that used to be sung by the Chatham blacksmiths when Dickens lived there as a child. One way and another he throws a good deal of light on characters, incidents and references in the novels, and incidentally makes it clear that Dickens's boyhood was not such a wretched and neglected one as Dickens, looking back in his later years, was too apt to imagine it had been. Altogether Mr. Langton has written a pleasantly gossipy chronicle that forms a very useful supplement to the biography of the great novelist whose centenary we are now celebrating. The illustrations are numerous and full of interest.



The Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent.

"Having returned to Dingley Dell by the Muggleton heavy coach, Mr. Pickwick found that Mr. Tupman had gone away during his absence, but was to be heard of at 'The Leather Bottle,' Cobham, Kent, and the three friends at once resolved to follow him there."—From "The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens," by Robert Langton (Hutchinson).

SHADOWS CAST BEFORE. By Claude Field. 2s. 6d. net. (William Rider & Sons.)

Mr. Claud Field's "Shadows Cast Before" is a collection of anecdotes concerning prophecy and prevision. Some of the instances related are probably apocryphal, for they include accounts of the fulfilled dreams and premonitions of many ancient worthies—Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Cicero and Tacitus. But for the most part they are well-authenticated, and reasonably credible in the light of modern physical science. Thus we have Browning's story of a fulfilled dream of his sister-in-law concerning the time of her own death; Theodore Parker's prophecy of the American Civil War; Abraham Lincoln's foreboding of his own assassination, and the divinations of Madame Lenormand. But we should hardly have thought the well-known story of Lord Beaconsfield's prediction, as a young man, of his coming greatness suitable for inclusion in the book. There was nothing very "occult" about that. It doubtless arose simply from a sense of power and self-confidence. Mr. Field's little volume is perhaps rather too "scrappy," but as a work of reference it has its uses and will interest the general reader.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE CELTIC RACE. By T. W. Rolleston. With sixty-four full-page illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrop.)

There are few men, on the side of knowledge, more competent to write such a book than Mr. Rolleston. His only drawback is that he clearly disbelieves the majority of the tales he tells. That is a drawback indeed. Yet, as he disguises this scepticism in the excellence of his telling, it will probably not obtrude itself on the reader. It would be a pity if it did; for we can imagine few mythologies so wondrous or glorious as the Celtic. It has all the strength of the Norse without its crude hurly-burly. It has all the beauty and grace of the Greeks, without its statuesque immobility. Mr. Rolleston traces first the true characteristics and geographical definition of all the Celtic tribes before he proceeds to tell their tales, cycle by cycle. The cycle to which the greater numbers will at once turn, will naturally be the Cuchullid Cycle. Nor will they be disappointed in what they find there. We have already read it many times over; and are likely to read it yet many times more. But this is only one of the cycles. There is the famous Ossianic cycle. There are the less known tales of the remoter Cymry with which the book closes. And there is an admirable chapter of the "Religion of the Celts." Altogether this is a book to possess and to read.

Notes on New Books.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

Mr. J. Starkie Gardiner's new book is devoted to the short period soon after the accession of William and Mary, during which the art of ironwork in England "experienced an extraordinary development, which continued to the middle of the eighteenth century." As the author says, the achievements of this period "form one of the most brilliant phases in the history of English craftsmanship." *English Ironwork of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries* is very handsomely produced, and contains eighty-eight colotype plates and some hundred and fifty illustrations in the text. It is certainly the last word on its subject.

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Kennedy Square, by F. Hopkinson Smith (6s.) is an intensely interesting story, pervaded throughout with an air of quiet charm. The plot deals with a love affair of sixty or more years ago, in which Harry Rutter and Kate Seymour play the principal parts, watched over by Harry's fairy godfather, St. George Temple; and a more loveable character than St. George it would be difficult to find in modern fiction. The romance of it all hinges on a certain act of Harry's at a great ball given by Colonel Rutter to celebrate the engagement of his son and Kate Seymour. Harry and St. George look upon Harry's behaviour from one point of view; Kate and Colonel Rutter regard it from another; and so the lovers become estranged and Harry is banished from his father's house;

the other inhabitants of Kennedy Square being divided in their opinions on the subject. The reader is at first uncertain where his sympathies lie, as the author pleads eloquently and earnestly for each side in turn. The chapter in which Edgar Allen Poe makes a dramatic appearance is particularly impressive. This is emphatically a book to be read.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Mr. H. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C., is already well known as an accomplished writer of detective stories, and "*Young Beck*" (6s.) will do no harm to his high reputation. Further than that we can hardly go, for, although the author displays the greatest ingenuity in the construction of his tales, he can hardly disguise the improbability of their setting. Frankly, it is inconceivable that one small family should have been the storm centre of so many attempted crimes. But, with this granted, it must be confessed that young Beck is a worthy successor to his father and mother in the detection of crime. Readers will find that the book contains many dramatic moments, and several very pleasing mysteries.

MESSRS. MURRAY & EVENDEN.

Michael; by Evelyn Barber (6s.) is a charming and brightly written love story, which has much of the fragrance of a country garland, though it does not lose sight of the deeper issues of life. The characters are sketched with insight and vivacity, some of the subsidiary ones proving almost as interesting as the principals; though the plot chiefly centres in the meetings between Michael and Philippa. Michael, a young, town-bred solicitor, has all the grit of a sound North-country Englishman; but his inner nature lies to a great extent dormant, till, during a Lakeland holiday, he meets Philippa, a delightfully fresh but albeit serious-minded English country girl. Their growing love is prettily yet naturally drawn, and all goes well till a well-depicted lovers' quarrel paves the way for fresh developments. Philippa is not in the least degree a prig, she is far too frank and natural; but her idealising mind dreams of a perfect knight, and she impulsively reproves her lover for a fault which vexes her. He is too headstrong to stand such reproof, and pride keeps the pair apart till their fate proves too much for them. Such are the simple outlines of a story which leads the reader on by the unaffected verve with which it is written. It is decidedly an idyll, yet it never loses touch with the facts of life. Miss Barber is to be congratulated, and we shall look forward to her next novel.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS.

Miss Eva Lathbury's new novel *The Moving Camp* (6s.) is decidedly a good book, but the vagaries of its heroine are perhaps a little bewildering. We can believe in her, but we cannot altogether understand her, for she is one of those troublesome people who possess an artistic temperament. Also she is a little aggravating. Up to a point things go so very much her way; and her attitude of "I told you so" may jar upon the reader, and he may hail with some relief the partial discomfiture which eventually overtakes her. Morag O'Brien is a lady whose past is wrapt in mystery, which is gradually revealed in the course of the story, but her future—as a singer—seems assured. She is a dangerous person to thrust into a middle class Lancashire family, even for a short time, and the results of her machinations are sketched in some detail by the author. *The Moving Camp* is a book which deserves careful reading. It possesses a number of lifelike characters, and the scenes which are laid in and around Dresden are particularly effective.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

The only thing which we have against Mr. Murray Gilchrist's latest novel *The Secret Tontine* (6s.) is its title. To some extent it gives away the mystery of a very well-told sensational story. The scene is laid in the Peak District, which Mr. Gilchrist has already familiarised in a number of excellent novels; the characters are well drawn, and there is a faint but very attractive love interest, while the author displays much skill in the construction of his plot. In fact, *The Secret Tontine* is a rattling good story, and we are sorry for the people who will not be thrilled by it.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

The Qualities of Mercy by Cecil Adair (6s.) is a very interesting novel, with one of the most attractive heroines we have ever met between the covers of a book—a girl with plenty of spirit, yet sympathetic and altogether lovable, whom we are introduced to as a child of six, and whose adventures we follow with increasing interest as she grows from childhood and girlhood to womanhood, retaining the same sweet personality through all. There are other well-drawn characters in the book which is rich in mystery and dramatic incidents. We can thoroughly recommend *The Qualities of Mercy*, to all who enjoy good fiction.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS.

In *For Kirk and King* (3s. 6d.), Mr. J. A. Macrae gives us the "memoirs of John Paterson of Whiteford"—an imaginary character. It is a well-written, strong and stirring novel, which gives the reader a vivid insight into the life and warfare of the Scottish Covenanters, and the author may be congratulated upon his very efficient handling of a difficult theme. Mr. Lauchlan Maclean Watt contributes an appreciative introduction.

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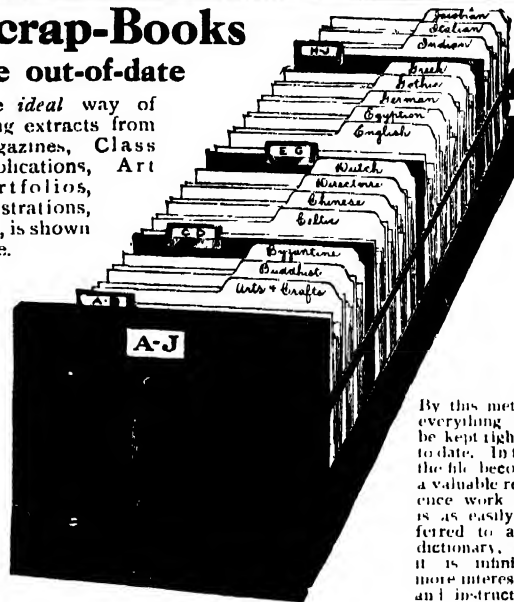
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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
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News Notes.

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Mr. Harold Begbie has been making a journey through Ireland, in view of the forthcoming Home Rule struggle, and will contribute to the *Daily Chronicle* a series of articles dealing with his observations and experiences of the country and its people.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this spring a "Life of Nietzsche" written by his sister, Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, who was the philosopher's constant companion and nurse in his later years. It will be in two volumes, the first being devoted to "The Young Nietzsche."

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she published "Sowing the Sand," and in 1903, "Contrasts." Moreover, Mrs. Henniker has twice appeared successfully as a dramatist: with "The Courage of Silence," a four act play, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in 1905, and "Our Fatal Shadows," in 1907. "Second Fiddle," which we review on another page, offers the presentment of an entirely commonplace woman. There are many charming short stories of Mrs. Henniker's still lying uncollected in the back numbers of magazines, some of them very striking and faithful sketches of military life, and it is possible her next book may be a volume of these.

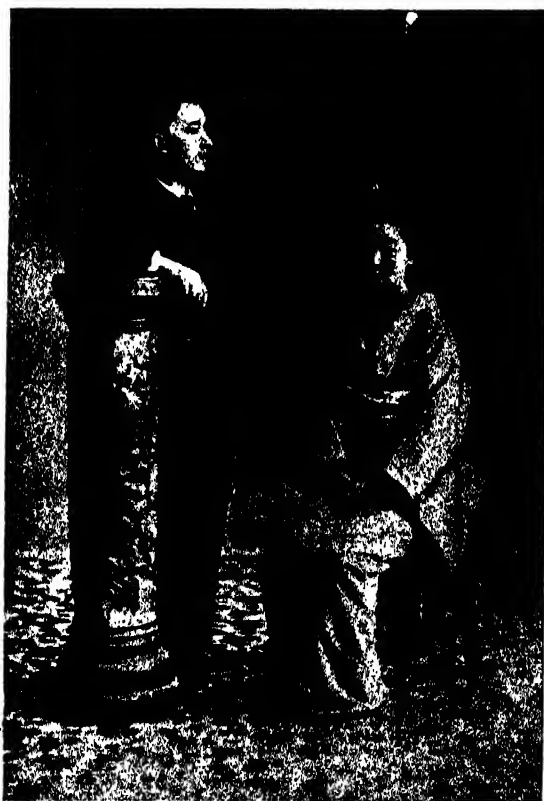
In 1896 Mrs. Henniker acted as President of the Society of Women Journalists, and she has always taken an active and a sympathetic interest in the affairs of the world she writes about. She has done much good work among the poor of London, is an enthusiastic supporter of those societies whose object is the protection of animals and birds, and, her books reflecting herself, a broad humanitarianism is the natural keynote of all her writings.

"Little Incidents," a volume of stories and sketches by Mr. Frederick Watson, a son of the late Ian Maclaren, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Mr. Watson has edited several books, and is well known as a contributor to *Punch*, *Chambers' Journal*, *The Windsor*, and *The Westminster Gazette*, but "Little Incidents" is the first book to which he has put his own name.

"By the Way: A Collection of Poems, Fragments and Notes" by William Allingham is to be ready this month. The book is arranged and edited by Mrs. Allingham. We are sorry that in reviewing last month the "Letters to William Allingham" we mentioned Messrs. Macmillan as the publishers. That volume, like this new one, "By the Way," is published by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. J. E. Patterson has made his reputation as a novelist, but he began his literary career as a poet with a little book called "The Mermaid," that was printed by subscription for private circulation. This narrative poem, thoroughly revised and enlarged, is included with many of Mr. Patterson's songs and ballads that have not before been collected in a volume that Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly under the title of "Daughters of Nereus." At present, Mr. Patterson is engaged on a novel of modern political life that is to be ready for publication this autumn.

The Countess of Warwick has written, for Messrs. Jack's "Pilgrim Books" series, a volume on William Morris which is illustrated with crayon drawings by A. Forestier.



Lafcadio Hearn and his wife.

From "Lafcadio Hearn, his Life and Work," by Nina H. Kennard (Nash), which we are reviewing next month.

Mr. Patrick MacGill, whose "Gleanings from a Navy's Scrapbook," was reviewed in our January Number, has another collection of his poems in the press, and the volume will be ready by the end of March. It is gratifying to know that his first book not only had a very considerable sale, but has aroused a very considerable literary interest in him and his work. As before, Mr. MacGill will be his own publisher and will issue his new book from his present address, 4, The Cloisters, Windsor.

The Literary Year Book, which has long taken its place among the indispensable reference books that the literary worker must needs have on his table, will in future, we understand, be published by Mr. John Ouseley.

Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co. are issuing shortly "Leaves of Prose, Interleaved with Verse," by Miss Annie Matheson, a selection of short studies in literature, art, sociology and nature. The volume includes two papers specially written for it by Miss May Sinclair.

Mr. Martin Secker is publishing immediately "Robert Ket and the Norfolk Rising," by Mr. Joseph Clayton—the story of the great agricultural revolt of the sixteenth century that was led by Ket and had its centre at Norwich.

"Some Thoughts on 'Hamlet,'" a lecture delivered last year by Mr. H. B. Irving before the Chancellor and Senate of Sydney University, has been published over here in pamphlet form by the Australian Book Company. It is a brilliant and incisive essay on Shakespeare's dramatic art, arguing subtly against the reality of Hamlet's madness; incidentally, it drives a strong nail into the coffin of the theory that Bacon was the author of the plays.

One of the most important books of the spring publishing season is "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing immediately. The Memoirs consist mainly of pages from Crispi's journals, official documents and letters that are now made public for the first time. Signor T. Palamenghi-Crispi linking the whole together with a luminous commentary and narrative of events. Incidentally, the book will vindicate the transactions of Crispi's closing years, and throughout it throws many new and sometimes sensational sidelights on the political history of the nineteenth century.



Annie E. Holdsworth
(Mrs. Lee-Hamilton),

whose new novel "Dame Verona of the Angels" (Methuen) is reviewed on page 306.

"The House of Windows," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, is a story of Canadian life that Messrs. Cassell are publishing. Miss Mackay is well known as a contributor of short stories to the Canadian magazines, and in 1904 she published a volume of verse, "Between the Lights," that met with an unusually favourable reception. She was the first President, and is now Vice-President (representing British Columbia) of the Canadian Women's Press Club.



Miss Isabel
Ecclestone
Mackay.

Messrs. Dent are publishing at the end of this month "Famous London Houses," by A. St. John Adcock. It contains chapters on Some Celebrated Cockneys, on Shakespeare in London, describes the personalities of certain great authors and artists, and tells the story of so much of their lives as was passed in existing London houses that they once occupied. The volume is illustrated with portraits and with seventy-four drawings by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

Mr. James Baker is at work upon a new book about Austria, that is to be illustrated in colour by Mr. Donald Maxwell. The two-shilling edition of Mr. Baker's novels that Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing has reached its fourth volume, the fourth being "Mark Tillotson."

This month Messrs. Constable will commence the publication of a new quarterly to be called "Bedrock: A quarterly review of Scientific Thought." Its aim is to deal with all the greater problems of modern science in a manner both fundamentally scientific and that shall be generally interesting to the educated public. The contents of the first Number will include "The Value of a Logic of Method," by Professor J. Welton, M.A.; "Recent Researches on Alcoholism," by G. Archibald Reid, M.B., F.I.S.E.; "Darwin and Bergson as Interpreters of Evolution," by E. W. Poulton, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.; "Social and Sexual Evolution," by the Hermit of Prague; Notes on Current Research, etc., etc.

Another new quarterly that has published a first Number is "History: A Quarterly Magazine for the

Student and the Expert." It purposes to do for the student and the teacher what the English and the Scottish *Historical Reviews* do for the scholar of ripe erudition, and among its contents are articles on "John Stow and London Life in the Reign of Elizabeth," by C. L. Kingsford, M.A.; "Significant History for the Upper Standards," by Frank J. Adkins, M.A.; "The Place of History in Education," by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., I.L.D.; "The Relations of History and Geography," by Professor Ramsay Muir, M.A.; "Norway's German Problem," by Harold F. B. Wheeler, etc.

Mr. John Long asks us to contradict very emphatically a rumour he keeps meeting in the publishing world to the effect that he contemplates retiring from business. The recent important changes that have been made in his publishing staff may, he thinks, have given rise to this misunderstanding. Though Mr. Long has been actively engaged in publishing for nearly thirty years, he is still on the right side of fifty, and has no inclination yet to rest on his laurels. He has a sound constitution, is as full of vigour as ever, and we agree with him in thinking that a glance at his photograph should reassure anybody who fancies he may be fading and feeling delicate.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. John Long.



Miss Gwendolen Pryce.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing a new novel "A Long Shadow," by Miss Gwendolen Pryce, that tells the story of the long shadow which, according to the proverb, "a little man may cast," and how it affected the lives of the people who came under its influence. Miss Pryce writes of Wales and the Welsh with a first hand knowledge of her subject. She is the

daughter of a Welsh clergyman and was brought up, one of a large family, in a remote rural district. She and her four sisters all played stringed instruments, all wrote, or tried to write, all rode and swam and climbed, and in holiday time she and her brother would wander about together amusing themselves with helping or hindering in the village workshops, or spending one day at the heels of the gamekeeper, and the next with a poacher who was out fishing or rabbiting, and the next perhaps lounging and sharing the sailors meals aboard some smack that was anchored in the bay, and something of all these early impressions and experiences Miss Pryce has set herself to recapture in this latest book of hers.

Messrs. Jack issued a day or two ago the first twelve volumes in a new and important series that they are calling "The People's Books." The series is to cover science, history, philosophy, religion, social and economic questions and general literature, each book being specially written for it from a popular standpoint by authors who are recognised authorities on the subjects they will undertake. We hope to deal adequately with these and with the latest additions to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's admirable Home University Library next month.

Thirty-nine further volumes have just been added to Messrs. Dent's valuable Everyman's Library, bringing the total number of volumes up to six hundred. The new thirty-nine are an excellent selection, and everybody will particularly welcome among them "Froude's History of Queen Elizabeth's Reign"; "Piers Plowman"; Mr. Canton's "Invisible Playmate", W. V. "Her Book", and "In Memory of W.V."; "Tolstoi's Childhood, Boyhood and Youth"; Morris's "Life and Death of Jason"; "Stow's Survey of London"; "Lives of Mazzini, Constable, and Mozart"; "Dryden's Dramatic Essays"; and "Whitman's Leaves of Grass and Democratic Vistas."

In the "Autobiography of Boswell," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has developed an interesting theory as to the origin of Johnson's "Life"

Mr E. H. Visiak has turned from smugglers and salt-water heroes in a new volume that Mr Elkin Mathews is publishing, and has joined that growing company of latter-day poets who find their inspiration in poverty and the drab lives of the city. His book is called "The Slum-Child and other Poems," and will contain an introduction by Mr W. H. Helm

Messrs. Mills & Boon have just published a new novel by Mrs Stanley Wrench, "Ruth of the Rowld-rich," a story of conflict between love and ambition between the quiet life among her own people in the country, and the call of London and the charm of the literary life as it is lived in town. Mrs Stanley Wrench has written a good many stories for the magazines in collaboration with her husband and they are now collaborating in the first novel they have written together, and expect to have it ready for publication this autumn.



Photo by G. C. Beresford

Miss Margaret Legge.

Author of "A Semi-Detached Marriage," which Messrs. Alston Rivers are publishing this month.



Photo by G. C. Beresford

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wrench.

Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing a book on "The Italians of To-Day," by Mr Richard Bagot. Few Englishmen know more of Italy as it is than Mr Bagot, and he devotes himself in his new work to describing the home life of all classes of the Italian community and refuting and, we understand, disproving the charges of inhumanity that have been brought against the Italian troops in Tripoli.

Mr Oliver Onions has completed a new novel, "In Accordance with the Evidence," which will be published this month by Mr Martin Seeker.

An important book of particular interest just now is one that Mr Andrew Melrose is publishing this spring on "Germany and the German Emperor," by Mr G. H. Perris. It offers a close study of German character, and a strong indictment of the temperament and aims of the Kaiser as they are reflected in his famous World Policy.

Every month almost brings us some new book about London, and still the subject remains unexhausted. We look forward with especial anticipations of pleasure to Mr Chancellor Beresford's "Annals of Fleet Street," that Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing next week.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce a new novel by Margarete Böhme, whose previous book, "The Diary of a Lost One," has already sold over a hundred and fifty thousand copies and been translated into every European language. Her new romance, "The Department Store: A Novel of To-day," deals realistically with life in the modern emporium—the huge stores that have become such prominent features in all modern cities. The author's first aim has been to tell a living and interesting story, and incidentally to reveal the effects that life in these department stores has on the assistants who work in them and the public who shop there. Margarete Feddersen was born and spent her early youth at Husum, in Holstein. Her first husband was Mr. Böhme; later she married Mr. Schultze, a large manufacturer. For many years she made her home in the Rhine district, but for the last ten years she has settled down in Berlin,



Margarete Böhme.

where her books have been written.

Our photograph of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald last month was taken by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, and is their copyright. We regret that we did not know this in time to make due acknowledgment under the portrait.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Smith Elder & Co. with whose kind permission we have been able to reproduce many of the interesting drawings that illustrate our article on Lady Thackeray Ritchie.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Eveleigh Nash, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Messrs. Appleton, Messrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., and Messrs. Greening.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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THE READER.

LADY THACKERAY RITCHIE.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

A PART from all other considerations, concerning which I shall presently have something to say, Lady Ritchie has, as a daughter of Thackeray, a boundless claim upon our regard, nay, upon our affection. Even when speaking of the novelist in connection with his family, it would be affectation to write Mr. Thackeray : as well talk of Mr. Henry Fielding, and say His Worship wrote a story called "Tom Jones." Thackeray has taken his place in our hearts, not only as a writer, but as a man. We love the man, and such is his fascination that we cannot but love, even though we may never have seen them, those whom he loved. One of those "little girls" of his, to whom he was so devoted, has gone from us, and so Lady Ritchie has the double portion of the world's regard as the sole surviving daughter of him who was so much honoured in his lifetime, and whose memory it is our privilege, as it is our pleasure and our duty, to admire and respect to-day. To those versed in his works and in the story of his life, so admirably narrated in a series of Biographical Introductions by Lady Ritchie, there is always a touch of pathos when, at the occasional dinners of the Titmarsh Club, founded in his honour, the company, members and guests alike, rise, at the bidding of the chairman of the evening, to drink in silence to "The Immortal Memory of William Makepeace Thackeray."

"My father lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges," Lady Ritchie has written in one of the three volumes from which we may glean

some auto-biographical material.* One of her earliest memories was the second funeral of Napoleon, her vague recollection of which she recorded in her happiest vein :

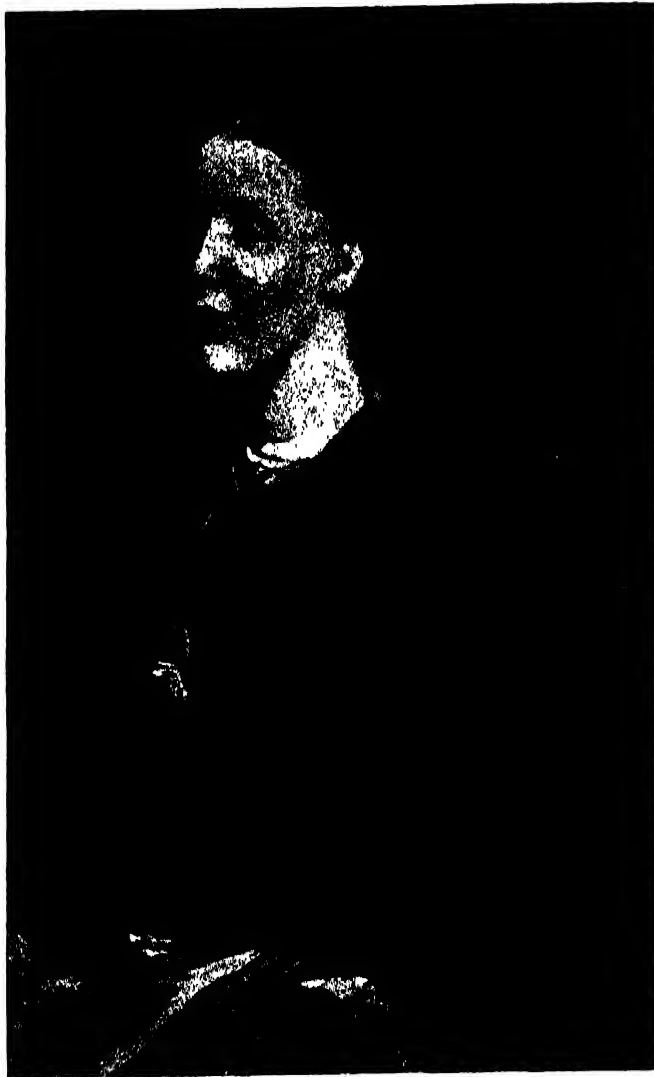
"I began life at four or five years old as a fervent Napoleonist. The great Emperor had not been dead a quarter of a century when I was a little child. He was certainly alive in the hearts of the French people and of the children growing up among them. Influenced by the cook, we adored his memory, and the *concierge* had a clock with a laurel wreath which for some reason kindled all our enthusiasm.

"As a baby, holding my father's finger I had stared at the second funeral of Napoleon sweeping up the great roadway of the Champs Elysées. The ground was white with new fallen snow, and I had never seen snow before ; it seemed to me to be a part of the funeral ; a mighty pall indeed, spread for the obseques of so great a warrior. It was the snow I thought about, though I looked with awe at the black and glittering carriages which came up like ships sailing past us, noiselessly one by one. They frightened me, for I thought there was a dead emperor in each. This weird procession gave a strange importance to the memory of the great Emperor, and also to the little marble statuette of him on the nursery chimney-piece. It stood with folded arms con-

templating the decadence of France, black and silent and reproachful."

Lady Ritchie remembers seeing the Iron Duke in the street, and being told a story by Lord Palmerston. At a very early age she was taken to Chopin's room and heard him play a piece he had just composed ;

* "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning" (Macmillan), 1892. "Chapters from some Memoirs" (Macmillan), 1894. "Blackstick Papers" (Smith, Elder & Co.), 1908.

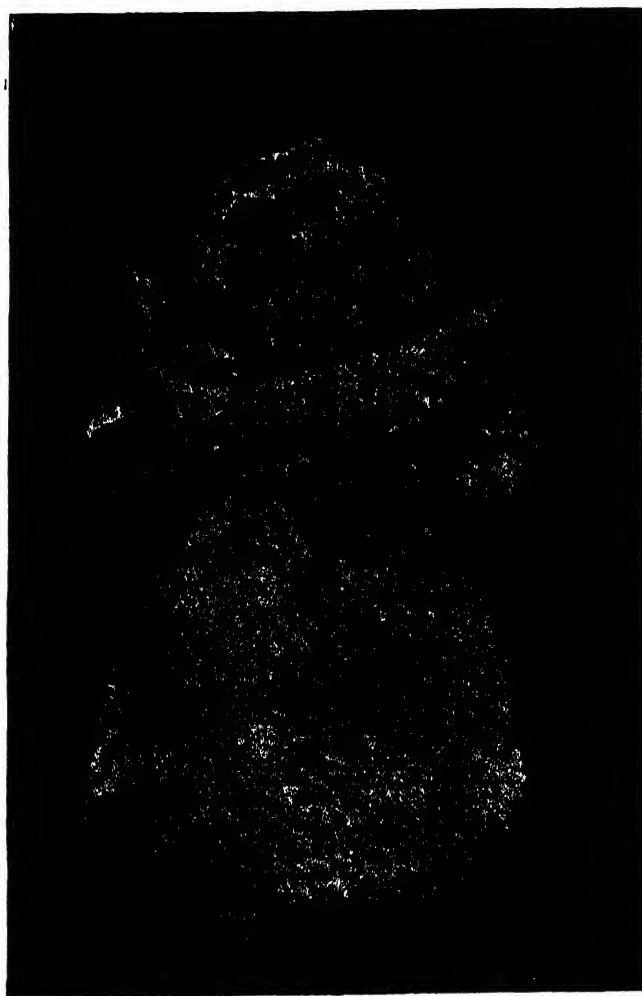


Lady Thackeray, Ritchie.

After the Painting by G. F. Watts in 1864-5.

Louis Philippe was pointed out to her at Paris, and with Leigh Hunt and Trelawny she could boast acquaintance, as well as with that inimitable Victorian buck D'Orsay. Rogers she found one day when she went with her father to Mrs Procter's—'he was like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed.' As a child she was frequently at Dickens's house, and she has recorded a very pretty incident that occurred at one of the parties there at which she was present.

'Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and as I have said everything seemed altogether magnificent and important more magnificent



**Lady Anne Thackeray Ritchie.
Age 6 months.**

The drawing made by W. M. Thackeray at Great Corn Street

and important every minute, as the evening went on, and more and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded and the broad staircase was lined with little boys—thousands of little boys whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise and shouting and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others, then came a third final ringing cheer, and someone went up to him—it was Mr Dickens himself who laughed and said quietly 'That is for you!' and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles and nodded gravely to the little boys."

Lady Ritchie, of course, knew all the members of her father's set, the Carlyles, Lord Houghton, the Theodore



"Father and Little Girl,"

Lady Ritchie and W. M. Thackeray.

A sketch made by Thackeray about 1840

From "The Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works" With Prefaces by Lady Ritchie (Smith, Elder.)

Martins the Brookfields, Fanny Kemble, Mrs Sartoris, Landseer, Watts, Millar, Cattermole, Leslie, Ruskin, the Tennysons, the Brownings, dear old Fitz' and how many more? She has given to the world some "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning" and in this book there is an excellent picture of Mrs. Browning.

To the writer's own particular taste there will never be any more delightful person than the simple minded woman of the world who has seen enough to know what its price is, all worth who is sure enough of her position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made on me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the recollection of the peaceful home, of the fireside



Lady Ritchie and her younger sister.

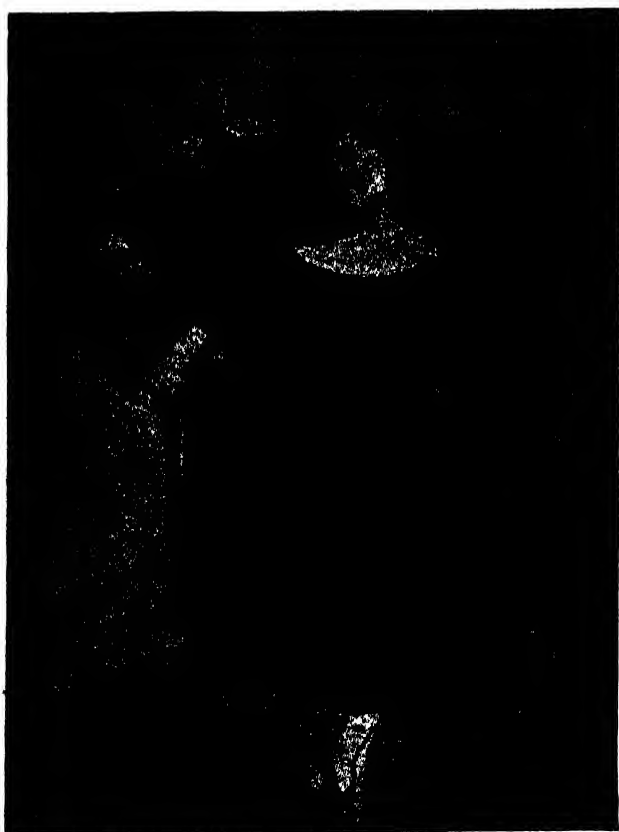
A sketch by Thackeray for *Punch* "Horrid Tragedy in Private Life," Feb 6th, 1847

From "The Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works" With Prefaces by Lady Ritchie (Smith, Elder.)

**W. M. Thackeray.**

From the painting by Samuel Laurence, in the National Portrait Gallery

where the logs are burning, while the lady of that kind hearth is established in her safe corner, with her little boy curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting meanwhile to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The house seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest and peace in her sitting room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in

**Lady Anne Thackeray Ritchie.**

From a water-colour painted by W. M. Thackeray, at Young Street, Kensington.

London once more, she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its thin black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny inkstand, the quill-nibbed pen—the unpretentious implements of her magic. 'She was a little woman; she liked little things,' Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books—the spirited domination and inspired commonsense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of those visions Mrs. Browning rarely spoke, she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes."

Has anyone given a better insight into the poet's character in fewer words?

**The Amanuensis.**

Portrait of Lady Ritchie, aged about 18, at 36, Onslow Square. From the water-colour drawing by her father.

From "The Century Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works." With Prefaces by Lady Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Leech was a friend of the novelist, and Lady Ritchie remembers how one day she met her father in the Kensington Road, walking towards Palace Green, carrying two blue Dutch pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken from his own study. "I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece," he told her; and somewhat to the girl's disappointment, for Thackeray was always giving away his china, a satisfactory place was found for them in Leech's house. Most amusing of all Lady Ritchie's recollections is that concerned with the great occasion when Charlotte Brontë went to dine at Young Street. It was an interesting gathering Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Crowe, the Carlyles, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Procter and her daughter. The dinner was very dull, the guests rarely spoke, the host became more and more depressed, until, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room,

**"Waiting for Papa."**

Drawn by Fred Walker.

From "Five Old Friends," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Thackeray slipped away to the club, leaving the party to disperse when and how it would.

At least as interesting as anything Lady Ritchie has given us, are her recollections of her father. Her introductions to the Centenary Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works are very valuable, and contain many of his hitherto unpublished letters and drawings, and no student of Thackeray can complete his education without

these twenty-six volumes. But even more intimate are the few references to Thackeray in the "Chapters from Some Memoirs." Shall we ever have the complete memoirs? we feel impelled to ask, hoping that the question may some day not far off be answered in the affirmative. We like to read of the travels of Thackeray with his daughters; of their stay at Berne in the summer of 1853, when walking with them in some woods he strayed from

**Beamish and Catherine.**

Drawn by Fred Walker.

From "The Village on the Cliff," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

them, and, returning, told them how the story of "The Newcomes" had been revealed to him; of the visit in their company to Weimar—the Pumpernickel of "Vanity Fair," where the great man had studied as a youth, had learnt German, had been received by "grand old Goethe" and had fallen in love with the beautiful Amalia von X—which last incident has duly been recorded by the Titmarshian autobiographer, George Savage Fitz-Boodle happy months before the shadows of the sadness of life had fallen on the novelist. On that later visit Thackeray was pleased to find that some of the sketches he had made for children so many years earlier had been preserved and treasured, and delighted to meet in the street his old tutor, Dr. Weissenborne and to find himself remembered by Madame von Goethe. He pointed out to his girls the house where Amalia had lived and at Venice, a year or so later, actually saw the lady again.

"We were breakfasting (Lady Ritchie has written) at a long table where a fat lady also sat a little way off, with a pale fat little boy beside her. She was stout, she was dressed in light green, she was silent, she was eating an egg. The *sala* of the great marble hall was shaded from the blaze of sunshine, but stray gleams shot across the dim hall, falling on the palms and the orange trees beyond the lady, who gravely shifted her place as the sunlight dazzled her. Our own meal was also spread and my sister and I were only waiting for my father to begin. He came in presently saying he had been looking at the guest-book in the outer hall, and he had seen a name which interested him very much. 'Frau von Z. geboren von X. It must be Amalia! She must be here in the hotel,' he said, and as he spoke he asked a waiter whether Madame von Z. was still in the hotel. 'I believe that is Madame von Z.' said the waiter, pointing to the fat lady. The lady looked up and then went on with her egg and my poor father turned away, saying in a low, overwhelmed voice, 'That Amalia! That



By courtesy of the American Bookman

Lady Thackeray Ritchie in 1894.

*the dimly lit bow window which amid
branches of sweet smoke old Japanese
opened to the long garden with the
acacia tree & the old mulberry tree
dropping its crimson fruit upon the
gravel. Janie Warren who was a well
loved her cockney home as girls do love
their homes - She liked the sound of
the rolling carts & carriages as some
people love the sound of the sea, here
each wave was a little effort
she could almost recognise the voices
in the street under her window &
the the she knew the morning steps
of the little school children. Running
fast, the early noise of the workmen
on their way. There was a cricket
which and to keep very early in the
after morning & which late at night
was a choir.*

Facsimile page of Manuscript of a yet unpublished story by Lady Thackeray Ritchie.

cannot be Amalia. I could not understand his silence his discomposure. 'Aren't you going to speak to her? Oh please do go and speak to her!' we both cried. 'Do make sure if it is Amalia. But he shook his head. 'I can't,' he said, 'I had rather not.' Amalia meanwhile having finished her egg, rose deliberately, put down her napkin and walked away followed by her little boy."

We have graphic pictures of Thackeray driving with his mother and daughters to deliver his first lecture on "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," very nervous and making little jokes to reassure the dear ones accompanying him, of how he began in a voice that sounded strange to those who knew him, and how he soon got into his stride and spoke in the familiar tones; of how presently a "proud and happy look of light and relief" came into his mother's eyes, of how the people crowded round to congratulate him, and of the return home when the lecture delivered and the success assured the nervousness had given place to happiness—"Jackson made the horses gallop, and my father laughed and made real jokes, without any effort, and we laughed and enjoyed every jolt and turning, on the way home." We read of Thackeray's trips to America to read "The English Humourists" and "The Four Georges," and the sad hearts he left



**Lady Ritchie and her Grandchildren,
(the children of Mrs. Denis Ritchie.)**

(Specially taken for *The Bookman*.)

behind him. Perhaps the best passage in all Lady Ritchie's book is that in which she describes her father's return from his first visit to the United States.

I can still remember sitting with my grandparents expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front-door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it and there we stood until a second and much louder ringing brought us to our senses. 'Why didn't you open the door?' said my father stepping in looking well, broad and upright laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all."

Fashions in fiction change as in lace and lingerie. What is food for one generation is poison to another. An author admired in one decade, is unread in the next, and forgotten in the third—unless he is a supreme master of his craft when he will certainly be remembered and almost as certainly not read beyond the circle of the cultured. In an age when Lever is entirely neglected, Lytton pronounced 'fustian', Disraeli unopened, Trollope voted dull, and Thackeray himself more discussed than perused, it may be that Lady Ritchie's audience, though fit, is small in numbers. Yet as there

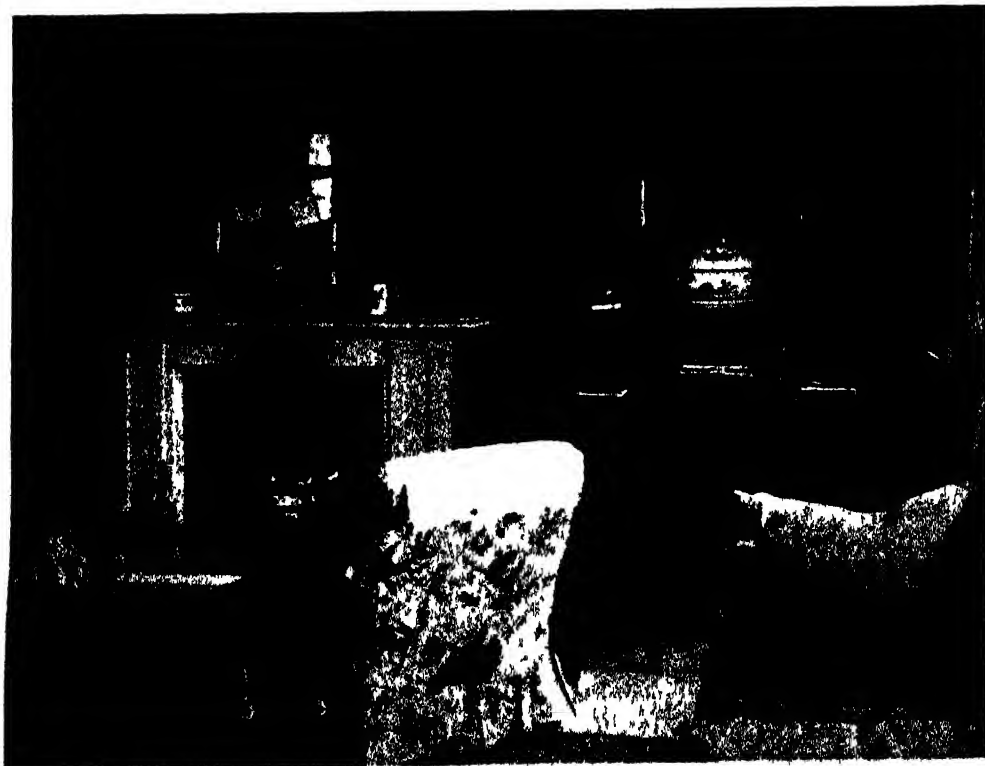
are still some who turn with pleasure to the Victorian writers, finding in them a certain breadth not discernible in the work of most novelists of to-day, so many, no doubt, still take down from the shelf "Old Kensington" and its companion volumes,* and re-read the stories with appreciation. The Miss Thackeray of the novels, as she was known in the 'Seventies has many merits. She writes simply indeed, but well, and her style is worthy of high praise. Sometimes, indeed we come across a passage that suggests the influence of her father's writings.

'As I write out what my father's hand has written my gossip is hushed and seems to me like the lamp smoke in the old drawing room compared to the light of the

summer's night in the street outside.

There we hear the cadences of the author of "Denis Duval" whose voice may also be distinguished in an occasional aside.

* "Miss Thackeray's Works." Uniform Edition. 10 Vols. 6s. each. (Smith Elder & Co.) (1) Old Kensington (2) The Village on the Cliff (3) Five Old Friends and a Young Prince (4) To Esther and other sketches (5) Bluebeard's Keys and other stories (6) The Story of Elizabeth, Two Hours, From an Island (7) Lovers and Spinners and other Essays (8) Miss Angel, Fulham Lawn (9) Miss Williamson's Divagations (10) Mrs. Dymond.



Drawing room of No. 109 St. George's Square, S.W., showing Lady Ritchie's writing table before Laurence's portrait of her father.

(Specially taken for *The Bookman*.)



Drawn by Arthur Hughes.

"Come in, come in, Monsieur le Colonel!" says Madame hospitably. "Come and see my son's work."

From "Mrs Dymond," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie.
(Smith, Elder.)

"If George Vanborough were only more like his own brothers, there would be something to be done with him," thought honest John, as those young gentlemen's bullet-heads passed the window where the pupil and his preceptor were at work. If only—there would be a strange monotony, I fancy, if all the 'if onlys' could be realised, and we had the moulding of one another, and pastors and masters could turn assenting pupils out by the gross like the little chalk rabbits Italian boys carry about for sale."

Yet one more example of Lady Ritchie's style must be allowed—the description from "Old Kensington" of the parish church:

"Last year only, the old church was standing, in its iron cage at the junction of the thoroughfares. . . . There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging over the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after-life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes."

"Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of the tears as they fell—old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present—of distances immeasurable—of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence,

'Prepare your glad voices,
Let Hisrael rejoice,'

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woollen knots to their fustian caps rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times, thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one



Drawn by Arthur Hughes.

"Blanche springing free once more, shook all her beautiful sunshine of hair in a glistening mist over her shoulders."

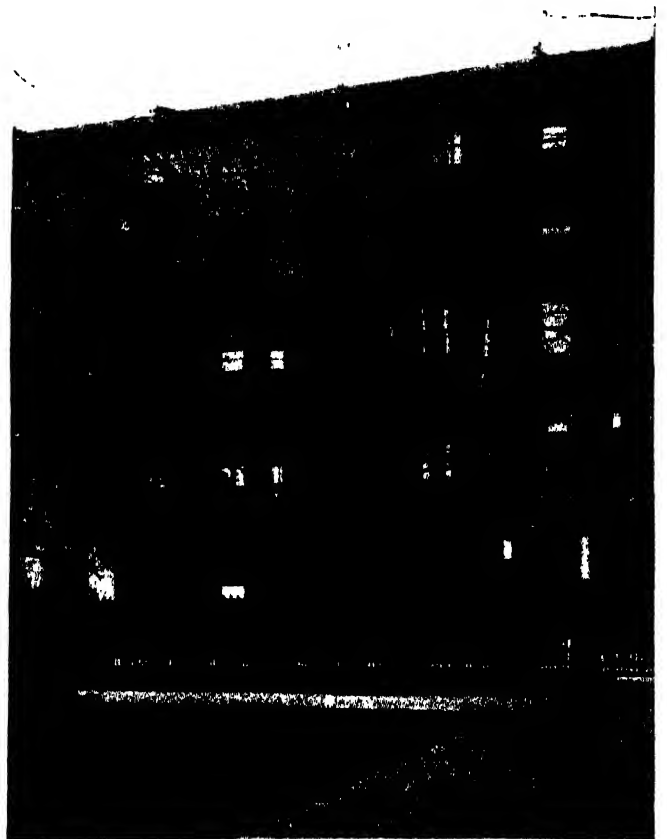
From "Bluebeard's Keys," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie.
(Smith, Elder.)

another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists."

Lady Ritchie, however, is no mere imitator of that gifted novelist, in spite of these accidental resemblances. With William Allingham, she has said to herself:

"Like myself, however small,
Like myself, or not at all,"

and she has retained through all her works the individuality that happily is hers. If she is not strikingly virile, at least her power of character-drawing is undeniable. She has the rare power of being able to create atmosphere; she has, in a marked degree, the great indefinable gift of a sweet, gentle, loving charm.



**No. 109, St. George's Square, S.W.,
Lady Ritchie's residence.**

(Specially taken for *The Bookman*.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original fable, in about a hundred and fifty words, after the manner of Æsop, dealing with any current topic of general interest.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following :

A LIKELY STORY. BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN.
(Heinemann.)

"It was the Cat!"

W. S. GILBERT, H.M.S. *Pinafore*.

We also select for printing :

MAIDS' MONEY. BY MRS. H. DUDENEY.
(Heinemann.)

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Charles Powell, "Dovedale," Victoria Park, Manchester.)

THE IMPOSSIBLE IDEAL. BY WILL WESTRUP.
(Alston Rivers.)

"I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I can spend."

O. WENDELL HOLMES.

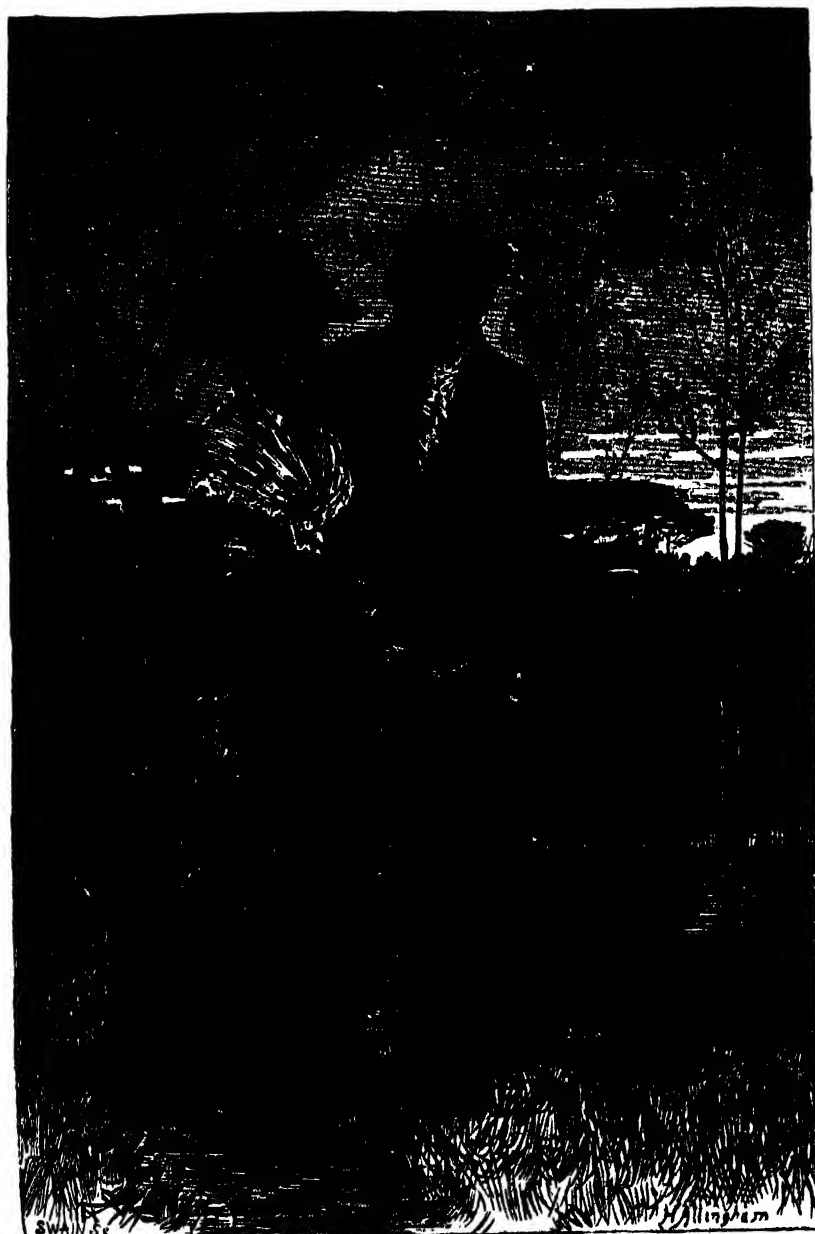
(Miss E. D. Morton, "Hillside," Walmer.)

A MELODY IN SILVER. BY KEENE ABBOTT.
(Putnam.)

"Sing a song o' sixpence."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Miss M. R. Davies, 8, Duddingston Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.)



Drawn by H. Allingham.

"He put his arm round her as he spoke
and she let her hand fall into his."

From "Miss Angel," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

THE DEBTOR. MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS.
"My apprehensions come in crowds."
WORDSWORTH, *Affliction of Margaret*.

(Daisy H. Badland, 385, Middlewood Road,
Hillsboro', Sheffield.)

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD. BY MAUDE LITTLE.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"Man wants but little here below."

("Mary Macfadyen," c/o Sinclair, 396,
Shields Road Pollokshields, Glasgow;
and A. S. Hearn, "Dubrae," Boveney
Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.).

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE CELTIC
RACE. T. W. ROLLESTON. (Harrap.)

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief!"

Old Song.

(Miss Hilda Hurlbert, 4, George Street,
Hanover Square, London, W.).

THE OLD WIVES TALE. BY ARNOLD
BENNETT. (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.)

"But I go on for ever."

TENNYSON, *The Brook*.

(Dora A. Bannister, 1, Irene Place,
Blackburn.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS
for the best Alphabet concerning
itself with the personality and work
of any well-known living author is
awarded to Miss A. ELEANOR
PINNINGTON, of 25, Wellington
Road, Brighton, for the following:

A is an Author, and Kipling his name,
B is the Books that have brought him to fame;
C for the Critics who said many things,
D for the Ditties he skillfully sings,
E for the East with its smiles and its frowns;
F for the Faeries who people the Downs,
G, Gloriana who danced through her shoes,
H for the History which all schools should use,
I for India he has made known to the West,
J for the Jungle—the beasts know it best,
K for King-Emperor whom India has hailed,
L for the Light that so dismally failed,
M for the white Man whose burden is grave,
N for the Native who is not a slave,
O for the Oiler the liner's going still,
P is for Puck who inhabits Pook's Hill,
Q is for Quetta and what Jack Barrett met;
R the Recessional—"Lest we forget—"
S is for Stalky and also for Slang,
T for the Tommies who laughed and who sang,
U is for Ung and the story he told,
V for Victoria, Empress of Gold
W the Work that will meet us each day,
X for the hat-passers, ready to pay,
Y the Yabu and equestrian pride,
Z the Zenanas and all that they hide.

This competition was very popular, and we specially
commend the ALPHABETS of Isabel Davies (Pembroke
Dock), Dorothy Gull (Appledore), J. Richard Ellaway
(Basingstoke), Muriel D. Brooke (Sudbury, Suffolk),
Miss M. Hurlbert (Chester), Miss E. M. P. Daniell
(Wandsworth), Olivia Connolly (Brockley), Geoffrey C.
Foster (Upper Norwood), S. A. Doody (Boscombe),
Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Albert Fuller (Cardiff),
S. Poultny (Ulverston), Miss Dease (Coole, Westmeath),
Richard Goodfellow (Dublin), Nina Coppinger (Wimble-
don), Florence Snelling (Sidcup), Miss E. T. Heimber
(Worthing), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone, Dart-
ford), Miss Vane-Thomas (Rotherfield), Mary G. Patter-
son (Upper Norwood), Hilda M. Dowden (Rathgar,
Dublin), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Miss Watson
(Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mrs. Ernest Jackson (Erdington,



Drawn by G. D. Leslie

Under the Rustic Porch.

From "Old Kensington," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Birmingham), Gertrude Leslie (Jesmond, Newcastle-on-
Tyne), Herbert H. Stansfield (Witnesham, Suffolk),
Charles Adams (Devizes), Elsie Barnes (Sheffield),
Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Edith M. Walls (Batley),
Mary Constance Fowler (Epsom), Emily Kingston (Men-
tone), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Frank Day (South
Hackney), Hilda McKeague (Ballymoney, Co. Antrim),
Bernard Poultny (Ulverston), Ruth Goodwin (Clapham),
Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), M. A. Newman (Bading-
ham, Suffolk), L. Welby (Shanklin, I.W.), A. R. Williams
(Worcester), Robert Sinclair (Glasgow), Samuel Henry
Bastard (Glasgow), Rev. T. Hern (Rowlands Castle),
Margery Wilkins (Utttoxeter), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow),
A. J. Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), M. A. Mavor (Glasgow),
Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Florence E. Briggs (Crown
Hill, Devon), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Miss B. O.
Anderson (Scarborough), Marion M. Orr (Rutherglen,
N.B.), Flora Bacot (Worthing), Miss E. C. Rhodes
(Harrogate), W. M. Appleby (Southend-on-Sea), Dora A.
Bannister (Blackburn), Miss B. R. M. Hetherington
(Carlisle).

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. J. B. FOULKES, of Daisy Hill, Mill Brow, Mellor, Derbyshire, for the following :

THE DRUNKARD. BY GUY THORNE. (Greening & Co.)

The main interest of this grim story centres round the personality of the poet, Gilbert Lothian, and the struggle within him, between his better self and his hereditary craving for drink. Each successive step in his downward course is remorselessly related; his very soul seems to be laid bare before us, until he, slowly but surely, sinks into the abyss of despair, which inevitably leads on to the final tragedy. The book is hardly elevating, yet is strangely fascinating, giving us a powerful portrayal of one of the worst, and most pitiful, sides of human life.

Other good reviews received are :

ZULEIKA DOBSON. BY MAX BEERBOHM.

(William Heinemann.)

Zuleika is unique! We do not wonder that she enslaved, not only all the undergraduates, but even that superb person, the Duke of Dorset. It is in him, doomed to an early death by the appearance of the fatal and prophetic owls, that all our sympathy centres. In this story we meet many old friends. Do we not all know the person who says "I don't know about music really, but I know what I like," and who "is never tired of saying it." It is a splendid and classic skit, full of breathless melodrama and remorseless satire.

(Miss E. Moore, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.)



Drawn by Fred Walker.

"Horatia's First Visit."

From "To Esther" by Lady Thackeray Ritchie (Smith, Elder.)

CARNIVAL. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.

(Martin Secker, 6s.)

Jennie is the daintiest "rogue in porcelain," and two-thirds of her story are so good and so true, that, when her creator marries her preposterously and slaughters her atrociously, we are compelled to believe him, however resentfully, yet he is forgiven through the reality of his characters, his humour, his Fragonard paintings—Jennie dancing under the plane-tree, Jennie in the studio, Jennie with her baby in the orchard, and a dozen besides; and the most faithful description of stage-life in fiction. Admirable restraint of the author, who makes his heroine a beautiful dancer, yet keeps her in the *corps-de-ballet*!

(Gertrude Pitt, 31, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE. BY FRANK HARRIS.

(Methuen.)

Many people would have turned this subject into a dead-weight, but Mr. Harris has decked it forth with infinite fascination. Doggedly determined, he rides into the field with the same clarion-call: that we owe Shakespeare's greatest to Mary Fitton. He may or may not be correct, for his contentions can have no fixed foundation-stone; it is all too remote. But, indirectly, Mr. Harris makes two facts surer: first, that brilliant arguments can render most things colourable; second, that he is endowed with a very fine discernment for style—which may at all events prove much to its possessor!

(Miss Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

A WILDERNESS OF MONKEYS. BY FREDERICK NIVEN.

(Martin Secker)

Bliss Henry is an author and a man of a delicate temperament—in fact, almost sexless in his idealism. He goes into the country to write a novel, and Mr. Niven's book is concerned with the impressions which the people of Solway make upon his sensitive nature, and the counter-effect of his idealism upon them. Personally, we think the irreclaimable coarseness of these country people a little overdrawn; nevertheless, the book is a faithful study of the temperamental shocks which an artist always experiences when brought in contact with vulgarity. We rank this with Mr. Niven's best work.

(Percy Huddy, "Thorncroft," Monk Road, Bishopston, Bristol.)

THE COURTIER STOOPS. J. H. YOXALL.

(Smith, Elder & Co.)

This story of Goethe and Christiane is told with distinction and charm, and has all the fascination of biography in the form of romance, the courtier of the title being Johann von Wolfgang easily recognisable as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. The personality of the great poet stands out very vividly and all the minor characters are well drawn. Forming a gloomy background we have the threatenings of the French Revolution, and all through the book sounds the horn of the mysterious stranger, who ride through Europe vainly trying to rouse the princes to a realisation of the approaching terror.

(G. M. Elwood, Abbey Park Road, Grimsby.)

STORIES IN GREY. BY BARRY PAIN.

(T. Werner Laurie.)

When an author who stands high in popular favour as humourist bids farewell to mirth and writes in different vein, he runs no little risk of tumbling, in familiar phrase, between two stools; admirers of comedy and tragedy alike neglecting him.

Mr. Barry Pain's "Stories in Grey" merit warm applause from all who enjoy a good short story thoroughly well told. Crisp and firm in style, vivid and picturesque in delineation of character, each of these stories grips the reader's attention from start to finish.

His latest book proves convincingly that Mr. Barry Pain is more than a humourist.

(R. B. Ince, 69, Belsize Park, London, N.W.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Margery Wilkins (Utttoxeter), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford, Kent), Elsie Boyd (Hatch End, Pinner), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), H. Elrington (Monkstown, Co. Dublin), Rose B. Frone (Southsea), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Emily Hunt (Llanfairtechan), M. A. Newman (Badingham, Suffolk), Thomas A. Walters (Ilkley), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Richard Goodfellow (Dublin), H. M. Creswell Paine (St. Austell), William F. Robinson (Impington, Cambridge), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London S.W.), Peter Macfadyen (Pollokshields, Glasgow), Mrs. Florence L. Payne (St. Austell), M. E. Heurtley (Oxford), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone, Durtford), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Dorothy R. Gull (Apple-



Drawn by Arthur Hughes.
 "One, two, three, four, five little cook boys, in white jackets, and caps, appear in a line with trays upon their heads."
 From "Toilers and Spinners," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

dore), Florence Snelling (Sidcup), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Mrs. Messenger (Coventry), H. K. Ormerod (Airdrie, N.B.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), L. Welby (Shanklin, I.W.), Mary Cleland (Paris), Mrs. John Gibbs (Shutford, Banbury), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Mrs. Mabel Knight (Bromley, Kent), Florence Karn (Gloucester), A. Miller (Leeds), Isabelle Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Hylda McKeague (Ballymoney, Co. Antrim), Kate E. Samuels (London, W.C.), Mrs. Butler (Westbury, Glos.), Edith Dolton (Newbury), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Irene Pollok Lalonde (Bath), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), and Miss M. G. Stewart (Oxford).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. S. J. MORRISON, of 72, Holker Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

AS I transcribe these titles of new books concerning very old English Catholic names, I am reminded of Anthony Froude's chapter on "England's Forgotten Worthies," and considering what the public now feasts upon by preference, I feel tempted to quote Persius, "Quis leget hæc?—Vel duo vel nemo." Who will turn aside from our problem novels and Divorce Court chronicles, our more or less doubtful revelations by foreign princesses of high life abroad, our sporting and sentimental stories which sell by the hundred thousand, to obscure episodes in the story of a remnant like the Catholics in this country when the nineteenth century was beginning? "Two or three, perhaps none at all," answers the Roman poet. "Milner, Lingard—who were they?" says the general reader, looking up from his Nat Gould or William Le Queux. To which I reply: "O general reader, listen. I will tell you a little about them, and you shall judge for yourself whether in the neighbourhood of such men there might not be lurking the romance of strong character and curious adventures. You know that there was once a French Revolution. Well, these Catholics were wrapt in its smoke and flame; the passionate fury of it drove them forward on undreamt-of paths; and they broke a way, reluctantly, almost unwittingly, for the votaries of the old, old Church into our democratic era—Milner on the line of political freedom, Lingard on the line of historical research. Is not that interesting?"

To me certainly it is. It would be, were I nothing else than a student of the great world-forces which are

engaged in shaping the future of mankind, and not otherwise troubled about religious disputes. Here is, in Thackeray's words, "the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages"; but, apparently, it is falling with an irretrievable crash, all its props taken away, the order of things where it held its place swept into Limbo, while atheism stalks abroad conquering every foe. At such a time, say the year 1799, when Pope Pius VI. was dying of forced journeys at Valence, it seemed impossible that the Roman Church could ever again fascinate and subdue the nations, or any large part of them. In England, especially, where a few thousands only survived who still clung to the ancient faith, what hope was there? Dispirited, divided, their houses of refuge on the Continent no longer open, themselves without a philosophy which might explain this "twilight of the Gods," English Catholics were the feeblest folk in Europe. They had neither resources nor leaders. Their seventeen peers and five hundred families of a certain rank did but represent a squadron in the Tory host, its lagging rear-guard; they were, as the French picturesquely describe it, "the vanquished of yesterday." On statesmen like Pitt or even Burke they must have made a shadowy impression as of some once great power now in its dotage. I cannot call to mind a single writer, much less a man of action, who at this time in the British Islands foresaw that religion would revive and its most dogmatic form acquire new strength, by direct consequence of the revolutionary attack upon it. One præternatural genius, Napoleon, was indeed reckoning on the Papacy to "crown the edifice" which he meant to rebuild from the foundation. Joseph de Maistre was

* (1) "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation (1803-1829)." Vols. I. and II. By Mgr. Bernard Ward, President of St. Edmund's College, Ware. 21s. net. (Longmans.)—(2) "Life and Letters of John Lingard." By Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. 12s. net. (Herbert and Daniel.)

already seeing in vision the Pope of 1870. And Chateaubriand was making his own the enchantments of Rousseau's magic style, by which he might persuade youth and women that Christianity held the secret of romance. But on this side of Dover cliffs neither statesmanship, nor vision, nor romance, could be discerned among Catholics.

Yet the beginnings of a new world lay hidden somewhere amid these ashes. Thousands of the Gallican clergy, exiled and suffering for religion's sake, touched the heart of England. The enfranchised Irish Catholics clamoured for the Emancipation which had been pledged, but not given, to them. The Penal Laws, holding all who would not, at least "occasionally," conform to Anglican usages apart from the State, had long been teaching Christians how they might live independent of it. In a more distant background might be seen a fresh kind of scholar and writer, Gibbon the chief, whose liberal curiosity was inspecting original sources and dictating history from them, not moved, at all events, by old prejudices. The problem for what is now termed the *Zeitgeist* was really this, and I would call the reader's attention to it—whether Catholicism should or should not play a leading part in the English-speaking countries of the future, that is to say, in four Continents? The *Zeitgeist* determined that it should; Emancipation was to be granted, establishment by the State made once for all impossible, an element of romantic piety infused into the High and Dry formalism dear to the eighteenth century, the Middle Ages brought to light with all their glories of architecture, liturgy, crusades, legends, poems, folk-lore, with saints and heroes, popes and monks and philosophers, now covered beneath mountains of lying and sophistry. Instruments must be created by this new morning's breath, such as O'Connell and Bishop Doyle in Ireland, Milner, Lingard, Digby, Pugin, Newman and the Tractarians, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, even Carlyle and the rebels against Adam Smith's

political economy, in England. "All these and more came flocking" to the reaction which none had foreseen—no, not Burke himself. How it has prospered we may judge on looking round at the British Empire and the United States. Under these two flags there are thirty-four millions of Catholics, with sacred hierarchies corresponding, monasticism triumphant, and the churches better filled than those of any other denomination, so far as we can tell by figures. And the Church of England is Catholicized; art has recovered its privileges.

In this most unexpected transformation-scene, the first English actors will not compare with De Maistre, Chateaubriand, or Lamennais (supreme artists, each and all); but they did their duty. Milner, whom De Quincey calls the "Papist of Winchester," and Newman styles the "chief luminary" of the period to Catholics, was a resolute fighter cast in the mould of Dr. Johnson. He wrote much and well; quarrelled on all sides, behaved with a truculence which got him the nickname of "The Mastiff," was utterly wanting in self-control, but did these three things which cannot be undone. He summed up the old standing quarrel between Rome and the Reformers in his "End of Controversy," a book well-named, for it is the last of its type on the Catholic side which covers the whole ground. He inaugurated by his "History of Winchester," and his chapel in that delightful city, the return to the Gothic or Pointed style, thus dominating the hundred years which followed of ecclesiastical building and restoration. I am not overlooking Goethe's enthusiasm for the Cathedral at Strassburg, or Scott's devotion to Melrose Abbey, or even Horace Walpole's dilettantism at Strawberry Hill. But I say that the truculent John Milner began the Gothic revival in this country, as a religious and practical enterprise. His last, which is also his greatest work, was blindly yet successfully to withstand the appointment of Catholic bishops by the Crown. For so doing he



Drawn by Fred Walker.

From "The Story of Elizabeth," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

On the top of the hill.



Drawn by Frank Dicksee.

"Tell me, Pauline, is your mother right?"

From "Miss Williamson's Divagations," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie (Smith Elder)

was rightly hailed as the "English Athanasius." When, by Milner's violent policy, the attempt at "establishing" the Catholic Church in these Islands came to naught, freedom with its far-reaching consequences won the day. It was the overthrow of a scheme which would have divided the clergy from their flocks and made religion a spoil for politicians.

Lingard is ever so much more attractive than Milner, and it will be a pity if he does not become familiar to the multitude, who would be charmed with him if they knew this smiling, gracious figure. He was emphatically a scholar and a gentleman. Of Lincolnshire descent and humble birth, he had been sent as a lad to the English College at Douai, famed for its long and heroic services to the persecuted brethren in whose interest it was founded. Lingard saw the stormy scenes of the Revolution, and one day was pursued by a yelling mob, intent on taking his life. Among the pioneers who led to the setting up of the great institution near Durham, known as Ushaw College, he maintains a distinguished remembrance by his teaching and scholarship. Handsome, refined, witty and affectionate, he would have been a great man at Oxford or Cambridge. But his lot was cast in obscure positions, amid the quarrels loud and sharp which have always broken out between small companies living in a Ghetto. With serene good temper, a fine sense of the ridiculous, and his constant studies, Lingard came out unscathed even from the assaults of Milner, who could keep the peace with nobody. Lingard's volumes on the Anglo-Saxon Church, begun to please himself, and controlled by first-hand evidence, denote the coming change in historical methods applied to the "Dark Ages." They can still be read. His polemical Tracts are no less effective than amusing. He lived in a pleasant country house at Hornby in Lancashire, the delight of his friends, idolized by his neighbour the

Anglican rector, writing prose and verse—Latin verse—and putting together his admirable, not to say epoch-making, "History of England." Deliberately, the author toned down the colour and warmth of his expression, as though he believed that the story of human events might be treated with the cold precision of science. Lingard is, on the whole, almost as accurate as Gibbon; the English, like the Roman "History," stands fire to this day. It demolished Hume's silken tapestry, in which the facts are woven to suit the weaver's idea of a picture. But, as in the not dissimilar example of Dr. Thirlwall's "Greece," a style so transparent and unimpassioned has hindered the popular success of a work which remains in its own department a standard. However, the old anti-Catholic legends, in presence of a witness who simply told the truth, could not any more claim assent. Had Lingard chosen with Macaulay, whose inaccuracies he lived to denounce, or with Froude, who was inaccuracy personified, to adopt the manner of an historical romance, he would be known to millions. Pope Leo XII., it is said with some show of reason, created him Cardinal *in petto*. He was offered various positions of trust, and might have been a bishop. But he was another kind of man, disliking to exercise rule. He lived to be eighty; and the gallery of British worthies that omits Lingard will be wanting in a charming portrait.

What shall I remark touching the authors of my three volumes? The "Life of Lingard" is copious and easy, without much effort to compass literary strokes. Monsignor Ward writes always with the utmost clearness; gives abundance of detail; is fair all round; no one who has not dealt with such thorny subjects can imagine to what a perfection of impartial judgment he attains. History at large requires to be composed from materials in this way brought together. And the Catholic Revival is a page that ought not to be passed over unread.

New Books.

LOGIC OLD AND NEW.*

There could hardly be a stronger contrast than that between the authors of two books on logic that have just appeared. Professor Adamson was steeped in the lore of logic and scholastic learning. At the time of his death, in fact, he was busy with a "History of Scholasticism." Dr. Mercier comes to his subject with no special training. In one of his footnotes he calls himself "a mere amateur," and on his penultimate page tells us "I pretend to no scholarship in Greek, to no scholastic learning." The qualifications that he claims "are ordinary common-sense, and a plentiful lack of reverence for authority in general, and for Greek philosophy in particular." Yet both books are excellent, each in its own way.

Professor Sorley has had the happy idea of republishing in book form the article on "Logic," contributed by Adamson to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It does not appear in the eleventh edition, and would thus have been lost as a living force in the teaching of logic in this country. Since it consists of a critical survey of the history of logical theory, and since there is no other book that deals with the subject from this point of view, the volume will be welcomed by all those who are concerned with the teaching of the subject. The title selected by Professor Sorley, "A Short History of Logic," accurately enough describes the book, though it contains also four important review articles: "Category," "Lotze's Logic," "Lotze's Metaphysic," "Bradley's Logic." These occupy 92 out of the whole 262 pages, but cannot be regarded as outside the scope of the work. They are really essential to a proper understanding of the later developments of logic, and show their learned author at his best.

Passing from the sympathetic treatment of the old logic and its modern developments as found in Adamson, we experience all the shock of a cold douche in the pages of Dr. Mercier. His condemnation leaves nothing to the imagination. "From traditional logic I differ in every principle and in every detail." Modern logic he confesses he does not understand. "I was prepared to welcome modern logic with open arms; but I soon found reason to despise it; for its exponents are either incapable of expressing themselves intelligibly, or they deliberately seek to impart to their writings a spurious air of profundity by the constant use of expressions that are unintelligible." In dealing with the laws of thought he quotes a passage from Bosanquet that it must be confessed has formed a stumbling block to many a student. But though unintelligible to a student it is not beyond the range of a sympathetic reader endowed with Dr. Mercier's powers. But the trouble is that he is not sympathetic. His temperament and training appear to be quite opposed to all the metaphysical subtleties that are so attractive to minds like Adamson's. It is not that Dr. Mercier is afraid of analysis, even minute analysis. The scheme that he suggests as a substitute for the traditional logic is at least as complicated as that which it seeks to supplant. In fact he suggests that even in the matter of "flat-traps to catch the unwary," the new logic may be able to do as well as the old. In his attack Dr. Mercier says all the things that intelligent University students have been in the habit of saying in private about the traditional logic, only he says them better, and what is more he follows up his destructive criticism with constructive work. He maintains that where traditional logic goes wrong is in confounding the *argumentum ex postulato* with the *argumentum in materia*, and in failing to refer to the purpose of the argument. His scheme is to pass from the logic based on mere consistency to a logic based upon experience. He seeks to pass from the narrow round of deducing formal consequences

from given premises, to the wider field of hunting for premises in order to reach empirical truth. So far from rejecting modal propositions as formal logic does, he regards them as the only kind worth considering. For mere inclusion or exclusion he substitutes relation, and thus replaces the copula by a *ratio*. His proposition is thus made up of the subject term, the object term and the ratio. A problem arises wherever any one of these three is lacking in a proposition. He has no place for the syllogism in his system, which is hardly surprising when he is able to adduce an example of sound reasoning that breaks every rule of the syllogism except one. Dr. Mercier's process of reaching truth he calls mediate induction. It consists in finding by an examination of our experience a general statement under which a given incomplete proposition may be legitimately placed, so that term for term the two may correspond. If the two agree in all the points *material to the argument* we are entitled to conclude that the missing term in the given incomplete proposition may be supplied from the homologous term in the general statement. In the process of mediate induction there are three elements: the general proposition under which the incomplete proposition is to be assimilated, this is the *premiss*; the incomplete proposition, this is the *datum*; the consequent inference, this is the *conclusion*. Dr. Mercier is very sensitive to any hint that this triple arrangement suggests the syllogism, and it must be admitted that he makes good the distinction on which he lays so much stress.

Justice cannot be done to such an important book in the space here available. The Canons of Inference, for example, would repay very careful analysis, especially in view of the author's claim that they cover all possible cases of fallacy. This and the other constructive sections of the book probably form the best of Dr. Mercier's contribution, though the general reader will probably find the destructive sections more entertaining, especially if he has ever been under examination in logic. A serious defect in the book is the lack of an index. This makes itself all the more felt since the author has a tendency to repetition that makes it difficult to refer back to a passage one has read. No complaint is made of the recurrent use of the same illustration in different connections; this is often really a merit. But some of the destructive parts recur more frequently than the needs of exposition justify. There is some confusion in the numbering of the Canons of Inference on page 263.

The book is thoroughly readable, eminently clear, and vigorously stimulating. The illustrations are specially worthy of praise, as they have the crowning merit of illustrations—they illustrate. The book leaves a curious impression on the mind, made up mainly of wonder whether we really have reached a turning point in the history of logic. We who have spent our lives under the thrall of the orthodox system are probably not the most impartial judges. It is to those who follow that Dr. Mercier's brilliant polemic will make its most hopeful appeal.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN OPIE.*

Spite of the fulness—the over-fulness perhaps—of the author's research, the text of this volume does not stir our imaginations respecting John Opie or even help us to accept him as a particularly remarkable personage. Happily, however, the book has fifty-one illustrations from photographs of Opie's works, and these are impressive enough.

John Opie was the son of a Cornish carpenter, and born in May, 1761. His early years were spent in his native village of Mithian, near Truro, where—so great was his

* "A Short History of Logic." By Robert Adamson. 5s. net. (William Blackwood & Sons.)—"A New Logic." By Charles Mercier. 10s. net. (William Heinemann.)

* "John Opie and His Circle." By Ada Earland. 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

father's opposition to his passion for drawing—"the boy was good for naught, could never make a wheelbarrow, was always gazing upon cats and staring folks in the vace"—he might have remained for the rest of his days had it not been for the opportune appearance in his life of a certain Dr. John Wolcot of Truro who provided the boy with brushes and paints and gave him lessons in using them. With Wolcot's appearance, the reader first touches the value and interest of the book. It is not remarkable in imaginative or literary quality, but it provides us with fresh detail of that eighteenth-century life removed by so much more than mere time from our own—that life in which, because every aristocrat was surrounded by his bevy of protégés, lesser men such as Wolcot were always on the look out for talent, or even for oddity, by which to bring themselves on to the stage of Society. Later, when Opie was established in London, and fashionable ladies had begun to crowd to his studio, someone suggested to Wolcot that his protégé should pay more attention to his appearance—"No," replied Wolcot, "No, you may depend on it in this wonder-gaping town, that all curiosity would cease if his hair were dressed and he looked like any other man; I shall keep him in this state for the next two years at least."

Wolcot's methods secured the end he desired. Very soon after Opie's arrival in London his lodgings, in Orange Court, became one of the haunts of the fashionable world. Coaches and sedan chairs crowded the narrow street, bringing the young Cornishman such visitors as the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Horace Walpole and his Misses Berry, Dr. Johnson's "little dunce" Miss Moncton, Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Montague "just removed to her fine new house at the corner of Portman Square built by Adams and decorated by Cipriani and Angeleka Kauttmann." He was received by George III. and Queen Charlotte and commissioned to paint a portrait of Mrs. Delany for the King. This painting hangs now at Hampton Court, but Opie's more beautiful treatment of the same sitter, in the emblematic frame for it designed by Horace Walpole, was bequeathed to our National Portrait Gallery in 1896 and is among the most beautiful of all his works.

It was a London with small likeness to our own through which the fashionable throng made its way to Orange Court. The streets were deep in mud, the kerbless footways were only wide enough for one (if the present-day Londoner wishes to experience the discomfort of this—even robbed of all its eighteenth century dangers—he has only to try the pavement in Chancery Lane, alongside Lincoln's Inn), foot-passengers were liable to be splashed with filth from the open drain in the road, from the windows above, and with oil from lamps hung outside houses and shops. "Highwaymen and footpads abounded and had the audacity to appear in town—little wonder that they should when the citizens had to rely for protection on watchmen apparently chosen for their decrepitude and senility. Then Lamb's Conduit fields were really green, and Islington and Hampstead pleasant country villages; once beyond Hyde Park the traveller looked to his pistols, and on Sunday evenings a bell was tolled at Kensington in order that visitors who were returning to the city might assemble and travel in company for mutual protection. In the same year that Opie came to London, Horace Walpole and Lady Browne, going in company to a soirée given by the Duchess of Montrose, near Twickenham Park, were robbed by a single



National Gallery

John Opie.

From "John Opie and his Circle," by Ada Eiland. (Hutchinson)

highwayman. Lady Browne's concern after the thief's departure throws a light on the frequency of these robberies; 'I am in terror lest he should return,' she said, 'for I have given him a purse with only bad money that I carry on purpose.'

Opie was elected Professor of Painting, in succession to Fuseli, at the Royal Academy in 1805, and two years later he delivered those now forgotten *Lectures on Painting* (last reprinted by Bohn in 1848) that were among the most arduous labours of his life. The volume before us gives interesting quotations from these—notably one on the methods and genius of Rembrandt. Opie died just before completing his forty-sixth year. He was buried, possibly more by his wife's determination than by public arrangement, in St. Paul's. In his early days Opie had prophesied to his sister that he should be buried there, and the funeral Mrs. Opie carried out was a rival to Reynolds's. The twenty-seven mourning coaches were followed by thirty carriages of noblemen and gentlemen; Benjamin West, Fuseli and Soane, Northcote and Beechey and Bourgeois, Flaxman and Henry Bone, Nolckens, Hoppner and Loutherbourn and J. M. W. Turner were all in attendance as Academicians.

M. STURGE GRETTON.

"THE ROWLEY POEMS."*

The poetical works of Chatterton have been frequently reprinted, and would be a very desirable addition to the deservedly popular series of poets published at the Clarendon Press, but instead of the complete poems a portion only of the Rowley Poems has now, for some inscrutable reason,

* "The Rowley Poems." By Thomas Chatterton. Edited by Maurice Hare. 5s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

been issued: the incomplete collection made by Tyrwhitt having been selected for reprinting. This appears scarcely fair to Chatterton, and somewhat misleading for the public. Tyrwhitt derived nearly all the pieces he was able to obtain from George Catcott, in whose handwriting they were, and these, it is well known, had been greatly revised and altered from the original MSS. received from Chatterton. Catcott evidently manipulated Chatterton's "Rowleys" with the idea of giving them what he deemed a more antique appearance; he doubled the "ms" and added a final "e" to the words, just as Scott and Percy did with their modern antiques. A fair example of the way Catcott's versions of the poems differed from other versions is shown by "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin," miscalled in the Tyrwhitt editions "Bristowe Tragedie," in the very first four-line stanza of which poem, as given by Tyrwhitt, there are ten discrepancies from the first edition published in 1772. Such differences invalidate the text of the whole volume. If the "Rowley" poems are not to be given in a modernised form, they should not be published until every available MS. and all authoritative sources of comparison have been collated, so as to furnish a faithful copy of what their author did write. The only possible reason, nowadays, for reprinting these compositions in their pseudo-antique orthography, is to show how differently Chatterton worked from the writers of the time he imputed them to, and, of course, this reason is nullified when they are issued with Catcott's and other persons' emendations. Naturally, to merely reprint from Tyrwhitt's, or any other obsolete edition, saves a great amount of labour, but it is not the right way to deal with these poems.

The chief features of the Rowley poems, features which not only conclusively prove their modernity, but display their author's genius, are the diversity and technical skill of their metrical forms. Warton, a poet and a capable critic of poetry, thoroughly demonstrated that Chatterton's artistic power, as displayed in his acknowledged poems, was equal to producing the Rowley works. Mr. Hare has little to say on the technique of these poems, beyond a quotation from Mr. Watts-Dunton's splendid essay on the subject, but goes out of his way to assert that in the modern or acknowledged poems by Chatterton "his imagination failed," and that "no one who has any appreciation of Rowley's poems will consider that the 'African Eclogues' are, for a moment, comparable with them." And yet these acknowledged pieces have received unstinted praise from poets, from Warton to Wordsworth, from Rossetti and from other authorities. Professor Skeat but voices the opinion of many predecessors by saying of the acknowledged poems: "We find in them many lines which are quite on a level with the Rowley standard. Malone was quite correct in saying that, had the African poems been written in the Rowleian dialect, and Rowley's 'Eclogues' in modern English, *no critic* could possibly have put a difference between Chatterton and Rowley."

In following his eighteenth-century predecessors by terming Chatterton a "forger," Mr. Hare does not manifest a just appreciation of the young poet. The real forgers were those men who manipulated and disfigured the Rowley poems. Chatterton's offence, if any, was passing his own works off under a pseudonym, as many an author has done. Who would think of accusing Mrs. Browning of forgery for publishing her own works as "Sonnets from the Portuguese"?

The biographical "Introduction" calls for little notice. It has been compiled from writers who have more or less unsuspectingly accepted as facts the fabrications ascribed to a "Mrs. Edkins" by "John Dix" in his book of 1837. It may be said of the poet, as presented to us by Mr. Hare, as Callet said of de Vigny's drama, he "*a écrit un roman et non une biographie. Ce Chatterton n'a rien de commun, excepté le nom, avec le poète de Bristol.*"

JOHN H. INGRAM.

LATER LETTERS OF DR. MARCUS DODS.*

The first volume of Dr. Dods's correspondence covered the early period of his life, when he was still a probationer of the Church. The middle period of twenty-five years, spent in Renfield Church, Glasgow, has yielded no letters which have been judged worth preservation. What this volume contains is a selection from his correspondence from 1895 to 1909, when his health was failing. Perhaps it is owing to this physical weakness and to his sense of loss after his wife's death in 1901, that the lights are low in some of these letters. To one correspondent he writes: "Prayer in the sense of asking for things has not been in my case a proved force. The things I have chiefly prayed for all my life I have not got. Communion with the highest and consideration of Christ are, of course, efficacious to some extent; but I pray now not because my own experience gives me any encouragement, but only because of Christ's example and command." To another he confesses: "Across the whole of my life I see *Failure* written—failure in all the best things, failure especially in the one clear fight I have always recognised I had to gird myself to. My own failure I can explain; I have not striven hard enough or long enough. Resolute earnestness, that must conquer, has been spasmodic." The editor has naturally felt that such frank utterances may be misinterpreted, and this is a feeling which will be shared by some of those who knew Dr. Dods' candid simplicity and essential loyalty to the faith. There are, doubtless, other indications in the letters—indications of a more habitual and hopeful temper—but they are scarcely sufficient to alter the impression which such isolated expressions as those we have quoted may leave upon the minds of people who did not know the living context of the writer's character.

However, the letters show other elements of that large, generous character—his human delight in his dog, in football and cricket, in younger men, and in literature. Dr. Dods was a bookman. He could probably have read, or at any rate reviewed, Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." Nothing came amiss to him in the way of literature, and his letters show here and there what his judgments were. They were catholic enough. He could enjoy the stories of the Baroness Orczy, and he had the saving enthusiasm for Gibbon which is one article of the bookman's Nicene Creed. It is not so easy to understand his attitude to some other books. "Tolstoi's 'War and Peace,' for example, I have again and again tried to plough through, but have failed. It does not lay hold of me and carry me on." That is a hard saying. Thackeray's "English Humorists" he describes somewhere as "the most educating book I know, a book you can read 500 times in fair weather and foul, sickness and health, by day and by night, on Sundays and Saturdays." But one of the most interesting allusions is the incidental remark, made in a letter written from the house of an American professor: "When I was sitting a little ago in the drawing-room (40 feet by 25) the cook came in to change her volume of Sir Walter's novels."

We are sorry to learn that no biographical sketch of Dr. Dods is to appear. These two volumes of letters are all that we are to get. They will mean more to those who knew him than to outsiders, but even the former will probably feel that the impression they leave requires to be supplemented from their memories and his published writings.

JAMES MOFFATT.

A WOMAN WHO EXPECTED THE IMPOSSIBLE.†

Mrs. Arthur Henniker has probably more interesting and distinguished associations with literature than almost any other woman now writing. The daughter of

* "Later Letters of Marcus Dods, D.D." Selected and Edited by his son, Marcus Dods, M.A., London. Price 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "Second Fiddle." By the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker. 6s. (Evelleigh Nash.)



Photo by J. & N. Lusillat, Portrait Studio, Westminster.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker.

Richard Lord Houghton—a name which is inseparably connected with all that is memorable in Victorian literature, the sister of an accomplished poet (poetry and letters have lost if the nation at large has gained by the Marquis of Crewe's absorption in affairs of State), Mrs. Henniker is herself the author of seven volumes of imaginative literature as well as of a four act play.

But were she the most unknown and nameless of writers sending out from obscurity a novel to challenge the verdict of the critics, and were that novel *Second Fiddle* there could never be a moment's doubt about its reception at the hands of every one competent to judge.

There are several standpoints from which to view it. It is clearly the work of one who knows and loves nature, flowers, birds and animals but most of all as will be seen later who loves her fellow women and fellow men. There are several exquisite descriptions of scenery which I must resist the temptation to quote and there is a dog, whom (I refuse to write which) one parts from (so deftly and lovingly is he drawn) as from a trusted comrade and friend.

Or it can be viewed as a novel of brilliant epigrams ('It is so easy to forgive one's enemies—says one of the characters, 'the difficult thing is to forgive one's friends') which, were there space to quote at length would make even a review—dullest and least original of all the many forms of human expression—not only endurable but wise and witty reading. As space forbids extensive quotation let me, at least, draw the attention of my own victims to what is said of Democracy on pages 250 and 251, of the Clergy, on page 101, and of Soldiering, throughout the book. As the widow of a distinguished soldier, mentioned three times in despatches for his gallantry in South Africa, who was looked upon, by the nation, as one of our finest fighting assets in the event of war, Mrs. Henniker has had special opportunities of seeing and studying military life at first hand. That she has made good use of her opportunities "*Second Fiddle*" shows. Here, for instance, in a few lines, she explains the dislike with which many great soldiers regard the lionising of themselves by the populace.

"To the General himself his fame counted for very little. Perhaps because there were so few people left now in the world to care about it. A lonely success is often the end of a strenuous life, and he who has won it, is surprised at least when he realises his indifference. Abingdon had been always glad to know that men in his own and loved profession held him in esteem but the applause of the man in the street when it rang at last in his ears counted for almost nothing."

Some years ago Mrs. Henniker collaborated with Mr. Thomas Hardy in a story entitled *The Spectre of the Real*. Of one of the characters Lord Parkhurst we were told that his chivalrous feelings towards women originated in the fact that he knew very little about them and there was much speculation as to whether the passage were of Mrs. Henniker's or of Mr. Hardy's penning. I happen to know but keep my own counsel merely remarking that Mrs. Henniker's singular and fine loyalty to her own sex, and her admiration of noble womanhood are apparent in all she writes and never more so than in *Second Fiddle*.

God saw a woman in a sick room. He copied her, and made—an angel. Mrs. Henniker has seen a woman in a sick room in the presence of death and, incongruous as the contrast may seem in the whirl of fashionable life, and she has drawn for us a woman—a real woman, a live woman almost an ordinary woman—who is more lovable, more worshipful, and more wonderful, than any angel. Were it only for the relentless (I say relentless) for the reason that the woman is shown with all her defects, physical, intellectual, and temperamental) and loving insight with which the character of Elizabeth Grantham is drawn *Second Fiddle* would be a remarkable novel. But it is a remarkable and unusual novel for other reasons. It is for instance a story picturing, and picturing truthfully the fashionable life which has been written about, preached about, gossiped about, and gasped about in the books, sermons and plays that profess to portray what are called 'The Sins of Society.'

Shall I be believed when I say that, truthful picture as it is of the follies and infidelities as well as of the faithful loves and fine loyalties of the so called "fashionable" world it is a book which every one will be the better for reading? It is a book moreover which makes one feel singularly drawn towards the author. She tells her story simply and directly with scarcely a digression or an aside made on her own part. So admirable is her art so exquisite her sense of reticence and restraint that a critic would find it difficult to point to a passage which seemed to indicate the author's standpoint on the questions with which the book deals. Yet by some innate purity of her own some quality of sterling sincerity in herself, she compels her readers into the high company of those who hold fast by honour, truth, loyalty, righteousness and, most of all by tender pitifulness and charity for human folly, human weakness and human frailty. That it is a sad book cannot be denied. 'Which of us has really won his heart's desire since those days?' asks one of her characters near the book's close and *Heart's Desire* might fitly have been its chosen title. Yet, sad as is her story for even those who attained their heart's desire realise at the last the vanity of all earthly things, at the close there is a noble note of hope. Mrs. Henniker is no pessimist. She realises to the full the greyiness, the insignificance, and what Mr. Henry James calls "the long humiliation of life" but to her, even in their sinning and stumblings, there is some redeeming quality, if, indeed, not some actually lovable quality, in men and women, and in their efforts, even in their unsuccessful efforts towards better things, she finds something that is heroic, if not divine. Hence her optimism, hence her hope.

I have already suggested an alternative title for the novel. Two others, both from the author's text, occur to me, one which strikes a pathetic note, "The Woman who expected the Impossible", the other sounding a note of grim irony "The Man who had had a Good Time."

Yet another title might be "The Triumph of Failure." Her heroine, Elizabeth, fails to fill the place she had hoped in the life of the uncle she loved. Worse, chance makes her, almost in girlhood, aware that that place is partly

filled by a woman, concerning whose relations with him the girl, dimly, but with staggering and poignant pain, realises that all is not right. Yet with her respect for her uncle thus assailed, her ideals shattered, and the shock to her innocence notwithstanding,—by the faithfulness, forbearance and forgiveness, which are, alas! so rare even in good women, she triumphs where most would have failed, and in the face of apparent defeat. Later on in womanhood these same capabilities for faithfulness, forbearance and forgiveness stand her and others equally in good stead. In an exquisite love-scene, we see her plight her troth to the man she loves, the man who loves her in return. He, too, though faithful in heart, and to the end, fails her, at least in bodily fidelity. Yet when the woman who has striven to win him from her, is face to face with terrible sorrow, it is the woman she has wronged who, forgetting everything except their common womanhood, hurries to sustain and to comfort the other in her despair.

"In some supreme moments of overmastering anguish," says Mrs. Henniker, "moments that purify desire and exalt earthly passion, there is no longer any divorce between the saint and the sinner. They draw near to one another with a wonder of recognition. . . . You? You feel this very same pain, this same ache of despair and loneliness? And then with bowed heads they remember that they are only children of one great human family that suffers and weeps."

There is a—shall we say violin obligato?—accompaniment of "the still, sad music of humanity," throughout the whole of the story. The noble *vox humana* note which Mrs. Henniker thus nobly touches, when describing the woman-heart of her heroine going out in Christlike sympathy and sorrow to a sinning but suffering sister, makes this portion of the book deepen into the very organ-music of life.

I have said nothing of the uncanny, and but for the breadth of her charity, the almost cruel insight and skill with which she lays bare the workings of the mind of George Grantham. I have not even spoken of her merciless yet pitiful miniature of the soul of Clare Cresswell. Nor have I introduced the reader to the many pleasant people (thank Heaven! her pleasant people far outnumber her unpleasant) who come and go in her pages—all, especially the lovable Irish priest, limned in to the life. A reviewer, this reviewer at least, is not a Master of the Ceremonies. He is but a humble Commissionaire, set at the door of the House of Literature, to point callers their way, and to indicate, briefly, what and whom they will find in any particular room. And so he stands very respectfully at salute to the author and to the reader, and, in reply to the latter's inquiries, he says: "Novels, Sir? Yes, you can't do better than knock at the door marked 'Mr. Eveleigh Nash,' and ask for 'Second Fiddle,' by Mrs. Arthur Henniker."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

This third instalment of the "Collected Works of William Morris" contains "Love is Enough" and "Poems by the Way," "Three Northern Love Stories" and "Beowulf," "The Æneids of Virgil" and "Sigurd the Volsung." The editorial and illustrative matter, as before, is of some length and interest. Miss May Morris writes very fully about her father's labours at each book and in other fields during the same period, and she prints a number of letters. The "elusive threads" of her notes will probably be read more than any other parts of the twenty-four volumes of this monument. They show very graphically the variety and the intermingling of Morris's occupations, his dyeing, his illuminating, his public meetings against the unspeakable Turk, his letters against the unspeakable Sir Gilbert Scott, and then in August a letter to his wife saying that he is coming down to Kelmscott:

"Please tell May to have as many worms ready for me: proper brandlings I must have; they are striped and don't

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. 9-12. With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. 24 Vols. £12 12s. Sold in sets only. (Longmans.)

smell nice—this is their sign. I have got everything you want, I think: I hope the bonnet will come to hand in moderate preservation."

And a reminder again:

"Don't forget the worms."

This was in 1877. Miss Morris adds that she also understood gentles, and remembers her pride in not refusing "to manipulate this interesting bait when desired by the fisherman," her father. The note comes from the editorial pages to "Sigurd," which was begun in 1875. "Students," says Miss Morris, "are fortunate that the British Museum has in safe keeping some important manuscripts of this epic . . . the central work of my father's life, his last long and important poem." She lets us "skim" with her through some of the MS. note books, quoting many lines from a cancelled passage of the scene between Brynhild and Sigurd after her discovery of the betrayal. But Morris's work is so long-drawn-out and subdued that a few score of lines more or less will not cause much beating of hearts.

Will there ever come a time when the language of "Sigurd" will not seem a dead one? Will men ever read, without translating, phrases like "the blossomed garth of rhyme," "the rippling harp-gold," "men trowed his every word"? Will they ever read straight on, with pleasure in the thought, the rhyme:

"There was a dwelling of Kings ere the world was waxen old;
Dukes were the doot-wards there, and the roofs were thatched
with gold;
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its
doors;
Earls' wives were its weaving-women: queens' daughters
strewed its floors;
And the masters of its song-craft were the mightiest men
that cast
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.
There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope exceeding great
Met the good days and the evil as they went the way of fate
There the Gods were unforgotten; yea, whiles they walked
with men,
Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a murmur now
and again
Of the midward time and the fading and the last of the latter
days,
And the entering in of the terror, and the death of the People's
Praise."

In the whole poem much manly and delicate feeling is embedded and a conception which might have been that of a great modern poem as well as an ancient one, but it has to be disembedded. The writing is archaism and euphemism imperfectly vitalised, whether by the poet's easy rapid writing or not it is hard to say. Morris wrote his two or three hundred lines and thought nothing of it. But those long lines have the same effect on the mind as on the eye. They dangle and sprawl.

"The Æneids" and "Beowulf" provide still sadder tasks for a man who admires Morris and cares for poetry.

After his youth Morris never found any one occupation at which he fully expressed himself. He is to be found in the whole of his work, in the combination that is unique, but not in any one part of it. Here he is strong, there he is violent, here again he is loose-knit, or there he is delicate. He was always expressing some imitative aspiration. He liked old things, and he set about living or writing like men in the days that he admired. He was interested in what a thing had been, not in what it had become or in what it was to be. He translated "Beowulf." He wrote stories that are enough like old Northern stories to be intolerable by comparison. He translated what he called "The Æneids" like a man who had never learnt to speak, but only to write. He wrote an epic in a year or so as good as any man could write in the time, and that also is a translation out of English into an unknown tongue. Prose and verse, except in his letters, is too often diluted and derived, so that the life represented in them has lost savour and motion. Mr. Noyes meant the same thing when he spoke of Morris's poetry having the "low values" of tapestry. He seemed to think that there was need or precedent for such poetry: but there can be no room for work which does not find or create a world in which it and the reader can live. That Morris had the power to do work needing no translation he showed, even when his youth was well past, in some of the "Poems

by the Way," "The Message of the March Wind" being the finest. Reading these again and looking at the man's portrait in 1880, reproduced here, makes it more than ever difficult to read what "dropped off the end of his pen" so easily. They are all here, naked to the world on a beautiful page, introduced as filially as possible, with reproductions of drawings, decorations, illuminations and manuscript by Morris, and details of composition and bibliography to satisfy students and any others needing them.

EDWARD THOMAS.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS.*

Students and lovers of Tennyson owe thanks to Lord Tennyson for this compilation. The quantity of literature that has grown up round and about the greatest of the Poets Laureate is vast already, and many people will share our opinion that better service, or service more in accordance with his wishes, could hardly have been done than has been done by Lord Tennyson in writing the definitive biography of his father, in publishing the annotated edition of his poems, and now in collecting such memories of his father, records of his friends, and criticisms of his work as serve to supplement the memoir and add useful touches to the portrait there contained. For the three together render superfluous the machine-made productions of all British Museum book-makers, and supplemented only, perhaps, by Stopford Brooke's critical analysis tell the world all it has any need to know about the paramount English poet of the Victorian age. It may be hoped reasonably that literary body-snatchers will respect this one spot in Westminster Abbey. Nothing remains to be discovered that any one has right to know, and of all men's, Alfred Tennyson's memory is most entitled to respect.

Partly, then, for the protective value it may be expected to have against the impertinences of literary ghouls, a compilation of this kind, made by a competent authority jealous of the reputation of him on whose character he is throwing fresh light, deserves a welcome. In still larger measure this one can be praised for the quality of the material of which it is composed. The notes and essays here contained are of unequal merit, but there are only one or two with which we think the editor might have dispensed. Of the others, there are several which we are glad to have reproduced from the periodicals in which they first appeared—notably, the late Sir Alfred Lyall's review of "Tennyson: a Memoir," originally contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*—and several written *ad hoc* which make substantial and valuable addition to our knowledge of their subjects. We may single out for special mention Dr. Warren's paper on FitzGerald and Carlyle, Mr. Aldis Wright's admirable article on James Spedding—an achievement in miniature biography—and the, unhappily, incomplete paper by Henry Graham Dakyns on Tennyson's appreciation of the great classical authors of the past. But the book, as a whole, serves to dispel something of the formidableness of the man as he presented himself to the world, and, in the words of Mr. Dakyns *Δακρυδίων* or "Little Dakyns," as he proudly records the poet called him once—brings out his humanity and his eternal youthfulness. "I can still feel his hand-grip, soft at once and large and strong, as he stood there peering down on the relatively small mortal before him—so sane, and warm, and trustful." Many people can understand that Tennyson inspired awe in those who came into his presence for the first time; fewer know how speedily he won their heart. It is only fair to him that this fact should become common knowledge.

His poetry is, of course, a very full expression of himself, and there is no necessity to speak here of his wide sympathy, the catholicity of his mind, or his width of view. But it is interesting to read that a man like Sir Charles

* "Tennyson and His Friends." Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Stanford was astonished by Tennyson's rare faculty for recognising subtle musical characterisation and very nice appreciation of the fitness of music to its subject; that a scientist like Sir Oliver Lodge perceived how Tennyson moved in the atmosphere of science, not as an alien, but as an understanding and sympathetic friend; and that Sir Norman Lockyer finds the most accurate science blended with the truest poetry in all Tennyson's references to natural phenomena. Catholicity of mind is all very well, but without fullness of knowledge often results in mere versatility; the great interest of this volume is the *testamur* it furnishes from men eminent in almost every department of intellectual activity to Tennyson's amazing fullness of knowledge of their several subjects.

Of anecdotes and personalia, this volume has enough to ensure its acceptance by a large and general reading public. It is to be hoped that it will have the effect of correcting some of the common misapprehensions of both Tennyson and FitzGerald. But chiefly it is a book for the student and lover of Tennyson, and every one of these will desire to possess it. And one could wish that some of these would help to popularise the view of life which results in some of the things which Jowett notes as characteristics of Tennyson. It would do a good deal to mitigate the unpleasantness of general intercourse in the very mixed society of the present age. Friendship of the kind commemorated here must always be rare, because a group of men such as Tennyson and his friends cannot reasonably be looked for more than once in a century, perhaps not so often. The seventeenth century had its splendid company, and so had the eighteenth. If the twentieth is to add its "period" to the history of English literature, the men must be in the making now. If they are already old enough to read they might profitably assimilate the substance of this book and act upon the rules of life that are implicit in it. At least it will help them to appreciate the responsibility that is theirs for the splendid heritage of literature which these men so greatly enriched.

CRANSTOWN METCALFE.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND LAFAYETTE.*

The late Mr. James Perkins began the book that has now been issued under the care of his widow, by asking whether the American colonies would have succeeded in their struggle for independence if they had not received aid in men and money from France. Towards the close of the volume he answers the question by stating that "apparently it would have been impossible to bring the war to a successful termination if France had not interfered," on behalf of the new republic. Had the colonists been left to their own resources, it is possible that the central government would have been supported with greater loyalty and firmness; but it is certain that America owes France a heavy debt of gratitude for help given in the hour of need, and that no American can look back on the way in which men like Beaumarchais were treated without some feeling of regret and even shame.

Throughout the war and in the negotiations at its close, France gave an example of disinterestedness rare in the history of nations. The treaty of alliance and commerce, signed at Paris on February 6th, 1778, was, in M. Jusserand's words, "a treaty for which there had been no precedent in history, and of which there has been no imitation since." The "United States of North America," was a Government independent only in its own estimation. France pledged herself not to lay down her arms until American independence was achieved; to claim nothing for her help; to reserve nothing for herself on a continent two-thirds of which she had formerly owned; and to ask no commercial advantages which were not open to any other nation, even England, when it chose. It is small

* "France in the American Revolution." By James Breck Perkins. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

wonder that Europe was surprised at such a convention. The Spanish Prime Minister said that France was acting like Don Quixote. Americans like Adams and Jay were sceptical. That there were some secret clauses in the understanding was a common belief, and even Washington suspected that there was in the agreement something "more than the disinterested zeal of allies." Yet all these forebodings were groundless. There were no secret clauses, and France honourably kept her word.

But years before the treaty, the United States had reason to be grateful to France. Inspired by the philosophers who were busy predicting a new era of happiness, and urged also by a love of adventure, Frenchmen of all classes offered their services to the rebels. Deane, one of the American representatives in Paris, wrote that he was "well-nigh harassed to death with applications of officers to go out to America." It is true that all these volunteers were not in every way desirable—some, such as de Broglie and du Coudray, were a source of weakness rather than strength—but many of them served the republic with zeal and devotion, and at least two can claim a place little inferior to that of the Americans themselves—Lafayette and Beaumarchais.

Lafayette's interest in the American colonies was first aroused by the Duke of Gloucester, who, being in disgrace with his brother, George III., entertained the guests of the Marshal de Broglie by a humorous account of the scene with the tea-chests in Boston Harbour. Lafayette, then a lad of nineteen, listened to the Duke's conversation, heard that the rebels were in need of recruits, and after dinner, crossed the room to the Duke, and said: "I will join the Americans—I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to set about it." This youthful enthusiasm was combined with a coldness of manner that made people think him dull, and a steadfastness of purpose that sometimes degenerated into obstinacy. But his resolution to help the Americans never wavered. He resisted the efforts of his relatives and of the Government to divert his purpose, and after surmounting many obstacles—among them a *lettre de cachet* forbidding his departure—landed in South Carolina and offered his services to the cause of freedom. He made the journey through Charleston to Philadelphia, was coldly received by Congress, but stated that he only asked two favours, to serve at his own expense and to begin his service as a volunteer. He succeeded in convincing Congress that he was no mere adventurer, and was soon given the rank of Major-General. His services, says Mr. Perkins, were "of inestimable value to the American cause; not only did he prove himself a good officer and an exceedingly discreet adviser, but he was a connecting link between the Americans and the French Government; the influence of his counsels, the enthusiasm enacted by his conduct, were of considerable weight in bringing the French authorities to espouse openly the American cause." Nor was the prestige of his name without its effect. The American as well as the French Revolution suffered nothing by the fact that it found adherents among the aristocracy, and that one of its most zealous supporters happened to be a marquis.

While Lafayette's name is more familiar to the American people than that of any other foreign actor in the Revolution, the services rendered by Beaumarchais were scarcely less valuable. The creator of "Figaro," while on a mission to London, heard from Wilkes and others of the American struggle, and at once took up the cause with his usual ardour and enthusiasm. He made representations to the French Government, strongly urging active participation, but Louis XVI. and his ministers did not care to risk a war with England. Beaumarchais got over the difficulty by establishing an imaginary Spanish firm called Roderigue Hortalez and Company, whose ostensible object was to trade with America, but who really formed the channel through which French aid was sent to the insurgents. By this means advances to the amount of three million livres were promptly sent across the Atlantic, Beaumarchais hoping that cargoes of tobacco would be returned in exchange, and that in this way the Americans might be provided with the warlike provisions they needed. Beaumarchais supplemented the grant of the French Government by most of his own fortune,

and Mr. Perkins is convinced that, had it not been for his indefatigable zeal, the much-needed powder, guns, and clothing would never have reached the American army. But though the Americans were willing to accept these provisions, they showed little disposition to pay, and though Hortalez and Company kept on despatching ships, little was returned in exchange. As a consequence Beaumarchais soon found himself in financial difficulties. In vain he wrote that he had exhausted his money and credit. The ships laden with tobacco never appeared, and though a formal contract was drawn up by Congress, the accounts remained unliquidated. In 1779 Hay communicated to Beaumarchais the formal thanks of Congress for his efforts on behalf of the Colonies, but still no remittances were sent. For years Beaumarchais asked for justice, and for years his demands were answered by silence or flimsy excuses. It was not until 1835 that the heirs of Beaumarchais were told that in exchange for a receipt in full they would be given one-fourth of the sum which Alexander Hamilton had decided should be paid. "It was," says Mr. Perkins, "a settlement of twenty-five cents on the dollar, after a delay of half a century, made by a rich and prosperous nation, with the heirs of a man who had furnished our ancestors with assistance when our national existence was in doubt, who had lost much by the perils of war, and had risked losing all if we had failed to achieve our independence."

A. W. EVANS.

MISS MEYNELL'S NOVEL.*

When Miss Meynell's first and anonymous novel, "Martha Vine," was published, critics were at pains to discover influences. Whence had she derived her inspiration, style, force? She was seen, by this person or by that, to share qualities with Jane Austen, Charlotte Yonge, George Eliot, Meredith, Mr. Hardy—a heavy enough benediction for any newcomer to the cockpit of novelists. With "Cross-in-Hand Farm" before us we need have no concern about origins. Here is an individual effort of work which proves that however much she may have studied in the past—and evidently that has been thoroughly, wisely and well—Miss Meynell has a style and inspiration of her own, with a method of careful work which to some extent meets the definition of genius—as an infinite capacity for taking pains.

While "Cross-in-Hand Farm" is not entirely a character novel, it belongs unquestionably to the leisurely school of fiction. It tells a pretty story with sufficient effect; but the charm of the book rests chiefly in the atmosphere and in the characters. It has—we cannot help saying it—something of the delicate truthfulness, charm of detail, and capable simplicity, of Jane Austen's work. Miss Meynell talks of a table, a chair, a mark on the wall, inessentials though they be, in a way which makes them not so inessential after all, for as used by her they complete the reality, add to the atmosphere, of the picture. The manner in which she touches in these necessary inessentials shows how well she has trained her imagination and her pen. It is, indeed, a joy to read a book like this, if only as antidote to the rush of crude romances—composed of people who at best are merely stock types, and written in a style it is a compliment to call a style—that choke the libraries, and cause invisible crowsfeet to mark the minds of the reviewers. Miss Meynell has managed to be painstaking without becoming dull. Every thing and every person she comes to in the course of her narrative is described, with an artistic loving care, such as that wherewith Isaak Walton, in his compleat angling, impaled his frog. As to the characters, possibly the most difficult of them proves the most successful. Dorcas Liliot was, mentally, a proper wanton. That is really the word for it; though, owing to its general application, it is too harsh and cruel in this particular case. She was beautiful, clever enough, sufficiently well-off; very vain, and for ever longing to see herself in some picturesque emotional circumstance. She had a lover, Evan Davidstow,

* "Cross-in-Hand Farm." By Viola Meynell. With two illustrations by Charles Stabb. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

with whom she experimented. She could not let well alone. She must test and try him, test and try herself, for the sake of the emotions realised. What was it to be like when the loved one was away; and what, when she was far from the loved one? She played the chord of jealousy, of indifference, of mimic passion. No girl with a deep heart would make these experiments, of course; and Miss Meynell shows us plainly enough that Dorcas's nature was shallow as a tambourine. Of the world worldly, she could not be true mate to true man. That is plain. Contrasted with her moral wantonness was Jane Haffenden, a conventional figure, charming enough, and in real life lovable; but rather good girl than heroine. The weakness of the book is in the drawing of Davidstow. He is rather a lay-figure of a man; due, no doubt, to the part he was made to play. It was necessary to the tale that Dorcas should complete her series of experiments in emotion; therefore, he must be patient with her. Miss Meynell makes him so. His very patience, however, renders him somewhat lifeless and unmanly; for he soon found out the sort of girl Dorcas was; and realised that, intellectually, she was not merely no mate for him but actually untrue, while Jane loved him and he her with similar fervour. In those circumstances, it was his duty to cut the engagement, to be off with the old love and on with the true. He did not do so; and, even when the right ending came, was in half-a-mind not to meet the opportunity. In spite of Evan's mere plaster manliness—not on this occasion a great defect when the quality of the whole book is measured—"Cross-in-Hand Farm" is particularly strong in the skill and subtlety of the character-drawing. Even the folk of slight concern to the plot are easily visualised; and we would gladly have seen more of some of them, especially of Mrs. Tonkin and the Fewsters, village worthies, who even within their present limits are amusing.

Miss Meynell has now written two notable books. The future is at her feet. She will travel far. It needs no mantle of Elijah to justify that confident prophecy.

C. E. LAWRENCE.



Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland.

From an engraving by W. Sherwin.
From "My Lady Castlemaine," by Philip W. Sergeant. (Hutchinson.)

LADY CASTLEMAINE.*

There is a wall in the National Portrait Gallery from the centre of which that famous king, Charles II., looks down with saturnine inscrutability. Near him shines the boozy countenance of Buckingham. All round crowd the beauties—Barbara Villiers, Madame Carwell (as John Bull called the French mistress), Nelly Gwyn, Buckingham's superb Shrewsbury, and the rest. Anthony Hamilton, seeking copy, watches the throng, while at the side, aloof, the delicate, intense face of another Anthony—the Earl of Shaftesbury—a face as inscrutable as the King's and as fair as his is ugly, watches also but with a different purpose. Those who would write of the history of the reign must catch the spirit of that wall. Otherwise, all their pains are of no avail. With the Castlemaine for the centre of the picture, to miss that spirit would be doubly to fail, for the Castlemaine was the age incarnate. A skilled hand in the portrayal of frail ladies, Mr. Sergeant, aided by Pepys and Hamilton and such graver recorders as Clarendon and Burnet and Sir John Reresby, has been by no means unsuccessful in his task.

It is rather curious that among the countless biographies of her kind which have been produced during the last few years, Barbara Villiers should have remained so long unrepresented. Materials are abundant. Her career was far from dull. Without having the significance of a Diane de Poitiers or a Madame de Pompadour, she made her mark on public affairs. Her inexhaustible voracity did not help Charles in his dealings with an economical House of Commons; and her hostility to France was a factor in the international situation. According to our present standards, therefore, she was well worth a biography. Short sketches (in volumes of Mixed Mistresses) there have been; and some forty years ago Mr. G. S. Steinman treated the matter with most scrupulous fulness. But since his book was issued privately, Mr. Sergeant may claim to be treading paths not unduly worn.

Nevertheless, the chapters dealing with Barbara's supremacy will bear the face of old friends to all who remember their Pepys and their "Gramont." Everyone knows the stories of her admission to the Queen's bed-chamber and of her rivalry with Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond. In this latter connection it may interest Mr. Sergeant to know that on St. Valentine's Day, 1662, the King "drew the Duchess of Richmond and my Lady Castle Maine drew him;" the Duchess being Miss Stewart's predecessor among Richmond's wives, and at that date a bride. But her early intrigue with the Earl of Chesterfield and her later adventures in England and France—not to mention the undercurrent which never ceased to flow even during the years of royal favour—are less familiar. They make amusing, if not particularly edifying reading. Like the joy of life itself, Barbara Villiers was "common and divine." Divine, Lely's loving brush has insisted a hundred times. Common, the record of her hundred loves proclaims her.

THE GRAND STYLE, A TROUBADOUR AND PROSPERO.†

A new edition has been called for of Mr. Holroyd's version of the "Life of Michael Angelo" by Condivi. The value of Mr. Holroyd's book is indeed unquestionable; but it is something more than a book merely for the student. It makes an appeal as literature; for Condivi's "Life of Michael Angelo" is not only true to life and human nature, as Mr. Holroyd claims, but is delightful in the charm and simplicity of its

* "My Lady Castlemaine." By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

† 1—"Michael Angelo." By Charles Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, with Translations of the Life of the Master by Condivi, and Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Ollanda. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

narrative, and as full of interest as any story book. Condivi, who published his life of the master in 1553, lives still, as he said he wished to live, "as a faithful servant and disciple of Michael Angelo." His words seem to be echoed by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the famous "Last Discourse." "I feel a self-congratulation," said Sir Joshua, "in knowing myself capable of such sensations as Michael Angelo intended to excite. To kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." In truth, when we come into the presence of the great master we must speak low. This is the creator of the Sistine Chapel. This is the poet of San Lorenzo whose sleeping statue dreams on for ever since those dark days when it was better to be but stone in Florence, best not to feel nor hear when dishonour and despair were there enthroned. So Michael Angelo interpreted the meaning of his statue of "Night" himself in his sonnet, "Wake me not. Speak in an undertone."

It is a far cry from the Tiber and the Arno to Glasgow to find an allegory on the banks of the Clyde. Yet when we consider what the "Grand Style" became to belated followers of Michael Angelo we shall find something we could aptly transpose to describe this tyranny, from among the good things Mr. Shaw Sparrow says in his book upon the art of John Lavery.²

He describes the decorative work painted by Mr. Lavery for the Banqueting Hall in the Municipal Buildings at Glasgow, where you see almost in a bird's eye view in perspective a great dockyard with a huge red funnelled steel-clad ship, and a grim squad of workmen in the foreground. As we look upon the ship and the human figures busy all around her in this picture, "Shipbuilding on the Clyde," we realise how big the "steel-clad" is, and how puny men seem in comparison with her enormous bulk; and the author says: "Man is becoming a new Gulliver in a new Brobdingnag, for he builds colossal mechanisms by which he is dwarfed and enslaved."

It seems we become subservient nowadays to some "metal despot driven by steam or electricity." But we have been always subservient to some kind of despotism, and Michael Angelo painting the Sistine Chapel created a Brobdingnagian kingdom wherein many a shipwrecked Gulliver found himself enslaved and dwarfed.

Let us quote from Mr. Holmes' new book which he modestly entitles "Notes on the Art of Rembrandt"³ It is a book to quote from, to read and to think about as a significant achievement in art criticism. A gigantic programme in art, says Mr. Holmes, was actually carried out by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and a few other very great artists of the Renaissance; and their successors were fired with ambition to follow in the same path:

"Art academies sprang up to carry students through an impossible curriculum, and generation after generation of painters attempted to absorb the vast mass of learning for which the Grand Style of painting called.

"Not one student in a thousand was made of strong enough stuff to endure so terrific an ordeal. A few, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, slipped aside into the simpler walks of portraiture, or landscape, or *genre*. The rest lost all such talent as they originally possessed, and became dull eclectic pedants, driving the next unlucky generation into the same interminable educational morass in which their own originality had sunk.

"The record of art history proves that almost every artist of the highest eminence has been in some sense a rebel against systems accepted in his time."

To return to the work of Mr. Lavery. It is to be regretted that Mr. Shaw Sparrow does not say something more about the Glasgow School, about George Henry, Mr. Hornel, and other masters of the modern day. Mr. Lavery has been so far a rebel that he has been rejected by the Royal Academy, and the whirligig of time has brought in this pleasant revenge that he is now an Associate of the august body. He is, of course, above all things, a portrait painter, and a painter of women's portraits who never allows grace

and refinement to dwindle into what Mr. Shaw Sparrow terms "namby pamby."

"The Tate Gallery is profuse with sentimentalities," says Mr. Shaw Sparrow, and this is indeed a true saying. "The necessary thing is to combine sweetness with light and vigour," and in accomplishing this the artist has arrived at the happy ending his biographer tells of. Although the artist's personal career has been a gallant victory over conditions few men would care to encounter, his art has picked its way through all difficulties, happy and serene, and we are reminded of the old song, says Mr. Shaw Sparrow:

"Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar
As he came carolling home from the war."

We know we shall not read of any happy ending to the story of that great magician who is the hero in Mr. Holmes' book. I have called him Prospero; but this Prospero never found his Dukedom in his poor isle. Rembrandt was too great a rebel to be forgiven in his own day. His pictures would not sell then at any price, and ruin and bankruptcy came upon him before his troubles ended in a pauper's grave; and he is the greatest of modern painters. "It has taken something like two and a half centuries for Europe to find out—." But why conclude with what we have found out about Rembrandt? One thinks of Lowell's lines:

"Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air."

F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

THE THEATRE.*

Despite a momentary withdrawal from attention the theatre (or, as one would have said only a year or so ago, the drama) has raised its head imperiously within the last decade to claim a renewed place for itself in the ranks and ritual of Art. And within the next decade that claim must be answered one way or another. What that answer will be remains, not with argument and precept, but with genius and its inclination: nevertheless the argument is important, and when that argument is raised by men who bear on them the mark of genius, then that argument becomes three-important, even though it still remains only in the way of precept.

For example, here are books by two men of genius. Gordon Craig is a man of the theatre; W. B. Yeats is a man of poetry, part of that poetry being displayed in forms that are dramatic. One perceives no antithesis with centuries of European dramatic practice behind one, one perceives no antithesis in two such men. It is natural to assume that Mr. Gordon Craig exists for the purpose of displaying Mr. Yeats's drama to the best advantage, and the designs to the book of Mr. Yeats's collected drama seem to support that assumption. But one rises from a careful reading of "On the Art of the Theatre" with the perception of quite a sharp antithesis. The Man of the Theatre has claimed an Art for himself. He has claimed the right to be no more a servant; to be, indeed, independent of the Man of Drama. Dating from pre-European and ultra-European sources, he has even claimed the right to turn the Man of Drama, and his Drama, out of the Theatre, to erect there his own independent edifice.

It is an interesting situation. And we have the faith to believe that it is an altogether admirable situation. The bad Man of the Theatre, in his cridity and vulgarity and hideous ostentation, has ruined Drama; and we have often thought the good Man of the Theatre would do no less. Looking at Mr. Gordon Craig's sketches and models the other day, at the Leicester Galleries we were stirred by them, but oppressed also, for we felt that it would be impossible for strong Drama to master such auxiliary grandeur, and take its proper place. The two things, we felt, could not thrive together. Imagine then with what a gleaming eye we read in his book that it was his desire to abolish the Playwright

* "On the Art of the Theatre." By Edward Gordon Craig. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

"Plays for an Irish Theatre." By W. B. Yeats. With Designs by Gordon Craig. 8s. 6d. net. (Shakespeare Head Press.)

2—"John Lavery and his Work." By Walter Shaw Sparrow. 10s. 6d. net. (Megan Paul.)

3—"Notes on the Art of Rembrandt." By C. J. Holmes. Director of the National Portrait Gallery. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

and his play, the Actor and his acting, for the enthronement of the More-than-Marionette (why *Ueber-Marionette*, Mr. Craig?). His designs, even when conceived for particular plays, are not designs for the interpretation of Drama, but are rather a portion of a new Art of dumb ritual. We think at once of Sumurun; and seem to see a coming development that shall not lack interest.

But Mr. Yeats is a Man of Drama, and not a Man, truly, of the Theatre. He is a Magician of words, to whom a dumb ritual must remain as far removed as the arts of the chisel and pigment. In his new, penetrating preface to this collection of his plays he investigates the difference between Tragedy and Comedy. One is, says he, the dissolution of individuality, the other the erection and maintenance of it; and we disagree with him because, we think, he has not divined the true meaning and nature of personality. But all he says depends on words, words, words; whereas Mr. Gordon Craig would abolish words. It is an interesting situation; and there is an interesting answer to it that the editorial limitation of space compels to remain "the baseless fabric of a vision." There is only space to say that both these books are very choice and exquisite examples of binding and printing craft.

DARRILL FIGGIS.

THE LIFE OF SIR GEORGE NEWNES.*

There are many persons who will welcome this thoughtful and carefully-written life of Sir George Newnes. They may not be necessarily connected with political life or with journalism, but they will certainly belong to that large and influential class of thoughtful men and women who have watched with some anxiety the extraordinarily rapid growth of the popular periodical press, and have grown sensitive about the ultimate end of this ever increasing demand for cheap and easy entertainment. Of course, Miss Friederichs does not attempt to prove that the success which Sir George Newnes won in the course of a strenuous and, in some respects, dramatic career, had anything to do with a new or a golden age in English literature. Her biography does take us aside, however, from the mere jargon of millions of figures as circulations, and all the old unconvincing chatter about fortunes won in a fortnight, and shows us the man who made this revolution in popular literature possible and effective as he really was—warm, lovable and human. As a consequence, her record constitutes not only an admirable tribute to the gifts and the labours of the real pioneer of our modern popular literature, but it serves as a very inspiring record of what can be done by others by a first-hand study of what the public really if unconsciously seek.

Miss Friederichs, on the strength of the opinion of "a distinguished man of letters," tries to institute a parallel between the place won by Sir George Newnes and the position gained by those dauntless, splendid pioneers, Robert and William Chambers, but, personally, we doubt whether this parallel can be adequately sustained. The strength of the success won by Sir George Newnes was hidden in the fact that he regarded himself as the average man, that he put himself in the average man's place, and that by sheer force of sympathy and induction, he learned, more or less, exactly what the average man wanted to read. Now the Chambers brothers had a different purpose. They set out "to instruct and elevate independently of mere passing amusement;" whereas, in Miss Friederichs' own words, "Sir George Newnes catered for a public who asked for something that would rest and amuse the tired brain rather than for information and instruction." In other words, Miss Friederichs would practically contend that the work done by Sir Herbert Tree in his Shakespearean revivals, and by Mr. George Edwardes in his close attention to "the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque," is practically equal—and that, of course, is not the fact.

Every one who has known Fleet Street for the past fifteen years, however, will agree with the emphasis which

* "The Life of Sir George Newnes." By Hulda Friederichs. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Friederichs places upon the integrity and the soundness of Sir George Newnes's business aims. While other proprietors sought to make fortunes by constant change and a succession of editors and methods, Sir George Newnes held tightly to what his own gifts told him the public demanded, and to the men who practically from the outset helped him to make his own dim desires articulate. As a consequence, the Newnes publications that came from Southampton Street always possessed a definite dignity and standpoint and a character that made it possible for anybody engaged in the craft to detect at a glance their place of origin. Almost inevitably Sir George Newnes gathered round him a crowd of friends and helpers, beginning in the early days of his struggles as a commercial traveller in Manchester, and passing on to those eager, competitive times in which he invaded London, and waged those stout contests in elections in the Newmarket division and in Swansea; and it is good to recall how that none of these friends was ever deserted. This fidelity, it must be remarked, was an uncommon quality in the world of periodical publication, and uncommon even amongst the men who imitated, more or less, the dead man's standpoint, success, and business organization. But it lends a very genuine fragrance to this record of his career, and it helps us to understand the large heart of the man who could, under the pressure of grave annoyance, turn with a whimsical smile lighting up his grave face, and say to a colleague, "If I were you, I should alter that. But, of course, do as you like."

After all, Sir George Newnes was, in honest truth, one of those vivid and powerful personalities that, from time to time, have swept across the literary profession and have changed its face, and in the volume before us, Miss Friederichs certainly makes good Sir George's own promise about the story of his life: "I do not say, like the Irishman, if you follow me you shall see some of the queerest things you have ever heard in your life, but I can certainly promise you that you shall not be dull."

STANHOPE W. SPRIGG

PLOTS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

The ancient classification of Shakespeare's plays into histories, comedies and tragedies no longer appeals to us with the sanction of logic; similar reasons forbid the use of that simple method for the eight volumes here under review. But to the terms Ancient and Modern no objection can be taken in the case of plots ranging from the Wars of the Roses to the life-history of a modern board-schoolboy.

Chronologically, then, the list opens with Miss Schuster's valiant and far from unsuccessful attempt to portray perhaps the saddest and gloomiest page in the records of the English monarchy. 1. For her hero is the ill-fated Henry VI, a prince physically and mentally unable to cope with the disorders of his time, not the least of whose misfortunes it was to provide the inevitable foil for the glories of his father's achievements. Much hard work and ability of undoubted promise have gone to the framing of this story, and it may be said at once that there is no break in the interest of the novel, right up to its tragic epilogue. The immaturity of the book is chiefly seen in the attempts at reflective generalisations; and the naïve and frequent references to what may be found in "history-books" seem to indicate a youthful writer. But if that surmise is correct it enhances the many excellencies of the story.

"The Devil's Wind" 2, wafts us over four centuries to Cawnpore on the eve of the Mutiny. The author has here two obvious difficulties to contend with; namely, that it is an oft-told tale, but more especially that no Indian Mutiny novel can hope to thrill us as do the unvarnished records of the historians. Miss Wentworth has chosen for her central theme one of the most painful traditions of that

* "The Triple Crown." By Rose Schuster. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Devil's Wind." By Patricia Wentworth. 6s. (Melrose.)

time of horror, the capture and rediscovery of English women. Apart from the tragedy in which she is involved, there is little in Adela Morton to engage our sympathies, for she is an extreme example of the butterfly type of matron that we have come to expect to find in most plain tales from the hills. The pleasantly told love-story of Captain Morton and Adela's cousin is brought to a melodramatic point by the latter's discovery of her husband's first wife in the native bazaar. On the dangers of Anglo-Indian marriages Miss Wentworth writes with force and conviction, for the beginnings of Adela's sorrows were laid in her flirtations in a London ball-room with the half-caste nephew of Nana Sahib. In the matter of dialogue the author, in attempting to be realistic and humorous, is too often merely banal.

In the most literal sense we travel in Mr. Bryce's company³ to fresh woods and pastures new. At least it is doubtful if there is any study to match this except the brilliant and too little known north-country classic, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," a work which may well have inspired Mr. Bryce's unrelenting picture of the conditions of farm service in the North. The earlier portion of the story describes, in a dialect as aggressive as the theme, the horrible bullying to which the little ploughboy is subjected by his brutal companions of the bothy. If Mr. Bryce is to be taken as historian, and not merely as novelist (and the entire book by its white-hot passion as well as by its artistic formlessness seems to proclaim its autobiographic truth), it is a disquieting surprise to think that such bestial conditions still obtain. In due time, but none too soon, the ploughboy gets a helping hand into a new life. He is on the high-road to becoming a prosperous steward, but his early sufferings drive him back to share and to try to ameliorate the life and hardships of the labouring class. To such a book as this there can be no neat ending, for it is not a plot, but a section of a life, closing not with treasure found, but with "serenity of soul." No recent book has better claim to the much-abused title of "human document."

In lighter vein, Mr. Neuman has given us a fascinating study of the evolution of the board-schoolboy. The book is well entitled "Roddles,"⁴ for the father and two sons of that surname are all equally in the limelight. But if a hero must be selected, it is neither of the clever boys, one of whom becomes a distinguished member of the Royal Society, and the other a judge of the Court of Appeal, but the witty, shrewd, drunken little tailor who planned greatly for his children, and pursued his scheme almost at the cost of sobriety. The characterization of the book is striking, and Roddles Senior may well aspire to the honour of being recognised as a type. Mr. Neuman is no worshipper of success, and the two brilliant sons are like clever automata compared with their very human and disreputable parent. The book as a whole is excellent comedy, shot through and through with pathos, and even gleams of tragedy. Had we to attempt to define the moral of the story, we should say it is that character stands for more than success. Mr. Neuman has certainly worked coincidence hard, but it would be as churlish to carp at that as to deny the humour of the closing scene, in which Roddles Senior (accompanied by his once very thirsty friend, Fitcher) marches at the head of a Salvation Army procession and preaches an eloquent, if "h"-less, sermon before the house in Cromwell Road occupied by Dr. Richard Roddles, F.R.S.

"It is not gay to live with two people who make the whole duty of man a sort of rolling-pin, flattening out the joy of life to its thinnest inconsistency." This was the description by poor Mrs. Thriepland of her dour husband and her ascetic step-daughter. Of the girl, Verona,⁵ Mrs. Thriepland tells the story that when asked at the age of ten what she most wished to do, she replied:

"My sole concern, my constant care,
To watch and tremble and prepare
Against the judgment day."

A mystery surrounds Verona's birth; and this is a well-guarded secret in the plot, which we may not disclose. To

³"The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. 6s. (John Lane.)—⁴"Roddles." By E. Paul Neuman. 6s. (John Murray.)—⁵"Dame Verona of the Angels." By Annie E. Holdsworth. 6s. (Methuen.)

her father's horror, Verona develops a strange passion for the ritual and ceremony of Rome, which is fostered by her slavish devotion to Miss Camilla Palmer, of the ancient Catholic house of Craigie. Into the drab story of Verona's life, love makes one feeble effort to enter, but is easily worsted by the girl's ruling passion for renunciation. The discovery of her mother's secret adds fire to her resolve, but at the last moment death snatches from her the crown of her virginal ambition. This is a sombre but well-written story, somewhat insubstantial and lacking in variety.

Miss Little helps the readers of her romance, "The Children's Bread,"⁶ with some devices borrowed from the drama. Thus each chapter is furnished with scene and date; while a Prologue of twenty-six years earlier date than the opening of the story proper records the tragedy that preceded the romance. The scene is laid in a Scottish village, where for quarter of a century Julius Heyman has his studio. Into his solitary life Trudy Courtland brings her agreeable Irish vivacity and fun. Trudy is by way of writing a great book, but Julius himself is the lodestone that keeps her in Argyllshire. The even tenor of the artist's days is violently broken by the advent of Tony Legrand, who has come from Brussels in hope to find his mother's betrayer. The little drama describes the great affection that springs up between the two men, clouded on Tony's part by the growing conviction that Heyman is the father he is in quest of. The Prologue to the novel renders the solution of this tangle pretty easy to divine, but Miss Little has made a slight plot the framework for some admirable writing and diverting comedy.

In "The Lure"⁷ we are transported somewhat violently from London to the Sudan, and this division of scene is paralleled by the diverse styles of the two portions of the book. The first and better half gives us the diverting history of *The Orb*, a magnificent magazine written by duchesses for duchesses, and edited by a Greek god called Mr. Huntly Goss. Best of all the characters is Lady Helen Moorhouse, whose niece, Anne, is the heroine of the story, the sub-editor of *The Orb*, and almost the victim of Mr. Goss. In the second act Anne reappears in Egypt as the wife of Captain Host; while the magnificent Goss turns up in the strange rôle of agent for a company dealing in crocodile skins. His real motive, however, is to compass the murder of his idiot step-son. To this end he plots with the vilest of Greeks, only to find that he has underestimated the devoted vigilance of his down-trodden wife. We prefer the comedy of the first half to the melodrama of the second, but the interest is sustained in both.

A very pleasant story of a good old-fashioned kind seems an adequate description of Katharine Tynan's latest book "Princess Katharine."⁸ If the ingredients be old the handling is deft, with more than a flavouring of genuine Irish humour and tenderness. In the hands of some of our would-be realists, the story of the Princess might have been made almost insufferable. The child of a mésalliance, the girl returns from her long schooling on the Continent to find the widowed mother, whose beauty she remembers, a beer-sodden sloven. Katharine's fight to maintain her own dignity and shield her mother forms "the true pathos and sublime" of the book, and entitles the heroine to her patent of royalty. A delightful love-story and an exciting hunt for a lost will are other episodes in a charming fireside romance.

L. Q.-C.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.*

The widespread reaction against intellectualism in the treatment of religion has made that blessed word "psychology" sound familiar in circles beyond the pale of philosophy. Book after book appears with "psychology" in its

*"The Children's Bread." By Maude Little. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"The Lure." By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Princess Katharine." By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

*"Psychology of the Religious Life." By George Malcolm Stratton, sometime Professor of Experimental Psychology in the Johns Hopkins University; Professor of Psychology in the University of California. 10s. 6d. net. (Ginn & Co.)

title, or with a more or less scientific application of psychological methods in its pages, till every year sees fresh additions to the literature of the psychology of religion or Christianity as the case may be. Some of these volumes suffer from too little psychology, others from too little religion. Some use psychological processes to justify religious convictions which are presupposed; others have no definite conception of religion as a standard, and consequently tend to interpret it illogically in terms of the savage or the fanatic. The result in many cases is that such treatises yield very little more than partial inventories of the religious consciousness, instead of supplying analytic and synthetic surveys. Some years ago Dr. Hastings Rashdall entered a very necessary word of caution against the desire to base religious belief upon psychology, pointing out that "the business of psychology is to tell us what actually goes on in the human mind. It cannot possibly tell us whether the beliefs which are found there are true or false. An erroneous belief is just as much a psychological fact as a true one." It does not require a wide acquaintance with books on this subject, Gifford Lectures not excluded, to realise how timely such a protest is, and one opens Professor Stratton's volume with a hesitation born of suffering at the hands of his predecessors in this line of inquiry. The hesitation proves, upon the whole, to be unfounded. This book, at any rate, is both psychological and religious. The author has sought evidence not in individual confessions so much as in the more reliable and representative testimonies of vital religious societies, ancient and modern; furthermore, he has not only followed the right method of inquiry, but has kept steadily in view the war of motives in religion. The sense of conflict and struggle dominates his treatment. This emerges particularly in religions like Zoroastrianism, whereas "for the Greek we might say that faith was required to see that the universe had ever been troubled to its heart"; but, wherever religion has been vital, it has expressed the yearning for a God on the side of goodness, and effort striving to assert the worth of the moral personality in the universe and to overcome the contradiction of the real and the ideal. Professor Stratton's recognition of this adds distinction and reality to his discussions.

The first three sections describe conflicts in regard to feeling and emotion, action, and religious thought. The last section, which is the shortest of the four, is devoted to the central forces of religion, that is, to the various factors of the idealising process which seeks to represent the Best, reverently and intelligently. Professor Stratton has done justice, throughout, to the truth that the contradictions and conflicts of the religious life are due to its inherent energy; they represent attempts from one side and another to respond to the rich variety of the Unity which reveals itself to human faith and need. As he remarks, "The very fealty to the Ideal—so intricate is the character, both of the Ideal and of our loyalty to it—stirs into life the most contrary emotions, until in their conflict they rest at fierce tension, or one subdues the other." This applies not only to the differences between one religion and another, but to various phases within the same religion, to the unfolding of the individual as well as of the social consciousness. What lends special value to the treatise is the adequacy with which the expressions and relations of these conflicts are discussed. Professor Stratton's essay makes no attempt to evaporate them into a higher unity, nor to treat them as if they were equivalent merely to the oscillations of the soul in different climates of civilisation. Especially in the third section of the book, where he is face to face with the problems of knowledge in relation to belief and of symbolism in religion, there is a blend of sympathy and penetration which is too rare in the treatment of such questions by philosophical persons. A good instance of this is afforded by the author's remark upon the early creeds and councils of the Christian Church. "Those who denied the real union of humanity and divinity in Christ were, consciously or unconsciously, fighting for the principle of separation between the two orders of life; they stood for the unchristian doctrine of a God afar off; their position was, therefore, pronounced to be heresy, and the Church maintained the doctrine that in

Christ Jesus there was a mysterious conjunction of very man and very God. It was a battle not of mere logic and metaphysics, for behind the subtle disputes were two very real and practical alternatives of religious life between which it was well that a choice should be made."

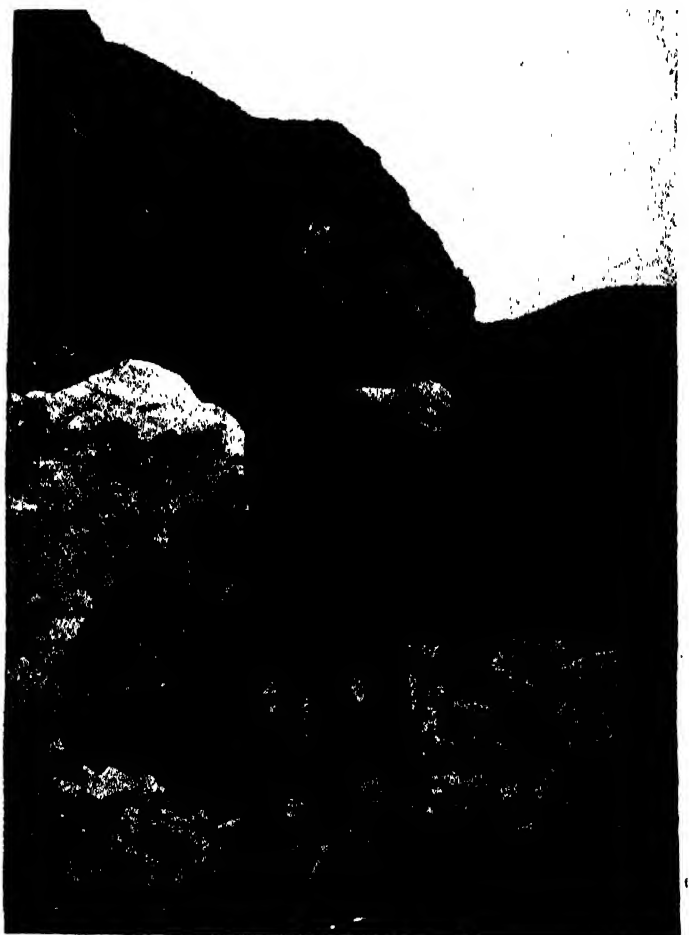
The volume is a timely and satisfactory contribution to the "Library of Philosophy," edited by Dr. J. H. Muirhead. Its style is on the whole clear and unambiguous; Americanisms like "downed" are not frequent, and the occasional touches of local colour are usually vivid and relevant. But a remark on p. 76 puzzles us: "Nature-lovers, like Muir or Wordsworth, are often mild secular anchorites preaching the rewards of turning from convention." Wordsworth we know, but who is Muir? Who is Muir, what has he done or written, to be bracketed with Wordsworth?

JAMES MOFFATT.

A STRANGE HOLIDAY.*

A holiday? Yes, for we take it that both Mr. Prichard and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy went to the Labrador, just as persons of a less toughened physique and of other tastes go to the Riviera, up the Rhine, to Killarney or to Scotland in summer. And with a certain class of persons, all men and women of means, this double-barrelled purpose of holiday-making and book-making is becoming far too common. They go here, there, and everywhere, or pretty nearly so; then come home and fire their volumes at us poor bookmen, much as they fire at anything in the shape of game in the wilderness through which they take their often devastating holidays. What is more we have to sit and take the firing much the same as the usually unsuspecting game; except that we can fire back in a way, when we find—as we

* "Through Trackless Labrador." By H. Hesketh Prichard, F.R.G.S.; with a chapter on Fishing by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, F.R.G.S. Illustrated with a Frontispiece by Lady Helen Graham, a Map of the Route, and from Photographs. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)



Tired and Irritable.

From "Trackless Labrador," by H. Hesketh Prichard. (Heinemann.)

do all too often—that the holidaying book-maker has made his enjoyable pilgrimage too obviously with a rifle in one hand, so to write, and a notebook in the other, yet has missed some of the most important things that a traveller should see.

This, however, is not the case with Mr. Prichard. It was not so in his trip to Patagonia, nor in his "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," and it is not so here. In going to the Labrador (that part of the American continent which the early Norsemen must have been the first Europeans to visit) he went to what is practically virgin country to the writing explorer. Up to his visit we had but, as fellow-workers, Dr. Grenfell—than whom no one knows more of the coast—the unfortunate Leonidas Hubbard, Mrs. Hubbard—who so courageously finished her dead husband's work of exploration—Mr. Dillon Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Tasker and Mr. Cabot, a descendant of those Bristol Cabots who, in the fifteenth century, did so much towards the discovery of parts of North America and to foster trade between the natives there and the English.

But it is hardly fair to write of Mr. Prichard in the singular here; for his comrade appears to have played a most excellent second part in the journey. Indeed, Mr. Prichard pays Mr. Gathorne-Hardy some highly deserved compliments in this respect. So let us say that their explorations were not over the same ground as their forerunners had covered. In fact, they went much further to the north than the tracks followed by the Hubbards and Wallace. Starting from Nain, in 50° 45' N., on the Atlantic seaboard, they worked almost due west to Indian House Lake, and back to Nain. The mass of things which they tell us, all exceedingly well, could not, obviously, be even hinted at here. Their journey was across a bleak, unexplored plateau of 100 to 200 miles in extent, therefore the hardships were many and numerous. True, game and fish were to be had, but only at times; so that caches were really necessary, or starvation would probably have come to them, as it came to Hubbard. Indeed, little short of real heroism was needed to carry the thing through to a success, and the record makes spirited reading, for there were many narrow escapes in the coming and going. As to Mr. Prichard's additions to our knowledge of the country, the Nascaupsee and the Montagnais Indians, the Eskimo, the settlers and a hundred and one other things, we can but be grateful, as we are to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy for his fishery contribution, and for the many fine illustrations which really enhance the value of the book.

J. E. PATTERSON

THE TREND OF MODERN MUSIC*

There is, nowadays, no lack of theorists who can argue with equal appearance of conviction that the English as a nation are not and never will be "musical," or alternatively that they have an ample claim to that designation. To meet with a writer who assumes the more probable case, namely, that in their sympathy for, and response to, the appeal of music they are neither more nor less endowed than any other great modern nation is rare enough to be refreshing. This is what Mr. Cecil Forsyth does in his "Study of English Opera" entitled "Music and Nationalism."

The fact that Germany, for instance, has produced a long line of illustrious composers, whereas England has not done so, does not necessarily imply that the English are less "musical" than the Germans. It is from some such starting-point as this that the author proceeds to elaborate the theory that it is largely the position of any nation in world-politics which gives to it or withholds from it the opportunity of developing a national school of composers.

Mr. Forsyth considers in detail the history of music in the civilized world during the Christian era and shows that when

any nation was intent on what he terms "exteriorization"—the enlargement of its borders or its mental outlook—such conditions were unfavourable to its musical productivity, but that when, through force of circumstances, its energies were, so to speak, turned inwards, such conditions were favourable thereto. He is thus able to offer an explanation of our national sterility in the matter of composers since Henry Purcell, which will square with comparable lapses in other countries.

At the beginning of the eleventh century the whole of Europe was emerging from the melting-pot, and, owing to her insular position, conditions of security and stability grew up soonest in this Island. "We may put it broadly that, from 1154 until 1337 England enjoyed a period of mixed strength, isolation and tranquillity which were the most favourable conditions . . . for the development of music." And we know as a fact that it was at this time that music began to develop in this country.

It was in 1492 that America was discovered. This event changed the whole course of European history, substituting as it did sea-power for land-power as a national ideal, and very shortly the adventurous English had so fixed their attentions on its attainment that they became too restless to continue in any practical manner the development of national music. "It may almost be said that national musical productivity is in inverse ratio to sea-power." And in this condition we have been ever since, more's the pity for our music! But the musical sympathies of the race remained (and remain) and it is doubtless this important consideration which may be held responsible for the long-continued vogue of foreign music in England. The people had to have music of some sort, and since no English composer gave it them they fell back on the foreigner.

Having striven thus to account for conditions of to-day, Mr. Forsyth proceeds to describe them in exhaustive detail with special reference to the question of English opera. He writes with the pen of an optimist and a patriot. He is convinced that "Deep silent spaces of the national consciousness exist (still unvisited) . . . and . . . their very silence and depth should fascinate the explorer." He is convinced that "the English composer has a language which both in the variety of its vowel-sounds and in the dramatic groupings of its rhythms is a far more tractable instrument of musical thought than either French or Italian." He vigorously opposes the idea of fostering a public for opera by performing foreign works translated into English. "Every man . . . if he fully realises his nationality, should find—must find—in every foreign art-work something in some part repellent to his own individuality."

Mr. Forsyth is doubtful whether endowment of opera by the State would lead to the founding of a National School of Opera in England. Composers he thinks would not be far to seek if money and good opera "books" were more easily come by. Certainly we may admit that any system which would give the English composer a better chance of a hearing in his own country than he has at present would be a step in advance. He considers that the music-drama of the future will be in the hands of the man who is himself the maker of the whole artistic structure—drama, words and music, but has to admit that "the accidental conjunction of so many abilities in one mind can occur but rarely." Altogether he has so many rational ideas as to the probable success of English opera if conceived in close relation to our actual life instead of the life-that-never-was with which too many operas have been concerned, that one wishes he would himself set to work and supply us with an opera or operas embodying his ideals.

There is no excuse for any of our rising generation of composers failing through mere technical inability—and this surely is where so many of them have failed and are failing—when they have such books as that on "Musical Composition" by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford from which to glean hints. The highest ideals are here placed before the young composer, and the reasons for the academic rules which he is bidden to observe in order that he may walk before flying are explained, with a literary charm and a

* "Music and Nationalism." By Cecil Forsyth. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Musical Composition." By Charles Villiers Stanford. 3s. 6d. net. (The Musician's Library. Macmillan.)

"Post-Victorian Music." By Charles L. Graves. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

steadfast enthusiasm which should preserve to him his natural freshness and spontaneity throughout the drudgery of his training. The author deplores the common custom of studying harmony first and counterpoint afterwards as being inimical to the growth of a sense of melody. "Study counterpoint first," he says, "and through counterpoint master harmony." He also makes a point of the absolute necessity for the composer to study the *pure* scale—not that compromise of tones embodied in the "equal temperament," of the pianoforte. These are only two of the excellent maxims laid down in the first section on Technique. Rhythm, Melodies and Their Treatment, Form, Colour, the Treatment of Voices—every department of the composer's armoury is provided with its own special grinding and polishing devices, and the final chapter on Danger Signals should awaken a fitting sense of humility in the young musician by contemplation of his responsibilities as an artist.

Mr. Charles L. Graves's "Post-Victorian Music" consists of a reprint of some forty-four articles from *The Spectator*, most of which were suggested by some event topical at the time they were written. As reprinted they are a useful record of our musical activities for the last six or seven years. There is no interdependence between them, and their perusal gives but few clues to any definite constructive policy on the part of the writer. He is rarely found to express himself with much enthusiasm. If he disapproves in a lukewarm manner of Richard Strauss and his *Symphonia Domestica* he also disapproves in a lukewarm manner of Sir Edward Elgar and his First Symphony. Here and there one scents the boredom which is unfortunately so likely to infect the critic, whose business it is, year in, year out, to listen to concerts and recitals, good, bad and indifferent. The appreciations of musical personages (of which there are many) are alive and interesting, and of course all these studies show the fluent pen-work of the practised journalist.

H. FITCHEW.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.*

Those novel readers who like a story brim full of incident and social adventure will find something very much to their taste in Mr. Stacpoole's new tale. Regarded from a purely literary standpoint it is not, indeed, up to the level of some others of his earlier works. A plot which finds its setting in the intrigues of the Court of King Louis XV. of France can hardly be expected to call forth the same qualities which were so eminently displayed in "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Ship of Coral." But if Mr. Stacpoole has deliberately elected to descend to a less ambitious level he has produced a most ingenious trifle, and one's principal fear is that his very success may induce him to rest content with work of this nature instead of soaring again to higher flights.

Of the complicated tale which he has now written it is impossible to give any very detailed summary. Almost every character is an experienced plotter, and these plotters are occupied with so many machinations against one another, that one grows almost as bewildered as a child gazing upon a kaleidoscope. The principal character is a Baroness Linden who is sent on a mission to the Dauphiness from the Court of Vienna. This lady wins and returns the love of a young nobleman, the Comte de Lussac, who has become a convert to the teachings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and who is deeply implicated in the revolutionary *Société du Midi*. To suppress the society and its members is the great object of M. de Sartines, Minister of Police, and when the story opens he is, as he hopes, upon the eve of accomplishing his object. But M. de Sartines, being himself also a piece on the chess-board, is, naturally, in his turn also threatened by other pieces. The great danger to him lies in the fact that he and the King have combined to make a "corner" in wheat at a time when famine is raging

* "The Order of Release." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

throughout France, and that a document embodying this scandalous transaction and signed by de Sartines is in existence. The position, as may readily be understood, is one of infinite possibilities. De Lussac incriminates himself by carelessly confusing two letters, and is sent to the Bastille. Simultaneously the Baroness Linden burgles the bureau of the aged Duc de Richelieu in which the document incriminating de Sartines is kept, and thereby becomes mistress of the situation. We appear to have reached a deadlock as complete as that which Sheridan contrived between the uncles, nieces, and Don Whiskerandos.

But Mr. Stacpoole is equal to all emergencies, and if no Beefeater appears to charge them drop their daggers he finds an equally dramatic solution of the difficulty. De Lussac not only regains his liberty and the papers which prove him to have been concerned with the *Société du Midi*, but M. de Sartines gets back, through a faithful agent who had disguised himself and taken service with the Baroness, the document which would have ruined his career and, perhaps, have brought disrepute upon the King himself.

The ingenuity with which this story is worked out is quite admirable. Up to the last we are in doubt as to what the final outcome will be, and the very tameness, as it were, of the conclusion is in itself a master stroke. A drawn battle was the last thing in the world which one would have expected to find. Nor is the plot the only excellence. The dialogue is crisp and amusing, and we are not unduly plagued with the insertion of French words and phrases which might with advantage to the reader's patience have been turned into English. The characters, again, though slight, are clearly drawn, and the story as a whole is distinctly superior to most of those of the same type which have appeared since the days of Mr. Stanley Weyman's activity.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE AUSTERE ART.*

The distinguishing quality—the "virtue" as he himself would say—of Sir Frederick Wedmore's prose (knightly from the very first) is a kind of full-sailed serenity, an accomplished but industrious calm; it moves, with its spreading periods, for all the world like a full-rigged ship on a windless sea—very royal, very splendid, very lustrous, and, if somewhat slowly, why, still, with a slowness that seems, and that genuinely is, a part of its own intrinsic stateliness. Hard-working enough in its detail, it is always invincibly bland; and it is just that fundamental contrast which makes it seem so much at its best in a book like this one—a book wholly concerned, that is to say, with the efforts of an art that is itself both majestic and minute, that owes its own charm to a similar blend of calmness and intricate detail. He has often written about it before, of course, obedient to this temperamental affinity; it must be now quite a quarter of a century since he wrote his book on "The Etchings of Whistler";—and probably no one now living has done more (confound him!) to make certain desirable prints for ever unprocurable by the poor penny-a-liner. But of all the long series—the "Whistler," the "Meissonier," the "Cameron," the "Helleu"—the latest, which cruises the old seas afresh, is in many ways the richest, roundest, and best. Its task is, once more, frankly the epicure's. Himself no technician—obliged to turn, even now, with a sort of dignified helplessness, to an expert like Sir Frank Short for enlightenment and instruction concerning the simplest details of the craft—he is occupied purely with the cool accomplishment,—only faintly, perfunctorily, and perhaps a trifle disdainfully, with the delicious dirty drudgery that produced it, the anxious and enchanting inky processes. His attitude is the white-fingered Paternal one. "What," he asks himself aloud, in a phrase that

* "Etchings." By Frederick Wedmore. 25s. net. (Methuen.)

recalls a certain more famous one "What is the contribution of the particular etcher's personality to the common stock?" and the task he sets his learned senses is that of devising elegant answers to that question, of divining and defining the unique personal quality that lurks behind the medium, the "virtue" that is so often overlaid or altered or magnified hypocritically by the accidents and lucky equivokes of the acid or the press. But although the attitude is Pater's,—and often the very accent too,—there is absolutely nothing here of the petulance or freakishness which so many of Pater's spiritual children, young people suffering from temperaments, have felt forced, since the nineties, to display. To the work of each of a hundred-odd masters, from Rembrandt down (very far down, Sir Frederick thinks) down to the infelicitous Felicien Rops, and then up again to Mr. Muirhead Bone, he brings a beautiful steadfastness of vision and a scrupulous care for relative proportions: "*C'est n'estimer personne, qu'estimer tout le monde*" his excellent motto. And when, writing of Meryon's work, he speaks of each of its "lines being well and truly laid—as the stones, themselves, of his buildings" the phrase, like so many of its companions, has some of the firm clarity and temperance of the art which it describes. And so, too, in such an estimate as this, of Appian—done, if one may say so, in the Appian way—

"Appian etched Landscape—Landscape, Light and Distance. People—except as landscape figures excellently stationed—fill no important function in his work. Sometimes they may be absent from his plates altogether. What is seldom absent is Architecture—and that reminds us of Humanity: assures us we are in an inhabited and civilised world. Sometimes the building, in an etching of Appian's, is a fort; a gleaming sunlit tower. Sometimes it may be a Riviera villa: sometimes a villa wall—is it Roman, or French with the stability of Rome—a construction of the department of the 'Ponts de Chaussées'? That does not much matter. It gives, as in 'Le Village de Chanoz' a great line: it binds the landscape together: it helps to compose it. And 'Un Kocher dans les Communaux de Rix' shows, not man's building, but something of the structure and building of the world."

Or in this, from the appreciation of the landscapes of Mr. E. V. Burridge—another lately honoured artist:

"They are the aspect of the moment, clearly and delicately apprehended, finely and firmly rendered. In the first, over a still illuminated river in mid-distance, there is the ominous roll of brooding skies. In the second, we have a receding coastline, on which is thrown a long cloud-shadow—the sky to the right now luminous again: hopeful: radiant almost—the storm has left it. With light and steady touch—with nothing superfluous permitted, and nothing essential withheld—the hand of Mr. Burridge registers, like a dial, these changing hours."

Criticism like that, itself so "well and truly laid," itself "a fine, firm rendering," as clear and candid as any "dial," of aspects "clearly and delicately apprehended," rebukes, by its measured and seigniorial air, any desire a reviewer might feel, now and then, to make his own criticism captious. To try to pick holes in such smooth work seems a loutish thing, like scratching a marble wall. And only the miserably self-righteous, or the boorish, will feel compelled to call attention to weak points, places where a breach might be effected. Such fellows, no doubt, would fix, first of all, on the little flaw,—though perhaps a typical flaw,—which may be seen at the foot of page 183: the passage where the whole of the curious and important case of Mr. Augustus John is considered, dealt with, and comfortably dismissed in exactly three lines and a half—twenty-four indifferent words! That Mr. John is often maddeningly wilful one admits—with joy; and one realises, too, though perhaps with a sigh, that the often quite deceptive air of merely insolent laxity which his work sometimes has, would be bound, in the nature of things, gravely to offend a mind like Sir Frederick's. But John has done work, some of it his most characteristic, as immaculate, choice, and exquisite as anything by Ingres. And in any case it is surely pretty plain that a book which gives a whole chapter to the pretty needle-work of M. Paul Helleu cannot fob off our modern Goya in a sentence without offending exactly the fine spirit of reverence for proportion and balance which the dismissal pretends it is honouring.

But even that faint murmur of remonstrance is enough to make the spirit of reviewry feel ashamed. And, by way

of requital, let it insist, as it slinks back, that the other main quality which is absent from these pages, and which some readers will enquire for complainingly (indeed, one hears them doing so already) is an element that had to be sacrificed, is really the price we all pay for the book's other charms. "Here is a great deal of talk" (it will be said) "about the capacities and personalities of Whistler and Rembrandt and Anders Zorn and the rest of them, but what about the special capacities of the biggest personality of all—the figure of Etching herself? What about *her* contribution?" Why is *her* function not defined? Well, the answer, of course, is that Sir Frederick's way of approach strictly forbids any such enquiry;—that it is one which could only be conducted by working up from the brute basis of the craft, the physical weaknesses and powers of burnishers and burrs and all the glorious gamble of printing;—and that the man who once immerses himself in these elements will never again be able to approach the finished work with that eager innocence of attention which forms the sensitive face of Sir Frederick's dial, the virgin wax to receive the impression. And (as the impatient craftsman ought to realise more often) work done in this unpractical spirit is of far greater practical importance to him than the pedantic writing of the text-book makers, smelling so mightily of "shop." For it offers him a beautiful registration of the final effect produced by his work—a delicate chart from whose readings he may reckon exactly what impression his needle has produced on the ultimate plate of man's mind. The writing, we have said, has some of the quality of a fine print. Not more fantastically it may be said that every page of the letterpress is just the last pull, the final "state," of the master-etchings to which it alludes.

One word as to the other pulls—the real ones,—the forty-four reproductions of the prints themselves. Like all the illustrations in this series ("The Connoisseur's Library" which Mr. Cyril Davenport edits so admirably for Methuen's) they have been very tactfully done. The choice too, is good—though not quite the best: it sometimes seeming clear that the attempt to keep the general proportions right has met more difficulties here than in the text. The solitary Legros, for instance,—a resigned and shrunken landscape—is not one of that great Master's finer things. And the entire absence of Strang, again, produces a real distortion in a selection that includes examples of Mr. Affleck's work and Mr. Watson's and Mr. Burridge's.

DIXON SCOTT.

THE COMPLETE NIETZSCHE.*

One cannot contemplate the completion of the English translation of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche without feelings of gratitude towards the practical enthusiasm of Dr. Oscar Levy who has guided so remarkable an enterprise to success. At the outset the production of a complete set of Nietzsche's works in English was not without commercial hazard, but the results must indeed be gratifying to all concerned for (and it will come as a surprise to many people) no less than seven of the eighteen volumes comprising the edition are in a second, and three are in a third edition. That would indicate the existence of a public seriously interested in Friedrich Nietzsche, for it may be surmised with some certainty that the light interest aroused by journalistic exploitation of the challenge of his thought, and the tragedy of his life, has long since been surfeited, and those who skim over the surface of philosophic fashions are engaged elsewhere. There are, as a matter of fact, a great many people who feel, rightly or wrongly, that Nietzsche has a message for them; and their number is still respectable after it has been written down by the subtraction of those (and they are still many) who misuse or misunderstand him, drawn as they

* "The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche." (First complete and Authorised Translation in 18 volumes). Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. (T. N. Foulis.)

have been to his work by his apparent, but apparent only to the dull-witted, advocacy of moral license, and his childish and often irritating insistence on a desire to write only for the elect. To say you write for the elect is the surest way of attracting the mediocre. But, whatever, the status of Nietzsche's public there is little doubt that his thought and ideas are at length receiving something like acceptance in this country, or rather, we are at length in the heyday of surprise at the daring of the great German psychologist, although long after he has ceased to startle our continental neighbours. But up to the present his direct influence has been small, what real influence he has had on English writers has been indirect, coming through French, German and Italian authors who have written under his spell. It may be indeed that Nietzsche will not affect us as he has affected others, for we have become inured to the flaming aphorism of revolt in this country by the genius of Mr. Bernard Shaw, a thinker bearing many superficial resemblances to Nietzsche, though fundamentally opposed to him. So similar at times have these two thinkers been that shallow critics have hinted rather broadly as to Mr. Shaw's continental inspirers. The author of "Man and Superman" is strong enough to be his own first line of defence, but it is interesting to note, in the light of past criticisms of his originality, that the publication of Nietzsche's autobiography, "Ecce Homo," actually lays the German open to the charge of having plagiarised the Irishman! In this autobiography, which is, by the way, one of the most remarkable and inspiring books ever written, Nietzsche repeatedly uses the egotistical gags which have been the stock properties of Bernard Shaw's drum and trumpeting for something like a quarter of a century. Before G.B.S. an autobiography like "Ecce Homo," with such chapter headings as "Why I am so wise," "Why I am so clever," and "Why I write such excellent books," might have evoked an admonitory leader in *The Times*, and scare headlines in the *Daily Mail*; but familiarity with that method of self-expression has, as usual, produced indifference.

This is not the place or the time to interpret the Nietzschean idea, even if one could grant that place or time were ever proper to such an endeavour, which is doubtful. No interpretation of Nietzsche can have anything but a purely subjective value. Nietzsche has ever been his own best interpreter, but he becomes doubly so by the publication of "Ecce Homo," which, with a stroke of the pen as it were, robs all his friendly commentators of their validity. All that need be said in a general way about Nietzsche, either in elucidation, in extenuation or even in praise, is said in this wonderful book, and it is said on the authority of the only final authority, Friedrich Nietzsche himself, that is why Dr. Oscar Levy might have stayed the energy of his translators at the translation, and added himself the few necessary bibliographical and biographical details which are really all the preface each volume requires; not that the existing prefaces are incapable, they are unnecessary. Beyond a natural feeling against being talked to by what might be called conscientious Nietzscheans, before beginning one of the Master's books, I have none but feelings of gratitude for this splendid monument to the genius of the deepest and the highest thinker of our time. The volumes themselves are convenient and quietly dignified both as to type and binding.

The completion of the English translation of his works gives us in this country the first chance of drawing for ourselves a full length portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche, and we are helped very considerably in this task by "Ecce Homo," which is at least a three-quarter portrait of the artist by himself. In this book he not only reveals his own ideas one by one in a sort of organic relationship with each other, he reveals himself also in relation to them, and here they do not always square well together; particularly in the philosopher's aspiration to be a satyr rather than a saint, for Nietzsche was by constitution the latter. He admits to never having had a desire, and from what we know of his life we can believe him: perhaps even Nietzsche was sentimentalizing when he patronized the satyr. His

love of health also is unrelated to his condition, or rather related contrariwise, for, of course, it is not the first time an invalid has written vehemently of health. Such inconsistencies are forced upon readers of Nietzsche, not because they affect his philosophy, but because in so intensely personal a thinker they affect your view of him. The fact that his sanity gave way just after he had written "Ecce Homo," in 1889, has been used by many writers as an argument against his ideas, but the relationship in this case is very remote. Nietzsche was undoubtedly sane when he wrote his books, he wrote nothing after his mind gave way. It is conceivable that even the strongest of minds might break beneath such pressure as Nietzsche could bring to bear upon himself, for he was no formal thinker; he did not codify and co-ordinate the already thought-out, he constantly made tracks into the unknown, and it is inconceivable that his ideas should be finally condemned and repudiated because of that. It may be unusual to say instinct is superior to reason; it may be illogical to stigmatize morality as decadent; it may have been wrong of him to prefer Dionysus to Christ or satyr to saint; his objection to ideals may have been inconvenient; his deep sense of the formative value of tragedy may have been unpleasant, and his dream of superman, absurd. But neither the charges of being unusual, illogical, wrong, inconvenient, unpleasant or even absurd, are sufficient, severally or collectively, to convict a man of insanity—or there are very few of us sane. One idea, and one only, in the whole of Nietzsche's works touches the borderland, that is his conception of "eternal recurrence," but that idea, upon which one might brood oneself into Bedlam, is by no means peculiar to him, it exists in all its appalling emptiness in several writers and in many forms. Friedrich Nietzsche is really much saner than most men, or perhaps than any man—he is as sane as the animals. It is his extreme naturalism, in an age conventional and artificial in idea and habit, that arouses doubts as to his sanity. Nietzsche is the naturalist of psychology—a sufficiently new thing to attract and repel. Like life, he is paradoxical, a yea-saying and a destruction. To accept life as a battle and take the consequences without revenge or resentment—and what does not destroy you creates you—that is the essence of Nietzsche. And after breathing the rare air of his thoughts one feels that the unwritten law is no longer unwritten, the contentiousness of life no longer a contention. He calls one of his books, "a book for all and none,"—Nietzsche may be described as a philosopher for all and none.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Novel Notes.

THE CURE. By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Coke tells us that "The Cure" is not recommended to—among others—"such rude optimists as expect a laugh on every page," and, in a way, he is right. There may not be an inordinate number of laughs in his "psychologic farce," but there are of similes. In fact, the book is a lengthy and satisfying grin, from the moment when Lady Medwin decides to leave her husband—because he tells her that her new hat makes her look like "nothing upon earth"—to the last page. The heroine takes refuge at the Selton Hostel—"Therap. baths. Res. phys. Beautiful surr. Mar. view. Congenial Soc." and all the rest of it—and there makes acquaintance with a variety of delightfully assorted cranks. What happens the reader must discover for himself, and we can assure him that he will find no lack of amusement, more especially in the sentimental adventure of Professor Ingleby (of Wigan) and the meeting of the New Truth League, the members of which hold as their principal tenet that they will accept nothing from Man—not even a vote. The whole book is as ridiculously charming as anything we have ever come across.

FIRE & THE FLINT. By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mrs. Arnold is to be congratulated in turning to excellent purpose a subject that is at once new to fiction and of conspicuous momentary interest. The plot of her story moves far from its first moorings, but there can be little doubt that the recollection of her readers will return chiefly to old Ezra Smith, the founder and inspirer of a devoted band of village Morris dancers. The chapters dealing with this are fraught with a fine enthusiasm that would alone give distinction to the story. Cecil Raine and Lawrence Wynward, in the course of a walking-tour, fall easily under the glamour of this enthusiasm, and the interesting story records the fortunes of Ezra's daughter who, leaving her native village, achieves renown as an artiste in London and Paris. From the outset it is made apparent that the volatile Cecil is no mate for this finely-drawn type of sane and brilliant English womanhood, who is the queen of the company in Paris and in London, as she was in her native village; and yet there is nothing better or stronger in the book than the drawing of the morally weak Cecil, who lives on his reputation for a few juvenile epigrams, and stoops to enjoy a momentary fame as the supposed author of Wynward's anonymous successes in fiction and drama. It is a pleasant story, which is made to end happily without doing violence to probability or poetic justice.

THE BARON OF ILL-FAME. By Hester Barton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The title of this book seems to us a little unfortunate and misleading. It plainly gave the promise of modern melodrama in its most lurid form, while in reality it is an ambitious historical novel, dealing with Florence in the time of Dante. In one respect, however, the title is certainly justified, for the hero-villain, despite his antiquity, is worthy to be the founder of all the long family of evil barons and baronets of fiction. In short, as Mr. Jingle said, Corso Donati is a really terrible fellow, whose career includes the forcible seizure of his daughter from a convent to compel her to a marriage, from which she is speedily released by death; and his connivance in the poisoning of his wife, to pave the way for his own marriage with his evil genius, Donna Lucia. The story contains some powerfully-drawn scenes, notably the poisoning incident, in the chapter of "The Interrupted Banquet"; and in the death-scene of the miscreant himself. Miss Barton has not overcome all the difficulties of this kind of narrative, the style of her story recalls the once-famous spasmodic school, and in such words as "'Leonora!' cried Filippo hoarsely, letting the dagger fall from his nerveless hand," we seem to detect the ancient hall-mark of Wardour Street English.

PENNY MONYPENNY. By Mary and Jane Findlater. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

When you suspect a young man, whose health is consistently wretched and whose chief asset appears to be a rather impish intellect, to be on the point of asking your daughter to marry him, you will surely do well to make him promise to do nothing of the kind. So thought Penelope's mother, as sweet and gentle and tactful a mother as one could wish for; but Lorin Weir, the slovenly, facetious, lovable young man in question, who adds to his disadvantages that of being Penny's first cousin, firmly declines to make any such promise. "You might as well ask a man stifling to death to promise not to gasp for air. . . . Of course, you'll all oppose it. I know you will. Oppose away; if she cares enough, I'll say like Luther, though every tile on the house roofs were a devil it won't stop me; though you, and the uncles, and Aunt Deborah, and Booley and the dogs, were all devils you won't stop me, if Pen cares." And the pity of it all is that Pen does care; cares indeed even more passionately than Lorin. The unpleasant, unconvincing development which follows comes as a shock to the reader, and might have been avoided with advantage. Badly trained, unloved, and misunderstood by his crotchety uncles and aunt, Lorin allows himself to drift into a sordid entanglement

with—of all people in the world—a vulgar Creole woman, the wife of a friend of the Monypennys. Her eyes thus rudely opened, Pen must needs construct her world afresh, and in this new world a different Pen meets a very different husband. The authors write with rare insight and sympathy; their women are always interesting and cleverly portrayed; and in Penny Monypenny, or Twopenny, as Lorin delights to call her, they have drawn a character as fresh and charming as a spring morning.

THE BREATH OF THE DESERT. By H. Clayton East. 6s. net. (Duckworth)

Mr. Hichens has many devoted followers, and the present author would seem to be one of them. If to that attractive style there be added an infusion of Pierre Loti's poetic mysticism, together with not a little of Mr. Douglas Sladen's eloquence and descriptive power, it is obvious that the mixture should be effective. What detracts from the promised effect is that there is little or no plot, and that the characters are ordinary. We know of old the matter-of-fact, uninspiring husband, the dreamy, large-souled, passionate wife longing for a personification of strength she can worship, and the strong, quiet man, making such a perfect lover with his dramatic appearances and disappearances, and his deep-toned voice, and his equally large and deep-toned soul. What novelists refuse to see, but what the ordinary reader of the male persuasion sees clearly enough, is that such a man would soon bore a wife to extinction. It is a relief to turn from this pair with their dreams and visions, their trances and ecstasies, and their unblushing casuistry, to the honest, straight, and thoroughly English Major. What though his stories of stirring life—he does not deal in dreams and trances—are rather dragged in by the scruff of the neck, much as the stories are dragged into "Pickwick," still, come as they may, they bring with them a real breath, not of the hot-house, but of the open air. They ring true and give a very good idea of modern Egypt, except when they momentarily branch off into mysticism and gambling. The Major is the backbone of the book, which else would be rather invertebrate.

LOVE ON THE HAPPY HILL. By Violet Pearn. 6s. (Melrose.)

Marriage, Birth and Death, "the splendour—the rightness that lie behind the great facts of life," these are the terms in which Gerald Dymock, an author afire with the fresh enthusiasm of youth, defines his conception of the beauty of life. Then comes that great teacher Experience, and one by one his ideals are trampled in the mire. He marries a selfish, shallow woman, and "love" becomes loathsome; the birth of his twin children is attended by no uplifting emotions; the deathbed of his wife serves only to emphasise the petty, empty nature of the woman. "Now I've learnt, seen life. And I loathe it. It sickens me—being in love—marriage—motherhood. The things people sentimentalise about. Instincts dressed up in fine clothes. . . ." Thus an older Gerald. The years roll by, and Gerald's daughter, Isolde, in her turn experiences the "great facts of life." The contrast is complete. The solemn beauty attending Isolde's marriage, her child's birth, and her heroic death is the means of restoring to Gerald the lost faith of his youth. The author is to be congratulated on a noteworthy novel; despite the difficult and extensive scope of the story, her treatment of the subject is always masterful, and the forces of realism and idealism are wielded with equal efficiency. In particular the tale is sweetened and enlivened by the idyllic love story of Isolde and the sympathetic picture of the Devonshire folk among whom she lived.

DAUGHTERS OF ISHMAEL. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

Mr. Kauffman's book is more of a sociological treatise than a novel, but it possesses several very remarkable features. He tells the story of the abduction of an American girl and of the unavailing efforts which she makes to

escape from her surroundings. The book is intended, we are told, for "three classes of readers, and no more. It is intended for those who have to bring up children, for those who have to bring up themselves, and for those who, in order that they may think of bettering the weaker, are, on their own part, strong enough to begin that task by bearing a knowledge of the truth." It is terribly vivid and lifelike, and it gains much from the dispassionate and unsensational methods of the author, who has on the whole handled his theme with much delicacy, though we confess that there are a few details which impressed us as unnecessarily revolting. Never for a moment, however, can Mr. Kauffman's sincerity be called into question, and the effect of his book must, we think, be for good. Mr. John Masfield contributes an outspoken preface.

AN IRREGULAR MARRIAGE. By Sidney Warwick. 6s. (Greening.)

Adrian Cleve's second marriage certainly was irregular to a degree, but Mr. Sidney Warwick's treatment of a theme which is not, in fact, nearly so delicate as it sounds in the title of his book, is entirely unobjectionable. It is also a good deal more than that, for "An Irregular Marriage" is the best novel of pure sensation that we have come across for some time. It is almost impossible for us even to hint at the plot, which is complicated to a degree—though the author himself never seems troubled. Adrian Cleve in the first instance married an actress. She ran away from him, and he heard that she had met her death in the San Francisco earthquake. Cleve then married again, for the sake of a promising Parliamentary career. At the opening of the book he is not in love with his second wife, but his feelings change as soon as he discovers that she cares for him. But it is now almost too late, for the first wife has reappeared safe and sound. To crown everything comes the mysterious murder—of which Cleve is suspected—of the man whom he believes to be at the back of his first wife's desertion of him. Having got his hero into a highly uncomfortable position, Mr. Warwick sets to work to extricate him, and a very difficult business it is. He may be warmly congratulated on the ingenuity he displays, and the clever manner in which he contrives to keep the reader's sympathies on the side of the hero. "An Irregular Marriage" is a very readable book.

CHRISTOPHER. By Richard Pryce. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The story is aptly named "Christopher." We begin with Christopher's first breath, and we are soon busy storing impressions and memories with the aid of Christopher's baby eyes and ears and nose. Delightful peeps and flashes they are, too, and wonderfully impressive. We grow up with Christopher, first at fierce-eyed Granny Oxeter's in Cheltenham, where people visit us in Bath chairs, and then in picturesque Boulogne—shall we ever forget its sights, its sounds, its smells? And here at Boulogne we are tremendously interested in "the beautiful lady who could not be called upon by grown-up people nor talked about before little boys," because, as dear, proper, good-natured nurse Trimmer informs us, she has run away from her husband in company with a young Englishman. Christopher, however, strikes up a friendship with the young Englishman, who is kind to him and calls him "little chap," and does not rest until he has married Christopher's widowed mother, the sweetest and most tender-hearted of women. Christopher's own love story is very different—hope, despair, hope again, and then, in the hour of joy, the shattering of the idol, the agony of disillusion. But the best part of the novel is the first part, dealing with Christopher's childhood, and we grudge the space devoted to Christopher's fruitless love quest. The love story of his mother is admirably told; the secret processes of the heart, the qualms of conscience, the self-searchings of a woman contemplating a second marriage, are depicted with great delicacy and sympathetic skill. The novel as a whole will certainly rank with Mr. Pryce's best work.

MAID'S MONEY. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

One of these days Mrs. Henry Dudeney will write a story about men and women who shall be real, faultily human creatures without being unpleasant; for there positively are such people in the world, whose stories are well worth telling, and we are convinced that Mrs. Dudeney can tell them, and will go so far as to forecast that when she does she will not only be recognised as one of the ablest of living women novelists, but will become one of the most popular. She writes admirably, with what for want of a more expressive word one may call a masculine strength of style; moreover, she has a true and sympathetic knowledge of humanity, cunning descriptive powers, and a blessed gift of humour. The characters in "Maid's Money," as in all her books, are wonderfully lifelike, but they are for the most part as unlikeable as they are unlovely. The only one who gets a hold upon you is Laban, the poor, struggling inventor, with the hands that are too elegant—"Horace Walpole might have had them; they are made to hold a sweetmeat-box; nothing stronger." His love for the somewhat coarse-minded, coarse-spoken, middle-aged Sarah is the one idyllic light that breaks through the rather



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

sordid drabness of the story. "Oh, but I love you," he says to her, "and I seem only to have just found it out, although I have known it all along. How do I know when it first started—love! You don't look on the weaving of the rainbow; the magic arch is there." "But that is beautiful, beautiful—and you say it to me," returned Sarah, in a broken voice, and an awed voice. There were tears in her eyes, and they did not improve her. Suddenly, through the soft mist of this occasion, the sharp truth pierced him—it was a sword glittering in mid-air, supported by nothing. Sarah was old; she was even older than he was himself. He was already assaulted by a wistful sense of the too-late." Sarah and her cousin Rebecca had been the one a nursemaid, the other a private governess; and an old aunt dying left all her fortune between them on condition that they remained single and lived in the house she bequeathed to them in Cornwall. They were only too thankful to escape from the drudgery of servitude, and retired willingly to that haven. Then, for the first time, love came into the life of each of them; but Bosanquet, a disreputable medical practitioner, merely wanted Rebecca for her money; and even Laban's strange love for Sarah

was involved with thoughts of her wealth, and she knew that he looked to a marriage with her to give him the means to complete his great invention and place it on the market. How could such a story end with happiness for anybody? It is brilliantly written, with shrewd touches of sarcasm and grim humour, and it ends as it was bound to, with happiness for no one, except perhaps Laban, who would certainly have been even more unhappy if he had obtained his desire. The realistic art with which the characters are drawn and the narrative unfolded cannot but win your admiration, and make you the more anxious that Mrs. Dudeney should exercise it in some book in more than one colour that shall handle life's nobler tragedies and finer issues.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Snaith gives too easy a rein, in "The Principal Girl," to certain sometimes rather irritating eccentricities of style that we think he should curb. A lady of our acquaintance who is a great reader of novels gave this as the reason why she could not get on with it—much to our disappointment, for, despite these flies in the amber, we have rarely enjoyed a new novel so greatly as we have enjoyed this. The humour of character and incident in it is a sheer delight; there are sly little satirical touches on the foibles and small snobberies of modern society and of certain types of twentieth century literary and political character which so tickle you that you must needs laugh within you as you read them. The tale is of the ariest, gayest possible kind. It tells how a young man of good birth and no particular intellect falls desperately in love with the principal girl in a Drury Lane pantomime, and in defiance of the wishes of his parents, who have risen in the world, and are desirous of holding their own among the aristocracy, and in face of discouragement from the girl's grandmother, a charmingly stately old dame with a healthy pride in her great theatrical pedigree, gets his own way, marries his pretty and eminently sensible enchantress, and so far from having to repent comes to realize that he never did anything wiser. Once you grow reconciled to those snags in Mr. Snaith's style you will find this so fresh, bright, pleasant and amusing a novel that in your enthusiasm you won't want to say a word that is not warmly in praise of it. Its dialogue sparkles; it is alive with shrewd and witty comment on the life we are living to-day; and the plot is fashioned and unfolded with such an easy, careless-seeming narrative skill that but for those occasional mannerisms we should scarcely suspect the art of it. In this day of stories that are burdened with heavy problems and abnormal miseries so brilliant a novelist as Mr. Snaith, who knows how to be a true artist in something else than gloom, is a possession we cannot too fully appreciate.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ROLL OF THE SEASONS. By G. G. Desmond. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

We know that it is one of the tritest of platitudes to say that we never count our blessings till we are robbed of them. In childhood, the perambulator is an affliction; in manhood a joy which we cannot possess. We cannot be driven about gratis now, and once we were coaxed and scolded into it. Further, who has not met the yokel who yearns for the city, and we, how often are we sighing for the country! Among our city acquaintances, however, we have discovered the individual who

"Likes the country, but in truth must own
Most likes it best, when he studies it in town."

Mr. Desmond's book will delight the town-dweller who enjoys studying Nature most at home, but far more will it delight the many thousands who, being in "the fell clutch of circumstance," are forced to spend their lives in cities while their souls thirst for the simple joys of the

country. "The Roll of the Seasons" is a collection of Nature articles reprinted from "The Nation." A happy gift of expression belongs to Mr. Desmond, and, most important of all, he writes with authority and kindly enthusiasm. We place his book on an accessible shelf, knowing full well that many will be the times when from it we shall seek and find solace for our city-stained soul.

THE WORKS OF MAN. By Lisle March Phillipps. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. L. March Phillipps has written a very distinguished, book which it is probably a test of real culture to appreciate. "My desire has been," he says, "to confine myself to the consideration of art as an expression of human life and character. Selecting some of the great periods, or creative epochs, in the art of the world, I have endeavoured to deduce from them the distinguishing qualities, limitations, and point of view of the races which produced them." Above all he deals with architecture—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arab, and Italian—as "the most broadly human of all the arts . . . the richest in human character." He has already given us more than a hint of his methods in his second book, "In the Desert"; his first being a record of the Boer War, "With Rimington's." One chapter of this new book, in fact, repeats portions of "In the Desert," in a reduced and more abstract form. It deals with "The Arab in Architecture," and shows how "the whimsical civilization which accompanied the Arab dominion and broke into so wild a frenzy of necromantic and astrological speculations is paralleled with curious felicity in the odd and freakish shapes, the flame-like mounting spirals and fantastically curved and twisted arches, into which the new architecture instantly developed." The sobriety and lucidity of the writing are beautiful and it must be pointed out that they make reading so easy as perhaps to blind the careless reader to the underlying learning and even to the importance of the result. Yet there is an excuse for the reader who is blind in this way. For Mr. March Phillipps has attempted to do a very great deal in a small space. His method has been to take away the flesh and blood and leave the graceful articulated bones—admirable, but a skeleton nevertheless. The obvious alternative was the impressionistic method. Had he used this he might have given some examples to help the reader who cannot instantly take up every hint from geography and history as it is made. He has left hardly anything to catch the eye. And Mr. March Phillipps takes other things for granted in a manner which has challenged our attention. He calls the Arabs fiery and unstable: their civilization and their arches crumbled. But he explains nothing when he compares their mental activity unfavourably with the rational culture of the European, and says "it was not indeed activity of the intellect so much as activity of the fancy and imagination." This strikes us as a very casual use of words: "fancy" and "imagination" do no more than cover up a difficulty which he elsewhere indicates as "the element, strongly mixed with the Arab civilization, which differentiates it from that of the Western races." The probability is that he has not gone far enough back. He has touched brilliantly on the swift Arab warfare and the swift Arab style of building as they appear to a Western mind, but he has hardly done more to show why they failed than to give that apparent weakness a depreciatory familiar name. He is inclined to say that the Arabs were passionate, and that passion fails before reason, and to say also that they failed and therefore must have been lacking in reason.

AN ACTOR'S NOTEBOOKS. By Frank Archer. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It is curious how many men who have lived a full and interesting life have little of interest to tell you about it when they come to sit down towards the end of their careers and talk about the past. They have taken part in great events, but have no special or vivid remembrance of them; they have been comparatively intimate with famous men, but recall little of what they said and can tell you nothing



Mr. Frank Archer.

From "An Actor's Note Books," by Frank Archer. (Stanley Paul.)

much about them. We have been delighted to find that Mr. Frank Archer is not one of this unobservant majority. He has had a full and interesting life, he has met many famous and interesting men, and has observed and heard and remembered so much that he has been able to write one of the most attractive and most useful books of theatrical memoirs we have read for many years. He acted in the plays of Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, came into close personal relations with these two men and adds something to our knowledge of both of them. Some of the Wilkie Collins letters that he prints are a distinct and important gain. He knew Westland Marston, Joseph Knight, Irving, Toole, all the leading actors of the later nineteenth century years; he counted Tom Taylor among his best friends, and gives an excellent descriptive account of a visit he paid to Tennyson at Farringford. He repeats the shrewd advice that Wilkie Collins gave him on the art of story writing, and sets down his conversation with Collins and others with an almost Boswellian cunning and minuteness. There are a good many references to Dickens, too; once Mr. Arnold heard him read at St. James's Hall, and "he left on me the impression that his powers of impersonation were greater than his ability in sustained, even reading. For instance, in level passages such a reader as Bellow was his superior, though when it came to realizing any of the characters of his own creation, dramatically, he reigned supreme." Not the least entertaining parts of the volume are those which touch on Mr. Arnold's personal experiences as an actor; but indeed the whole book makes capital reading, and is one that is sure of a permanent place among the records of the English stage.

MASTERS OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM: A STUDY OF PERSONAL FORCES. By T. H. S. Escott. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

In journalism the rule is that the unexpected happens. Changes in "the street of adventure" are as frequent as they are kaleidoscopic. To write more than a newspaper

sketch about our newspapers is to risk a fall. Even Mr. Escott, with his wide, varied, almost unique experiences, and the special sources of much of his information, has been unable to avoid mistakes. Some of these mistakes are personal; some, such as the allusion to Grove's "*History of Europe*," (p. 225), are obviously the result of ineffective proof-reading. Perhaps the author has attempted too much. Certainly, though Mr. Escott's excursions into antiquity are in their way delightful, as coming from one who has never forgotten his scholarship in his journalism; and the pages devoted to the writers of news-letters and such "fathers of journalism" as Defoe, Steele, Addison, Cobbett, and the two Hunts make capital reading, one would have preferred the story proper to begin with the Walters in chapter One or Two rather than in chapter Seven. And it would have been an advantage from the reader's point of view if the art of the paragraph had been cultivated more assiduously. As it is the attention is frequently switched off from one topic to another without any preliminary note being sounded. An example of this is to be found on page 280, where, following on a reference to a veteran journalist, in which the personal pronoun is used, we have a sentence beginning "On his death," which came as a considerable shock to the present writer till he grasped the fact that the "death" referred to was that of the proprietor with whom the journalist in question had been associated. However, these matters are as the straws that on the surface float. The pearls, if submerged, exist; and those who take the necessary plunge will find them in fair quantity and lustre. Mr. Escott's book will serve as an authority for many years to come; no journalist will read it without interest and refreshment. And its tone is so kindly throughout that it seems ungracious to draw attention to its imperfections. The author, whilst fully alive to the advantages of the old school, takes to the new as a duck takes to water. He is not out to flatter the newspaper man. His view is that we are newspaper-ridden rather than newspaper driven. To him the journalist is "a stormy petrel," a "fisher in troubled waters." But "he has, in twentieth-century journalism, a dozen chances of making his personal mark where, under the old régime, he would not have had one." As to the future, where London is concerned, Mr. Escott's verdict is that "the point has been reached when experience seems likely to place its veto upon the repetition of undertakings already proved to be impracticable." In fine, journalism has sounded its last note and left no stratum of the reading public untapped. The *Tribune* tailed "because the public that commended and might have bought it was sufficiently supplied already." Like the stores, the great newspapers have become all-embracing. So far as we ourselves can foretell, the fat kine will swallow up the lean kine; or, to vary the metaphor, the comparatively small "shops," will combine and form a counterpart themselves to the stores.

CASANOVA AND HIS TIME. By E. Maynial. Translated by E. C. Mayne. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Most people are far better acquainted with the charlatan of fiction than the charlatan of fact, with the inimitable Dousterswivel of the "*Antiquary*" than the Italian swindler who adorned the eighteenth century. Once more ignorance is bliss; but if they would have thrust upon their vision a yet more satisfying picture of Sir Walter Scott's genius than they behold already, let them read this version of the Italian rogue's memoirs, and realise how "the Wizard of the North" in consulting old records utilised the materials at his disposal, how he placed a mass of nauseating rascality in his alembic and distilled from it a companionable and humorous character. "Den comes one herald, as we call Ernhold, winding his horn; and den come de great Peolphon, called the Mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on hims black stead." This is better than persuading a poor feeble-witted old dame that she is going to be reincarnated in a young boy. In his "*Memoirs*," which for cynical delight in wickedness rival those of Benvenuto Cellini, Casanova frankly ascribes some of his prestige to good luck. It was

a stroke of luck that enabled him to make a hit with his oracular answers to M.d'O's questions as to the whereabouts of his lost portfolio. He was lucky too to live in an age when in France at all events "ennui had reduced everybody" (i.e., the upper ten thousand) "to lunacy." But he fortified his good fortune with much hard study. "He was crammed with Paracelsus, and was a great reader of Nostradamus." And so when, after serving his apprenticeship in deluding the treasure hunting farmer by the Rubicon, and a Venice nobleman, and the superstitious M.d'O, he came to Paris, he speedily scaled the heights of success: "All the women wore his portrait; he pretended to cure nearly every known ailment, sold a liquid which had the virtue of keeping those who drank it for ever at the same age; evoked the dead, and gave interviews to the highest personages in the State in the posture of an inspired Sibyl." Luck came again to his aid when the old Marquise d'Urfé, "the doyenne of the French Medæas," failed to attain the promised reincarnation. He had carried on the farce as far as he dared, had made the poor old lady stand in the water at Marseilles while the moon wrote comforting messages on the rippling waves, and then when the crisis was upon him, she most opportunely died. His prestige was saved so far as the Marquise was concerned, but Paris was beginning to see through him, and he retired to "embattail and to wall about" his fading reputation by taking up with what he cynically termed "the sublime trifling of freemasonry." His subsequent career was only remarkable for a visit to England in which he was routed by a young woman a trifle more knavish than himself, and by a friendship with that gambler and libertine Lorenzo da Ponte, whom an unkind fate inflicted on the world as the worthless librettist of two immortal tone poems, the "Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni."

FLOREAT ETONA. By Ralph Nevill 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

There are many books about Eton, and the appearance of a new volume on the most famous, if not perhaps the best, of all our public schools should boast some special feature to justify its existence. It is likely that Mr. Nevill can substantiate such a claim by reason of his remarkably well informed chapters on the ancient fabric, associations, and general history of his old school and on the really excellent series of illustrations that he has chosen to adorn his lively and engaging text. For Mr. Nevill, who is not faultless either as a writer or a critic of life, has a backing of sound intelligence behind many of his strongly expressed opinions. It is equally surprising and pleasing to find so ardent a Tory denouncing the horrors of Long Chamber and criticising the abuses that were put an end to with the divorce of Eton from Kings. He has little to tell us that is new, and a good deal that is not new, concerning Dr. Keate, Montem, and a dozen other figures and facts of traditional Etonian lore, but he loves a good story almost as much as he hates a good Socialist. Witness his legend of the Founder's statue, which remains at the present well-nigh as grimy as it was when the small child of a college official was led to understand that Henry VI. had been a black man. As a loyal son of Eton, the infant in question learnt to salute the statue whenever he passed it in the school-yard. On visiting Windsor with his nurse, and perceiving a private of one of the West India regiments, the child believed itself confronted by Henry VI. in the flesh. Solemnly rising in its perambulator and exclaiming "Founder," the infant accorded the astounded soldier a reverent salute. The "restoration" of the College Chapel in 1847, thanks to the well-intentioned but ill-advised munificence of Wilder, is discussed by Mr. Nevill with the outspoken censure that it richly deserves. It is interesting, too, to know the genesis of the popular "Eton Boating Song," the words of which were written by the eccentric assistant master "Billy" Johnson, whose epigram, by the way, about a colleague who wore a long beard, is hardly worthy of being put on record. Mr. Nevill grieves for the discontinuance of "Montem," though the ceremony seems to have been rowdy and unedify-

ing enough, and the extortion of money from wayfarers by boys armed with swords seems to have little to recommend it on the score of good manners or taste. But well-a-day, these "old festivals" must be "defended against the attacks of those hawk-eyed commercial gamblers who, calling themselves 'business men,' dominate the modern world." And of Herbert Stockhose, the Montem Poet, we learn that though of lowly birth his qualities secured him a unique place of many far above him in rank. "The Board School," adds Mr. Nevill, "has now rendered all such humble types extinct." For which Mr. Nevill is partly consoled in that the college drag-hunt still continues, despite "the absurd agitation of so-called humanitarians," to whose voices of "hysterical sentimentalism" the authorities very properly refused to listen.

IN A GERMAN PENSION. By Katherine Mansfield. 6s. (Stephen Swift)

These are not kind sketches of what the publishers call "the heart, and mind, and soul of the quaint Bavarian people." They are, on the contrary, wild, and free and untrammelled, almost to a painful degree of candour—so untrammelled, indeed, as to make one wonder, whether after all, the author has not spoilt her own effects by the emphasis she places upon the beast hidden in some men. Some critics may contend that this is the sort of sketch we shall get almost inevitably when the modern woman becomes really articulate, but, for our own part, we prefer to think that Katherine Mansfield has been led away by the intensity of her vision, and by what she imagines wrongly are the ultimate requirements of art and of truth. There was really no sound necessity for writing such morbid sketches as "The Swing of the Pendulum," or "The Child Who-Was-Tired," and the treatment of the young man and the servant, Sabina, in the chapter entitled "At 'Lehmann's'" only leaves one with a sense of infinite repulsion. In the other sketches where she observes the peculiarities of Bavarian manners at table, in conversation, on the domestic horizon, and in dress, Miss Mansfield is undeniably penetrating, clever, and effective. In her first sketch, "Germans at Meat," there is also an exceedingly amusing comparison between the appetites of the English and the Germans. Thus the German Herr Rat explains how "at nine o'clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much. Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea—that is nothing to the English." Whereupon one Fraulein Stiegelauer answers: "Do they really eat so much soup, and baker's bread, and pig's flesh, and tea and coffee, and stewed fruit, and ham and eggs, and cold fish, and kidneys, and hot fish, and liver? And do the ladies eat that too, especially the ladies?" "Certainly," quoth the Herr Rat magnificently, "I, myself, have noticed it when I was living in an hotel in Leicester Square." Later, in the conversation, a speaker says blandly to an English visitor when the question of invasion is discussed: "You English have got no army at all; only a few little boys with their veins full of nicotine poisoning." And a more generous German added: "Don't be afraid. We don't want England. If we did, we would have had her long ago."

Notes on New Books.

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As Government Agent for the Queensland Labour Trade in the South Sea Islands, Mr. Douglas Rannie has had many queer experiences and several narrow escapes from death. Of these he tells in a very brisk and interesting fashion in *My Adventures among South Sea Cannibals* (16s. net), a record of travel and human experience as exciting as any we have ever come across. Not the least interesting portions of the volume are those descriptive of the abuses practised by unscrupulous agents in the search for "material." There are many fine illustrations from photographs.



THE HOUSE OF CASSELL



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In her latest story, *The Cost* (6s.), Miss L. G. Moberly cannot be said to have found a subject equal to the ability frequently displayed in her writing. There are many pages of excellent and sharply-defined description, but the whole is made to turn round a somewhat commonplace and not very convincing story of seduction. At the turning-point of her fate, Joyce Meredith has not the courage to confess her fall, but returns to her father's house to experience to the full the nemesis of duplicity. It is doubtless a striking situation, but no less certainly an inartistic improbability, that brings into her happy married life her abandoned daughter as her children's governess. At this, and at many points in the story we catch ourselves thinking of "East Lynne," and never more so than before the fall of the curtain, when husband and wife are reconciled at the death-bed of their child. "'Little son,' he heard her whisper, 'Little son—I am going to try—and learn my lesson.'" We are bound to confess that we have grown too cynical to shed a single tear more over such indecent assaults on our emotions.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The title-page and Table of Contents, and a not easily-missed prefatory note, should, we think, be the medium of informing the reader that a book is a collection of sketches and not a continuous novel. Because the opposite method is still a not infrequent practice, we take leave to raise the protest in connection with *Love and Laughter*, by John Savile Judd (3s 6d. net), a collection of forty very skilful and dainty sketches. Mr Judd's work is often reminiscent, but usually very happily so, as in his delightful sketch "An Old Retainer," in which Mrs. Wheeler pretty plainly betrays her Elian descent. "She adores Royalty. She rejoices when Royalty rejoices, and mourns when Royalty mourns. She thought that she was doing rather a presumptuous thing in living after Queen Victoria. . . . Current events affect Mrs. Wheeler in an uncommon way. There is no such thing as a nine days' wonder with her. She wonders for years about things. She is still worrying about the Druce case."

MESSRS SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

In *Phyllis and Felicity*, Diana Meyrick (6s.), James Diggory Marveigne, son of Sir Diggory Marveigne, had married Felicity Clun, the daughter of his mother's French maid, and the village Whiteley. Felicity had died after giving birth to a daughter—another Felicity. James Diggory Marveigne had incurred the displeasure of his aristocratic relations when he married Felicity Clun, but on her death they welcomed him back into the family fold. Felicity, junior, however, was sent into exile at a seaside resort under the care of an aunt. She would never have returned home had it not been for the death of Lady Alicia, Marveigne's second wife, who had borne him a daughter, Phyllis. Phyllis and Felicity, therefore, had never met until the story opens. Phyllis being the daughter of Lady Alicia was, of course, genteel and full of good works, but rather shy. Felicity, being the daughter of Felicity Clun, was rather common and selfish and cocksure. Their good looks, however, amply atoned for their shortcomings. The story, as would naturally be expected, describes the adventures of two young ladies in a great hurry to get married. Felicity had given her hand to a poet at Southsea, but when she came home she forgot Southsea and robbed Phyllis of her Prince Charming, the Radical M.P., and popular young squire. The poet pursued Felicity, however, and Felicity was only playing with the Radical M.P., and everything ends as it should end. Miss Meyrick has not written a great book, but we predict a success for it at the circulating libraries.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD

In *Chicane* (6s.), the assistant of a sort of feminine Raffles tells of the adventures of herself and her companion in the search for money. The two ladies are not particular about their (usually burglarious) methods, but they are likeable enough to read about, though we confess that we should not like to meet quite such desperate persons in real life. In fact, Mr. Oliver Sandys's new book is entirely non-moral, but it is also vivacious and readable—a sure amusement for an idle hour.

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In *Darwin and the Bible* (6s. net) Mr. H. Armytage has compiled a lengthy and elaborate counterblast to certain Darwinian theories. Although the author shows but slight acquaintance with recent developments of the doctrine of evolution, his book contains much sound work, and it should be particularly useful to speakers at meetings of working men. Full references are given and a large variety of subjects covered, but the volume would have benefited by the inclusion of an index. It cannot be denied, however, that its subject-matter is at once interesting and effective.

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Mr. Guy Thorne takes up an essentially sombre and painful theme in *The Drunkard* (6s.), and tells the story of a brilliant young man of letters, Gilbert Lothian, who had inherited dipsomaniac tendencies from his father. In his normal condition, Gilbert is a charming, right-minded man of fine ideals and

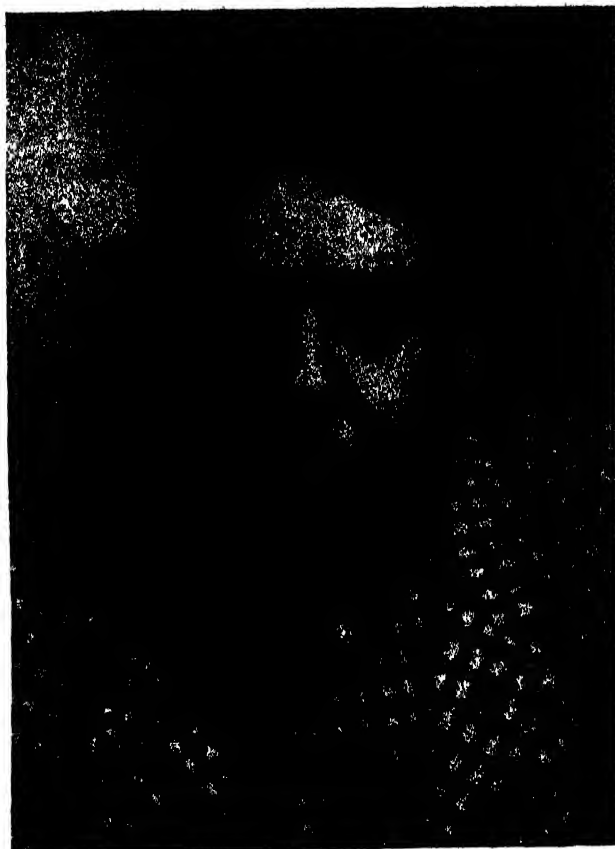


Photo by Lanyon, Cornwall.

Mr. Guy Thorne.

honourable thoughts, but under the influence of drink he degenerates into a base and contemptible creature without scruples or any sort of self-control. He is married and loves his wife, a quiet, trustful, patient little woman; but when he is in the grip of the drunk habit he loathes her, and is false to her. The story ends, as it was bound to, in tragedy. The regeneration that follows the tragedy is effectively managed, but not quite convincing. It was, perhaps, a mistake to make both Gilbert and his illegitimate brother warped by this same dipsomania, and to make each of them murder his wife; and such phrases as "the Fiend Alcohol" have a cheap air that jars a little; but there are strong passages in the story which is full of interest and suggestion, especially for those who are concerned with the problems of temperance reform.

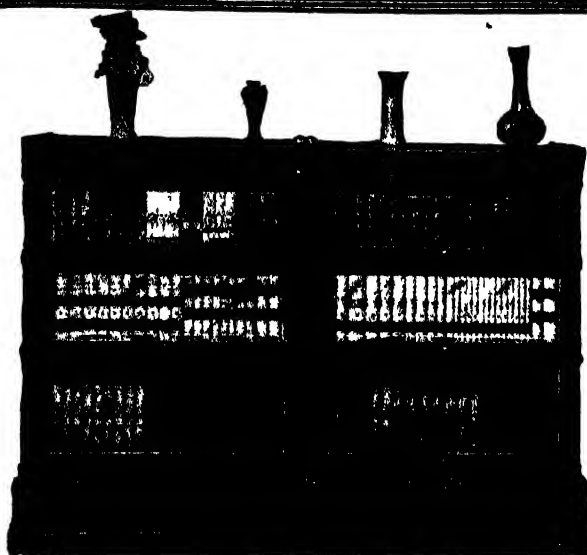
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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

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Such an immense number of MSS. have been received in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition that the careful reading and judging of them all has proved a task of no ordinary trouble and difficulty. We understand, however, that the undertaking is now nearing its conclusion, and it is hoped that the decision of the adjudicators may be announced next month.

Surgeon-General Sir A. D. Home, V.C., K.C.B., whose "Service Memories in Four Continents," has

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"Herself," a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick, has just been published by Messrs. Sidgwick &

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Mr. John Galsworthy's first book of poems, "Moods, Songs and Doggerels," is to be issued immediately by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. J. E. Patterson's collection of poems, the title of which has been changed from "Daughters of Nereus" to "The Lure of the Sea," will be published this month, uniform in appearance with Mr. Galsworthy's volume.

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that are agitating the Irish theological world, with modernism, mysticism, Irish literature, education, social life and labour, and touches on Home Rule more indirectly and by suggestion.

A quarto publication, in an orange and green cover, entitled "Romanitshels' Didikais and Folk Lore Gazette," has been started as a monthly for "gypsologists" and students of tinkers' lore and language. It has the imprint of the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club, Hand Court, Holborn, and is certainly one of the quaintest periodicals extant.

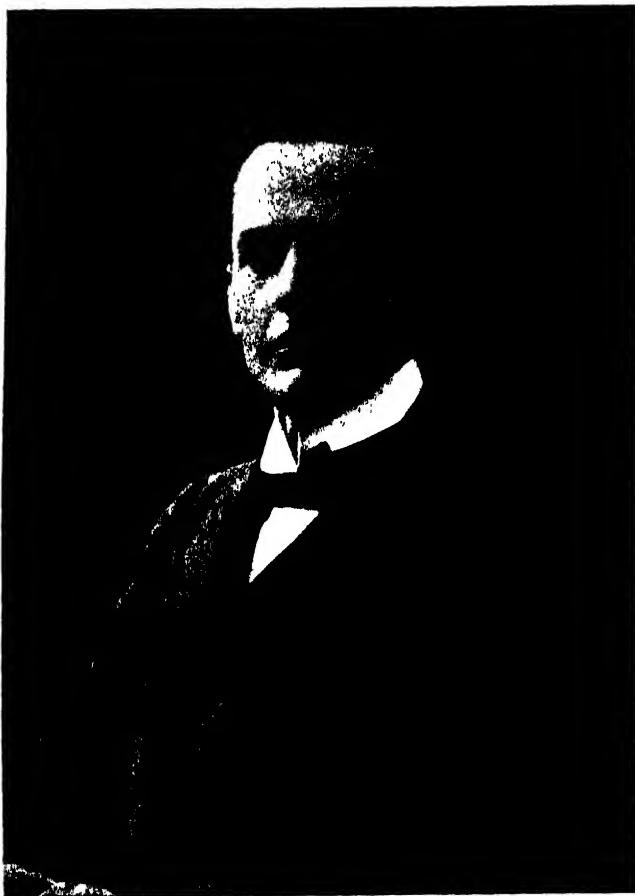


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Cheltenham, where her tendency to fiction first revealed itself in a series of ghost stories chiefly concerned with a certain tapestried room in the house, and these were so vividly and forcefully told that they have been handed down to succeeding tenants as actual legends of the place. Here she ran practically wild with her six brothers and a much younger sister till she was thirteen, when the family removed to a lonely country district in Oxfordshire, where she met with many of the characters who afterwards appeared in "The Garden of Contentment."

In 1898 Miss Mordaunt went to Mauritius, whence she returned three years later with her health completely broken by malaria, and passed her time as an

invalid by writing a series of "Letters to Mr. Nobody," some of which were ultimately included in "The Garden of Contentment." Making no progress towards recovery, and feeling that if she must die she would sooner die "in the open," she presently started on a voyage to Australia in a sailing ship—a rough experience, since the ship was not fitted for passengers, carried no doctor, no stewardess, and none of the comforts of life. However, she worried through and reached Melbourne with thirty pounds in her pocket and started to make a living. She tried her hand at many trades, succeeding best with decorative painting and metal work; she wrote occasional short stories for local papers, published a volume of essays through a local publisher, and for a short time edited a woman's magazine. Despite the eight years of hardships she had endured there, she came back to England less than two years ago, bringing with her the happiest memories of Australia and Australian journalism, and here set to work on a new line; she wrote several stories for boys, a serial of hers appearing under a man's name in "Young England"; she did a little purely mechanical work for *Black and White*, and finally, not knowing what to do for the best or where to turn for a living, she wrote, in circumstances of great stress and anxiety, "A Ship of Solace," and then, in more leisurely fashion, "On the Wallaby through Victoria." Few women writers have gone through rougher experiences or turned them to more excellent account.



Photo by Debenham & Smith.

Miss Eleanor Mordaunt.



Muriel Hine
(Mrs. Sidney Coxon),

whose successful novel "Earth," published by Mr. John Lane, has reached its sixth edition.

"Laurence North," whose new novel, "The Golightlys, Father and Son," has been published by Mr. Martin Secker, is Mr. J. D. Symon, who was for ten years editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and during part of the same time editor of *The English Illustrated*. Mr. Symon is an Aberdeen man, educated at Aberdeen University, and afterwards at Oriel College, Oxford. At Aberdeen he was a pupil of the late Professor Minto, and was first man of his year in English Literature, graduating with Honours in Classics, and the Seafield Gold Medal in English. Since his retirement from the editorial chair, Mr. Symon has been a miscellaneous writer and reviewer, contributing to the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Athenaeum*, and other papers. At present he is engaged on a short History of the Press, and, in collaboration with Mr. S. L. Bensusan, on a study of the Renaissance. These books will appear under his own name, and not under his pseudonym. He has also in hand a complete translation of Pindar into English verse—some of the Odes have already appeared in the *English Review*. Mr. Symon's other works have been the editing of "The Early Poems of Christina Rossetti"; the writing of a biography and critical estimate of "Ruskin," and three novels—"Syrinx," "Impatient Griselda," and his new book "The Golightlys," which, by the way, the George H. Doran Company is publishing in America.

Amber Reeves, whose clever novel "The Reward of Virtue" has been published by Mr. Heinemann,

is the daughter of the Hon. W. P. Reeves, who was Minister for Labour, Justice and Education in New Zealand before he came to England as High Commissioner for that Colony. He is now Director of the London School of Economics. Her mother is a prominent member of the Fabian Society, and is well known as a public speaker. Born in New Zealand in 1887, Amber Reeves came to England when she was eight, was educated at Kensington High School, and when she was eighteen went to Newnham College, Cambridge. She took metaphysics at college and got firsts in both parts of the Mental and Moral Sciences Tripos; but found time to help largely in forming and establishing the Cambridge University Fabian Society. On leaving she gained a studentship and went to the London School of Economics to write a book on Sociology, but before she had time to finish it married Mr. Blanco White and wrote a novel instead.

Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co. are publishing immediately a new novel by Mr. H. A. Hinkson, called "The Considine Luck."

Messrs. Cassell's well-known monthly has undergone such radical alteration and been so entirely brought up to date that its April issue is to all intents



Amber Reeves
(Mrs. Blanco White).

From a drawing.

and purposes the first Number of a new magazine. Its title is enlarged to *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction and Popular Literature*; its size is enlarged to two hundred and sixty-four pages, but its price is reduced to fivepence net. Amongst other features this Number contains twenty-one short stories; an article by the Infanta Eulalia of Spain; "My Autobiography," by Marie Tempest; a long complete novel by T. W. Hanshew; and a special article on "Divorce," by H. G. Wells. The *Magazine of Fiction* is edited by Mr. Newman Flower, who has been associated with the House of Cassell for the past six years. Five years ago he founded *The Storyteller*, and he continues to edit that as well as *The New Magazine*, and several other Cassell publications. Mr. Flower, who is now thirty-two, has been a working London journalist since he was sixteen. He has always had strong military leanings and started his journalistic career on a military paper with which he was connected for six years, and for twelve years he has been writing a lively and popular causerie on military matters for *The People* over the signature of Tommy Atkins. A Dorsetshire man, and one of the Vice-Presidents of The Society of Dorset Men in London, Mr. Flower knows even better than the London in which he has done so much work the Thomas Hardy country in which he was born, and is an enthusiastic authority on all that concerns the writings of our greatest living novelist.

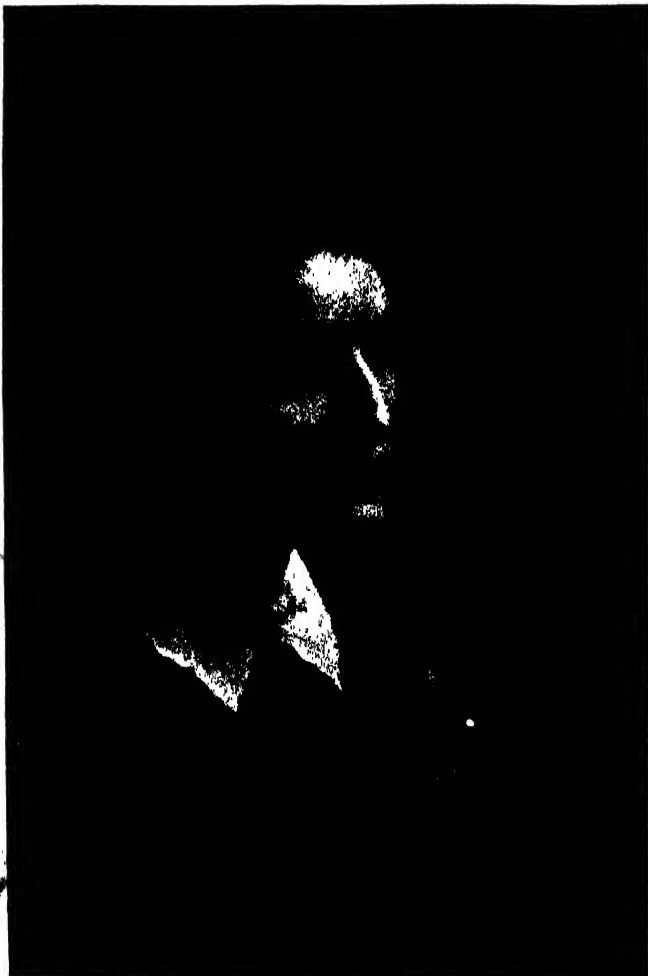


Photo by Lena Connell.

Mrs. Theodosia Lloyd
whose new novel, "Innocence in the Wilderness," has just been published by Messrs. Chatto.



Mr. Hugh Walpole,
whose new novel, "The Prelude to
Adventure," is published by Messrs
Mills & Boon.

In her new novel, "A Lost Interest" (Constable), Mrs. George Wemyss leaves the quiet English village life she depicts in other of her stories and introduces us to higher society in a more fashionable world. Like her very successful books, "The Professional Aunt" and "People of Popham" it is a comedy, but in an entirely different setting. Mrs. Wemyss'

first appearance in the literary world was as a writer for children. "All About All of Us," published in 1901, was a truthful record of her own childhood. She has, as she puts it, "the great good fortune" to belong to a large family. One of her brothers is Mr. E. L. Lutyens, the architect; another, Mr. W. E. Lutyens, was famous as the Cambridge miler. Mrs. Wemyss comes of a family of soldiers; her father and both her grandfathers were soldiers, and she married a soldier. Messrs. Constable have recently published cheap re-issues of those two books for children, "All About All of Us," and "Things we Thought Of." Though "The Professional Aunt" is about children, it is not for them. It was written in 1903 and lay in the bottom drawer



Photo by Lafayette.

Mrs. George Wemyss.

of Mrs. Wemyss' writing-table till 1910, when Messrs. Constable published it. Both that book and "People of Popham" are issued in America by Houghton Mifflin & Co. At present Mrs. Wemyss is engaged on another novel, in which she returns again to the Popham path of life.



Mr. Newman Flower

The first ten volumes of the Swanston edition of the works of Stevenson were published towards the end of last year, and five more are to be ready this month. It is the most comprehensive edition of Stevenson's works that has yet been prepared, the "Vailima Letters" and "Letters to Stevenson's Family and Friends," with additional letters annotated and arranged by Sir Sidney Colvin being included by the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic preface to the first volume. The books are very handsomely produced, and are published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in association with Messrs. Cassell, Mr. Heinemann, and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Some half-dozen of our Stevenson illustrations are reproduced from these volumes by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Several other Stevenson illustrations in this number are reproduced from the beautiful Pentland Edition of his works by the courtesy of Messrs.



**Ex-Police Constable
George R. Mitchell,**

whose new volume of poems "More Ballads in Blue" (Jarrod) is reviewed in our Supplement.

Cassell, to whom we are also indebted for the loan of photographs of Mrs. Strong and of Stevenson in his study at Vailima. Mr. Walter H. Barnett very kindly lent us the original drawing of Stevenson by Nerli, and a portrait of

Stevenson that R. L. S. presented to him in Australia. Most of our other Stevenson illustrations are from the collections of Mr. A. Rischgitz and the Art Illustration and Reproduction Company.

One of the handiest and most serviceable reference books on all that concerns Stevenson is Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "Stevensoniana," and we are indebted to its pages for eight of our illustrations.

THE HON. ROLLO RUSSELL and some Dickens memories.

Referring to the Dickens symposium in our February Number, the Hon. Rollo Russell has been kind enough to send us the following interesting note: "Dickens and my father, Lord John Russell, were friends; both had the greatest sympathy in all efforts for human welfare. I remember Dickens staying with my father at Pembroke Lodge, as related by Forster, and have a picture of him still in my mind as he sat at the breakfast table and talked of some of his experiences. He showed a kind thoughtfulness in bringing with him a 'David Copperfield' in two volumes which he gave me with his autograph inscribed. I remember, too, very vividly, one of his readings in St. James's Hall, in which his acting power was almost superhuman. The two pieces were 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn,' which I did not care for, and a scene from 'Oliver Twist.' The shrinking, the contortions, and the ghastly pallor that came over his features wrought a change in him which was marvellous. The touching passages so moved an audience of the most distinguished people in London society that at the end many were in tears. One of his greatest books, 'A Tale of Two Cities,' he dedicated to Lord John Russell. Among the reforms which must have been closest to his heart was the remoulding of the Court of Chancery. But in education and in caring for the poor he was equally keen. And who like Dickens has given pure joy by his writings and inspired healing laws in all directions? His is a noble record."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1st to May 1st, 1912.

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THE READER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

HOWEVER barren of good literature the latter part of the Victorian era might appear to those worthy people whose interest in fiction terminated with Thackeray and Dickens, it has already in retrospect for a younger age the bounty and the glow of unrecoverable autumn days. "Other gifts have followed, for such loss I would believe, abundant recompense," even though the weather is never likely to be quite so splendid, the morns so magic as when enamoured youth attended at the harvest homes of Hardy, Meredith, and Stevenson. Fervour is an affair of the arteries, like youth itself, and if there be less elation for us in the work of our most gifted young contemporaries, it boots not to boast of what is doubtless due to some calcareous infiltration. They, too, may take some place in the remembrance and affection of an era. All good things are passed on.

Bleak and barren though the autumn of the nineteenth century seemed to so many of our elders, because the blood was thin and cold, and the wits were perhaps less nimble, we know now that the weather and the crops were a decent average. It was our privilege to follow home with cheers the maiden-sheaves of three good husbandmen. Possibly not the greatest of them, as time may show, but personally the most beloved, Robert Louis Stevenson has, the soonest of the three, indubitably become a classic, the culminating figure in one epoch of the romance now temporarily somewhat in eclipse, his name alone enough to rouse the mood of gladness and affection, his work a national possession because acceptable and dear in more or less degree, like ancient songs, alike to finely cultivated and to simple people. In the years which have elapsed since his death in Samoa in 1894, his place with readers, however it be with men who write - a matter of secondary importance - has been each year more durably established. The young have not grown weary of his stories, though, significantly, alone among the tales of his contemporaries they have become the vehicle of the teacher. His philosophy, which emanates from every line he wrote, and on reflection jumps to the mind in concrete form, has not, for the elderly, grown stale, *démodé*, nor disreputable, for faith, hope, charity, courage, and human goodwill are abiding elements in the philosophies

of all ages, things tangible to take hold of in this unintelligible world, and welcome to every wholesome appetite, like bread and water.

Save in the great gift of health, the stars that shone on Stevenson's nativity were all propitious. He had genius, sanity, gaiety, and an abiding charm of humanity which ensured him many ardent friendships. He was happy in his parentage, his opportunities, and the circumstances of his folk, which were such that at no time, save very briefly in California, and then only for the sake of pride, had he any serious cause to apprehend the calls of Byles, the butcher. Fate never drove him to the necessity of banking down his fires periodically to boil a domestic pot; he could afford to be deliberate and fastidious in the selection and in the execution of his tasks. No other writer in our time had his artistic reputation so carefully fostered and guarded by friends, themselves accomplished and discerning. They nursed it like a flower. They would have nothing from him but his best, even if he were prepared to give them otherwise, which consciously, he never was. Knowing that good work was expected from him, he came always "nobly to the grapple." In his prolonged valetudinarian absences, those friends at home, in closest touch with English sentiment, appraising tendencies, certain of his power and jealous for his fame, saw to it that no inferior performance should be permitted to discount his merits. This high estimate of what he was destined to achieve

was manifest very early when his father withdrew "The Pentland Rising" from circulation. It seems, further, to have led to the suppression in permanent form in England, till after his death, of several works regarded as inferior in quality, like "The Amateur Emigrant," "In the South Seas" and "The Misadventures of John Nicholson."

This zealous solicitude for the prestige of a young artist who seemed ready to accept its implication of a rare and precious genius which must never be allowed, as it were, to wet its feet, undoubtedly gave the cynics some excuse to scoff. England, hitherto, had never been a country to handle its artistic prodigies like fragile porcelain; its glory had been men robust and prodigal, who spent themselves with royal generosity, with recklessness

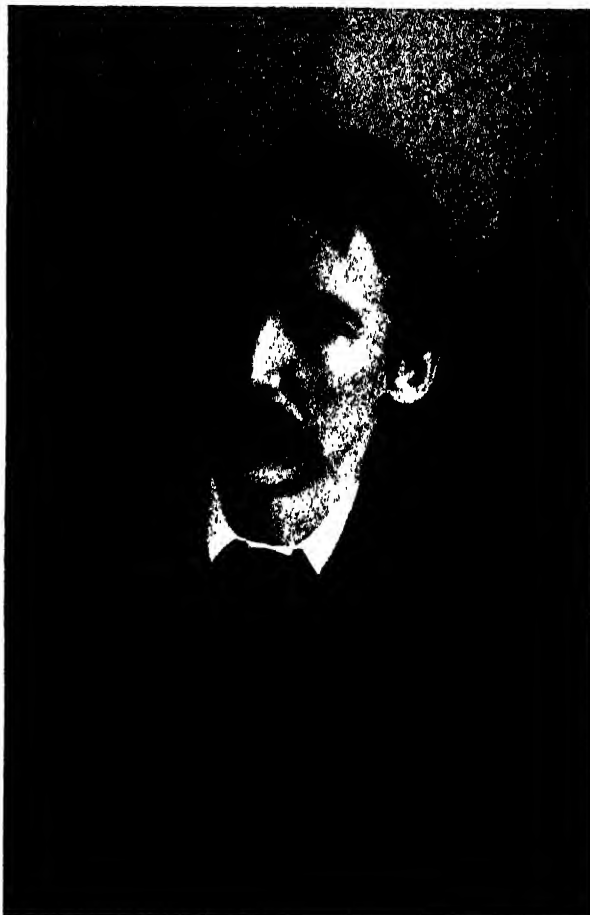


Photo by Falk, Sydney.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Autographed and presented by Stevenson to Mr. H. Walter Barnett, with whose permission it is here reproduced.

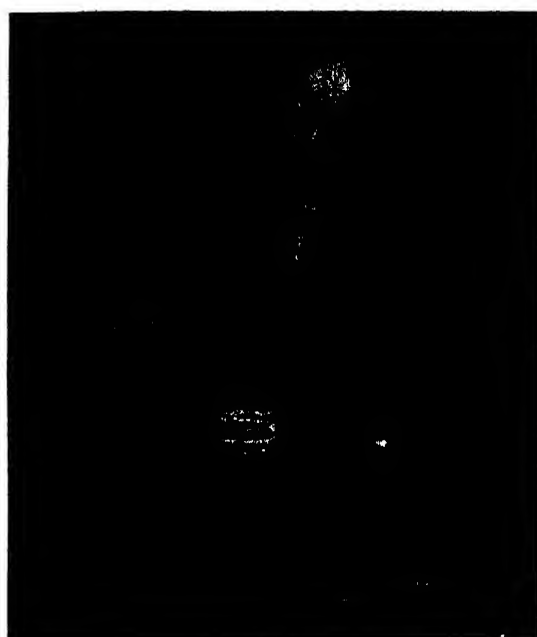


**The Rev. Lewis Balfour,
Stevenson's Grandfather.**

indeed, as kings with boundless stores of life and inspiration, too eager to worry about an occasional copper coin in the bulk of their golden largesse. In that early Stevensonian cult there was something, as it seemed, of what with insular complacency we are apt to regard as the Continental: he was applauded as a

petit maitre, and all the trappings—the velvet jacket, the black flannel shirt, the great preoccupation with Style, and the tendency to triolets, were “in a concatenation according.” “You should do everything in minuet time” was Lord Chesterfield’s advice; good enough counsel for a *petit maitre*, but not the deportment expected from a successor to Walter Scott, whose limp had never spoiled his stride across the mountains.

Yet Stevenson and his friends were right, with shadowy premonitions. He was not of triple brass, to embark on a *Comédie Humaine* with superb indifference to mortal limitation or the hope of making up in bulk what he might sacrifice in finish. That “something not ourselves”



**Robert Stevenson,
Stevenson's Grandfather.**

knows what a man is fit for, and dictates what he shall attempt, with a finger ever on the pulse, withdrawing nervous granules from the brain and so creating weariness when weariness is best. Under that dictation Stevenson confined himself, in the main, to enterprises which could be accomplished in the impetus of a single mood of inspiration, whose entire features, from start to finish, could be compassed in a moment’s thought, as lyrics are, or ought to be, conceived: his peculiar strength and pleasure were in fastidious revision more than in creation. In five-and-twenty volumes of his works, there are only six or seven wherein unaided by collaboration he embarked on epic voyages (if novels like

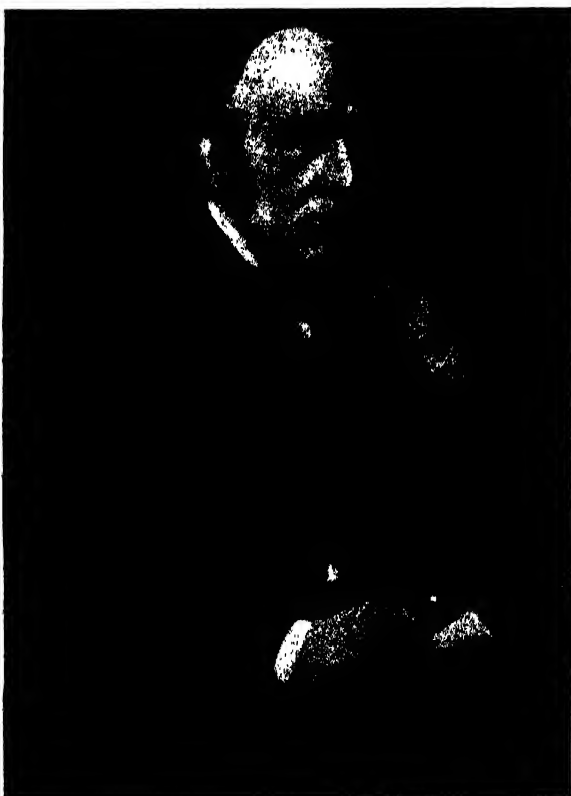


Photo by John Moffatt, Edinburgh.

**Thomas Stevenson,
the Father of R.L.S.**

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)
“His entire life was devoted to the unremitting pursuit of a scientific profession . . . yet it was from him that Louis derived all the romantic and artistic elements that drew him away from engineering.”
—“Life of Stevenson,” by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)



**Mrs. Stevenson,
the Mother of R.L.S.**

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland edition. (Cassell.)
“When he was small she read to him a great deal and to her he owed his first acquaintance with much that is best in literature.” “Life of Stevenson,” by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

"Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island" may be so regarded), the bulk of his work and possibly what shall last the longest is brief and altogether lyrical. For Stevenson to plunge, like Scott or Dickens into great uncharted seas with no land visible on the other side or toil with the imperative printer at his heels was a physical impossibility. He was essentially an inland voyager, leisurely sailing single handed pulling up to the bank at nightfall each day by itself a trip completed. It was well then that the sense in himself and in his friends of things impending made them scrupulous about the nature of the freightage.

For one who only carried picked cargoes during fifteen or sixteen years and only for nine of them with the stimulus of public appreciation the quantity alone in an edition like the Swinston whose issue is the occasion of this review is amazing.* There are five and twenty volumes of essays poems travels biography tales and letters wherein is seldom the slightest indication of the invader. On the contrary the spirit which is disengaged

* The Swinston Edition of the Works of Stevenson, 25 volumes. With an introduction by Andrew Lang. 6s. net each in sets only. (Chatto & Windus in association with Cassell & Co., W. Heinemann and Longmans, Green & Co.)



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R. L. S. and his father.

as things more infinitely grand than they are to such as have perpetual vigour. It is too often the hale well-nourished safe and comfortable who cloy of common pleasures like the light of sun and grow critical and contemptuous of the very gestures of their fellow beings.

Stevenson never aged nor lost his illusions because to find himself awake at any time to the full and serene possession of untroubled faculties was in a sense a recreation a fresh beginning in a world of brave sublimity things. If he looked at the drab of life he saw it as a thing exceptional a social distempor no more general than his own poor lungs to be regarded like his hæmorrhages, or the monsters of "The Dynamiter," with that ironic humour which is the gentlemanly antagonist of terror. Fashions in fiction chop and change as in gowns and millinery, the waist line has come down of late, and novels for this spring season are didactic, sociological, political, and all that to the time of Stevenson a novel, any more than poetry or painting should not be, but idealism, romance, and even sentiment—that horrid thing we condemn so loudly when the sense of it is atrophied in ourselves—have only to be expressed with the authority of genius to be assured at any time of welcome and applause. The world which cherishes the work of Robert Louis Stevenson which buys more of his books than it bought when each one, freshly published, had a rubric in the calendar, and

from this mass of a physical weakness, work is like that which emanates from beings hardly self-assured and joyful. Only his language sometime mimics his nature steep in high breasted like a stag regardless of the weather. Doubles in tender human life where the ebbs are exceeding low full tides come higher than elsewhere on the beaches for sore days and meet the compensating hours when pain dispelled and the banner of Bloody Jack hauled down the world is clothed in grandeur—to breathe is bliss, and the voices of one's fellow-men are sweetest music. From these hours of communion from his maladies Stevenson conceived the world and life

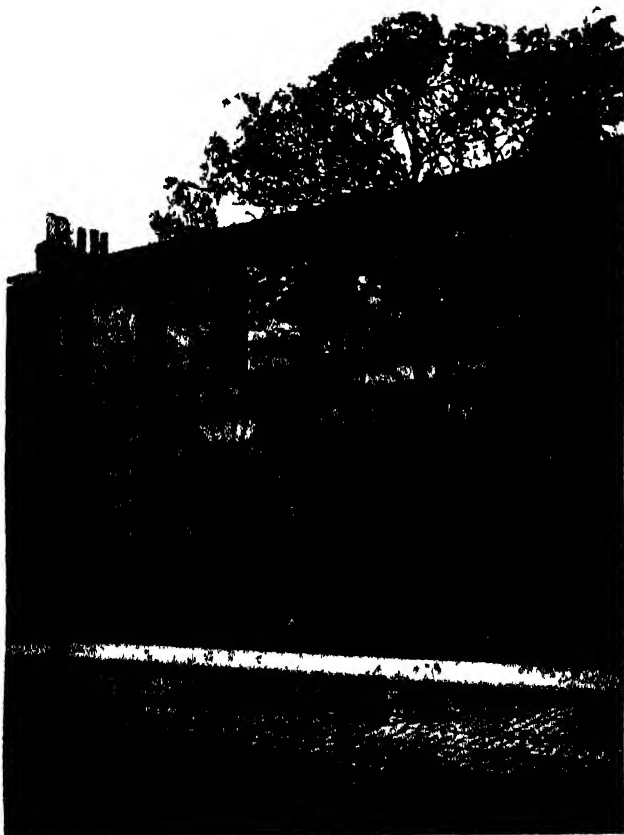


Photo by J. Patrick. No. 8, Howard Place, Edinburgh. Where Stevenson was born on November 13th 1850.



Robert Louis Stevenson 1871 (Age 21.)

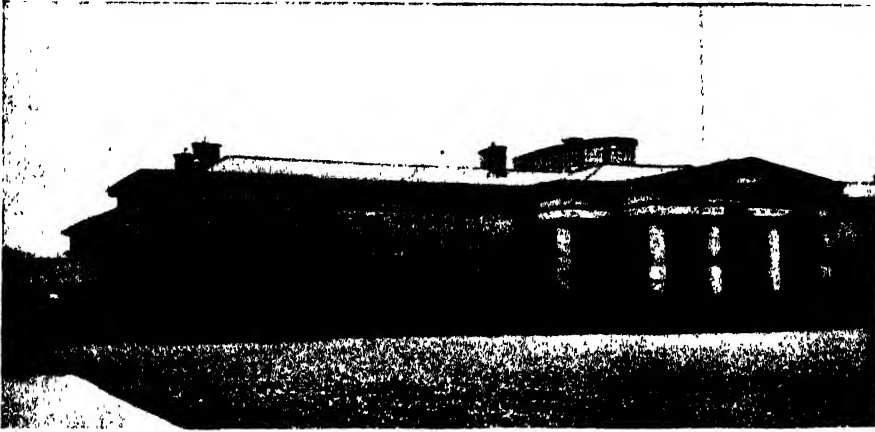


Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

R.L.S.'s school, Henderson Road, Edinburgh.

which in eighteen years has put three costly complete editions to a premium, has not yet banished fancy.

To impress by power alone is feasible in art; it was done by Balzac and Dumas, but more to personality than to power does human affection for any length of time give its allegiance, and the combination, in the right degree, is irresistible. More potent than the conscious art of Stevenson to retain the place he holds is his individuality as revealed in his career and obvious in his work. His key to our hearts is a fine Horatian urbanity, a grace for the moment lost among practitioners of letters, who, perched on a pedestal of self-approval, preach at us fanatically and rudely criticise the things we love. With his urbanity commingled another element sometimes regarded as antagonistic to it, namely, irony. It is often the resort of the embittered and the harsh, but likewise it has always been the weapon of men with an inability to shout across the table against the cock-sure. In its amiable form it does not lapse to cynicism, being sensitive and gentle, having no source in a flattering self-esteem. This spirit of kindly mockery pervades the work of Stevenson. It animates much of his verse, even, and, there perceived so often as an undertone of modest and amused self-criticism, has doubtless contributed to the hesitation with which some of his

heartiest admirers accept him as a poet. Very few of his poems, his widow tells us, were conceived with any other purpose than the entertainment of the moment. The metrical inspiration of some of them is easily to be discovered, for, like Burns and Kipling, he was ever best at a song when he had an air to fit it to. When we cut the numbers of "Underwoods" or "Songs of Travel" from day to day out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, they seemed

perfect little gems of unpretentious thicket song, which may be sometimes sweeter, even to fastidious ears, than the uproar of the nightingale. To me, at all events, they still have a charm, perhaps not wholly in their essence but maintained by memory and association. There cried, and still cries in them, the soul of exile and of "old unable years." His Scottish verse is in a different category; the gentle ironist is there too obvious. Stevenson's accurate and forceful use of the vernacular is not



R.L.S. in his barrister's robes, Age 25.

I think now, this 5th or 6th of April 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year; a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and sloth growing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall hence be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey; not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.
*Gelassenen Leben
 nach diesem Ziel ein ewig wandeln
 Res!*

Desiderata.

*I Good-Health
 II 2 to 3 hundred a year.
 III O du lieber Gott, friends!*

A M E N

Robert Louis Stevenson



Facsimile of note by Stevenson.
 From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition. (Chatto and Windus, Cassell, Heinemann and Longmans)

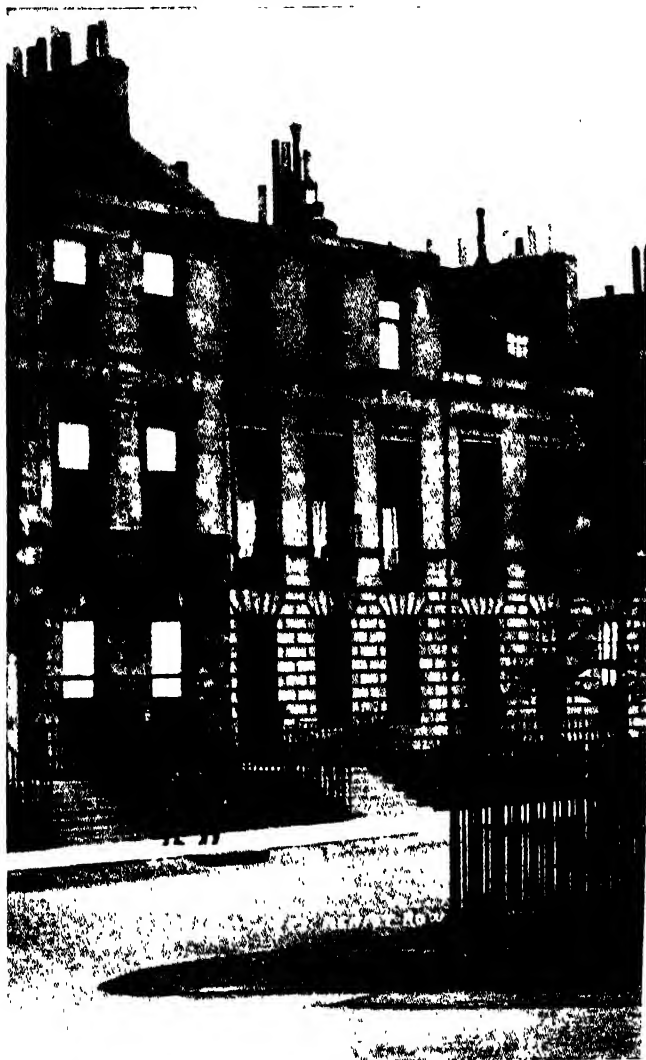


Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh

**No. 17, Heriot Row, Edinburgh,
where Stevenson's Parents Lived
from 1857 to 1867.**

"In Heriot Row he had now for his use the two rooms on the top floor of his father's house, which had been his nurseries."—*Life of Stevenson*, by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

to be denied, but he used it in his verse in a manner not wholly unsophisticated, in hours when the artistic possibilities of the thing were the inspiration and not the heart's emotions.

Urbanity and irony, though not the stuff of immortal poetry, are nowhere more effective than in the essay, whose best exponents have taught us to regard these qualities as virtually indispensable. It is therefore more in the essay than in verse or novel that Stevenson's individuality and charm as man and writer are best revealed, and it is impossible to quarrel with the conclusion of Mr. Andrew Lang in his introduction to the Swanston Edition that we have in Stevenson "the master British essayist of the later nineteenth century," by reason of his vivacity, vitality, his original reflections on life, and his personal and



Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh

Robert Louis Stevenson.

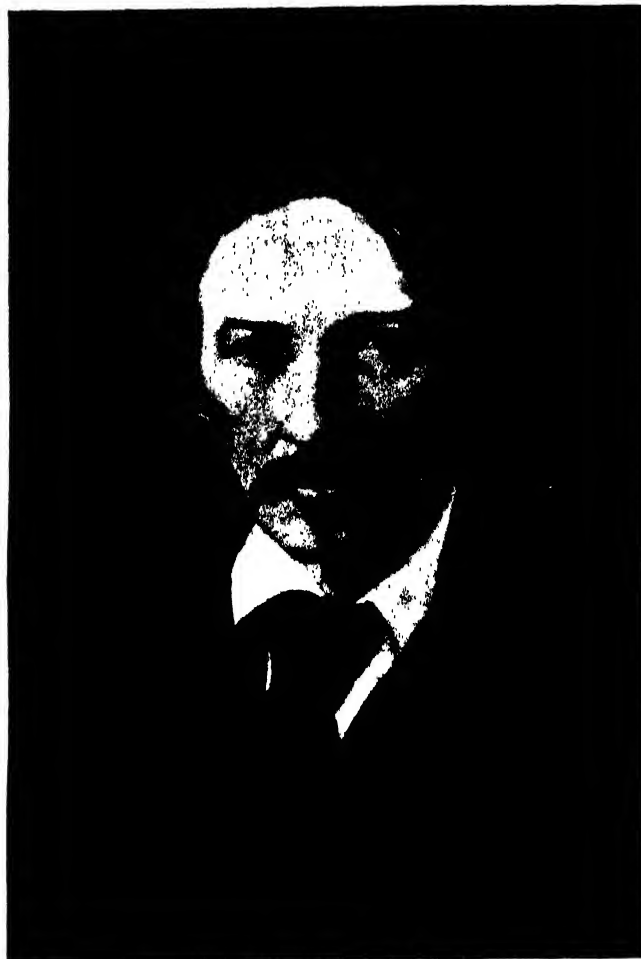


Swanston Cottage, the early home of R.L.S.
His father took a lease of the house in 1867.

fascinating style, regarding which it is perhaps unfortunate that he took the world too much into his confidence, since "sedulous ape" is the readiest criticism to come to the lips of the Philistine. Poets first make poetry, and only afterwards learn about anapaests and amphibrachys that they may understand their critics. Some such post-liminius after-application of old canons to acts already done intuitively is as common with artists as with politicians, and Stevenson's paper on "The Technical Elements of Style," like Poe's account of "The Raven," is more or less an

artists' game, an ebullition of energetic gaiety: his own style had been directed by eye and ear, associative idea, and a natural taste for the verbally unexpected, the surprise. "My style is from the Covenanting writers" he said. Let those who are impressed by such an airy statement, read Patrick Walker and be disillusioned. In truth, any derivation of Stevenson's style from any particular predecessor is tenuous, though his philosophy and his tingling sense of out-door things, his tolerance towards the "friendly and flowing savage" in mankind may have been got directly from America. There are thousands of indications that for his thinking he owed as much to Whitman and Thoreau as to any of the gentlemen prescribed at the best academies. His style, in fine, is an incarnation of his thought and character, and the urbanity and fastidiousness of his nature pervade his rhythm and cadence, the choice and order of his words as much as the selection of his themes. His language could never have been the ready-made stuff of literary slop-shops, and the distaste for platitude, which with most people is confined to platitude of phrase or idea, extended, in him, to the adjective. No man was ever less constituted to feel happy in a second-hand pair of trousers, and the search through life and words for what was most in harmony with himself was unsatisfied by anything short of his private ideal.

Where Stevenson thought himself beholden to anyone he was prompt and frank enough to mention it, and generally, as in the case of the Covenanters, gave more credit than was due. His acknowledgments of indebtedness to Deloe, Poe, Kingsley, and Marryat for



Stevenson.

After the Painting by A. C. Mitchell. Kept from "Robert Louis Stevenson," Days with Great Writers. See (Hodder & Stoughton)



Frontispiece to "An Inland Voyage."

From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition. (Chatto & Windus.)

conceptions in his first book, "Treasure Island," are equivalent to an admission that islands, parrots, skeletons, and dead men's chests are the monopoly of who first makes use of them in fiction. "Treasure Island" none the less, in every particular was from his private mint. But another tale of his, "St. Ives," had—as I may be alone in fancying—its inception in a narrative which he probably had read in youth in the pages of *Chambers' Miscellany*. In a volume of that promiscuous and delightful periodical, once dear to Scottish households, there is given a translation from the French of a "Story of a French Prisoner of War in England," which supplies almost all the essential mechanism of "St. Ives," including the duel in the citadel. Champdivers and Goguelat each fought with half of a pair of scissors attached to a wand; in the French narrative the encounter was with blades of knives so utilised. There is another duel scene of Stevenson's—that by candle-light in the garden in "The Master of Ballantrae,"—which seems like a transfigured memory of a similar episode between the Duc de Champdore and George de Croisenois in a story of Gaboriau's. Of the myriad of such dramatic hints conveyed in the works of the superficial and uninspired who knew not into what recesses of pure gold their picks had reached, I wish he had lived to avail himself still more, for from literature as from life he took no hints but to adorn and elevate.

In two of his stories—"Kidnapped" and "Catriona,"—the influence of Walter Scott, I think, is obvious. He had read "Rob Roy" at the age of ten, and stumbled half-asleep into the region of Highland romance as Scott invented it, with the result that save for some actual

**R.L.S., taken in California.**

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

glimpses he got himself of the Highlands, he saw them ever after in a measure through the Wizard's eyes. "When I think of that novel," he wrote in after years, "I am impatient with all others; they seem but shadows and impostors." Yet there are few Highlanders, I think, who would not, so far as purely Highland features are concerned, prefer the adventures of David Ballour to those of "Waverley" or "Rob Roy." No nice considerations about even an approximate realism governed Scott's treatment of Gaelic life and character: he looked at them as Professor Reinhardt looks at Sophocles, with a single eye to their effect as pageantry, and saw them in a light that never was on land or sea. He never reported the speech of the natives either in Erse or English but with mag-

nificent insouciance, and a grotesque improbity which has unhappily become stereotyped in most of his successors, and his Gaelic characters are equally remote from actual type. I hesitate to cavil about novels which at times have been my own delight, but the truth is imperative, that Allan Macaulay is the ill-begotten offspring of that gigantic humbug,

**Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.**

Photo by Holinge

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

"Of the marriage it need only be said that from the beginning to the end husband and wife were all Life of Stevenson," by Graham Ballour. (Methuen.)

Macpherson's "Ossian," and Rob Roy, in almost every manifestation, is a Borderer without one drop of mountain blood.

Stevenson was undoubtedly inspired by "Rob Roy," but though he might vow "death to the optic nerve," he used his eyes in this particular territory of Scotland more conscientiously than Scott. He saw the masses of his picture with the eyes of Scott; the details were his own perception. It is the veritable Highland wind that blows across his pages; his glens and coasts have the impressiveness of things emotionally remembered.

He had, too, a quicker ear than Scott for alien idioms and turns of utterance, and had evidently read Campbell's "Tales of the West Highlands" with profit to his manipulation of the thought and speech of persons like Alan Breck and Catriona. Further, he had grasped some salient features of the Gaelic character, and though he suggested in a letter to Mr. Barrie that Alan Breck

**Monterey, California.**

The house in which Stevenson lived from September to December, 1879.

was a Highlander only in his name and otherwise a Sassenach, he did himself there a vast injustice. It was a writer with a marvellous power to reconstruct the pterodactyl from a single tooth who, from one or two letters in the Introduction to "Rob Roy," was able to create the spy James Mor Drummond, as deadly true to one type of Celtic character as it was to the actual history of James Mor, though Stevenson did not know it. Oddly enough, as it may seem to such as do not realise the irony of art, the only blundering chapter in "Kidnapped" has been among the most admired—the piping contest in Balquidder, and that pipers improvise, and ornament their improvisations with "warblers" is an error as persistent now as cairngorms or the toast "with Highland honours."

It seems almost a disloyalty to comment upon an inappreciable lapse like this in one who, to the compatriot heart at all events, endears himself by countless virtues of which not least was an almost pious tendency to confine his criticism to himself and his achievements. We rejoice in him, not only as in him range the perfect artist who has given glad hours and the example of intrepidity to a host of people widely set apart in islands of the sea, and in the depths of continents, and in their circumstances, but also as another vindication of a racial spirit capable of flowering into beauty even where "the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat." From the loins of those Cyclopean men



Frontispiece to "The Silverdor Squatters."

From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition. (Chatto and Windus.)

who fought on coast and skerry with the monstrous obstacles of nature—this gentle being with a tender hand to fashion gems! From a long heredity of Puritan austerity the elegant and debonair!

TO COUNT GIROLAMO NERLI.

(We are indebted to Mrs. Joanne Butler, of Westbury-on-Trym, for a copy of the following verses written by Stevenson while sitting to Count Nerli for his portrait. "Count Nerli was a friend of my husband's," writes Mrs. Butler, "and gave him the verses on his return from the island.")

Did ever mortal man hear tell of sae singular a lerie
As the coming to Apia here of the painter, Mr. Nerli
He cam, and O for a human friend, of a' he was the perli;
The pearl of a' the painter folk was surely Mr. Nerli
He took a thrav to paint mysel', he painted late and early.
O, wow, the mony a yawn I've vawned in the beard of Mr.
Nerli.

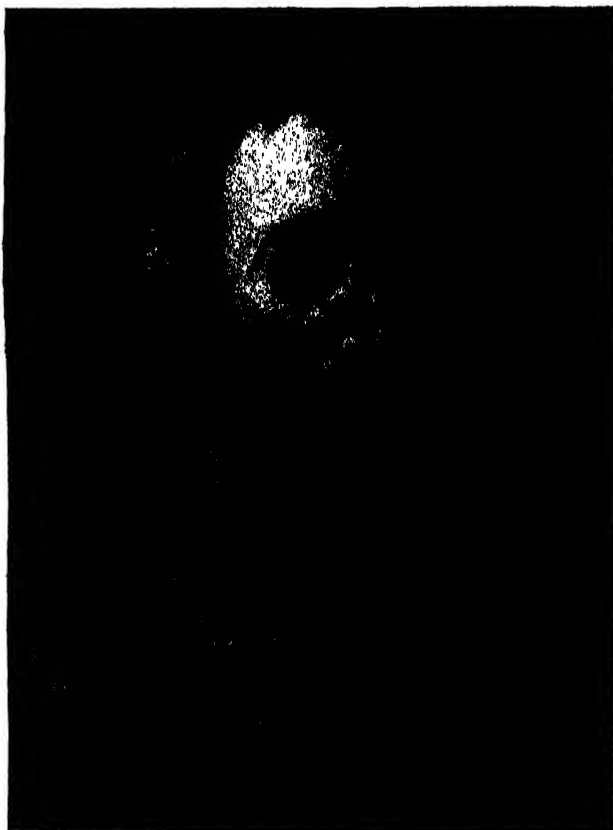
Whiles I would sleep, and whiles would wake, and whiles
was mair than surly.

I wondered sair, as I sat there, fornenst the eyes of Nerli
Oh will he paint me awa' I want, as bonny as a girle?
Or will he paint me a ugly tyke, and be damned to Mr. Nerli!
But still, and on, and whichever it is, he is a canty kerli
The Lord protect the back and neck of honest Mr. Nerli.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VAILIMA,

SAMOA.



Stevenson.

From a portrait painted at Samoa by Count Girolamo Nerli.
From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

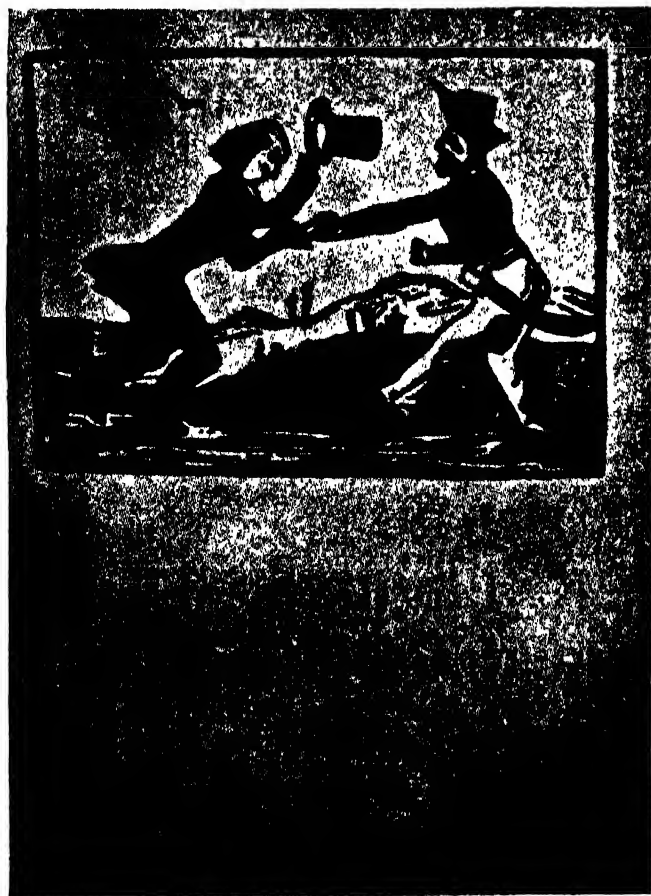
"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

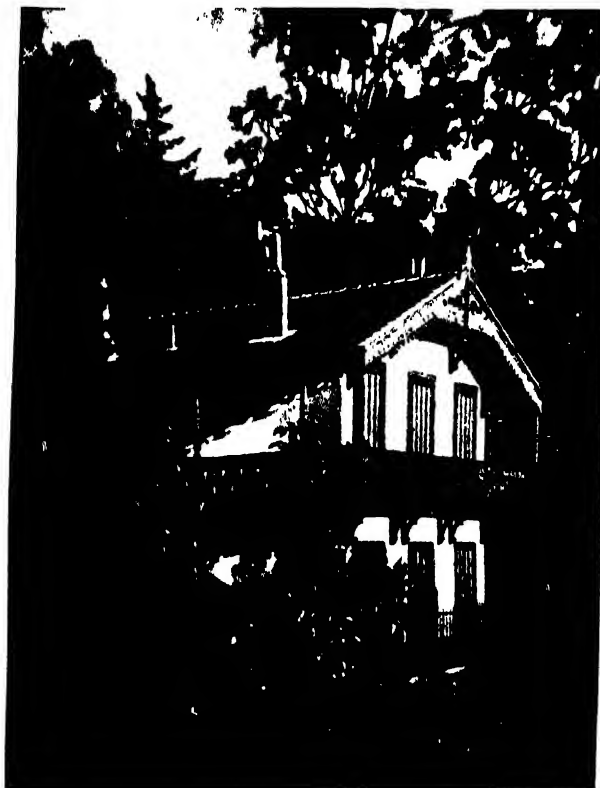
- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric. Choice of theme is left entirely to the Competitor, but the lyric should not run to more than forty lines.
- II. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most appropriate motto from Browning's poems applicable to either the Coal Strike or the Suffrage Movement.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.



Title page of a burlesque romance written by Stevenson and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.

In 1880-1882, when staying at Davos, Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (then thirteen), set up a toy printing press; they wrote nonsense stories between them, R.L.S. made engravings to illustrate them, which Lloyd Osbourne printed.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)



Chalet la Solitude, Hyeres, where Stevenson resided in 1883.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

"Happy (said I), I was only happy once, that was at Hyeres."—*Valima Letters*. Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. (Methuen.)

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

- I. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss EDITH MAUD EDWARDS, of 20, Adrian Square, Westgate-on-Sea, for the following:

A GLORIOUS LIE. BY DOROTHEA GERARD.
(John Long)

TO A SKYLARK.

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert."

SHELLEY.

We also select for printing :

LETTERS OF A SPINSTER. BY WINIFRED JAMES.
(Chapman & Hall.)

"O let us get married ;
Too long we have tarried."

EDWARD LEAR, *Nonsense Songs and Stories*
—(*The Owl and the Pussy Cat*).

(Miss Kathleen Graham, c/o Mrs. Ralph Falkiner,
"Ventnor," Walsh Street, South Garra, Mel-
bourne, Australia.)

THE SICK-A-BED LADY. BY E. H. ABBOTT.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"How many apples have you had ?
She answered : Only seven !"

HENRY S. LEIGH, *Only Seven—Carols of Cockayne*

(H. Stewart Bond, Roche, R.S.O., Cornwall.)

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE BY NEWMAN HARDING.
(Long.)

"Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !"

MISS KILMANSEGG, *Hood*.

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdanagh, Straidarran, Co. Derry.)

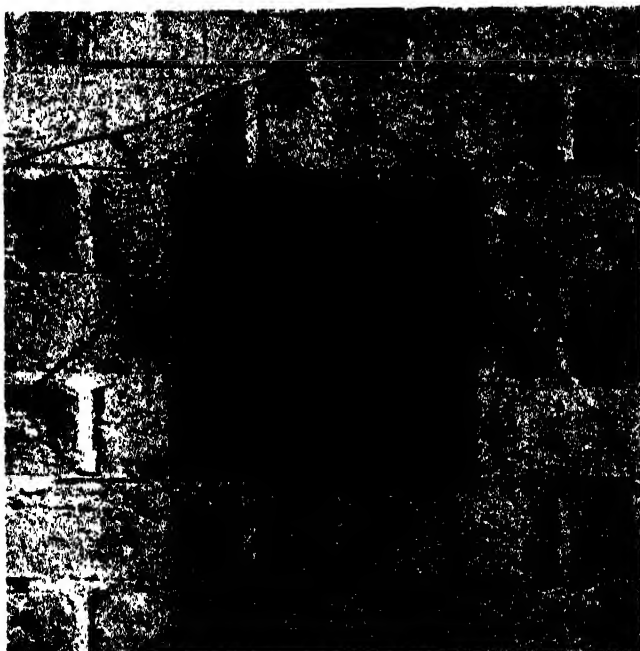
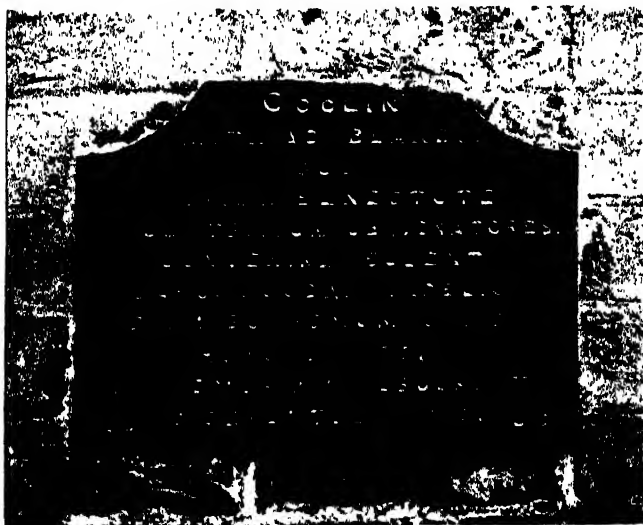


Photo by Clive Holland.

Tablets on the wall of R.L.S.'s
Bournemouth house, "Skerry-
vore," to the memories of two
of his favourite dogs.



Stevenson.

A photograph taken at Bournemouth by Mr. W. T. Hawker.
From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

THE LIFE OF CESARE BORGIA. BY RAFAEL SABATINI.
(Stanley Paul.)

"I never knew a family so criminal as yours !"

W. S. GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown*.

(Hester Fairgrieve, 316, West 20th Street,
New York, U.S.A.)

LONDON WINDOWS. BY ETHEL TALBOT.
(Stephen Swift & Co.)

"Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,"

S. T. COLFRIDG, *Christabel*.

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington
Road, Brighton.)

A THREE HOURS' SERVICE FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY REV. J. H. ECKERSLEY. (Robert Scott.)

"'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
Another service such as this.'"

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

(J. W. Aspinall, 105, Salisbury Road, Everton,
Liverpool.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD. BY J. H. FABRE.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Will you walk into my parlour ? said the Spider to the Fly."

M. HOWITT.

(Miss E. Lewis, High Oakham Road, Mansfield, and
Maud I. Findlay, 37, Queen's Road, Brighton.)

AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY. BY G. BRONSON HOWARD.
(T. Werner Laurie.)

"He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,
He filled old ladies with kerosene."

KIPLING, *Ballad of Boh Da Thone*.

(Mrs. Alice Morton-Smith, Chinwangtao, North China.)

II.—THE PRIZE for the best topical Fable is divided, and we award Two NEW BOOKS to Miss MARIE R. BROWN, of 233, West Regent Street, Glasgow, and Two NEW BOOKS to Mrs. MABEL KNIGHT, of Hillside, Avondale Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following :

THE CENSORSHIP

In the markets of a far off country quantities of fruit were exposed for sale, much of it bad. The people, being wise, bought the good fruit, and left the bad rotting on the market stalls. Then arose a councillor who conferred with his brethren thus, saying, "Why should our people be tempted with so much bad fruit? Let us appoint one who shall decide what fruit is fit for consumption."

Thereupon an high official was appointed, and all the fruit was brought unto him that he might decide between the good and the bad. But presently the people, finding that only good fruit lay upon the market stalls, demanded the bad, and paid



Stevenson.

From an etching by William Strang.

high prices for it, while the proprietors of orchards used means to destroy their fruit that the high official might condemn it, and the people therefore be induced to buy.

"Forbidden fruit is always the sweetest."

MARIE R. BROWN.

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

There was once a sower who had a happy home and family until his wife said to him one day, "Husband, I am as clever as you. Why should I sit at home while you go out and sow?" and she talked so much about it, that finally she had her way. The woman found she could sow as well as her husband, and when the harvest was over she looked at the full granary with pride. But the husband said: "Who is going to eat it? Whilst you have been so busy the children have died."

MABEL KNIGHT.

This Competition has produced several very good Fables, and many bad ones. The best among the numerous others that have been sent in are those by Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley



Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

R. L. S.'s Aunt. The "Chief of our Aunts" of "A Child's Garden of Verses."

Green), Mildred Gurney (Brimscombe), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), Muriel Monks (Lincoln), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Elizabeth K. Packard (West Ealing), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Joyce Bradwell (Nottingham), Alfred Waller (Sunderland), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), G. Wilson Drysdale (Cricklewood), Evelyne Close (Hove), Miss A. M. McNeill (Sidmouth), Elsie Underwood (Sevenoaks), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Miss E. Lewis (Mansfield), Ethel



House at Lake Saranac, in the Adirondacks, where Stevenson lived from October, 1887, to April, 1888.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

Goodwin (Clapham), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), Robert Sinclair (Glasgow), Daisy H. Badland (Sheffield), Mabel Davies (Pembroke Dock), H. Elrington (Monks-town), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Ethel Cooke (Norwich), Miss F. Cumins (Blackheath), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Scarborough), A. Scotte (Bayswater), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Amy Thomas (Truro), Robert Morrison (Glasgow.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. W. G. ALEXANDER, of 10, Fulham Place, Paddington, W., for the following :



R. L. Stevenson.

After the painting by John S. Sargent, R.A., in the possession of Mrs. Stevenson.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)



Stevenson's residence at Vallima, Samoa.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)



Robert Louis Stevenson.

One of the best portraits taken of him.

MANALIVE. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Nelson)

In this, as in most of his books, we have all Chesterton. There is the paradoxical wit, that bewilders by its intellectual somersaults; there is that power of giving swift pictures now and then, as of Moore, the buried mystic, or Diana, slender, fierce and virginal as the goddess; there is fancy that sees blue railings as spear-heads, and imagination, splashing poetry across certain pages, as when the gold of sunset is spilt over the wind-swept garden. And underneath lies Chesterton's Everlasting Gospel, that the commonplaces are the astounding things in life, and the best lies undiscovered at our feet.

Other good reviews received are :

THE MONEYMOON. BY JEFFERY FARNOL.
(Sampson Low.)

The reader who is weary of the problem novel of to-day should find refreshment for his soul in this Kentish idyll. It is full of sunshine and the sweetness of the country. The boy, Small Porgies, who sets out to find gold to save his aunt's ancestral farm, the aunt herself who is the heroine, and the millionaire hero whose "almighty dollars" save each situation as it arises, are delightful people, and with the help of two or three supplementary characters make up a tale which one finishes with a pleasant sense of having been for a moment in Arcady.

(Miss Lottie Hoskins, 119, Trafalgar Road, Moseley, Birmingham.)

THIRTEEN. BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON.
(Chapman & Hall.)

Everyone should read these whimsical stories by Temple Thurston. Each one is a gem that will sparkle in the memory long after more serious works are forgotten. Mr. Thurston has a wonderful way of disarming you. He makes you smile so broadly at the comic side of life that the unutterable pathos underlying it only comes home to you—afterwards. Almost all the "Thirteen" stories are like that. They make you chuckle as you read them, and "give you furiously to think" when you have read them. This is a book to buy—not borrow from the local circulating library.

(C. G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

ACROSS THE BRIDGES. BY ALEXANDER PATTERSON. (Edward Arnold.)

"Across the bridges there is a great need." This Mr. Patterson certainly makes us realise in his book. It is written, not by an idle spectator, but by a friend and comrade of the unfortunate, who has lived among

them, and feels with, as well as for, them. It is a cheering book, as well as a sad one, for it shows us the kindness and sympathy which is inherent in the human heart, even under the most unfavourable circumstances. Hearts are warm by the river-side, and those who go there to teach, may also learn much

(Miss E. Moore, Greenbank Cottage,
Liverpool.)

THE PLOUGHBOY. BY JAMES BRYCE
(John Lane.)

James Bryce, as a ploughboy, in a farm bothy, in Midland Scotland, gives a vivid picture of the iniquities of the system. He then passes, by a strange rise in his fortunes, into a factor's office on the estate where he was originally a hind. From his observations on the territorial system, as well as from his former experiences amid sordid surroundings, he comes to the conclusion that Socialism is the only remedy for the present condition of land tenure. There are some startling transformations in the circumstances of the hero, but the book is racy of the soil, and decidedly convincing.

(J. A. Erskine Stuart, Undercliffe, Batley,
Yorks.)

THE COWARD. BY ROBERT HUGH BENSON.
(Hutchinson.)

Psychological novels are numerous, but seldom do we get one as brilliant as "The Coward." Mr. Benson has taken for his hero a boy who is brave up to a point, yet who always "funks" a perilous action at the end. From the very first our sympathies are with Val, and though he fails in climbing mountains, fails to fight his duel—fails in all that he should have done, we never once blame him. His death is inevitable; and though his parents maintain he was a coward, surely all of us will feel that Val was indeed a hero.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road,
Bath.)

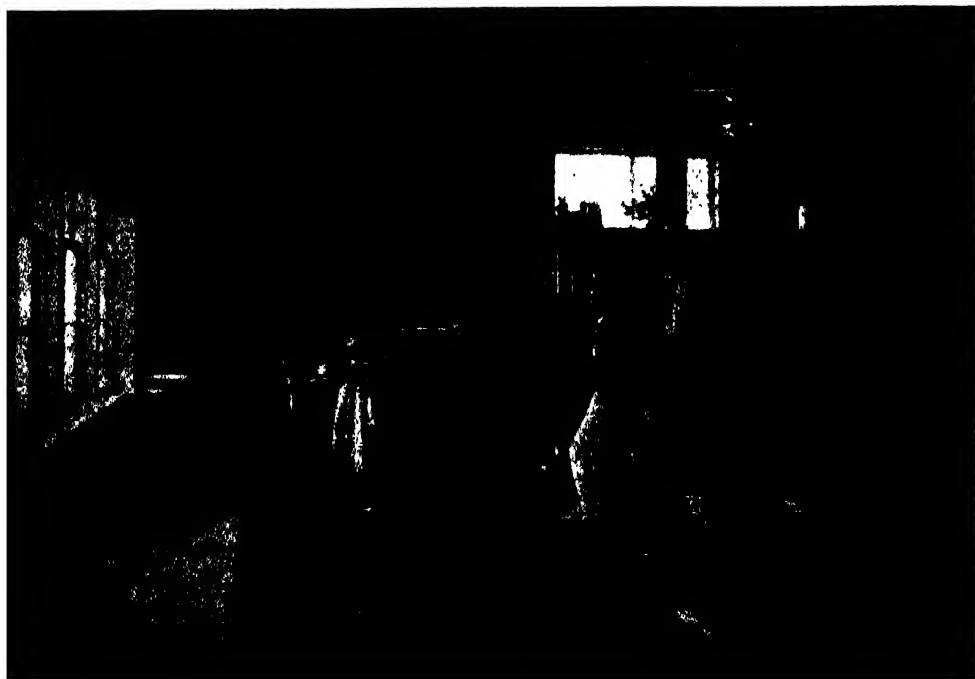
We highly commend also the reviews sent in by Irene Harrison (Bristol), Nelly Burdett (Norwich), Alexander Fowler (Epsom), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth Common), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), A. Eleanor Punnington (Brighton), Margery Wilkins (Utttoxeter), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old

Malton), James A. Richards (Tenby), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Elsie Bond (Pinner), Mrs. E. J. MacO. Smith (Edinburgh), Mary S. Crawford (Galway), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Miss D. A. Hudson (Hull), James Brenton (Tottenham), Mrs. Mabel Knight (Bromley), Miss Deare (Westmeath), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), George Stanton (Leicester), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Isabelle Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), H. K. Omerod (Airdrie), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Ellis M. Brown (Glasgow).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss EVELYN M. ABBOTT, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.



Kalakana, late King of the Hawaiian Islands, on the verandah of the Royal Boat House at Honolulu, with Stevenson.



The Staircase, Vailima.

From "Stevenson's Shrine," by Laura Stubbs. (De La More Press.)

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LIFE.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

YOUTH has perhaps the best of life, but one fine ingredient in the cup it cannot enjoy, which is reminiscence. To men who have arrived where I pause for a while, reminiscence becomes romance, and the former days are beautiful with colours of the morning or even with a noontide sun that has lost its fierceness but gained in depth of light. These volumes spread out before me throw up many names well known, people more or less famous that I have brushed against, scenes and incidents of which I heard from those who took part in them, stories that used to be told in confidence—all in illustration of the unique central figure, whose gracious lineaments and still piercing accents made an impression quite unequalled on our younger imaginations. To us who were his neighbours in the Midlands, almost his friends in the large and generous meaning of the word, Newman was the visible prophet, the St. John of these latter times, and his death would close a great religious period, as in truth it did. I remember seeing him mount the stairs at Oscott, that day when he came over to call on Bishop Ullathorne in consequence of the message from Rome that he was to be a Cardinal. How old and broken he looked, a very ghost from a far-off world! We learned his books by heart, disputed with one another about their meaning or their drift, already spoke of him and treated him as among the immortals, the Fathers, Doctors, Saints of Christendom, who were his peers.

In ten or eleven years he was gone, leaving a memory which sets him apart for ever. To reckon him by categories or schools of opinion would be to misconstrue him; therefore he made enemies no less vehement than friends; he divided factions, stirred men's thoughts and drove them out of their bearings, was a portent while he stayed

in the Church of England, an enigma when he left it. He joined the mighty Roman Communion, which absorbed him silently, and where was he? In Rome, at Santa Croce, in a back street of Birmingham, in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; but his Oxford, the city of Laud and King Charles over which he cast a glamour, knew him no more. The English public suspected, admired, disowned, forgot the renegade. The Tractarian became a Ritualist. Pattison, who might have caught in its falling Elijah's mantle, abandoned Catholic dogma for German thought. Keble and Pusey went their way sadly. Newman, between the exodus of '45 and the publication of his *Apologia*, lived through one disappointment after another until he was tempted to ask himself, "Why live at all?"

Mr. Wilfrid Ward has had the rare courage to tell the story without reticence which makes of Newman's biography a thing as poignant as it is real. He sums up in a couple of chapters the earlier half in which, to its hero's fancy, there was little suffering compared with the long and dreary episode which soon followed of genius undervalued, talents forcibly kept idle, motives maligned, health broken, solitude deepened by the loss of old companions. This was to be set down faithfully; and we have the record in Newman's own words, in his letters, diaries, prayers, but not so much as we could have desired in his conversations. There is no violation of privacy, though we are admitted to the very tribunal of conscience where he, who could search into the human heart so skilfully, laid bare his own. He used often to exclaim, "*Secretum meum mihi!*" for he was no stage player, feeding on self-revelation to the crowd; but he must leave an *Apologia* which would protect his name and fame against accusers more formidable than poor impetuous Kingsley, friends—yes, to their apprehension most attached, but for that reason to be dreaded as foes

in his household, which was now the Catholic Church. Newman wrote with his life-blood pages of extraordinary truth about himself, printed here beyond recall. They are human with an intense agony, a subtle wisdom, a play of complex feelings, a humility and a lofty spirit, such as perhaps no other biography in the language can rival. Many have called him sensitive; and that keen English epithet, a trouble to French translators, no doubt describes the man. But sensitive until he was near eighty, quivering with a sick heart whether praise or criticism were offered, tremblingly awake in watches of the night to every sound, yet on principle, from mere self-respect, forbidden to write one syllable which aimed only at effect—what a lonely soul is here, and what a Promethean tragedy!



By courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Stevenson in his study at Vallima, dictating to his step-daughter, Mrs. Strong.

These things make great literature. They bring the Catholic, the intense and sincere believer, into strange company. Was not Amiel another of this brooding kind? And Senancour? And surely Pascal, the one modern with whom it is safe to compare him as a leader of Christian philosophy? Newman's Oxford sermons were soliloquies; but his life was also a meditation, of which fragments escaped from his pen into his books, and in a true sense he writes to himself rather than to the world. With an attitude more modest but not less determined than Goethe's, he too asks, after the wise and the foolish have said their say, "But how does it appear to *me*? What do *I* think of it?" And by thought he means no formal argument, scholastic or legal, but the response of his whole nature in its most exalted mood—the seer's



Photo by J. Davis, Apia, Samoa

Stevenson at Vailima.

vision, lighted up as in moments of crisis, but confirmed by cool experience; for faith itself, which he calls a venture, is Newman grasping out, not after abstract ideas, but after living and divine realities. The dogmas of his creed are concerned with personalities from first to last. That is, in fact, the significance of dogma to him; it sets up between the Object and the Subject of religion a supernatural friendship too sacred, too intimate, for the logic of notions and algebraic symbols. We may describe Newman as a poet or a mystic, and we shall do him no wrong; but he never was, he never could be, a Rationalist.

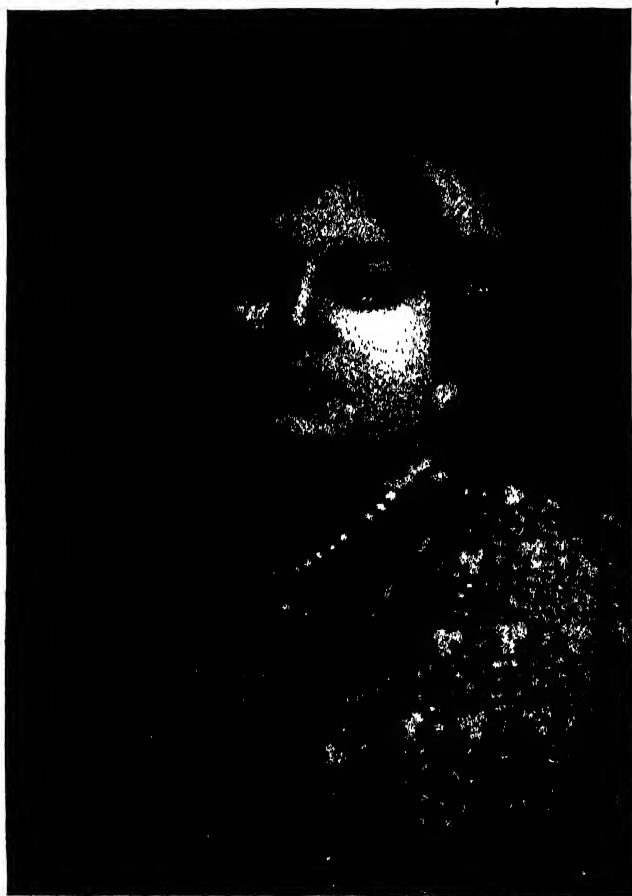
And yet on the vague suspicion of rationalising, or of giving countenance to such as did, this man lay for years under a cloud. Not immediately at Rome, where his writings had not been examined, but among a group of English converts, to whom Mr. W. G. Ward furnished



**A Group at Samoa.
Lloyd Osbourne, Captain Wurmbrand,
Henry Simele, and Stevenson.**

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

grounds they would scarcely have discovered for themselves. Dr. Ward, acting in perfect good faith, was from his peculiar temperament incapable of entering into Newman's policy on these delicate matters. Ward had confidence only in avoidance and repression of problems



By courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

**Mrs. Isobel Strong,
Stevenson's step-daughter,**



Stevenson playing on his flageolet.

which affected the beliefs of Christians though he was himself a most admirable defender of Theism and completely routed the association philosophy maintained by J. S. Mill. Nevertheless he viewed with alarm the somewhat undisciplined attempts of writers like Sir John Acton to argue the old questions on a modern field and he considered that Newman was responsible for their imprudences. When he had convinced Manning in London and Monsignore Talbot who resided in the Vatican, that so it was a period set in during which the great Oratorian's books declined in their circulation his plans about Oxford were foiled and his career seemed to be at an end. Though his victory in the *Apologia* won England over it did not reconcile Ward or Manning, neither of whom until they passed from the scene could be persuaded that their old Oxford chieftain had taken the right course with regard to 'Liberalism'. But his conscience did not reproach him. As the world went, Newman held that free discussion was inevitable, that among Catholics it could be so managed as to respect authority whilst allowing to men of science and men of letters a certain "elbow-room," and that, in the absence of a Catholic University—the enterprise in Dublin having failed—it would be a lesser evil to send our young men to Oxford and Cambridge than to let them enter life without mental training and college discipline. His view was acted upon by Pope

Leo XIII but not until thirty years had been lost to the generation guided by Ward and Manning. The question is settled, with happy consequences, and Newman's practical good sense has received a striking vindication.

How the recluse of Edgbaston behaved towards problems of a larger scope—the Temporal Power, the Vatican Council—we may read at full length in Mr. Ward's luminous pages. But we shall be drawing our picture out of proportion if we fancy that Newman felt a personal interest where these controversies went on. They lay outside his particular sphere.

All he did was to judge of them as they influenced men and women who sought his advice for he would have smiled at the thought of playing the politician or of pretending to be an expert in the School philosophy. His criticalness requires us to measure it on a different scale. I have heard that he was repelled from the *Divina Commedia* by its intermingling of Italian politics with heavenly themes. His devotion to the Holy See led him on one occasion to walk with unshod feet over the Roman pavements as a pilgrim to St. Peter's.



Stevenson.

Bronze medallion by St. Gaudens in Luxembourg.

From a bas-relief made during Stevenson's illness in New York in 1887

shrine. Reviewers have noted in his letters from Italy observations touching the relics and stories of the Saints which, as Protestant Englishmen, they cannot away with. One who had this deep-seated feeling for the special features of Catholicism and its popular forms was not likely to rebel against the judgments of a Council at which the Pope presided and to which he had been himself invited as a learned theologian. His last considerable work, the Letter on Mr. Gladstone's "Vaticanism" was received by all its readers, including Dr. Ward, as an instance of absolute good faith, and as a proof, were any needed, that his anxieties all along had been for others, not at all for himself.

It was no part of Mr. Ward's design to summarise Newman's writings, or to judge of them as a literary critic. He is concerned with a life, not with a bibliography. The general public has been taught by competent authorities from every side that this secluded and meditative genius, employing no violent or strange devices, but keeping to his mother tongue with an almost superstitious reverence, has bequeathed to literature a series of prose compositions never excelled in the purity of their language, in their musical rhythm, their penetrating quality, their eloquence, depth, and tenderness. It is likewise held that "The Dream of Gerontius" deals with supernatural themes and the corresponding imagery in a manner not approached by any poet since Dante. But even that is not the whole. In his work on the "Development of Christian Doctrine" Newman went before Darwin anticipated the struggle for life while applying it to ideas, and perceived in history a principle



National Portrait Gallery

R. L. Stevenson.

Portrait taken by Mr. J. A. S. Smith, N.S.W., in 1893.



From a drawing by A. S. Boyd.
Kindly lent by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

R.L.S.

of selection. At the same period he sketched in his Oxford University sermons a theory of concrete, or as we may say, of vital assent, which twenty-six years later was elaborated with a remarkable wealth of instances, and with equal subtlety, into a volume, the main lines of which have been stringently illustrated by what is known as psychical research. To be versatile and original is given to few, and among the few we must reckon John Henry Newman.

What! some German professor of Berlin or Giessen may exclaim, if he should see these words "versatile and original—a Cardinal of the Roman Church?" Even so, I reply, Herr Professor. To this I was coming, for it deserves recognition as an encouraging sign, at Berlin no less than elsewhere. None of us that are students desire the world to be overrun by ignorance and left in primeval darkness. We all say *fiat Lux* . Now the entrance of this poet, historian, and philosopher into the Sacred College did not, indeed, raise to dogmatic definitions his views on development or his theory of assent, but it surely proved that genius need not exclude a man from the honours of the purple. Leo XIII., who was an accomplished scholar and well read in metaphysics, delighted to call into his illustrious Senate a thinker on modern lines such as Newman, while he was distinguishing an Aristotelian commentator, Joseph Prisco (whose works I studied in Rome) by making him Cardinal Archbishop of Naples. The English Oratorian has powerfully contributed to a reconciliation without compromise of elements both abstract and concrete, in a more perfect scheme of philosophy than North or South has formulated

at the present time ; and the Neapolitan will be found to have kept the ancient light burning.

But there is something more. In a *Life* so adequately told, with distinction and with even judgment, with documents at first hand carefully chosen, yet nothing essential omitted, every reader will perceive a moral to suit his own cast of mind. The book is not a pleading one way or another. I may suggest, perhaps, how it will strike a well-wisher to religion who is not very intolerant of Rome, though he should happen to differ from its creed. Newman's second period, for at least twenty-five years, was outwardly a time of defeat and could not fail to seem "bare of joy," when viewed by those who imagine such a life in their own light, which is that of comfortable citizens. But the hidden springs of quite

another kind of joy did not fail Newman ; and when he was challenged he replied, in language breathing conviction, that he found supreme content in the beliefs and the practices of his faith. All that makes so great a dust and heat in the biography was like English weather—a thing to be endured, but which must not interfere with our serious concerns. The true life went on, tranquil and sheltered, in a sanctuary where none of these things might enter. The poet, preacher, mystic, saint, was there alone with the Alone. It is this which compels a critic who has thought over the limits of his art, to keep a certain distance from the innermost shrine of Newman's thoughts, clearly as they are set before us. They belong to the sacred mystery of a great and solitary soul.

CONRAD.*

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

FEW books of autobiographic flavour and intention have so good a reason for their appearance as "Some Reminiscences," by Joseph Conrad. The "fifteen years of unbroken silence before praise or blame," to which the author lays claim in his "familiar preface," have also been years of an increasing curiosity concerning the strange and diverse personality which glimmered, like a veiled lantern, behind the narratives of "Lord Jim," "Heart of Darkness," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and the other novels and tales which make up the body of Mr. Conrad's achievement as a writer. It is a curiosity which Mr. Conrad has done nothing either to slake or inflame ; no writer has taken

* "Some Reminiscences." By Joseph Conrad. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

the paragraphist less into his confidence, or served so little the purpose of the interviewer and the press photographer. The works by which alone he has personified himself have issued from a tranquil seclusion ; and there is, therefore, a kind of graciousness, a manner of relenting to friendly importunities, in the publication of a book which so handsomely makes a guest of the reader who has hitherto been no more than an acquaintance.

For Mr. Conrad, in his reminiscent mood, two memories are associated and intertwined : that of his first contact with the sea, which was to have so large a part in his life, and that of the writing of his first book. He reveals himself, in his opening chapter, in his berth on board the steamer *Adowa*, with the growing manuscript of "Almayer's Folly" lying on the blanket in his bunk, and



National Portrait Gallery.

R. L. Stevenson.

Sketch painted in one sitting by Sir William Blake Richmond, R.A.



Stevenson.

From a photograph by Sir Percy Shelley.

the brass rim of the porthole framing a vignette of the quays of Rouen, at the moment when the tale is interrupted by the entrance of the banjo-playing third officer. Never was a book, destined ultimately to be completed and published, the subject of so many interruptions. Already at Rouen it was four years old; it had yet to accompany its author to his childhood's home in Poland, to share with him many long sea passages, to go in peril up the Congo.

It is Walter Bagshot who says that for a great experience there is essential "an experiencing nature." Mr. Conrad's experiences have been manifold; they range from Russian exile as a child to oppression at the hands of an examiner in seamanship; and in his recital of them it is immediately clear that he is one of those rare and fortunate men who are endowed at their birth with the experiencing nature. There is the incident of the first Englishman on whom he set eyes—in Switzerland, at the top of the Furka Pass, which he was traversing on foot with a tutor. "My unforgettable Englishman," he calls him; and he is unforgettable. He wore knickerbockers, and with them short socks, and "his calves, exposed to the public gaze and the tonic air of high altitudes, dazzled the beholder by the splendour of their marble-like condition and their rich tone of young ivory."

"The light of a headlong, exalted satisfaction with the world of men and the scenery of mountains illumined his clear-cut, very red face, his short, silver-white whiskers, his innocently eager and triumphant eyes. In passing he cast a glance of kindly curiosity and a friendly gleam of big, sound, shiny teeth towards the man and the boy sitting like dusty tramps by the roadside, with a modest knapsack lying at their feet. . . . One does not meet such an Englishman twice in a lifetime."

The language is the language of Joseph Conrad, but the impression, the experience, is that of the boy who travelled with his tutor. Already one sees how his imagination enriched for him the world in which he moved.

The original of Almayer came into his view many years later, as a feature in another phase of his life, but the faculty of imaginative vision which presents him "in the round," as a man against his own background but detached from it and individual, is the same.

"He came quite close to the ship's side and raised a harassed countenance, round and flat, with that curl of black hair over the forehead, and a heavy pained glance."



Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

Stevenson's family and household at Samoa, including his wife, his mother and Lloyd Osbourne.

He was a grieved man; everything grieved him. The pony which Mr. Conrad had to sling and put ashore for him knocked him down and ran away; he could not even derive a spark of hope, faith or pride from the ownership of "the only geese on the East Coast"; and when his mail was handed to him, it was apparent that he was afraid of his letters. Such was the man whose effect, as he moved in his patterned pyjamas about the Bornean riverside, was to haunt and preoccupy Mr. Conrad through years of wandering and establish him at last upon the threshold of a new and undreamed-of career.

It is a good fortune which has bestowed Mr. Conrad upon us as an English writer; it was a boy's preference which made him an English sailor. He recalls the first English ship which he touched with his hands, the steamer *James Westoll*, as she came into Marseilles. He had put out to meet her in the boat of his friends the pilots, and pulled bow in the dinghy which put the pilot on board, and so caught the line which was thrown from her rail. He was bidden to shove off, "and when I bore against the smooth flank of the first English ship I ever touched in my life, I felt it already throbbing under my open palm."

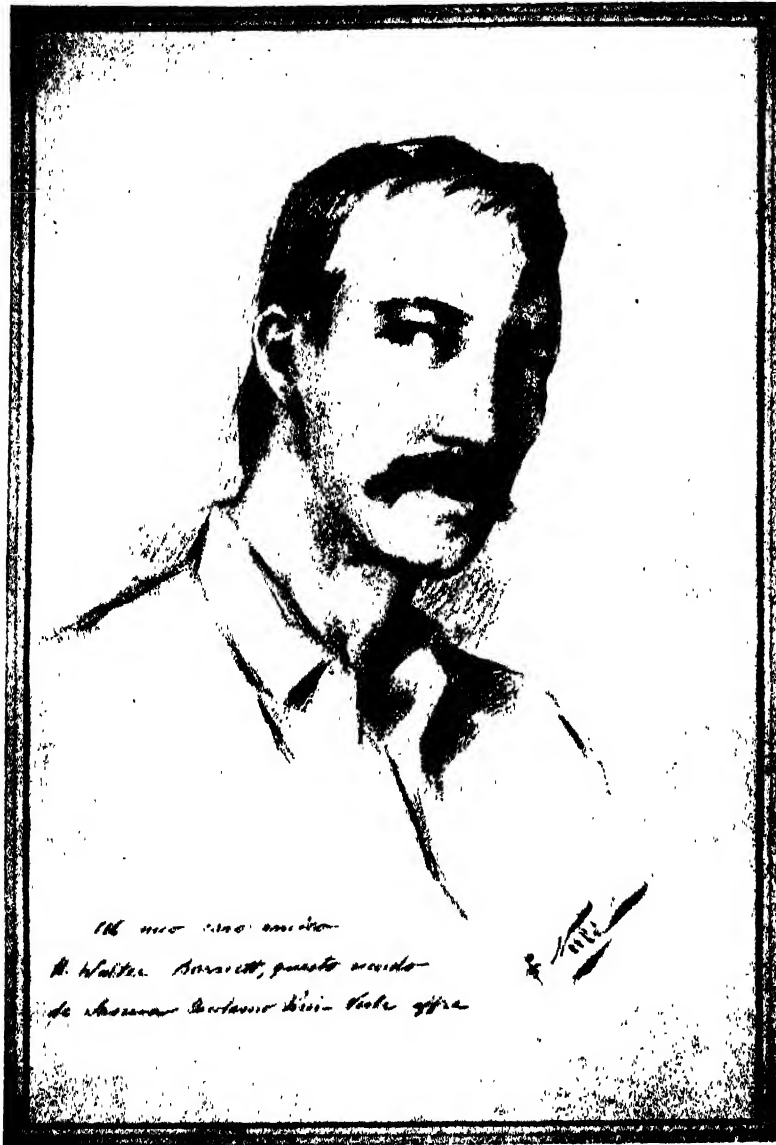
There is a sense in which every work of art is an autobiography, and in that sense the warm personality, the radiant and humane intelligence of Joseph Conrad were already mirrored in the novels he has written. But he was there seen as in a glass, darkly; here he is face to face with his reader. In "Some Reminiscences" we have, not a supplement and accessory to his other books, but a fresh work of the first importance, a vital and individual book, a true Conrad.

ENCORE BORROW.*

By THOMAS SECCOMB.

THERE are, of course, a great many devotees of George Borrow about. They read him in cheap prints or purchase him in first editions, according to "The Life of George Borrow." Compiled from unpublished official documents, etc., with 13 illustrations. By Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

the weight of their purses. The love of Borrow makes a kind of bond between them, and some day they will probably succeed in canonizing their hero. A hundred years hence he may be well-nigh forgotten, but it would not be surprising if by 2100 A.D. he had become a star



From an original drawing by Count Giuliano Neri, given by Stevenson to Mr. H. Walter Barnett, and now first reproduced by Mr. Barnett's permission

R.L.S.

of the first magnitude. Should that day ever arrive, Mr. Herbert Jenkins may rest assured of a niche in the Borrowian observatory as an annotator of industry and ability, who has left no stone unturned in his timely endeavour to elucidate the sibylline leaves of that ever-memorable and worshipful, but portentous and often obscure, commentator, Dr. W. J. Knapp. To fuse the old and new material into a consistent portrait of Don George has not appeared feasible to Mr. Jenkins, or, at any rate, he has not seriously attempted it. He has left that to other hands, and has been, in his criticism, content to fulfil Borrow's own idea of the functions of a critic, which was that he

should enact the part of a leech. His powers of suction have proved fully equal to the task, and he has given us a thoroughly well-organized repertory of biographical fact and Borrowian legend.

To those who are familiar with the rambling autobiography committed to the pages of "Lavengro," the "Romany Rye," and "The Bible in Spain," not to mention the recently published "Letters to the Bible Society," there is not very much that is wholly new in the first sections of the present work. In the part that follows his subject's first successful appearance as an author, however, Mr. Jenkins gleans much that is unfamiliar, and presents it with befitting vivacity. Borrow's relations with women are significant and throw light, I think, upon his personality. He generally struck them unfavourably, and he certainly had by no means "doubled Cape Turk." He had semi-Oriental, or Byronic, ideas about the seclusion of women. He could not fathom, and had little toleration for condescending *grandes dames*, but above all, he detested quibbling blue-stockings, such as Frances Power Cobbe. The development of his coolness with Ford, his frequent brushes with his publisher, John Murray, the causes of his dissension with Bowring, are all carefully detailed here. In the last explosive appendix to the "Romany Rye," Borrow wrote: "The writer is aware of more than one instance in which he (Bowring) has passed off the literature of friendless young men, after making them a slight pecuniary compensation, and deforming what was originally excellent by interpolations of his own." This Radical literato, he went on, esteems himself a king of translators. His translations are

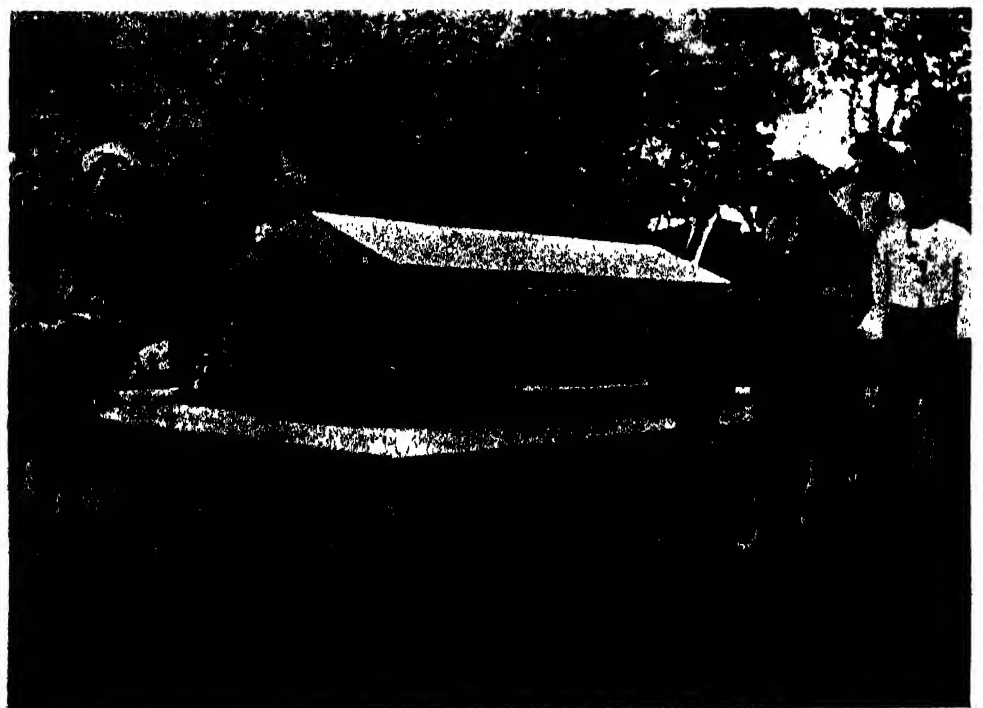


Photo by J. Patock, Edinburgh.

Stevenson's tomb on Mount Vaea, Samoa.

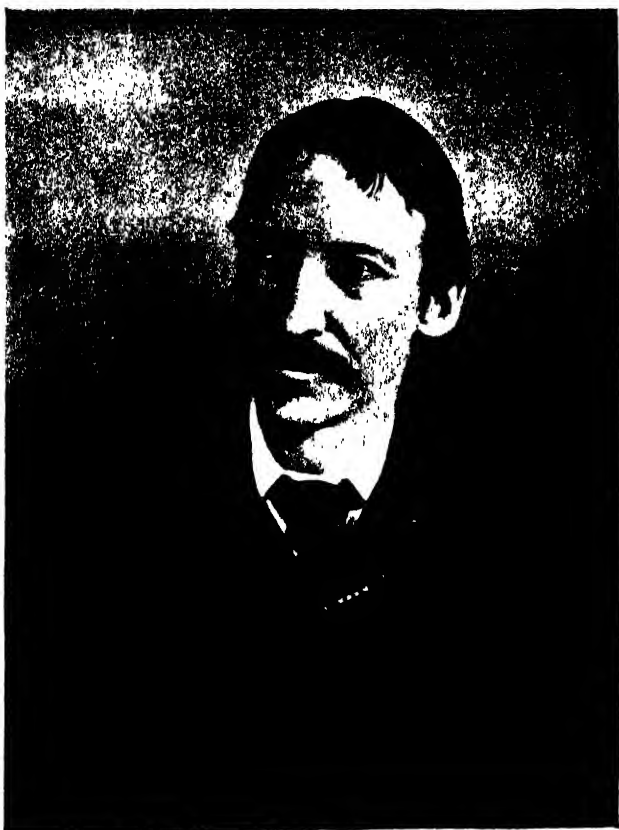


Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

One of the latest portraits taken of him.

made either from a prose rendering done for him from one of the easier dialects of Europe, or were made direct from the originals into English by friendless young men, and then delormented by his alterations. This was by no means a true bill according to Mr. Jenkins. The real grievance was that after promising to use all his influence to get Borrow appointed consul at Canton, Bowring obtained the post for himself, largely by passing off as his own the Manchu Testament which Borrow edited in St. Petersburg. There is very little doubt that Bowring was a man who had no hesitation in seizing everything that presented itself and turning it, as far as possible, to his own uses. In this he was doing what most successful men have done and will continue to do. Yet he had been kind to Borrow, and had helped him as far as lay in his power. He no doubt obtained all the information he could from Borrow, as he would have done from anyone else. Yet, when there was nothing to be lost by so doing, he did extend to Borrow at times a considerable amount of help. Francis Parkman, a man and a writer, who had some striking affinities with Borrow, remarked once that in order to succeed in America one had to be either a Harvard man or a humbug. Borrow was the equivalent of neither of these things in England. He had made no friends among the great ladies who make, or rather more often mar, so many hopeful schemes and meritorious appointments in this country. Hence the pathetic restlessness and vain eagerness to be up and doing without being able to get anything to do, which made the end of his life so pointless and embittered. Yet the "Celtic" holidays, so happily touched in description here in Chapters XXV. and XXVI., were not altogether unproductive. It was destined apparently that nothing George Borrow could ever write should quite come up to the promise of "The Bible in Spain." Yet how many guide-books are there to compare in any respect

with "Wild Wales?" No book on the subject, at least in English, will probably ever do as much to render the tantalizing charm of the beautiful "Land of our Fathers," where half is so familiar, and the other half so impenetrably strange. Apart from their ale, in commendation of which words almost failed him, he took less kindly to the Scotch. He was at home in Man, and still more in Cornwall, where, East Anglian though he was, he felt himself understood in the homes of his ancestors. These walking tours served as a kind of safety valve to Borrow. The exercise and open air enabled him to drink the ale with plenty of malt in it that his soul loved. He had constant change of scene, and his thoughts were diverted by encounters with odd people, and by the hundred and one adventures of the roadside. His face, figure and aggressive virility made him a conspicuous object wherever he went. Unemployment at home gave rise to the malaise from which his intolerance in religious matters and monomania about "gentility-nonsense" mainly sprang. Mr. Jenkins quotes very aptly Voltaire's lines:

*"Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge
De son âge a tout le malheur."*

Borrow had in fact, a double portion of the blind conservatism of his favourite races, the Gypsies, the Basques, the Welsh. He was profoundly sceptical about modern improvements and other such machines, for he



Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

Bust of Stevenson.

by G. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., in the Scottish Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

did not see where the human betterment came in. Mechanical power might well be a gain in itself, but it was more than counterbalanced by the increase of human inequality, which was certain to follow in its train. Such are the ideas, at any rate, which we read into Borrow after the event. Though he prided himself above everything on his anti-mediævalism and anti-papism, he was really a blind obscurantist himself. Alone almost among his contemporaries he appreciated primitive nature and distrusted civilization as the malady which Edward Carpenter has since demonstrated it to be. We know something about the dim, retreating Arcady from such writers as Bourne and Jessopp, we know much of the old tranters and woodlanders from Hardy, and of the old race of shepherds from Hudson; but it fell to Borrow to hold up the mirror to wild nature

on roadside and heath. The characters that he flashes before us in his sunprints are true living pictures, characters that have since been improved off the face of the earth, and now we regret, with all our forces, that the rogues will never come back. And we know that it cannot be, and that the "Romany Rye" is a being who lived in a different age from ours, as different as the age of Hector and Achilles, when warriors fought in their chariots round the walls of Troy, and the long-haired Achæans hurled their spears and stole one another's horses in the darkness, and kings made long speeches armed to the teeth, and ran away with other kings' wives or multiplied their own. In short, it was Borrow's aim in an emasculate age of ready-made boots and shoes to leave a naked footprint on the sand. This he achieved.

New Books.

MR. FOX.*

"The Early History of Charles James Fox" was published thirty-one years ago, in October, 1880. In the following December I accepted office as Secretary of the Admiralty, and perforce abandoned literature for an indefinite period to come." Thus Sir George Otto Trevelyan begins his preface to the first volume of "George the Third and Charles Fox." "At the beginning of the

* "George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of 'The American Revolution.'" By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. In 2 vols. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)



Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

In Swanston Rock Garden (August, 1907).

Lord Guthrie. Miss Alison Cunningham, Stevenson's nurse. He dedicated "A Child's Garden of Verses" to her—"From her Boy." "Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains."—Letter from Stevenson to Alison Cunningham (1871) in "The Letters of R. L. Stevenson." Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. (Methuen.)

next session, in the lobby of the House of Commons, Mr. Justin McCarthy did me the honour to express a wish that there existed a statutory power for obtaining an Order of Court to compel me 'to finish Fox.'" Mr. McCarthy's wish has been echoed by many thousands all the world over. A biography of Fox by a competent writer was badly wanted, and Sir George Trevelyan had proved himself the man for the work. It was to many a great disappointment that when Sir George Trevelyan, released from the labours of office, again took up his pen, it was to write "The American Revolution," and not a further instalment of the life of Fox. "The American Revolution" is excellent, but it was the account of the middle life and later years of the great statesman that we particularly wanted from him. Now we have the first of two volumes of "George the Third and Charles Fox," in which work the history of the American Revolution is concluded; and the story of Fox will be carried up, to quote the author, "to the moment which, so far as personal success was concerned, proved to be the culminating point of his whole career." In the "Early Life," it will be remembered, the narrative stopped in 1774, when Fox, because of his independence, was, at the King's express desire, dismissed by Lord North; and George Selwyn, convinced that his friend has a great career in front of him, said: "Charles, for the future I will eat salt fish on the day you was turned out. You shall be my Charles the Martyr now; for I am tired of your great-grandfather, the old one. His head can never be sewed on again; but, as yours can be, I will stick to you."

If the book is something less than a biography of Fox, it is also something more, for it surveys English society in the later half of the eighteenth century, and presents also an intimate picture of the world of politics, and those who worked, as well as those who sauntered, in that world. But the main interest to readers will probably be Fox, for whom Sir George Trevelyan has an affection so wholehearted that sometimes, many will think, it leads him into excessive eulogy. It is true, of course, that Fox paid a heavy penalty for the follies of his youth.

"He is habitually cited as the instance of a statesman who was a confirmed gambler; and yet he ceased to be a gamester at an age when very few indeed, besides himself, have taken rank as statesmen. While still a stripling he was dived and wagered—and, as his elders believed, was glaringly and transparently cheated—out of an immense fortune. For some years afterwards he continued to play high; but in the spring of 1792, at the period of life when an aspiring member of Parliament begins to hope for an appointment as a Junior Lord of the Treasury, Fox became the leading Minister of the Crown's

power and influence, although not in title. Thenceforth he gambled less and less frequently, until, after no very long while, he dropped the practice altogether."

Thus Sir George Trevelyan. The defence of Fox is not very strong; indeed, it is a piece of special pleading. In 1792, when Fox began to give up gambling, he was forty-three years of age, had squandered a vast fortune, his own, his father's, and his friends' money. What, Horace Walpole wondered, would Fox do when all his friends had sold their estates to pay his debts of honour? Let us take a contemporary opinion. "Fox," said his "candid friend," Boothby, "loved only three things—women, play and politics. Yet at no period of his life did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming table; and, with the exception of about eleven months of his life, he has remained always in opposition." Sir George Trevelyan's enthusiasm for his hero is understandable enough, for Fox, with all his faults—and why minimise them?—was the most lovable creature in the world. No one ever had a bad word for him, save the most narrow-minded King that has ever sat on the English throne, George III., who hated him as heartily as he had hated Chatham. Fox's good nature, his good temper, won all hearts; and peculiarly characteristic of him is the following story, when the Prince of Wales and he heard of the death of the Duchess of Devonshire. "Then," said his Royal Highness, "we have lost the best-bred woman in England." "Then," said Fox, "we have lost the kindest heart in England."

Of the greatness of Fox there is no question, and in this matter Sir George Trevelyan goes not a whit too far. A superb orator, capable always of rising to the height of any question, and splendid in reply, he was possessed of the greatest gift with which the politician can be blessed, common sense. He could see clearly, and he could see far. In his youth he made mistakes. To give one instance. He opposed the liberty of the Press in his early years in the House of Commons; but in later days he made amends by securing the publicity of Parliamentary debates. His views on the American question, with which the volume under consideration is principally concerned, were essentially sound. He realized the futility of continuing the war, and was never tired of urging this view on the House. He insisted that America could not be conquered; and that, if the contest was carried on, lives and treasure would be squandered, but no material gain could be secured. We know now, as he knew then, that not even a great victory, save, perhaps, at the outset of the campaign, could have saved the colonies for us. Fox's speeches were convincing, his reasoning unassailable, and the war would, through his efforts, have been abandoned but for the votes of the place-men whose positions were dependent upon the favour of the monarch, who realized that success was impossible, but whose obstinacy was such that he would not give way, though his army was decimated and his country impoverished. Sir George Trevelyan's indictment of the King is magnificent; his vignette of old Chatham magnificent; the whole story unfolded with a directness and simplicity that he has taught us to expect from him. The second, and concluding, volume, we are told, is more than half finished, and soon, we hope, will be in our hands. And then, we trust, will come "The Last Years of Charles James Fox."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.*

In the pages of history there is none more moving than that which tells of the making of United Italy. Italian literature to-day is the outcome of that history. The Foreword to this volume states that "this book traces the history of the literary revival which took place in Italy

during the eighteenth century and which has not yet entirely spent itself; also (?) an account of the principal poets and novelists of to-day." The latter part of the author's object is carried out by a conscientious recapitulation of living Italian writers and their works. The former rests on a misconception. Far from being entirely spent, the literary revival of the eighteenth century is about to reach its blossoming period. Modern Italy's literature is in the making, for modern Italy has just been made and the making took over a century to accomplish.

From the treaty of Aix la Chapelle till the domination of Napoleon Italy was preparing for her struggle. From the Congress of Vienna to the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy she was in the grip of an heroic conflict, pouring out her best blood and laying imperishable memories for succeeding generations. It is this story of the making of modern Italy of which modern Italian literature is the reflection. For those who want a superficial acquaintance with Italian authors and their works taken chronologically, this volume should be useful. But a book of this kind has an insuperable defect. Partly through want of space, partly through other and profounder limitations, modern Italian literature is not clearly enough shown in the light of modern Italian history.

There are three names in Italian literature during the time of preparation that stand out as landmarks in the story of Italy's freedom, Metastasio, Parini and Alfieri. Metastasio marks the close of the long period of Italy's subjection when literature had declined on operatic days. He was a type of his period. "The more prosaic the age, the more exaggerated the heroism," and it looked as if there could be no salvation for an age which demanded such melodramatic perfection for its heroes. The fact was, the age was not conscious of wanting salvation. Metastasio was the expression of a period whose ideal was the artificial pastoralism of a false Arcadia. In Venice, Goldoni, Metastasio's contemporary, was turning to life for the sources of his art, but it was Parini, born nearly thirty years later than Metastasio, who marked the rise and spread of the liberal influences which led to the Italian revival. Throughout Europe the ideas were stirring that were to bring about the French Revolution. In Metastasio's world a national conscience did not exist. Revolutions do not come about until things improve. Things were improving after 1748—after Aix-la-Chapelle there was no inconsiderable degree of enlightened benevolence amongst the despots of disunited Italy. Parini made current the new ideas which led to the French Revolution and Chartism on the one hand, to the Emancipation Act and Italian Independence on the other, which permeated European society and inspired such popular literature as "Sandford and Merton," the elevator of our fathers' youth.

Parini was the moralist of Italian freedom. Alfieri, born twenty years later, was its prophet. In his own headlong conversion from a life of idleness to a mission of fierce declamation against tyranny, he was a type of the evolution of a national conscience in the Italy of his day. The ferocity of thought that made his very style revolutionary, *pensato*, not *cantato*, at first repelled the men of his age; then he became immensely popular as they realised that his dramas reflected their own attitude to their foreign rulers. Alfieri is Italy's one great tragedian. He had no successor, he was succeeded by the Revolution.

With the Revolution cropped up the old quarrel between Romantic and Classic schools, the echoes of which are still muttering. It is possible to over-estimate their importance. The Romantic spirit belongs by inheritance to the Northern races. It had its obvious beginnings in England in the eighteenth century, but in fact it was at no time absent from English literature. The Romantic style is another thing. In the eighteenth century it became a vogue and a tiresome one, not only in English literature; it troubled Italian too. Mr. Collison-Morley has well pointed out the debt that Italian literature owed to English at this period. The Romantic style proper never became rooted in Italy, but later it became invested with a perfectly factitious political significance, and on these grounds the old quarrel

* "Modern Italian Literature." By Lacy Collison-Morley. 6s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

still recurs. The great modern writers of Italy assimilated the best of the Romantic spirit of the North.

But in the early nineteenth century the romantic novel filled the literary field largely because a mediæval environment of tyrants and feudal castles was found a convenient medium for anti-Austrian declamation. Italian literature in fact had become "a great arsenal for the expulsion of the foreigner." Literary form suffered in consequence. Manzoni and Leopardi are by themselves names great enough to fill a period. But when the majority of poets and authors were devoting their best energies to war instead of art it is not surprising that literary achievement at this period was second-rate; it is only surprising that the standard was so high. Through it all, good and bad, spoke the liberating spirit of the age. "*Liberi non saremo se non siamo uni.*"

Contemporary verse was one of Italy's most powerful weapons in the struggle for liberty. Leopardi, dead before Novara, spoke from the grave to young patriots in pilgrimage at his tomb. "*Nessun' pugna per te? Non ti difende Nessun de' tuoi?*" *Manich's* songs were the hymns of the revolutionists. *Manich* himself, barely twenty-two, fell during the siege of Rome, fighting by Garibaldi. Berchet's songs moved the country like the sound of a trumpet. Carducci tells us how, the year before Novara, he then a boy, hearing his mother repeat Berchet's verses, "saw black" and wanted to go out and kill Austrians. "We owe," said Garibaldi, "a great part of this our Italy to the poets." The best work of the age was not put into literature. To the makers of Italy passion for their country was art and lifework, faith, honour, religion, wife and child. They gave their lives to free Italy—"e l'ossa fremono amor di patria."

After the long tension of the struggle peace came and prosperity began, but the literary fortunes of the country seemed at a low ebb. The 'Seventies were swamped by bad translations of worse novels. Carducci did his magnificent best to revive literature from the formless welter into which it seemed to have fallen. United Italy presented another literary problem. Disunited Italy had as many tongues as she had rulers. The language difficulty is more serious than we are apt to think who settled our own over 400 years ago. Geographical differences, moreover, are still aggravated by remains of ancient jealousies and local academic supremacies. The settlement will be helped no doubt as was our own by the (still recent) settlement of the capital. It is a great hindrance to good novel writing when the written language lacks the vigour of the spoken, and an infusion of native dialects cannot fail to strengthen standard Italian. Moreover, when a novelist is good enough, he is his own apologist for his own style. There are good novelists in Italy, there will be more. Italian literature is much occupied with style, and this in part explains the cult of d'Annunzio—who is the subject of a rather unsympathetic criticism from Mr. Collison-Morley. "What a man has done matters more than what he said he was going to do, and d'Annunzio is not only a fine poet but he has evolved a nearly perfect prose. His ethics are startling, but he has created a style."

Modern Italy studies herself, her best work to-day reflects contemporary Italian life. This is why she is profoundly interested in historical research, anxious for the exact fact, and productive of what de Sanctis calls the "modest and patient monograph," stigmatised by Mr. Collison-Morley as the "terrible documentary" school. Carducci, who has done so much for Italian criticism to-day, himself ranks among the greatest poets of Europe. These are the men who work to-day to model the literature of Italy on the great lines of her history. Italy has passed through her heroic stage, her history to-day is being written in factory chimneys and in big ships—great assets in the growth of a national consciousness. That national consciousness grows as the sense of unity deepens, quickened by national prosperity, national enterprise, national disaster, national danger. The uniting of Italy was a great story, the literature of united Italy will not be less great.

H. HAY WILSON.

TALES OF THE FIVE TOWNS.*

So dependent on the minutiae of observation is Mr. Arnold Bennett's best art, so much is it a matter of detail piled upon detail, till the mass of relatively insignificant data acquires from mere weight and nicely-adjusted cohesion the significance of solid reality, that he needs a rather large canvas for its adequate display. "*Clayhanger*" and "*The Old Wives' Tale*," which are the twin masterpieces of his fiction, are both of them more than twice the length of the average novel and might indeed be called histories alike of the titular characters and of their social surroundings. If Mr. Bennett in his more conscientious work has one quality which arrests attention it is his command of an almost photographic realism, but in order to get this effect he has generally to range all round and behind as well as inside his subject—he must go back to the beginning of things, he must trace each stage of his hero's or heroine's career, he must enter into the everyday routine of their lives, he must build up, mood by mood, phase by phase, the structure of their emotional and intellectual being, he must elaborate with patient care the network of their friendships and their environment. Now all this takes up space and time and toil, besides involving a tremendous strain on the memorising faculty. But the novelist's recollections have borne the strain, and thanks to the store of youthful impressions on which he has been able to draw he has made us free of the Five Towns as they were in the Victorian age, and taught us to understand typical men and women of the district and the time, and to appreciate the cast of their minds and the setting of their struggles and ambitions. Mr. Bennett, however, is no less interested in the Potteries of to-day, so bustling and noisy and careless of the social amenities, than he is in the more quietly progressive communities as he remembers them thirty or so years ago, and he is equally desirous of giving artistic expression to the new as to the old local life. But here, since his footing is less sure, his method has to be changed. In one novel of modest proportions, "*The Card*," he has sought to show us the farcical side of the spirit of enterprise which actuates the more pushing Midlander of to-day, but for the most part he has been content to rely on a smaller vehicle for conveying his ideas of the modern aspect of the Five Towns. He has had recourse to the short story, and this is a form not too well suited to his leisurely mode of composition. Here he is too much cabined and confined, finds a difficulty in suggesting—what with more scope he suggests so admirably—atmosphere, and tends to be superficial when he aims at compression.

Yet though the short story hardly allows Mr. Bennett an opportunity of exhibiting the strength of his talent, there is one example of this kind included in his new volume of tales that can hold its own with anything to which he has put his name. I allude to the story which gives its title to the whole collection: "*The Matador of the Five Towns*." It describes all the hurly-burly and dirtiness of one of the Pottery towns; it gives us a wonderful picture of a football match as seen from the stand—the players so many dolls on the field, the crowd of spectators, as they roar under a common emotion, the real subjects of study; it tells with characteristic irony how after the match the hero of the day sits in his squalid bar-parlour waiting for the birth of twins, and how when he learns he is a widower he vows never to handle a football again; and it concludes with the following analysis of impressions which the narrator supplies after spending twenty-four hours in the district and having them crowded with experiences:

"I enjoyed all this. All this seemed to be fine, seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savour of life. I would have altered nothing in it. Mean, harsh, ugly, squalid, crude, barbaric—yes, but what an intoxicating sense in it of the organised vitality of a vast community unconscious of itself! . . . Not a house in the hundreds of houses past which we did but possessed rooms ennobled and made august by happenings exactly as impressive in their tremendous inexplicableness."

That passage is eloquent in what the words imply as well as what they actually indicate. It is just the abounding

* "*The Matador of the Five Towns*," and Other Stories. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

vitality of the towns that Mr. Bennett so successfully realises in his tale; it is just their unconsciousness that he seeks to interpret; it is just his readiness to "alter nothing," his attitude of the thrilled and yet disinterested observer, which explains the secret of his art when it is true to itself. As he is on his supposed visit, so we vicariously in the mirror of his tale are impressed with the tremendous inexplicableness of the phantasmagoria he details. Unfortunately not all his stories reach the high level to which this one attains, nor is he content always to stand aside from his material or to select what is really typical. Mr. Bennett divides his series under two heads, "tragic" and "frolic," and he is rarely satisfactory when he indulges his frolicsome moods. The gayer tales are sometimes no more than anecdotes, and the bulk of them are mere episodes or incidents unredeemed from triviality by any particular virtues of craftsmanship. Too often also the novelist shows himself anxious to give his readers their cue, to laugh himself in advance so as to provoke their laughter. But in "Jock-at-a-Venture" there is no such self-consciousness evident on the part of the author, and Arnold Bennett the artist reveals himself in four out of the five more serious tales. Of these "Mimi" shows him striking what for him is rather an uncommon vein, for the story contains a portrait of a little girl. It is done with consummate delicacy, and is none the worse for seeming to be done casually. The tragedy which may befall a child who tries to keep a secret is there for any reader who will look for it and can dispense with a prompter.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Porta nascitur non fit, like most tags of the kind, is only a half truth. Certainly, culture, of itself, cannot create a poet; nor can external tuition ever take the place of intuition; but even the born-poet must serve an arduous and rigorous apprenticeship to his art; or the chances are that he will spend his energies in vain, and let his powers run to waste, from a lack of artistic control. There is a popular notion that the poet is a sort of artless "natural"; yet the great poets have always been great artists; and the little poets fail more often through a lack of art than through a lack of inspiration. Given the inspiration, a poet cannot know too much about his craft. He must be so absolute an artist that he is able to dispense with artifice; so sure a master of form that he is quite independent of formalism. The poet is born, and made self-made, for the most part, it is true. He must live laborious days in the service of his art, if he would gain perfect control over his medium of expression; so that, however haphazard his inspiration, he may not waste a breath of it when it comes to him. The comparative ineffectualness of much of the verse that is being constantly produced is due, in a great measure, to the lack of self-discipline on the part of its authors. Uncontrolled emotion spills itself to little purpose; but who can withstand the onset of controlled emotion! The really artless poet is he who can only express himself through the medium of a conventionalised poetic jargon; and whose sense of form is so uncertain that he must perforce run his emotion into the ready-made moulds of traditional forms. He is an artificer rather than an artist.

Though these remarks apply in some degree to the four books under notice, yet in none of them does the lack of art so entirely stultify the poetry as it does in the six other books we have read through in making our selection. In Mr. Furst's work * there is hardly a touch of artifice. The pretty vellum cover, and the rather colourless title, belie the contents of this book; for Mr. Furst's poems are neither pretty nor precious. They may even strike a surprised reader as being a little queer and uncouth, a little ragged, a little staccato; for Mr. Furst has a way of his own, and is no mere producer of poetical exercises in approved modes. His work has something of the strangeness of all fresh manifestations of the spirit of art. His is not

poetry distilled from poetry, but poetry distilled from life; and readers who prefer a literary flavour to the eager tang of life may not relish his vintage. There is nothing crusted or cobwebby about his work. He deals with life at first-hand. Perhaps he may have taken a hint from Henley; but the verse is never dully derivative; nor is Mr. Furst a purveyor of poetical confectionery. Realising that it is not the business of the poet to achieve an easy beauty by describing traditionally beautiful things in a traditionally beautiful vocabulary, he concerns himself with the direct expression of life as he sees it, and feels it. He has no use for other men's spectacles, rose coloured or blue. His verse may not always be poetry, but then, whose is! It is sound, sincere stuff, and it often has the seemingly unconscious, haphazard beauty of life itself; and, for all its apparent heedlessness of forms, it speaks with an ease and directness that is never attained by artlessness, nor is the poet narrow in his range. Mr. Furst writes convincingly of shepherds' crooks, fried-fish shops, fogs, and Florence, and though in his plucky way, he says:

" 'Tis but the coward who would fly
From obvious fact to devious fantasy "

his own work is not without a touch of freakishness, tender and humorous.

Miss Beatrice Irwin is not so independent of artistry as Mr. Furst. In "The Pagan Trinity," * she is frankly more concerned with the vision of life as it has been revealed to her by the arts, and by other artists, than with life for its own sake, and her own conception of it. Art describing art is always dull, unless the ciccone be a Keats or a Browning. Still, Miss Irwin's work has a sumptuous, exquisite, exotic beauty. She spoils the East in her search for coloured and curious conceits; and lays China, Japan, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt and Greece under contribution; and we are sometimes even treated to a kind of sneezing refrain, like this:

" Zu-zu-zu ali,
Atcha-Atcha-Atcha! "

which serves to make us feel conversant with Arabic at once! The book is divided into groups of "plastic poems," "tone poems," and "colour poems," and several of the pieces deal with the work of Rodin, to whom the volume is dedicated; but it always seems rather a waste of energy to attempt to express in one art what has already been perfectly expressed in another. Miss Irwin has considerable accomplishment, but she must discard "jasmine hands," "nephrite eyes," "bosom's alabaster bowl," "cornelian breasts," and such like luscious confectionery, if her work be intended for consumption by any but the very young, who still have a sweet tooth for lollipops. Yet, although usually too much concerned with artistry, and herself too little of an artist to make the best use of her powers, Miss Irwin is not of that puny race of little luth who cloy incessantly that poetry must perish in the path of mechanical progress. She even has the pluck to hymn the advent of the aeroplane age!

Mr. Mackereth's verse is earnest and energetic in conception, but disappointingly slipshod and inconsequent in expression. The trite, poetical phrase has no terrors for the author of "In The Wake of the Phoenix"; † and he has little sense of the values of words, which he uses in an indiscriminating and incongruous fashion. His verse has all the facility of artlessness, rather than the ease which comes of the artist's control of his medium. When it attempts to be fine and forceful, it is too often merely fluent and flabby. Yet Mr. Mackereth has such high spirits, and such a gusto of enthusiasm, that he should only need to chasten his vocabulary, exercising a little discrimination and restraint, to produce notable work.

Miss Eleanor Fargeon's "Dream-Songs of the Beloved" ‡ is a book of mystical verse, which has a delicate, spiritual

* "The Pagan Trinity." By Beatrice Irwin. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

† "In the Wake of the Phoenix." By James A. Mackereth. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

‡ "Dream-Songs of the Beloved." By Eleanor Fargeon. (2s. 6d. net.) (The Orpheus Press.)

* "Songs of Town and Country." By Herbert E. A. Furst. (Gowans & Grey.)

beauty. The rhythm is always sensitive, and really expressive of the emotion; and Miss Fargeon says what she has to say straightforwardly, and with an austere clarity of utterance. Her simple eloquence never slips into rhetoric, and a sense of spiritual ecstasy breathes through her work.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

"A PRISON WITHOUT A WALL."*

Since "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" appeared, its author has seemed to us the most promising of our novelists of the youngest generation. Mr. Straus has freshness, ease, and charm, and a dramatic sense of life and character which is keen and yet kindly. His study of eighteenth century letters and society has quickened his feeling for quietly telling effects, and given him some middle-aged bookish tastes which form a delightful contrast to his lively interest in the comedies of modern life. When he deals with some old-fashioned type of character, he is a fascinating writer: a part of him sympathises with his hero, and a part makes fun of the poor dear loveable man. So we get a study from the life in which love and irony, humour and feeling are so mingled that the sunshine and tears of human existence are reflected in the rainbow of art.

When we saw the title of Mr. Straus's new novel, "The Prison without a Wall," we were somewhat alarmed. It had a very serious sound, and Mr. Straus has no right to be sombre and tragical. So many of our younger novelists resemble the politician of whom Sydney Smith said, "Lord John being little, thinks to make himself big by getting astride of big questions," that we have been weaned of problem novels by writers whose literary and dramatic talent has often been very problematic. Happily, Mr. Straus only means to indicate by the curious title to his new story a very rare and whimsical temperament which is a joy to find and a pleasure to read about. His hero is one of those born bookworms who are never happy outside a library. There is something of Edward Fitzgerald about him, and there is another character that reminds us of "Posh." The idea of the story, however, is strikingly novel. Leaving his large estate in the hands of an agent, Sylvester de Bohun lives a hermit life up at Cambridge, where, as a don, he quickly acquires notoriety for his little eccentricities and his extraordinary shyness. Everything that the head of a county family ought to do, he leaves undone; he runs away from his house; he angers his aunt by avoiding London society and matrimony; and he disappoints his uncle, the Prime Minister, by refusing to take even politics seriously. With an income of ten thousand a year, he lives at Cambridge on two or three hundred pounds, entirely absorbed in writing the social history of the Roman people. The first two volumes of the work make his name known and honoured in the world of scholarship, but the third volume is so bad that he is afraid to publish it. It deals with the part played by the Roman women in Roman politics, and Sylvester knows as much about women as a child of seven. He is, in fact, an extraordinary mixture of childlikeness and book-learning, and one of his Cambridge friends tells him that if he wants to complete his history he must fall in love.

All this early part of the book is finely and tenderly written. Every amateur of letters will love it, for it gives in a quiet, charming way, the quintessence of character of the man to whom the study of books is a consuming passion. Sylvester, however, is very human in spite of himself, and a kiss given to him in the dark by mistake makes a whole man of him. The affections of the lady are already engaged, but Sylvester wins her, and has a brief period of happiness. When the old lover returns and the lady runs off with him, Sylvester goes back to Cambridge, and the third volume of the social history of the Roman people appears. It has a great success. The tale is beautifully told, and enlivened by many clear and brilliant character studies.

E. W.

* "A Prison Without a Wall." By Ralph Straus. (Gs. Heinemann.)

LAFCADIO HEARN.*

Since Lafcadio Hearn died he has become the centre of something very like a cult. Letters and biographies have followed one another with such insistence that one is almost driven willy-nilly to acknowledge the man to be of first-rate importance. This is not written in a carping spirit; his achievement is not denied; but a native dislike of being bullied provokes one to cry halt and to examine the facts of the case before accepting the verdict of the eulogists.

The case of Stevenson, both by its similarities and differences, suggests itself for comparison. Stevenson also was the subject of much posthumous panegyric. Like Hearn, his reputation was enhanced by the publication of his letters. Less to the point, but none the less interesting to note, he was, like Hearn, both a stylist and a wanderer. There, however, the resemblance ends. The differences are innumerable; those are to the purpose here which concern not his art so much as its acceptance. Stevenson acquired fame during his life. His death was a national event. Remembering the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," one boldly calls it a national calamity. Since that event, though, the first clouds of incense have happily dispersed, his popularity has not waned. His works are for ever being reprinted both in rich men's and in poor men's editions.

Hearn, on the other hand, to many who were well-read in modern literature, was but the vaguest of names, if so much, until the publication of Miss Bisland's "Life and Letters." Nor does it appear that those undoubtedly interesting volumes have created any enormous demand for his books. Immediate popularity is certainly no indication of greatness. But in all genuine cases of genius a reasonable popularity invariably follows, at some interval, the appreciation of the discerning few. The cases of Stevenson himself, of Meredith, and many another are our witnesses.

Hearn has been dead more than seven years, and the world has not hailed him of the elect, as it has hailed so essentially unpopular a writer as Pater. The voice of authoritative criticism has been ominously silent. It is fitting, one recognises, that friends should write the biography, that friends should edit the letters, but the appraising of the achievement should not be left to friends. We want an impersonal estimate.

Such, we believe, is soon to be given us by the delicate pen of Mr. Edward Thomas. Meanwhile comes Mrs. Kennard's "Life and Work" for consideration. New letters inaccessible to Miss Bisland, are the book's excuse for existence. These, addressed to Hearn's youngest half-sister, Mrs. Atkinson, are interesting for the light they throw on the writer's relations with his family. The arbitrary commencement and the arbitrary conclusion of the correspondence are characteristic of that curiously inhuman element in Hearn which will always bar his exquisite prose from a wide appeal. To compare him again with Stevenson, the former's attitude towards life was centrifugal, the latter's centripetal. R. L. S. had an enormous sympathy with all forms of life, which throbs through everything he wrote. Hearn's attraction by the strange was the reaction of his antipathy from the common. As the unfamiliar grew familiar it was apt to lose its charm for him. Hence his habit of discarding friends; and hence, possibly, the sudden, unexplained cessation of his letters to Mrs. Atkinson.

These letters, while they lasted, were full of pleasantness, and were well worth printing. There is, however, a discrepancy between their number and the bulk of the volume which contains them. Mrs. Kennard lacks the art of compression and her book is about twice the length it need have been.

It is not so much that there are things that she might have omitted as that she might have said them more tersely. Her matter, indeed, is extremely interesting. She has a good deal that is new to tell about Hearn's vagrant life,

* "Lafcadio Hearn: His Life and Work." By Nina H. Kennard. 12s. 6d. net. (Evelyn Nash.)

and she tells it with praiseworthy frankness and taste. Her intimacy with his family has given her facilities for observation, and she seems to have proved that much that was characteristic and extraordinary in him came from the gipsy blood of the Hearn rather than from the Greek or Maltese mother. Not the least valuable chapter in her book is the "Conclusion." Though not the last word on Hearn, it is a welcome connective to Miss Bisland's essentially uncritical estimate. It raises the hope that a writer of great ability will eventually find his proper position between adulation and neglect.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

BOSWELL v. JOHNSON.*

Boswell's amazing personality seems to have proved something of a stumbling-block to many Johnsonian critics. That he was absurdly, not to say outrageously, vain, can hardly be questioned. That Johnson owed a considerable portion of his fame to his biographer has been suggested, but may be disproved in many ways, chiefly by careful examination of pre-Boswellian writings and periodicals. That the "Life," however, is a masterpiece has never been denied by an Englishman. It is, indeed, a book by itself, a book so entirely English as never to have made even the smallest appeal outside the Anglo-Saxon race. And it has been very generally admitted, even by those whose opinion of Boswell as a man was as bad as it could be, that as an intimate history of English literature and social life of the mid-eighteenth century his book has never been, and never can be, surpassed. It might be well to leave the subject there, allowing the book to speak for itself, for even the most painstaking editor cannot altogether destroy its charm. But questions have been raised, something in the manner of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, by various critics who must not be altogether ignored. Of these questions, the most legitimate concerns itself with the essential difference between Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and all other biographies in the literature of this country. That there is this essential difference no one has ever sought to deny. Its method of narration, its style, or more correctly, its many styles, its astonishing outspokenness, the repeated and sometimes entirely inept interventions of Boswell's own personality and views, all mark it off. Another question, perhaps not so legitimate, though no less interesting, has hardly been touched upon by the critics—the question, that is to say, *why* James Boswell of Auchinleck, Esquire, elected to write the biography at all?

It is to answer this question that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald adds to his numerous writings upon the eighteenth century by publishing "Boswell's Autobiography," a book which, whatever its faults may be, is certain to interest Johnsonians and amuse the cynics. Here is no newly-discovered manuscript, dug out of some rubbish heap, but a sustained argument to prove that Boswell was actuated by purely selfish motives when he devised and wrote his great book. So far, that is to say, from proving his devotion to the Sage, the book was written in order to aggrandize Bozzy himself—to show to the world the exceedingly brilliant parts of the author. On this assumption, the "Life of Johnson" was merely a most ingenious device—some device being necessary—by which the world could be made to accept and appreciate James Boswell's autobiography.

Now, as Mr. Fitzgerald admits, he is not the first critic to put such a construction upon the making of the book. Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson Croker both hinted at something of the kind, and, indeed, the ordinary reader of the "Life" must always be astonished at the numerous passages which have nothing to do with Johnson, but which certainly have a great deal to do with Bozzy himself. It is from such passages as these that Mr. Fitzgerald builds up his case. It must be admitted, moreover, that he builds up a good case. Granted that Boswell was aiming primarily at self-expression, every one of his really surprising lapses of taste becomes intelligible. Boswell, as is well known, had no hesitation in including in the "Life" scenes which showed Johnson in anything but a favorable light. The older critics saw in this little more than the eccentric Bozzy's determination to have truth at all hazards, to show his hero as he really was, rather than as the world of polite readers would have him appear. Mr. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, sees in such passages mere outlets for the gratification of an abnormal vanity. He is at some pains to show that in these scenes it is invariably Boswell himself who plays protagonist. Bozzy, it is, who shows his own superiority, even over the Sage himself. "Johnson was wrong on this occasion," you are to imagine him thinking, "but it was I, the celebrated Mr. Boswell, who set him right." Following out such a line of argument, it is hardly surprising that Johnson, instead of any other eminent man of letters, was chosen for Boswell's purpose. And for twenty years, according to Mr. Fitzgerald, the fat little Scotchman played lap-dog as a mere means to



James Boswell.

The statue by Percy Fitzgerald in Lichfield Market-Place.
From "Boswell's Autobiography," by Percy Fitzgerald.

(Chatto & Windus.)

* "Boswell's Autobiography." By Percy Fitzgerald. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

an end. It is even suggested, if only indirectly, that the final rupture which kept, or helped to keep, Boswell in his northern home while Johnson lay dying in London, was in some measure due to the fact that by that time the biographer had obtained all the first-hand material he required, and had, in consequence, no further use for the Sage. That, however, is surely the action of a devil, which Boswell was certainly not. In twenty years he may reasonably have become tired of Johnson's uncouth ways, or he may have considered that the Doctor's veiled accusations against his own manner of living were uncalled for; but in spite of Mr. Fitzgerald's copious quotations, it seems almost impossible to reconcile twenty years' acting, for that is what it must have been, with all the delightful and unaffected qualities for which the "Life" is justly beloved. On the other hand, it is easy to agree with Mr. Fitzgerald in supposing that Boswell was guilty of *Johnsonizing* those note-books of his in which he had taken down scraps of the Doctor's conversations. The temptation to add a suitable retort, which, as a matter of fact, was not actually spoken at the time, might well be too much for a man far less vain and self-confident than was Boswell, but a fault such as this may be forgiven. In any case, it can hardly be taken as direct evidence that Boswell's whole work was nothing but an autobiography.

The penultimate chapter adds little to the worthiness of the volume, and might well have been omitted, and in general the book might have been shortened considerably; time after time we are told the same things in almost identical words, and occasionally Mr. Fitzgerald's style is careless. But on the whole, his theory is well worth considering it only for the reason that it must inevitably lead to a re-perusal of Boswell's own masterpiece.

RALPH SRAUS

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.

It is never wise to dogmatize about any art, partly because it is never necessary, chiefly because even the truest dogma is only temporarily true; in the ordinary course of healthy development the world is sure to outgrow it. Every artist who matters is a natural law to himself, so far as his art is concerned, and will no more trouble to observe the nice little laws and rules of technique that uncreative, academic critics have evolved for him than our shipbuilders are deterred from building ironclads by the fact that sages of the past laid it down that iron could not swim.

There is only one sound, fundamental law in the writing of short stories that no artist can or would wish to ignore, and that is that a short story should be as short as possible. I have seen it often insisted upon that the artistic short story must embody no more than a single incident; that a

novel may contain the whole of life, but a short story can show no more than a fragment of it; and so forth. I confess I used to say the same things myself before I knew better. The simple truth is that a short story may hold just as much as you have the talent or the genius to put into it. Each man has his limitations, but it would be absurd to say nobody can fly because most of us don't know how to. The range of the short story is bounded by nothing but the capacity of the artist, and the only law he cannot get away from is, as I say, that his short story must be as short as he can make it. If he runs to words, explains in detail where he might and ought to have achieved his end by a passing suggestion, introduces unnecessary comments or descriptions, allows his characters to indulge in rambling dialogue that neither help to unfold themselves nor the incident or idea that he is shaping, then however well and attractively he may write he is an indifferent artist.

Who is greatest among modern short story writers is a question we may profitably leave to posterity. I have my opinion, and probably you have yours, but they are only opinions, and very likely we are both wrong. At the time of his death last year O. Henry (otherwise Sidney Porter) was the most successful short story writer in America; in popularity he outrivalled Kipling there, and there were not wanting critics who said he outrivalled Kipling in other respects; but this, I think, was merely an enthusiastic exaggeration, and Mr. Taber's admirable chapter on O. Henry in his "Some American Story Tellers,"¹ is a sane, balanced, frankly critical estimate that goes as near to the truth about him as any of us need to arrive. He sketches O. Henry's career briefly, and touching on the general characteristics of his work says he was "wisely comprehensive of human foibles, indulgently ironic, yet with an underlying touch of sympathy that illumines and softens much that is sordid and commonplace. That he was a genuine artist cannot be questioned; that he was overrated by his own people and generation is more than possible." Mr. Eveleigh Nash has issued a new edition of O. Henry's first, which some consider his best, book of stories, "Cabbages and Kings,"² but here no story is quite complete in itself; each is one in a series, and underlying them all is a plot, a mystery that is only untangled and cleared up in a conversation between two derelicts in the chapter before the last. The mechanism of the book is very ingenious; the stories have humour both of character and incident, and occasional touches of tragedy, and the art with which each significant episode is narrated and compressed into a concise chapter is the authentic art of the born teller of short stories.

Two other new books of American stories are "The Man who Could not Lose,"³ by Richard Harding Davis, and "The Sick-a-Bed Lady,"⁴ by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Mr. Davis has a lighter touch than O. Henry, but less humour, he has as cunning a narrative gift and a prettier sentiment. The five tales in his volume are deftly fashioned and make thoroughly entertaining reading. There is a pretty sentiment, too, in "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," but it passes more easily into pathos and is coloured and deepened always with a quaint and delightful humour. Miss Abbott's stories are of everyday people and everyday incidents, and the laughter in them is warmly and tenderly human. Her pathos and humour are so finely intermingled that as often as not the one is both, much as it is in the work of her compatriots Kate Douglas Wiggin and Alice Hegan Rice.

Withal, no living American author has done anything that excels the work of our English masters of the short story, such as Kipling, Barrie, Wells, Jacobs, John Galsworthy, or Barry Pain. A common fault with even some of the most accomplished of the American school is that they are too slow about making a start, they are precluding, explaining too much before they can get the story really on the move, and they have not the subtle power of suggestion, the close economy of words that you find in the books of Barry Pain, for example. Read almost any of his "Stories in Grey,"⁵ and notice how all superfluities are whittled away, how every sentence adds something vital to the story. He is the most subtle of our humorists, and like all humorists he has a morbid, grimly imaginative vein, and it is in that vein that

¹ "Some American Story Tellers." By F. Taber Cooper. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

² "Cabbages and Kings." By O. Henry. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

³ "The Man Who Could not Lose" By Richard Harding Davis. 6s. (Duckworth.)

⁴ "The Sick-a-Bed Lady." By Eleanor H. Abbott. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁵ "Stories in Grey." By Barry Pain. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

⁶ "Exit Eliza." By Barry Pain. 1s. (Cassell.)

⁷ "The Room in the Tower." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

⁸ "Thirteen." By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

⁹ "The Victories of Olivia." By Evelyn Sharp. 6s. (Macmillan.)

¹⁰ "The Endless Journey." By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

¹¹ "Dunleary." By Edmund Downey. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

¹² "Sam Briggs: His Book." By Richard Marsh. 6s. (John Long.)

¹³ "The Man Who Stroked Cats." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

¹⁴ "The Singing Bone." By Austin Freeman. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

¹⁵ "Hadjji Murad, etc.; "Father Sergius, etc." By Leo Tolstoi. 2s. net each. (Nelson.)

¹⁶ "The Indian Lily." By Hermann Sudermann. 6s. (John Lane.)

these stories have been written. "Burdon's Tomb," is a brilliantly clever satire; there is an almost cruel irony in the way in which certain men and women are made to reveal their pasts to each other frankly, under the conviction that they are all doomed to inevitable death, and then, when they have shamelessly revealed themselves, the sound of picks digging down to them tells them that they will be rescued. Irony again is the keynote of "The Unknown God," of "Miniatures," and other of the stories, but "Rose Rose," takes you into an eerie and supernatural atmosphere, and as a powerful essay in the weird and grotesquely horrible it would be hard to beat "Smeath." For the purely farcical Barry Pain you may turn to "Exit Eliza," the third, and presumably last, of the delightfully funny "Eliza" series; they are just shrewd, whimsical sketches of domestic life in the suburbs, and the picture of the fussy, vain, meddlesome, fatuous, well-meaning, blundering husband of Eliza is a little masterpiece of humorous characterization.

Mr. E. F. Benson is not altogether at home in "The Room in the Tower."⁷ We prefer his stories of normal men and women and the loves and hates and tangible business of the visible world. In "The Room in the Tower," and the sixteen stories that follow it, he traffics with mystery and the unknown forces of the spirit world; but though he is always interesting, always ingenious, and his terrors by night come clothed in darkness and the grisly habits of the dead to exercise uncannily elusive and strange, nightmare influences over the minds of the living, they do not quite convince you; you feel that the author does not believe in them himself, that he is sometimes laughing in his sleeve whilst he is piling up the agony, and so, though they hold your interest, they do not thrill and unsettle your nerves with that dark and dreadful sense of the reality of the unreal, which Poe knew how to impose upon you. Mr. Temple Thurston seems to promise something of occult significance by his title of "Thirteen,"⁸ but his are a baker's dozen of stories that are a blend of quiet realism and dainty mundane fantasy. They are written with that charm of style and wry humour that are Mr. Thurston's peculiar gifts. The strongest but least pleasant of them is "The Salvation of Albert Tarcy," a clever, cynical study of temperament. I do not for a moment believe that the small urchin of "A Pair of Braces," though he might have tramped from the East to the West End to stop and ask rich-looking men in the street to give him fifty pounds, would buy those braces with a coupon insuring him for fifty pounds and then go off to drown himself in order that his father might collect the insurance money, and it is in this sentimental direction that the book now and then lapses into weakness. "A Comedy of Class" and "Keats and Orange" are not very novel in idea, but all the stories are written with such an easy grace and airy humour that there is not one of them you will not read with enjoyment.

There is little of fantasy and less of dainty and romantic sentiment about the stories of Miss Evelyn Sharp and Miss Netta Syrett in "The Victories of Olivia"⁹ and "The Endless Journey."¹⁰ Both these writers are prominently identified with the suffrage movement and have the essentially modern woman's outlook on life. There is something of mediæval witchery and unholy magic with a present-day setting in Miss Syrett's "The Impossible Portrait," but in the main her stories, and Miss Sharp's, deal with the twentieth century girl's striving after independence, after emancipation from the fond tyranny of men, after the earning of her own livelihood and the living of her own life entirely in her own way. And the curious thing is that in each book there are girls or women who weary of the strife, and end by more or less wistfully falling back on the old domestic, comfortable idea that marriage is the woman's only way of happiness. Miss Sharp's "Olivia" does not degenerate so far as that; she maintains her freedom to the last, though she plays the good angel in arranging the marriage of a less capable girl; but the rebellious Diana of another story returns home and relapses into orthodox love and marriage, and Peggy in another goes quite tamely into the arms of her "engineer man." Miss Syrett's heroines are, in spite of themselves, drawn into the same old-fashioned tendency.

Ruth, who has been reared in a narrow religious faith, refuses to marry David because he is an unbeliever; she leaves England and goes out with a friend to a missionary station, and there, the combined influences of a hypocritical missionary and his wife and of a large-minded neighbour and his sister, so broaden her understanding that she comes to see she had misjudged David, and her heart aches to go back to him, but she is never to see him again. There is a grim undercurrent of bitterness running through "One Solution," and yet it strikes one as perhaps the most mercilessly true story in the volume. Jean Smclair at thirty-five is an unsuccessful artist in Paris, living solitary, on the verge of starvation. Six years ago she had rejected Stephen Knowles, partly because she still clung to her ideals of independence and possible fame, partly because she did not love him. Yet she advises the charming little art student, her neighbour, Salhe, not to follow in the steps of so many other girl students. "I wonder," she says, "how many of them have arrived at cursing the little aptitude for drawing that they call art?" And when the girl angrily protests that all Jean thinks her fit for is marriage, Jean assures her, "It's not what you and hundreds of other women are fit for that's not the point. It's what you can get." When her friend Mary Hamilton calls to visit her, after Mary's husband, the stodgy, good-natured, unintellectual George, has left them, she tells Jean that Stephen is coming again to ask her to marry him, and urges her to do so. She confesses that she had married George without loving him, and she does not regret it.

"I know I have ten times more brain than George, but I try to forget it. The thing I find hardest in my married life is to refrain from laughing at him. Oh, I know he's dull, ridiculous, pompous, what you like, but he's kindness itself. And some day I shall bring myself to listen to his absurd platitudes, as I ought, without even an inward smile."

"As you ought?" asked Jean, raising her head.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamilton firmly. "Because he's done everything for me. He's saved me from heartbreaking loneliness. He's given me my home—and my children. And he loves me."

And it is to be rescued from that loneliness and the hard struggle for existence that, when Stephen comes, Jean, after a despairing hesitation, gives way and is glad to let him make her happy.

Everybody who has laughed over "Through Green Glasses," and "From the Green Bag" will welcome Mr. Edmund Downey's "Dumleary,"¹¹ a series of breezy and spirited sketches of the humours of life in a small Munster town. The stories are full of the oddity and drollery that made the earlier books so popular, and whilst you are in the mood to be frivolous you cannot do better than read also "Sam Briggs: His Book,"¹² by Richard Marsh. Though he is more widely known as a sensational novelist, Mr. Marsh has done notable work as a humorist, and if Sam Briggs is by nature a little garrulous he is nevertheless a lively and amusing companion. Mr. Morley Roberts gives you, in "The Man who Stroked Cats,"¹³ four admirable love stories, and one of the freshest and most entertaining detective tales I have read for some time; and there are five strikingly original detective stories in "The Singing Bone,"¹⁴ by Mr. Austin Freeman. In four of them Mr. Freeman reverses the method usually followed in detective fiction and unfolds his narrative from the standpoint of the criminal; he keeps no secret from his reader, but shows how the hunter picks up clues that bring him on the track of the hunted and to the knowledge of facts that are in the reader's possession from the outset. If "The Case of Oscar Brodski" displays the greatest ingenuity, the lighthouse story, "The Echo of a Mutiny," is the most haunting and intensely dramatic of the five. All the stories are cleverly constructed, closely and cunningly woven, and make uncommonly good reading.

Messrs. Nelson have added to their popular two-shilling series two volumes of Tolstoi's hitherto unpublished stories and dramas.¹⁵ Some of them are sketchy and fragmentary, but most of them are full and finished and strongly characteristic, and will bear comparison with the great things that have made him famous. It is odd to compare Sudermann's

stories in "The Indian Lily" with this work of Tolstoi's. In their different ways, Tolstoi and Sudermann are uncompromising realists, but beside the stern, sombre, fiercely moral realism of Tolstoi that of Sudermann seems but the frank, unrestrained anecdotal talk of the young man about town. Tolstoi tells of the ugly animal under-side of life with a grim Biblical air of being determined to shirk nothing of the truth; Sudermann tells of it lightly, cynically, neatly, as a man might do over the wine and cigars after dinner.

Here in these sixteen volumes, then, you have stories that touch on almost every aspect of modern life, its humours, ironies, tragedies, farces, business, crimes, sins, follies, heroisms, social and moral problems and everyday romance. I do not say that in all of them the stories are written with finished or conspicuous art, but I do say that in at least seven of them they are, and that all of them are interesting and there is an art in being that, and no inconsiderable art either.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

IRISH PLAYS.*

Mr. Rutherford Mayne is a writer for the Ulster Literary Theatre, which would be quite willing to be named a child of The Abbey Theatre, Dublin; this Dublin theatre has become famous throughout England and America, and for some years has been watched with keen interest by all who care for the modern drama. We cannot say that we find in this volume anything which is markedly different from that of the better-known Irish playwrights, and yet it would be quite unfair to call Mr. Mayne a mere imitator, for he, too, like them, has gone to actual life.

All these Irish playwrights, like Bernard Shaw (in fact like most modern artists) endeavour to punt the exact truth, thinking to find therein a truer romance than can be drawn only from the imagination of the artist. Mr. Mayne is not a poet like W. B. Yeats, nor a man of genius like J. M. Synge, but he writes with intimate knowledge and real sympathy, and has a practical knowledge of the conditions of the theatre, which make these plays really dramatic; they are not quite literary enough for the study, but on the stage they would all be effective. The most characteristic feature of the modern Irish drama is the sordid always close to the surface, and giving a colour to the whole, with this is a hard literalness and a marked absence of gaiety that almost hide the glamour and mystery which nevertheless can always be found.

This particular volume contains four plays, none of them very long or sufficient to fill the whole of an evening bill. The first, "The Drone," may be considered a complete play, while the others should more properly be described as dramatic episodes. "The Drone" is however the least interesting, because poetry and romance are almost absent, though a sort of impish imagination can be found; the end, too, is rather original and quite unexpected.

The *Drone* himself pretends to be an inventor, but is really living in idleness on the bounty of a stupid and admiring brother. The heroine of the piece, Mary, is particularly unattractive. Finally, the Drone gets nearly shown up, but by his talk and ingenuity he extricates his brother from an awkward scrape, and everything will go on as before. There is an ironic humour and go about the piece which carries one along.

The three dramatic episodes all include one character who is something akin to the chorus in Greek drama, who gives the atmosphere, and sets the action going. "The Turn of the Road" is a real poem whose imaginative sadness is genuinely pathetic, because it belongs to the nature of things and does not arise from accident. Robbie John, the hero, is a fiddler, the son of a small farmer, whom poverty has made hard and sceptical, though he is neither quite blind nor deaf to higher things. Indeed, here all the characters

* "The Drone" and other Plays." By Rutherford Mayne. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)



Rutherford Mayne.

From "The Drone" and Other Plays,"
by Rutherford Mayne (Maunsel)

have some consciousness of a "living poetry" except the mother, for whom the hard struggle has been too much, and the crafty, evil elder brother who cares for nought but money. Robbie John, for the sake of winning the girl he loves, has promised to give up his fiddle, when there enters a beggar with a fiddle, who plays beautiful tunes and tells them of his past greatness. This beggar is driven out into the cold by the whole household. Robbie John goes out with him, speaks words of kindness and gives him some money; the beggar dies by the wayside, leaving the fiddle (an instrument of great value) to Robbie John. This fiddle proves too much, and at the instigation of his wicked elder brother, and still more induced by the great faith of his beloved, Robbie John decides to give up all for his art. We hope that he will grow famous and that he and Jane will come together. But the author does not encourage our hope, and the play ends with the old grandfather's cry of despair.

"It's only us—it's only us, I say, as knows the long wild nights, and the wet and the rain and the mist of night in the boglands,—it's only us, I say, could listen him in the right way. (Sobbing.) And ye knowed, right well ye knowed, that every string of his fiddle was keyed to the crying of your own heart."

The two other pieces are Irish agrarian tragedies, both told in a way that would grip an audience.

A. H. J.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' NOVEL.*

If one were asked, as a craftsman, to name the salient characteristic of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' work, I do not think the answer could be given hesitatingly. His passion for detail is like that which appears in Eastern architecture. In "The Forest on the Hill," it lends extraordinary value to many descriptions of landscape, and in particular to four pictures of a Dartmoor scene at chosen seasons of the year. These four pictures make four chapters, written without direct reference to the story Mr. Phillpotts tells. I do not know any writing of the kind that exhibits such powers of minute and faithful observation; and the secret of it is a scientific curiosity, directing the artist's eye upon Nature's secret—a sincere and habitual search after the meaning of phenomena. Yet this meaning is not to be

* "The Forest on the Hill." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (John Murray.)

found in the detail, and he knows it is not. On the last page of the book one reads :

" Reality can only be felt, not seen, not heard, not verified ; she roams far from the substantial, the sure-founded, the proven ; she dwells rather with motion and emotion, with anticipation and suspension, with the rising and setting stars, with that purple glory of the distant hills all men have seen, none trodden. She harbours not with darkness, but light ; a frozen soul is no habitation for her ; she wings with the day-spring and the rainbow ; she shares the substance of human dreams and aspirations ; she is one with the ideals and beacons and golden hopes that reign for ever in mankind's unconquerable heart."

In plainer words, the ideal and the beautiful are real things, and the only things that matter to humanity. I make this point because Mr. Phillpotts has, by some people, been mistaken for a pessimist, and because he might again be mistaken by a careless reader. Nothing easier. He takes the scientific standpoint to say, continually, that it is unhelpful ; the tale ends unhappily for its three chief characters ; and he rarely indicates the positive meaning of it. From first to last one feels that, for Mr. Phillpotts, " the very concept of Nature, in its vagueness, casts down more than it heartens, and stands for a narcotic rather than a tonic force." He says so—and yet he does not contradict the conclusion. All he means is that Nature has this effect if approached without feeling, in a cold and reasoning endeavour to understand, a merely scientific spirit. The strange thing is that, holding this opinion, he makes his appeal to reason more than to feeling ; argues, with a poet's endowment of vision and delight ; pushes the reader instead of dancing on before him. But so it happens with a conscientious man, our cursed spite being that the world is out of joint.

I am, unhappily, not clear that this appeal to reason against reason is in all ways conducted soundly. The story seems at two points itself unreasonable. Drusilla Whyddon, a girl with rare intelligence, and deep in love, is persuaded to renounce her lover by an old uncle of his, Lot Snow, who will disinherit him if he marries her. She consents to do it and to give no explanation. I feel that, for what one knows of her at this point, she consents too easily. There is a crash that seems unreal. The lover, Timothy Snow, being a shrewd, strong, resolute man as ever defied the fates, and perfectly informed of his uncle's character and purpose, is astounded. He uses every eloquent plea but one ; he never suspects his uncle's hand in the mystery. This I think incredible. At last he leaves the country, but before he goes Lot Snow is killed by John Redstone, a tenant of his and a rejected suitor of Drusilla's, whom he has driven to desperation by tyrannous and mean oppression. Redstone afterwards marries Drusilla. He is the hero of the book. When Timothy returns, and is put on trial and condemned for the murder, it is Redstone's rôle to confess and to shoot himself. Every one who knows Mr. Phillpotts' power in passionate scenes will see that there is material here for the play of an intensely sympathetic and sure imagination at home with emotional detail. I could hardly say too much of the skill with which Drusilla's moods are handled, for there is, at any rate, nothing unconvincing in the singular turn of events by which she accepts and loves her old suitor, while knowing him guilty of the murder. Nor could the comparison between two men have been more thoroughly made than it is made between Redstone and the younger Snow. Also, there are searching and fine studies of temperament in a rebellious coquette, Audrey Leaman ; a village constable, Fred Moyle ; and some of the minor characters. The flaws I find are such as a true psychologist may have to gloss when he lets a plot guide him, but does not let it fully determine his puppets' natures ; or when, being clear about these in his own mind, he mis-estimates their effect at this or that juncture.

In spite of them, " The Forest on the Hill " is a big story, full of noble work. It can only strengthen the Devonshire author's high repute ; the true theme, the

relation between Nature and human consciousness, is enriched so amply and so variously. What is more, I think it indicates the potentiality of finer work still. If a time should come when Mr. Phillpotts, tired of reasoning, felt the impulse to ride his invention light in hand upon those Dartmoor heights of his, I, for one, should watch and cheer him with a rare exultation.

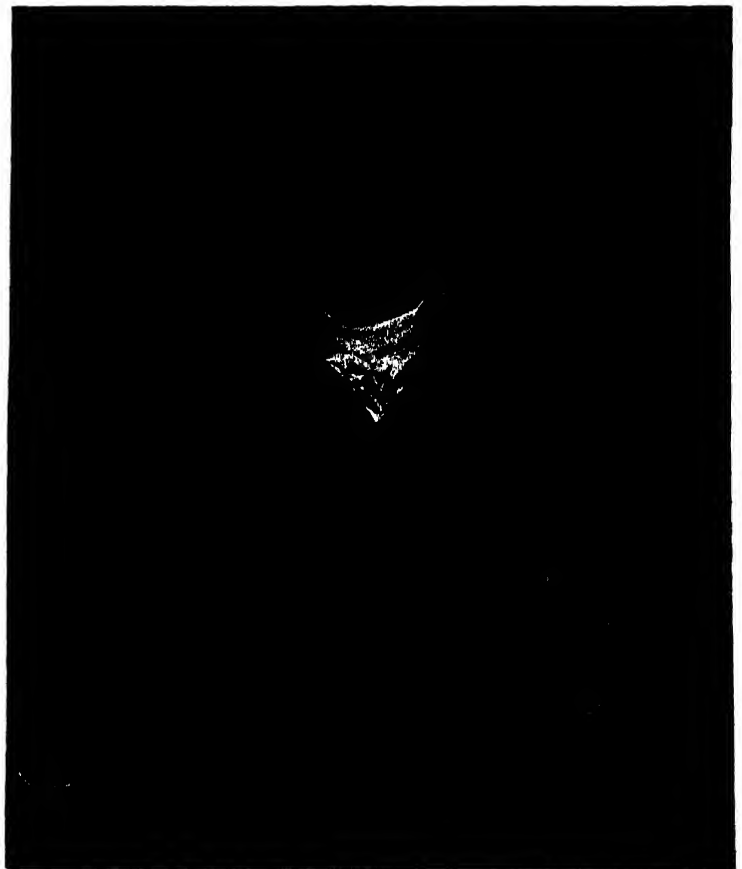
KEITHLEY SNOWDEN.

A FRIEND OF LAMB'S*.

Every reader of Lamb, and we are all readers of Lamb nowadays, will remember his friend, John Rickman, the census-taker. Writing to Manning in November, 1800, Lamb says :

" I have made an acquisition lately of a *pleasant hand*, one Rickman, to whom I was introduced by George Dyer, not the most flattering auspices under which one man can be introduced to another. George brings all sorts of people together, setting up a sort of agrarian law, or common property, in matter of society ; but for once he has done me a great pleasure, while he was only pursuing a principle, as *ignis fatuus* may light you home. This Rickman lives in our buildings, immediately opposite our house ; the finest fellow to drop in at nights, about nine or ten o'clock—cold bread-and-cheese time—just in the *wishing* time of the night, when you *wish* for somebody to come in, without a distinct idea of a probable anybody. Just in the nick, neither too early to be tedious, nor too late to sit a reasonable time. He is a most pleasant hand ; a fine, rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes ; himself hugely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon or Plato—can talk Greek with Porson, politics with Thelwall, conjecture with George Dyer, nonsense with me, and anything with anybody ; a great farmer, somewhat concerned in an agricultural magazine ; reads no poetry but Shakespeare ; very intimate with Southey, but never reads his poetry ; relishes George Dyer ; thoroughly penetrates into the ridiculous wherever found ; understands the *first time* (a great desideratum in common minds)—you need never twice speak to him ; does not want explanations, translations, limitations, as Professor Godwin does when you make

* " Life and Letters of John Rickman." By Orlo Williams. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net (Constable) - " Letters of Robert Southey." A Selection. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Maurice H. Fitzgerald. 1s. net. (Frowde.)



John Rickman

From " Life and Letters of John Rickman," by Orlo Williams. (Constable.)

an assertion; *up* to anything; *down* to anything; whatever *sapit hominem*. A perfect man. . . . You must see Rickman to know him, for he is a species in one; a new class; an exotic; any slip of which I am proud to put in my garden-pot; the clearest-headed fellow; fullest of matter, with least verbosity. . . ."

Clearly a man it were worth knowing more about. Ever since I first read that passage and the other references to Rickman that are scattered through Lamb's letters, I confess I have had a curiosity to make ampler acquaintance with that notable census-taker, and in this "Life and Letters of John Rickman" Mr. Orlo Williams offers all I had wanted. He gives a vivid full-length presentment of Rickman that is curiously interesting both in its likeness to that description of Lamb's and in certain points of difference from it. Astute, well-informed, tactful, sociable, fond of literature and literary talk—Rickman was all that, but he would seem to have been too oracular, withal, too heavily dogmatic, too cold-natured and unemotional and portentously solemn to answer to Lamb's labelling of him as a "pleasant hand" and one who could talk nonsense with him. He did, as a fact, read Southey's poetry and irritated Southey very much by writing to him unfavourably about it. Lamb makes him out a lovable man, but this "Life and Letters" of him, obviously the truer portrait, shows him as only a likeable man, level-headed, self-centred, self-opinionated, a strong and overbearing personality certainly a remarkable man, one you are bound to respect, when you know him, and one of official importance in parliamentary circles of his own day, but only memorable now because of his association with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Southey, and other such of his contemporaries. His biography is thoroughly interesting, but never so much so as when it takes him among these friends of his; it affords many fresh glimpses of them, and his letters to them and theirs to him are full of good things.

Southey he knew, perhaps, better than any of the others, and though his literary criticisms when he is writing to him are not distinguished by any particular fineness of thought or grace of utterance, their downright frankness and common-sense make them valuable if merely as revelations of himself. No lover of Lamb will need urging to get this book; well worth having purely for its own sake, it is doubly worth having for Lamb's, and deserves, and is sure of a permanent place in the growing library of Elian literature.

A selection of Southey's letters has, by the way, just been added to Mr. Frowde's "World's Classics," and among the best of them are some of those he wrote to and about Rickman. As a poet, Southey is dead; his fame rests on one or two of his biographies, and on his letters, and as a letter-writer he is one of the most charmingly urbane and attractive of the immortals. Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald has made an admirable selection here from his voluminous correspondence, and completes it with a concise and entirely adequate introduction. S.J.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP KING.*

"One of the deplorable consequences of Bishop Wilberforce's death was that it let loose the persecuting zeal of Archbishop Tait, which the Bishop had consistently endeavoured to restrain; and when, in the following February, Mr. Gladstone ceased to be Prime Minister, the Archbishop thought that the moment had arrived for a final attack on such of the clergy as were labouring to restore the dignity of Eucharistic worship." This will show the standpoint from which Mr. Russell has written the life of Bishop King. If sympathy could make a successful biographer, Mr. Russell would be in the front rank. Even Bishop King latterly did not rise to sufficient firmness in the Ritualistic cause, according to his biographer's standard, but apart from these slight defects, and a tendency to leave letters unanswered, the sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln is a man after Mr. Russell's own ecclesiastical heart. The story of the Lincoln judgment is told again from the standpoint of the

English Church Union, with a thinly veiled contempt for Archbishop Benson's "persecuting zeal," and Archbishop Temple's later efforts in the same direction are dismissed with equal curtness.

A deeper reason for the abeyance of the critical spirit in this biography is the author's evident admiration for Dr. King's spiritual quality. As Principal of Cuddesdon, as Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, and in the see of Lincoln, Dr. King seems to have made the same rare impression of intense personal religion. This is the key-note of the biography. The finely chiselled face which looks out from the frontispiece helps one to understand the wide testimony borne to the Bishop's Christian spirit. He must have been a saintly, lovable soul, one of those beautiful characters whose appeal is infinitely broader than their sectarian environment. One of the services rendered by this book is that it enables outsiders to enter into something of the enthusiasm and reverence which Dr. King excited among his contemporaries.

But a good man does not mean necessarily a good biography. This one is extraordinarily dull. Episcopal biographies rarely lend themselves to a treatment which interests the general public, and Mr. Russell's present work is not an exception. There is a solitary flash of humour: the remark of a Lincolnshire cleric who declared "my clerical neighbours are exhaustively divisible into three classes—those who have gone out of their minds, those who are going out of them, and those who have none to go out of," otherwise, the air of the book is heavy with incense. The reader breathes a deferential reverence. Many letters of the Bishop's friends are quoted, and there is hardly a memorable or crisp sentence in any of them. The Bishop himself was not an intellectual force. He was neither a theologian nor an ecclesiologist. His mental interests do not lead one to expect good things from his pen. But the curious psychological fact is that he seems to have drawn from correspondents who were stronger than himself expressions and opinions which often smack of what those outside the hot-house would call femininity and mawkishness. The biography does credit to the pious feelings of Mr. Russell. So much can be said for it without reserve, but little more. JAMES MOFFATT.

OXFORD.*

An anthology in prose and verse of all that has been wisely said "In Praise of Oxford" is not a banquet for Gargantua. To get the full flavour of such a feast, you must taste it here and there, from this side and from that; for the glamour of Oxford is as varied as are its energies, and just as "if Judas goes forth to-night, it is towards Judas that his steps will tend," so every son of Alma Mater finds in her the particular charms he seeks for, and she, carefully noting by which of these he is attracted, is the more easily enabled to fashion him to her will. It is, indeed, the signal praise of Thomas Seccombe's and Spencer Scott's new florilegium—a volume which deals with Oxford life and manners—that, showing Oxford in every mood of play and work, and in all the cumulative influences she brings to bear upon her sons, it never loses sight of the fact that her activities are myriad, subtle and interlacing, tending to form a certain uniform type of character, at once suave, tolerant and self-sufficient, and that her influences, moulding, as they are meant to mould, the character of the complete man, the man *teres atque rotundus*, are deep-rooted and permanent, colouring more or less the whole of his subsequent life. The compilers of this delightful tribute to the honour and glory of Oxford have ransacked the centuries for quaint and telling matter; and so great has been their love and their diligence that sins of omission or of commission are hard to find. They deal with terms and vacations, Freshmen and their ways, beer and battels, proctors and penalties, Oxford clubs and libraries, mimes and pastimes, foreign impressions of

* "Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln." A Memoir, by G. W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

* "In Praise of Oxford." By Thomas Seccombe and H. Spencer Scott. Vol. II. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Oxford, the rivalry of Oxford and Cambridge, the life and customs of particular colleges; and going back to Oxford men of the past, such as Aubrey, Harrison, Camden, Hearne, Wood and Gibbon, they yet quote from such loyal moderns as Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lang, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Alfred Noyes and Mr. St. John Lucas. It would be tempting to discourse on the ancient rivalry of the two Universities, and then, as a set-off against the hoary old epigram, "The Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him; the Cambridge man as if he did not care to whom it belonged," we might be tempted to insist on Dryden's famous tribute to the University, of which he would have preferred to be a member

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university,
Thence did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his ripe age."

—and to remember that Byron went to Trinity College, Cambridge, merely because he was unable to obtain rooms at Christ Church. But perhaps it would be wiser to take Oxford's primacy as granted by all the best judges, and to proceed to jot down the notes we made on one or two extracts from Messrs. Secombe and Scott's book that particularly took our fancy. One very amusing passage, borrowed from Moritz's "Travels in England," tells how a clergyman, drinking beer at an ale-house with other members of the cloth, proved his assertion that God was described in the Bible as a wine-bibber by quoting Judges ix. 13 Jotham's parable of the trees. Another, quoted from *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1906, is noteworthy as trouncing Carlyle in right merciless and triumphant fashion for drawing so many pathetic(ally fallacious) pictures of Johnson's life at Pembroke. The third extract we marked was the story of the unsuccessful hanging of Anne Green, a narrative of rare and most engaging brutality; just the sort of story of which Mr. Maclield ought to make a play or a "poem"! Certain Oxford men wrote verses to this young woman on her recovery. Among them were Peter Killigrew, H. Davenant, Anthony à Wood, Christopher Wren, and Sir Joseph Williamson. Christopher Wren, who, by the way, was at Wadham, was not only a great architect, he was a great geometrician and Savilian Professor of Astronomy in his University. As for Sir Joseph Williamson, he was a famous benefactor of his college, Queen's, and was for many years Secretary of State. To him, in the latter capacity, we owe it that Milton's Latin treatise, "De Doctrina Christiana," was censured in 1676 and not published till 1825.

HINTS FROM JAPAN.*

One may wonder what is being thought of Yoshio Markino in Japan. The reputation which he has acquired amongst ourselves, as a most gay philosopher and cunning artist, is enhanced by every book he gives us. But his countrymen may be much less beguiled by pictures that have now become entirely Western since Markino is sincere, and paints the thing he sees while in his text they still discover both the point of view and phrasing of Japan. Perhaps it is with him as with the portrait of that lovely European girl, which wrought such havoc in Markino's village; it was worshipped on account of Europe being "the most civilized country. When one worships anybody or anything, of course it looks very nice to his or her eyes!" But what appears to us to be most useful for the Japanese are Mr. Yoshio Markino's comments on the people of the West. "Half-a dozen wrinkles," he informs us, "were grown on my brow," when he was told about the exploits of the militant suffragettes. This book will give his earnest countrymen, if it is introduced into Japan, a wrinkle of another sort on every page. We have been hearing lately that the Japanese officials have been studying the Christianity of Europe, with a view to making an amalgam of religious systems, which is calculated to be suitable for Japanese requirements, and will have the tendency to further Japanese success. They know, much more than we do, what profound importance is attached to manners, and from this illuminating volume they may learn precisely how they should approach a low-necked damsel or the "Honourable Castle of the Queen of the John Bull-esses." It will by this time have been gathered that the Anglicizing process does not yet entold the literary matter of our friend. This broken English occupies a perilous position, for it is a stone you either break into objectionable dust which of us has not rudely fled from some enthusiastic foreigner, or even from some alien member of our Parliament? or else the stone is shattered into jewels, as when we have English spoken with the right Parisian accent, or behold it written by Markino, in whose lectures, by the way, and correspondence there is just the same originality of method. How much we lose by fastening on every one the same grammatical conventions! Only when an author has the strength of mind to sign himself in several ways shall we have in our midst another Shakespeare. And the presence of Markino, criticizing, in so fresh a way, our institutions could be very profitably used. In case of strikes, for instance, he would

give an excellent opinion, not unbiassed only and entirely free from prejudice, but founded on a diagnosis that is more than adequate. "What I like best in John Bull-esses is that their nature is quite sentimental, yet they absolutely deny it. This very spirit has brought up many a great hero and heroine in England." Every point he illustrates with incidents from his own heterogeneous life or, now and then, from Chinese poetry. "The other day," says he, "a newly-arrived Japanese was asking the meaning of 'Bob.' I said, 'It is a quite new word since the African War. The gold piece represents the Sovereign, while the shilling represents Lord Roberts.' My John Bull-ess friend interfered with a killing-ly amazed face, and pointed out my mistake. I lost the confidence on my English

* "My Idealized John Bull-esses," by Yoshio Markino. 6s. net. (Constable.)



From "My Idealized John Bull-esses," by Yoshio Markino. (Constable.)

Roller Skating.

from my Japanese friends ! " The best of brief descriptions of Markino's method is to call it the gay wisdom. In an age when mere solemnity imposes on the credulous we may well hope that his example will be followed by ourselves. Joseph Conrad teaches us how one should write about the sea, this other foreigner is teaching us how we may know ourselves. " First of all I am a foreigner, and am absolutely ignorant of the English custom." Yet we find him saying that " John Bulless knows exactly her own position, and never dreams fool's paradise. Perhaps in her mind she may rebel against herself, and may even dream a fool's paradise, but she has a wonderful conscience to come back to herself." A year or two and we shall have a brilliant novel written by Markino. He will cast aside his alien language—sacrificing thus a certain charm and humour, for he will no longer think that " Great Scott ! " means a man who has had too much whisky—he will have outgrown his language, and he will preserve his striking powers of observation, both as to the outward matters—English girls, he says, are made more beautiful by fog—and to the subtle problems of the heart.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

A CLOISTRAL POET.*

There is no doubt that those who in coming days look back upon the age of poetry lately closed will be able to see, even among poets very dissimilar in spirit, a similarity of workmanship and temper. It is always a hazardous thing to generalise ; and while such a poet as Francis Thompson can be seen to have sung his song in the 'eighties and 'nineties, it will certainly seem a dangerous statement to make that the poets of that time were content with a little, a restricted, inspiration, but were scrupulous to make that inspiration perfect in workmanship. Such names, however, as those of Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symonds and Oscar Wilde (not he of " The Ballad of Reading Gaol " !), men who were more or less thrown together, or even of the remoter worker, Mr. Robert Bridges, all recur to the mind as poets who, in their different ways, were strangers to great gusts of inspiration, but who were faultless, even precise, in the scholarly technique of poetry.

It is this very precision that very largely accounts for some of the distinctive features of the writers who, succeeding to them, seek to break away from them. But among that cluster of spirits there is one who stands distinguished by a certain waif-like aristocracy of mien : not only in his person but in his poetry also. " In no page of his," says Miss Guiney in her article that appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly* and which is included as an introduction to this little book, " was there ever a rhetorical trick or an underbred rhyme." Which is true, if rather negative as praise. " If he could but work out his idea as music," she adds, " he preferred to do so with divers painstaking which less scrupulous vassals of the Muse would as soon practise as fasting and praying." Let anyone read so austere a poem as " Winchester " and they will see how precisely true this is. They will see also, by the way of incident, how there was no course other than this left to him, for not even his warmest adherent would claim for Lionel Johnson that he had a thing to say that burned in him like coals of fire. Life was to him a cloistral matter ; and cloistral not in the sense that whiteness may be the very heat of fire, but in the sense that whiteness is the calm elimination of colour. We may forgive a stumble in the man hasting to a goal, we may even expect, aye and even desire, it, as evidence of his earnestness ; but we shall not forgive a stumble in a man at easy leisure on his way.

Whoever, therefore, has been responsible for this present selection has perhaps done wisely in laying emphasis on this side of Johnson. There are several poems in the two volumes that he published that one would have liked to see here—poems where the steadiness of inspiration burned to an intenser flame, or where even he broke away in a looser

* " Some Poems of Lionel Johnson." Newly Selected. With an Introduction by Louise Imogen Guiney. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

and freer spirit altogether. This is only a personal inclination ; and there is no doubt that the present selection does lay emphasis on the quality chiefly distinctive of Johnson. " Of lonely quiet was my dream," he himself sang ; and it is this dream that pervades the pages of this book. It may linger lovingly over quadrangles and colleges in " Winchester " and " Oxford " ; it may finger tenderly the pages introduced to him in such colleges in " The Classics " ; it may turn over the thought of chosen friendships, ever swelling in " Walter Pater," to the metrical magic of

" Gracious God keep him : and God grant to me
By miracle to see
That unforgettably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end ;

it may defend its choices in " Magic." But always it is austere ; always it is aloof. Even when he is most near to the wildness of mysticism and other worldly glamour and colour, we yet find it soaked in classic deliberation and harmony, as in one of the loveliest of his poems, " Glories," included in this selection :

" Roses from Paestan rosaries !
More goodly red and white was she :
Her red and white were harmonies
Not matched upon a Paestan tree.
" Ivories blanched in Alban air !
She lies more purely blanched than you :
No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
But death's perfection of that hue.
" Nay ! Now the rivalry is done,
Of red, and white, and whiter still :
She hath a glory from that sun
Who falls not from Olympus Hill "

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE WHITE WALLET.*

There is one certain immortality open to us all if we possess but a little literary skill, a little observation, and are not too far removed from the centre of things, and that is to keep a diary honestly and faithfully, setting down the time in its habit as we see it. Another method would be to look for pearls in the dust and pick them up into safe keeping, as Lady Glenconner has done in " The White Wallet." Every one of us who has the precious gift of admiration has found pearls in the dust many a time, and—left them there. Perhaps Lady Glenconner will set many of us a-walleting ; but to her is the first praise, for hers is the happy thought. Here, in " The White Wallet," are things known and things unknown. Here be my homely and simple things and things of undoubtedly aristocratic lineage ; a felicity from a grave-stone made centuries ago by some humble great craftsman in words ; the felicity of a child ; the unction of some obscure holiness ; beauties to which none can ever attach a name. There are, side by side, all the authentic great things of literature. " The White Wallet " needs no apology, and offers none. It consists of the things which have, from time to time, and for one reason or another, pleased an exquisite taste. Apart from the literary aspect of the book it has a personal interest. Lady Glenconner herself signs many of these delightful fragments. Others are signed " G. W.," by which we are reminded that one of our modern statesmen has found time and skill to render us the venal joyousness of Rosamund and Charles d'Orleans. " Madeline Wyndham " is yet another signature ; and we find " E. Wyndham Tennant " to a charming poem by a child. All of which gives us the clue if we have the understanding for it, and makes it easy or easier for us to follow the track of the mind—delicate and elusive—which selected these fillings for " The White Wallet." There are just a few things which, personally, one would wish away ; and even these, doubtless, have their reasons for inclusion. One hopes that Lady Glenconner has not exhausted her wallet, for her book is a green thought in a green shade, very welcome in a dusky and dingy winter.

* " The White Wallet." Filled by Pamela Glenconner. 5s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

GARRICK AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS.*

Small notice has hitherto been taken by biographers of Garrick's associations with Paris, and a considerable gap in the history of the stage is filled by Dr. Hedgcock's new book, largely based on Garrick's correspondence with French actors and authors, included in the two volumes edited in 1831 by James Borden from originals now in the Forster collection.

In this English version of his thesis for the Paris Doctorat ès Lettres the author has allowed himself digressions in illustration of social life in London and Paris, and of the growth of Shakespeare's fame in France during the eighteenth century. Incidentally, he devotes several pages to the influence of French fashions in England from the time of Chaucer onwards.

The principal "French Friend" was Jean Monnet, who, after a youth not wholly creditable, had settled down as a theatrical manager. In 1719 Monnet brought his Comedy Company to London, where, as neither Rich nor Garrick was disposed to risk a Gallophobe agitation, he hired the Haymarket Theatre, with the result that, after several nights of "popular" disturbance, the house was closed by the Lord Chamberlain. Another friend was Jean Noverre, the creator of that form of ballet-pantomime still much in evidence in Leicester Square. In 1755 he, in his turn, with his "Fêtes Chinoises," was driven by excited patriots from Drury Lane. No unpleasantness of this kind marked the visit of Garrick to Paris in 1751, nor his second visit twelve years later, but his appearances on both occasions were in private houses, where he gave "readings," his favourite being the "dagger" scene from "Macbeth." He made the acquaintance of the leading actors of the French stage, including Le Kain, Prévile, Molé, Mademoiselle Clairon, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and met with many other distinguished persons in the *salons* of Madame Geoffrin, Helvétius, and d'Holbach. To Gravelot, the famous illustrator, Dr. Hedgcock makes but a passing reference, although (as Mr. Greig has reminded us in his book on Gainsborough) the Garricks were for many years his chief friends in London.

However friendly Garrick may have been with the heads of "the profession" abroad, he was very exclusive with regard to its representatives at home, and Hannah More, who was his intimate friend, and lived for some time in his house, wrote after his death: "I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table." No doubt Mrs. Garrick, to whom he was devotedly attached, was largely responsible for this apparent excess of decorum.

Perhaps the least satisfactory of Garrick's French acquaintances was Le Texier (a fore-runner of such "quick-change" artists as Fiegoli and De Vries) who, spoilt by adulation, at length disgusted his French adorers by his intolerable conceit, and came to London to repeat successfully his Paris triumphs. According to Garrick's friends Le Texier repaid the great kindness of the English actor with gross ingratitude, though Horace Walpole, who never much cared for Garrick, declared that the Englishman was jealous of the Frenchman's success as a "reader" of plays in London drawing-rooms.

Dr. Hedgcock, as befits a scholar trained in the modern school of French historians, is much more concerned with the presentation of facts than of picturesque descriptions. Now and again he makes quite trivial slips, as when he writes of Suard's intention of translating Burney's "History of Music" "into English," of the "Condy" Museum at Chantilly, or of "Yorrick," meaning Sterne. He uses the word "resume" as equivalent to the French "*resumer*," and he writes "at London"; otherwise his English is generally idiomatic. His worst "mistake" is of a different kind to those just quoted. In describing Garrick's audacious treatment of Shakespeare's plays he says: "A grave



Garrick as Hamlet.

From an anonymous engraving of the period in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

*From "David Garrick and his Friends," by Frank A. Hedgcock. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

alteration, in more than one sense, is that by which he awakens Juliet in the tomb before Romeo is yet dead," a criticism actually printed on the same page whereon Mercutio's "Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man," is called an "objectionable pun."

The author says that "Les Saisons" "would hardly have saved Saint-Lambert's name from oblivion had not Jean Jacques Rousseau fallen amorous of his mistress." It is certain that his relations with the accomplished Emilie du Châtelet would have preserved Saint-Lambert's name, if not his fame.

Such little slips as are here mentioned are of no consequence in comparison with the dreadful "howlers" the author has justly exposed from the work of some other writers on Garrick, one of whom, for instance, deplors the omission from the "Mémoires" of Dangeau, who died in 1720, of any reference to Garrick's visit to Paris in 1751.

The great English actor loses nothing from the evidence of his French friendships. That he was liberal every one familiar with Boswell's book knew already; as for his vanity, let his old schoolmaster and lifelong friend speak. "No wonder, sir," said Johnson, "that he is vain: a man who is perpetually flattered in every mode that can be conceived. So many bellows have blown the fire, that one wonders he is not by this time become a cinder." As Dr. Hedgcock shows, there were many French bellows blowing on that fire, none more persistently than the middle-aged novelist and former actress Madame Riccoboni, who, in impetuous letters of mingled French and English, kept the "Dearly of my heart" informed of the latest theatrical and literary news of Paris, criticised recent English books—"The Vicar of Wakefield" and Young's "Night Thoughts," for example—and praised without reserve everything that came from Garrick's pen.

This valuable and entertaining book gains in attractiveness by the portraits (mostly from contemporary engravings), the caricatures and other pictures included. Liotard's painting of Garrick in 1751 forms the frontispiece. Favart, Madame Necker, and Madame Riccoboni are represented; there are plates showing Garrick in various characters, and other pictorial records of contemporary stage productions.

W. H. HELM.

* A Cosmopolitan Actor. David Garrick and his French Friends. By Frank A. Hedgcock. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.*

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province," said Bacon long ago, but of late years the advance of learning has been so immense that to-day with regard to many things the most eager student must of necessity be largely ignorant. And yet, if life is to have its proper fulness, if our human capacity is not to remain, as it were, maimed and mutilated, there are many subjects of which we all require to know at least a little. Art and science, law and literature, history and politics, philosophy and religion—these are all things with which we all require some acquaintance, or else our daily round will be the drearier, and we shall be like those who walk with unseeing eyes amid a scene which is infinitely varied in its interest. But how are common folk, how are those whose other labour is heavy and whose leisure scanty, ever to learn even a little about the things which make life human? Encyclopedias oppress them with their bulk; learned works are often too costly or too difficult; and even where Public Libraries are at hand, choice is at once hazardous and perplexing. But a pocket volume of 250 pages, procurable for a shilling, and containing just enough information to make the large outlines of its subject clear and intelligible, meets at once many modest needs; and it is a hundred such volumes—of which the present ten are the fourth instalment—that the "Home University Library" is endeavouring to supply. Nor could any endeavour be more worthy of encouragement. To-day, for the first time in our history, the gates of knowledge have been opened wide for all. Half a century back the power to read with ease was in many classes of society almost a distinction; now it is a universal possession. Knowledge to-day "unrolls her ample page" to every eye, but none the less there is no more certain fact than that what the mass of men and women read is for the most wanting in all solid value. The general world has found in reading rather a new amusement than a new source of capacity and strength. We have learned to read, but have not yet learned to read wisely, and, like children, still prefer sweetmeats to what is substantial. But if we are to grow strong we must take to more wholesome fare, and for that this series attempts to give us at least a relish. And the attempt is certainly successful. No one of fair intelligence can even glance through these volumes without feeling that there is to be found in them something which is worth knowing, something which will give at once a larger outlook and a clearer insight, which by enlarging and invigorating the intelligence will add both to the enjoyment and usefulness of life. Take, for example, such topics as "Canada" or "India," about which we all hear so much and know so little, or that other theme of universal dogmatism and almost universal ignorance, "Climate and the Weather." In these volumes the reader will find the subject set out for him with such clearness that he can hardly fail to grasp its main outline, so that he is provided, as it were, with a framework into which every new piece of information he acquires will fall almost of itself, taking its proper place and helping to build up a well-ordered fabric of real knowledge.

But a book that can do that much has already, whatever its size, some of the qualities which in reality constitute a "great book." For books are too often estimated unjustly by their bulk. The old phrase *μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν* is to-day too little in esteem, and the shelves of our libraries groan under the weight of volumes which might be half their size if only we could write better. For indeed to be at once clear and concise is one of the hardest of literary tasks. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*, said Horace of poets, and it is universally true both of the spoken and the written word. To state even a simple matter at once lucidly and with brevity is no easy task; to so state one which is complex and difficult needs much pains and a master hand, while

when the statement is made, not to experts, but to the ignorant, the difficulty is quadrupled. Then it requires the rare gift of making no assumptions, of drawing, that is, no conclusions, and making no comments which postulate knowledge in the reader of which he is not possessed, so that the conclusions have for him no real validity and the comments are without meaning or content. In dealing, for example, with "French Literature" Mr. Strachey devotes 15 pages to Voltaire, but he only quotes three words from him—the famous *Cultivez votre jardin*—so that after reading his chapter, what we know is not anything real about Voltaire's writings, but only that he did write certain things and that Mr. Strachey has formed certain opinions about them. And a similar remark applies to Mr. Finlay's volume on "The School," which is rather a theoretical argument to show that "the foundation of pedagogic science must be firmly laid in the scientific treatment of genetic psychology," than a clear exposition of facts as to the nature of "genetic psychology" or of "The School" itself, as it exists to-day or has ever existed in the world of experience; while in Mr. Pollard's "History of England" there is observable the same tendency to reason about facts rather than to give them, and to use phrases, such as "the famous Salisbury oath," "justices in eyre," "tallage," and the like, which can have no meaning except to those who already know history. In fact, these three volumes seem to convey criticism more than information, and while they will often delight the expert may not unfrequently perplex the learner. On the other hand, the volumes on "Canada," "India," and "Rome," are models of what introductory handbooks should be. Mr. Warde-Fowler's work especially is the masterly summing up of a life's study. He writes with that complete simplicity which is the last outcome of complete knowledge. He records nothing that is trivial, but he omits nothing that is vital. Like a great artist, he produces his effect with a few decisive strokes, so that the main features of the history stand out in bold and unmistakable outline. The small beginnings of the infant state, the gradual growth based on the sure foundations of "duty and discipline"; the era of rapid development when "self-defence"—as in other Imperial stories—began "only too easily to slip into self-assertion"; the fatal union of "Dominion and Degeneracy"; the breaking up of the old republic, and the establishment of the new empire—all these are exhibited to the reader within a few hours like the clear-cut and yet coherent scenes of a great drama. And what has been said of the volume on Rome may be said equally of that on India. The immense theme seems incapable of brief treatment. It is the history of three thousand years, of a vast country, of three hundred millions of people presenting among themselves every diversity of language, habit, and religion, and in respect to all three alien and almost incomprehensible to ourselves. And yet within the compass of a few pages the main facts are conveyed in a manner which enables those who start—as the present writer started—in almost complete ignorance to feel that the word "India" will henceforth have for them a new meaning, and to understand, at least in part, why the problem of its future is the greatest problem that either nation or empire had ever yet to face.

The remaining volumes, which deal with subjects so diverse as "Anthropology," "The Climate and the Weather," "Philosophy," and "Architecture," present, perhaps, less difficulty of treatment than those already mentioned. "Philosophy," indeed, might seem to suggest a discourse which would "find no end in wandering mazes lost"; but Mr. Russell, by wisely limiting himself chiefly to an examination of "the theory of knowledge" has given a certain unity and consequent simplicity to his work, although the beginner who finds himself within twenty pages doubting the reality of a table, or learning that Berkeley allows its existence, but only as "a collection of ideas" (Leibniz says "a colony of souls") may begin to doubt whether, in spite of Mr. Russell's able endeavours to secure it, there can be any such thing as "simplicity" in the study of philosophy. Still, however this may be, "Anthropology," "The Weather," and "Architecture," are clearly themes which, unlike "History" and "Literature," admit of being adequately handled within

* "The Problems of Philosophy." By the Hon. Bertrand Russell.—"Climate and Weather." By H. N. Dickson.—"The History of England." By A. F. Pollard.—"Landmarks in French Literature." By G. F. Strachey.—"Anthropology." By R. R. Marett.—"Canada." By A. G. Bradley.—"The School." By J. J. Finlay.—"Rome." By W. Warde-Fowler.—"Architecture." By W. R. Lethaby.—"Peoples and Problems of India." By Sir T. W. Holderness. 1s. net each, Cloth; 2s. 6d. Leather. (Williams & Norgate.)

even a brief space, and the present volumes seem to contain just what an ordinary man might well have the desire and the ability to understand, while, as throughout this admirable series, there is appended to each of them a short Bibliography in which those who are specially interested in each subject will find just the guide they need to further and fuller study.

T. E. PAGE.

Novel Notes.

HECTOR GRAEME. By Evelyn Brentwood. 6s. (John Lane.)

There are two unrealities in this story. One is the abrupt change in the character of the hero's wife from a modest, lovable girl to a "full-busted, dyed haired, and loud-voiced" society lady, who smokes cigarettes and flirts ostentatiously. This is supposed to be the result of her husband's misconduct with a pretty nurse, and that misconduct is again shot upon the reader without any warning. Graeme's behaviour to Stara drives her to suicide, and he is haunted by her, although this does not seem to affect his military skill, for he leads the British forces to a signal victory over the German Army. The book is a dark study in the psychology of a proud, bad-tempered, brave soldier, and in military tactics. India, South Africa, and then Germany enable Graeme to show that underneath his brusque and made-up exterior there lies a real spark of military genius. Miss Brentwood lets the eccentricities of her hero explode in melodrama towards the end, and she is better in episodes than in the delineation of character. But the study of Graeme's aberrations is managed with considerable ability, one proof of which is that the reader is compelled to admire his qualities, even when they are overlaid with detestable features of insolence and self-will.

THE COWARD. By Robert Hugh Benson 6s. net. (Hutchinson & Co.)

It cannot be a pleasant book—a study of physical cowardice in an otherwise lovable and decent boy; but it is here, a book of some force, with many charms of scene and of character. "The Coward" is the story of Valentine Medd, second son of an honourable house, in whose annals physical courage was a matter of course, an unquestioned quality, meaning much more in truth to the members of the Medd family than any other quality; and Valentine Medd, a boy of sixteen, when first we see him, did not possess it. Lack of courage in man or boy spells tragedy; but in the tragedy of Valentine Medd the author seems to us to have resorted to unjustifiable tests of his young "hero's" bravery. At the beginning we find Valentine making excuses to himself for not riding next morning a horse that bucked and threw him that afternoon. But straight from this small shock we find him going to Switzerland with his impeccable elder brother, and climbing the Matterhorn with a party of friends. At an extremely dangerous and difficult jump this untrained boy of sixteen loses his head and refuses the attempt. Back at the hotel every one of the fine, old-crusted, very British party, admirable people though they are, talk in strained, solemn sentences of the shameful episode. Commonsense and humanity would have saved them much pain and greatly helped the boy. Again, when in Italy, Val has impulsively smacked the face of a man (not in itself a cowardly thing to do), who has insulted a girl, he is faced with a duel, to be fought with rapiers; and he funks it. It is all very dreadful, of course, and every normal Briton loves courage and hates cowardice, but the tests were extreme; the manner in which the conventionally high-bred Medd family treat this nervous boy is inhuman and foolish. With agony of mind Valentine faces the facts of his own lack of nerve, of the loss of love and respect; he feels his father's contempt and shame, his mother's grief, his sweetheart's estrangement. But he has his exalted moments, and we feel throughout the book that common-sense

on their part might have saved him. A Roman Catholic priest understands the boy better than do any of the others, but he is an ineffectual character in the book. The author could have made a better case with more usual tests; but his story grips, and his coward wins our sympathies.

THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER. By James Stephens. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The story of Mary Makebelieve, the charwoman's daughter of Dublin, of her adventures with the prodigious policeman whose moustache bristled like wire and seemed as though it ought to crackle, and the young clerk whose hunger was his chiefest virtue (as indeed it is the virtue of all heroic men) these provide matter for an epic in 200 unfailingly amusing pages. Mr. Stephens is already known as a poet of quite extraordinary talent, and as one of the most notable of the young Irish writers, and he shows in "The Charwoman's Daughter" that he possesses a pretty fancy and a sly, confident humour which bespeaks our attention through all his divagations and apostrophes. And the air of great romance which runs all through "The Charwoman's Daughter" is combined with so much shrewd observation and originality that we are entertained and delighted in a most magical manner by the veracious record of simple happenings. Sometimes only the writing of the book is a little too conscious for the true simplicity of perfect narrative; but this fault is rare, and for the most part Mr. Stephen's style is naive and pleasant, as befits the character of the story. Very often, too, it is exquisite in its imagery and in its delicious wise playing with facts in an atmosphere of poetry. The prodigious policeman, Mrs. Makebelieve, and the Cafferty family, are all wondrous and real; and Mary herself is presented with an understanding and imaginativeness that makes her a beautiful and charming memory.

BEGGARS AND SORNERS. By Allan McAulay. 6s. (John Lane.)

"Beggars and Sorners" is a story of 1750, and the scene is laid in Amsterdam, of which city many delicate impressions are given in the course of the book. Here are gathered many of those whose part in the '45 has made them outlaws, still conspirators in the cause of the Stuarts, bitter and unhappy in their exile. Through the book runs the strain of sadness that belongs inevitably to a record of intrigue and failure; but there is a pleasant and wholesome love-story which subdues the atmosphere of distrust into a picturesque setting to the tale. Where many stories of Jacobite hopes and fears have failed, through being either sentimental or affected, "Beggars and Sorners" is so free both from affectation and insincere emotion as to be entirely successful. It is, in fact, a sober and charming piece of work, full of thought and quiet, sure knowledge. When Helen Murray, a young and vivacious Scots lady, comes to Amsterdam for distraction after a severe illness, she finds at the house of her host, Emilius Six, a very mixed company of Jacobite beggars and spongers. Her experiences, which are both pleasant and unpleasant, include torture, espionage and an interview with the Pretender; and they come to an end, as far as this book is concerned, with her marriage to Emilius. We follow them all with pleasant and seldom-wavering interest; and Allan McAulay is sincerely to be congratulated upon her unusual standards, in this kind of story, of consistency and restraint.

YELLOW MEN AND GOLD. By Gouverneur Morris. 2s. net. (Nash.)

Lovers of the sensational will do well to obtain a copy of "Yellow Men and Gold," for it contains many dramatic moments and some peculiarly horrific details. It is a tale of treasure-seeking—a theme which usually fascinates—and Mr. Gouverneur Morris has certainly lost none of the opportunities he so skilfully makes for himself. Readers of fiction of this type do not usually expect much originality, but the author has given us a hero of quite a new kind. James Parrish, a week-kneed American literary man, has come almost to the end of his resources, and starvation

seems to stare him in the face, when Fortune puts wealth in his way in the form of a chart of the whereabouts of some sunken Spanish treasure. It is not necessary to give any of the details of a very breathless and bloodthirsty story, which eventuates in the acquisition by Parrish of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The reader may be assured that Mr. Gouveneur Morris does this sort of thing very well indeed, and not many people are capable of enough self-control to spread the reading of such a story as this over more than one sitting.

THE HEALER. By Robert Herrick. 6s. (The Macmillan Company.)

All lovers of good, well-written novels should be grateful to Mr. Robert Herrick for his latest story, which bears the unmistakable stamp of careful and thoughtful writing. Briefly, the story is of a young doctor who entertains so deep a reverence for his profession that he becomes disgusted at the commercialism of modern medical practice and retreats to the wilds of Canada, there to earn for himself the title of "The Healer." He is called in to attend a girl who, while holiday-making in the district, has suffered concussion of the brain through diving on to a rock. He deems necessary a very critical operation, but is met with the uncompromising opposition of the girl's conventional mother. Eventually, however, the operation is undertaken at the girl's own request and is successfully accomplished. The Healer nurses his patient back to health and in the process falls in love with her. The marriage takes place, and the remainder of the story is occupied with the familiar episode of the incompatibility of two temperaments. The husband whom the woman really required, as her own mother had said, was "the good, plain, ordinary, sensible business man, who leaves the house with his newspaper after breakfast and comes back at night from his work, tired out and ready to be fed and amused." By a strange chain of circumstances, however, she won for her prosaic self an Idealist. The story is rather drawn out, but the sin is atoned for by the admirable descriptive power which Mr. Herrick has displayed, and by the many passages of fine English prose with which he has adorned his book.

MARIE. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

In these thrilling pages Allan Quatermain, hero of heroes, tells the story of his first love and of the wonderful feats he was able to perform with the help of a gallant mare and a hair-triggered rifle. Once Mr. Rider Haggard begins, adventures spring up thick and fast, and these new chapters in Allan's autobiography are crowded with a variety of amazing experiences worthy alike of hero and author. The moment which Marie and Allan choose for plighting their troth is typical of other moments in this breathless story. Besieged in a blazing farm by a blood-maddened horde of Kaffirs and expecting every moment to be their last, the love which has hitherto been locked in their hearts wells up to their lips and the fateful words are spoken. Rescued in the nick of time, they realize that their path of true love is not fated to be a smooth one. Marie's father, old Marais, the Boer owner of the farm, has sworn on the Book before God that never with his will shall his daughter marry an Englishman. Moreover, he has pledged her hand to a wealthy cousin, whose subsequent villainies overshadow, if possible, those of the Zulu chief, Dingaan. Nothing could be more enthralling than the account of Allan's experiences with Dingaan in the Great Kraal, or among the vultures on the Hill of Death. Three times does Allan save Marie's life, but in the end Marie gives her life for his. The device by which the last sacrifice is effected has the true Rider Haggard touch, which may emphatically be said of every chapter in this excellent, all-absorbing novel.

FIRE IN STUBBLE. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Methuen.)

We always look forward to a dramatic story when we open a book by Baroness Orczy, and we always get what we want. Many a story has been written round about the Great Rebellion, and has told how loyal men died for King

Charles I. "Fire in Stubble" shows the reaction from chivalry and loyalty, to meanness, roguery and profligacy in the reign of Charles II. Earl Stowmaries of Maries Castle England, was betrothed when seven years old, under unusual circumstances, to Rose Marie, the two-year-old daughter of a Paris tailor. When the girl is eighteen the tailor sends a reminder to the English Earl, and the English Earl, who is leading his own life of dissipation and gallantries, is desperate in his desire to be freed from the fetters. The story tells of the iniquitous plot, schemed by Stowmaries and his friends, to deceive and betray the innocent French girl. Michael Kestyon, an impoverished cousin of the Earl, and in truth a "pretender" to the Earldom, sells his honour for money, and undertakes the bit of villainy. He is to impersonate the Earl, ratify the early vows and carry off the bride "and thus for ever after leave on her fair maiden name a stain which would render her unfit to be acknowledged as the wife of any honourable gentleman." The plot is partly carried out, but fails before completion, not, however, in time to prevent bitter suffering to the two chiefly concerned in it—the false bridegroom and the injured bride. The authoress weaves her tale deftly, and cleverly reconstructs the period. The affairs of historic personages mingle with the affairs of the main characters in the story, and dramatic scene follows dramatic scene. We shall not be surprised to meet "Fire in Stubble" again, shifted from the covers of a book to the boards of the theatre.

POMANDER WALK. By Louis N. Parker. 6s. (John Lane.)

In the year 1805, we are told, Pomander Walk was a quaint little Chiswick crescent comprising six very small red-brick houses, facing due south, with a beautiful view across the river. "You might have thought the houses were meant to be inhabited by very small dukes, so stately were they in their tiny way." Such is the scene of this diverting story, and the characters appear and disappear with theatrical effect, now at the windows, now at the doors of the six little houses, or they meet on the lawn under the shade of the great elm-tree, or pass off in the convenient Gazebo, a shelter formed by a boxwood hedge. It is a tremendously entertaining little community that Mr. Parker introduces to our notice. Indeed, there is scarcely a page that does not provoke a smile, and more than a smile, whether we are watching Sempronius, Mrs. Poskett's yellow-haired Persian cat, stalking Sir Peter Antiochus's thrush, or Mrs. Poskett herself stalking the inveterate bachelor, Sir Peter; or the Eyesore "catching" fish; or Miss Barbara Pennymint teaching her profane but eloquent parrot to give courage to her hesitating lover. The winding up of the story is of the stage, stagey, and we suspect the author of getting rather tired of manipulating his characters before the final "curtain," for the chronicle of their entries and exits degenerates almost into bald stage directions. Nevertheless, "Pomander Walk" makes an excellent "wholly detached" extravaganza with an old-world atmosphere all its own, and a sparkling vein of humour which should ensure for it a large popularity.

The Bookman's Table.

BEHIND THE RANGES. By F. G. Aflalo. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

From such an experienced traveller and writer as Mr. Aflalo we expect an interesting book, and here we are by no means disappointed. We are taken on a magic carpet, hither, thither, over land and many seas; we have strange men and places vividly presented to us, and we often must regret that our acquaintance with them cannot be prolonged. Yet this is the regret that lies in travel. We may greet the rose, obeying Heine, and he would have been the first to tell us of the sad corruption in the rose's heart—or is it in the heart of him who travels to the rose? In this extremely fascinating book we have a quality which some may hold up as extremely reprehensible: we travel

from the mundane to the heavenly. But the questions of behaviour in a train, the luggage on a steamer, and mosquitoes, can be of the utmost service if they are discussed as on these pages; while in "Rivers Running to their Goal" we have a chapter not unworthy of the best traditions of the "Quarterly Review," where most of it appeared. At this time of the year it is most pleasant to go down with Mr. Allalo to his various bathing places; most of all do we disport ourselves (in spirit) at the Doctor's Cove, Jamaica. When he talks of Russian ladies who dispense with costumes—so that there is no mixed bathing at Batoum—he does not seem to have been at some other of the Black Sea ports, for instance, at Odessa, where the ladies, whose pavilion is adjacent to the men's, array themselves—as do the foreign men—in costumes, for they often have to be towed back by fellow-bathers when the currents sweep them from their own immediate waters. As for bathing in the surf we recommend the other side of Mexico—the sharks but rarely make invasions—and for all the pleasure that Mr. Allalo has given us we will make him at least one valuable present, and that is of the most delicious bathe we ever had. It was at Tarragona, about seven o'clock; the night had fallen, but the undulating water of the Mediterranean was warm and playful; underneath was sand, and in the distance was the voice of a guitar. The moon had also laid a strip of super-royal carpet on the sea.

JUDGMENTS IN VACATION. By His Honour Judge Parry 7s 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Judge Parry's literary preferences are admirable. But his affection for Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb might have saved him from the facile sneer and the epithet of contempt to which in these pages, particularly where critics and publishers are alluded to, he is a trifle too prone. Perhaps it is the style that is to blame. Perhaps the delicate nuance of his humour escapes us occasionally. When he is most severe, on the surface, he may be merely writing in a Pickwickian (or a Shavian) sense. Unless, however, these explanations serve, or he is acting on the principle of "What I have said, I have said," the modern form of the old tag *littera scripta manet*, it might have been well had the author allowed certain of these "judgments" to remain in the files of the publications in which they originally appeared. Incidentally he will puzzle those whose memories of the drama are not exact. On one page he tells us of "the brain-workers" who wrote "the only Shakespearean play of modern times"—"What the Butler Saw." He goes on to describe a dream in which Shakespeare patted him on the shoulder and remarked, "I couldn't have done it better myself." Which strikes us as a little unkind to Mr. Frederick Mouillot. But we are grateful for the inclusion in this book of the paper on Dorothy Osborne, which appeared so long ago as 1886. It was this paper, Judge Parry reminds us, which led to his receiving from Mrs. Longe her copies of the original letters and her notes upon them, whereby the full edition was at length published. "A Day of My Life in the County Court" is full of good things, the raw material of contemporary life. The chapters on "The Debtor of To-day" and "The Insolvent Poor" are (as to length) slight but (as to content) serious and weighty contributions to the study of a grave phase of our social system. Other noteworthy sections of the volume treat of "The Folk-Lore of the County Court"; "The Future of the County Court," as "a growing and popular tribunal" if freed from the shackles of the imprisonment for debt abuse; and "An Elizabethan Recorder"—William Fleetwood, Recorder of London from 1571 to 1591.



Queen Victoria.

From the drawing by Drummond, 1842.

From "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," by Clara Jerrold. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE EARLY COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Clara Jerrold. With 17 Portraits. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

One very grateful feature of Mrs. Jerrold's new book, "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," is its very welcome absence of gush. Most authors of the day who discourse on Royal persons—more particularly women-writers and leader-writers—have so little self-respect, and so slight a notion of what "loyalty" means to a sensible person, that the attitude they adopt towards "the first magistrate of the land"—to quote Johnson's phrase—could not be more abject and contemptible if the monarch, instead of being a constitutional sovereign, were a Muscovite autocrat, a Prussian king ruling by divine right, or a Japanese mikado heaven-descended. Mrs. Jerrold wisely refrains from exuding this sort of flunkeyism and sycophancy in her account of the early reign of King George's august grandmother. Recognising that Victoria was, after all, a normal and fallible woman, "subject to like passions as we are," and that at her death her name and fame passed into history, and must therefore submit to the historian's verdict, she depicts her in the most candid and human guise possible. The young Queen is shown cold and hard to the mother who, until her daughter's accession to the throne, never left her for ten minutes to herself. We observe her friendly and confiding to her Prime Minister, Melbourne, a man whose condonation of his wife's adultery ought surely to have precluded him from taking over the practical guardianship of a queen in her 'teens. While, in the famous "Bedchamber Squabble," and again in that terrible affair of Lady Flora Hastings, we see her as the true granddaughter of King George III., eager to get her own way, prompt to assert herself, and even obstinate in persisting in an ungracious and ungenerous blunder. Mrs. Jerrold's is a carefully written and well-informed book.

ONÉ: A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS. By Neän. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Neän belongs to the school of Maeterlinck, Fiona Macleod and the earlier Yeats. The sub-title of his play, "The Aureole and the Wondrous Gem," proclaims him a mystic of the mystics. The fact that one of the scenes is laid in a Swiss hotel, and that one of the characters is a Swiss waiter, confirms the impression. Any artist may write a play of the supernatural, selecting a world entirely unlike ours for his theme. Only a true believer would mingle the ordinary and the wonderful in this way. The motto, "Joy alone maketh Immortal," gives the key to the meaning of the play. "Salvation through joy" is its message. Cynthus, the hero, who curiously is not mentioned in the list of characters, is overcome with sorrow for the simultaneous loss of both his parents in Switzerland. He goes to Scotland to live with his uncle, the Lord Angus of Lar, and his wife the Lady Margaret. There he meets Oné, the wonder-child, whom, in fulfilment of a family legend, they have found in the ancient castle on the Bugle Rock, and brought up as their own. It is Oné who redeems Cynthus. To tell more of the story would not be fair to Neän. But "salvation through joy," again, the joy of service to man and beast, is its burden. A distinct humanitarian purpose is evident, though not obtruded. Whether this play would act well it is difficult to say. The plot is slight, and in reading one is helped enormously by the elaborate stage directions. But to read it is extremely interesting as typical of a certain trend of modern thought. Neän appears to be one of those who, having rejected older dogma, have erected for themselves a system far more elaborate than any mediæval hierarchy. Theosophy, spiritualism, esoteric Buddhism, humanitarianism are some of their panaceas for the ills of life. They have often expressed themselves in poetry, and it is very interesting to find them in the more material realms of drama. There is much the uninitiated must lose in "Oné," but its vague charm, the quality which for want of a better term we call "Celtic," is appreciable by all.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HAM-SMITH.

Mrs. L. M. Brigstocke has written *Love's Artist* (6s.) "to exonerate her sex from a theory, which seems to have been lately brought forward, that most women have a more feeble perception of what is honourable or dishonourable than men." The character who serves to demonstrate this theory is Denise Vernon, the daughter of Sir Nigel Vernon, and afterwards Lady Geoffrey Carlton. We are permitted to trace Denise's career from childhood to death, but we must confess that Mrs. Brigstocke has not captivated us with her narrative. A great deal, too, of the dialogue is very unnatural. Children of ten and twelve and fourteen years, however precocious, do not talk as Mrs. Brigstocke would have them talk. A child of fourteen does not speak of his sister, aged ten, as a "shocking Malaprop" nor would a young wife observe to her husband that she thinks he wants her to talk nonsense, "the sort of half-foolish, yet clever nonsense that certain modern authors, who shall be nameless, put into the mouths of their characters." Would any young wife in intimate conversation with her husband refuse to name "certain modern authors"? We are not complaining because Mrs. Brigstocke has failed to satisfy our curiosity; we merely quote it as an example of the unreality of the dialogue in *Love's Artist*. Mrs. Brigstocke takes herself very seriously, and her book is not slipshod. We are inclined to think that if she applied herself to the writing of a good story and not to the elaborating of a rather uninteresting theory, she could write a book which would secure a warm welcome.

MR. JOHN LONG.

The Last Stronghold, by Ellen Ada Smith (6s.), is a capital story, neatly constructed and ably told, in which we meet an uncommonly interesting set of people. It opens well, with a touch of mystery that rouses our curiosity at once. We gather

that the heroine, Lucy Kaye, has had some great trouble in her past which has made her indifferent to everything and everybody. She comes suddenly into a comfortable fortune, left to her by an uncle; £1500 a year, and a fine old house richly furnished. She receives the news placidly, turns the house into a rest home for workers who have broken down, provides all the money needed to carry the scheme out, and goes to live in a lodge inside the gates of her grounds. The people she meets at this rest home interest her but slightly, though they are immensely interesting to those who read the book. One evening a stranger arrives, and the mystery (in which, we discover, a violin and an undiscovered deception have played a big part) deepens. At length Lucy is driven to confide in a great friend, who shows her a way out of her difficulty, and helps her to gain peace of mind and happiness once more. The interest is well sustained, and "The Last Stronghold" is an altogether enjoyable and entertaining book.

MESSRS. MURRAY & EVENDEN.

In *Riquilda* (6s.), Mrs. Kendall Park has hit upon a fresh scene and period for the setting of an historical novel. The heroine of the book—who supplies it with its title—is the daughter of Count Borrell, the ruler of Barcelona in the latter part of the tenth century. The love interest centred around *Riquilda* is the weakest portion of the book, but, on the whole, it is a moving and dramatic story, and one upon which the author may be warmly congratulated. The accounts of the fighting between Catalans and Moors are admirable.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

Perhaps Mr. Frank Burnett's strongest claim to attention is that he has enjoyed a great deal more experience of his subject *Through Polynesia and Papua* (12s. 6d. net) than is usually accounted adequate by the exponent of the "travel book." He has, that is to say, spent a considerable time in the South Seas, more particularly in regions such as the Solomon Islands, where the white man's influence is still a comparatively feeble thing. Even though he never rises to any great heights of descriptive writing, or displays any marked originality in his discussion of places, people, or customs, he yet provides us with alluring glimpses of a part of the world that doubtless holds some of the few secrets that are for naturalists and explorers to discover. It is impossible to discuss Mr. Burnett's book without alluding to his very strong dislike of missionaries, against whom he brings a long list of charges, some of them serious, but discussion of the rights and wrongs of this matter must be left to those who know. Another outstanding feature is an extensive gallery of photographs, not always particularly relevant to the text, which is sprinkled throughout with presentments of "woodland nymphs," "water nymphs," "belles," and "beauties," who are apparently immune from the ill effects of draughts.

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To a world already glutted with its own sorrows and discords Mr. Elliott O'Donnell has presented a volume of horrors from the unseen world, for on opening his *Byways of Ghostland* (3s. 6d. net), we are introduced into a realm of gruesome and fantastic shapes. We are willing to find a "fearful joy" by the fireside in company with a book of fictitious ghost-stories; but tales of "phantasms of the dead, with skinless faces and glassy eyes," vampires, were-wolves and fox-women, presented as actual happenings, and related with a garniture of that dubious thing "occult science," are a little too much for our sense of proportion. The author fairly revels in horrors, as in his opening chapter, "The Unknown Brain," in which he sets out a highly-wrought account of a man who being pronounced dead by an incompetent physician, was all but buried alive. This would be quite ghastly enough for the appetite of the ordinary reader (or writer), but it is not enough for our author. And, accordingly the story is made lurid and horrible by a vivid description of the sufferings of the victim, whose natural pangs, while conscious in his ceremonies, were heightened by the presence of the "grey inscrutable eyes" of occult beings—creatures of the vampire type which haunt burial grounds for sinister purposes of their own. We do not find these creatures any more credible even under the name of "superphysical cerebrums," which is the quaint and picturesque title under which they appear. We pass on to accounts of haunted furniture, spooks with "yellow, ichorous eyes—gleaming, devilish eyes"; woodland demons—"tree devils," "blue dogs without heads"; death warnings and family ghosts, amulets, "occult inhabitants of the seas and rivers," and other "intangible, pulpy things that breathed the spirit of the Great Unknown." With due reservations in favour of the sane and normal side of psychical research, we prefer a book of fictitious ghost stories frankly presented as such.



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THE WORLD OF BEWILDERMENT.

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It is always a matter of regret to a reviewer to come across a book in which descriptive power of unusual merit is handicapped by conventionality of subject. And it will generally be granted, we think, that it would tax genius to impart novelty to the well-worn properties of the Anglo-Indian drama as played by two husbands and two wives. Certainly Mr. Travers has not succeeded in interesting us profoundly in the phylandering of Jack Grant and Vere Stevenson; the former reminding us irresistibly of Bayes's hero in the "Rehearsal," who discussed with himself the contending claims of Love and Honour, even in the act of pulling on his boots. Mr. Travers's chief claim to originality as regards his plot, and it is one in these days to make for distinction, is that he makes his hero ultimately decide for Honour, and the siren of Sumla is triumphantly vanquished by the British Matron. The story ends in a somewhat minor key, and poor Nancy Grant's "enchanted dreamland, far, far away from the World of Bewilderment" still falls far short of the enchanted realm of romance. The strongest pages in the book are those describing Indian life and scenery; but the dialogue, too, is often excellent, with a realism that is apt to blind the reader to its excellence by its quiet unobtrusive art.

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In this very beautifully-produced volume Miss Adeline Butterworth makes an admirable study of Blake's mysticism, as it reveals itself in his life, his poems, and his work as painter and engraver; but more especially (for the subject is too large to be covered in one long essay) as it is expressed in the wonderful series of drawings that he made for Young's "Night Thoughts." Forty-two of the plates and pages that Blake designed and engraved for that once popular didactic poem are here for the first time reproduced, and in a series of notes that supplement her essay Miss Butterworth explains their allegorical and inner significance. We are not among those eager worshippers of Blake who write



From A Queen's Knight: the Life of Count Axel de Fersen (Mills & Boon).

TRIANON.

as if he never took up his pencil in uninspired hours; there are spirits and flying angels in some of his pictures that no fear of being considered Philistines can induce us to see are not more gross and heavily fleshly than such ethereal essences ought to be; but we entirely share Miss Butterworth's admiration of these engravings for the "Night Thoughts," for the easy sense of lightness and motion conveyed in the figures, for the insight and large suggestion that underlies and informs them all. Even where, as too often happens, the great figures of Time and Death, or those of the human or spiritual creatures, are anatomically deformed and bad, the thought that fills the picture, the grandeur or beauty of the whole conception overwhelms such flaws of detail and renders them unimportant. The frontispiece is an exquisite reproduction of the well-known "Death Door" from Blair's poem, "The Grave." There is infinitely more of poetry, of imagination, of spiritual vision in this and the other engravings that Blake did for "The Grave" than Blair ever got into his lines, or was conscious of in his dreamings. Perhaps one does not quite realise how great Blake was, how high and daring his imagination, what a flight it soared beyond the capacities of the men whose books he illustrated, till one has read those books, and has moreover seen in other illustrations what other artists made of them. A study of the engravings from the first two "Nights" of Young makes us hope that somebody may be moved to issue the complete set of designs, and in the interval makes us grateful to Miss Butterworth for the sympathy and ability with which she has here introduced the student to them, and to her publishers for the care and artistic skill with which they have produced this book.

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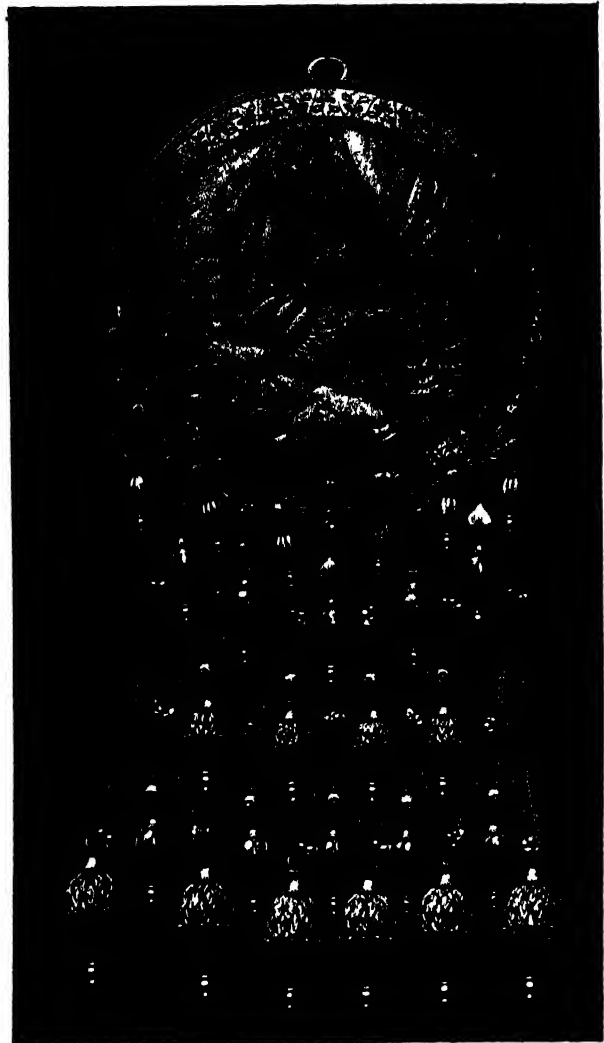
INTERIOR OF THE HALL OF ELTHAM PALACE
(From an engraving published in 1804).

area of control of the London County Council. The illustrations are almost equally exhaustive, and publishers and editors may be congratulated upon a picture of the London of the beginning of the twentieth century as complete as is humanly possible.

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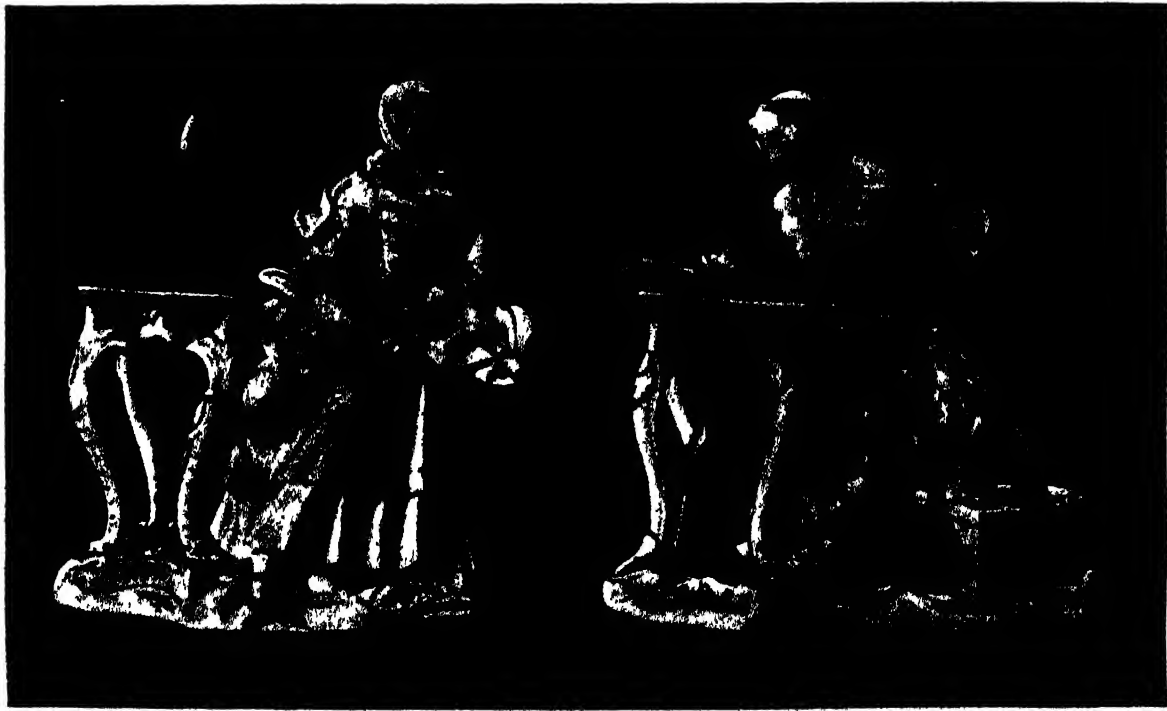


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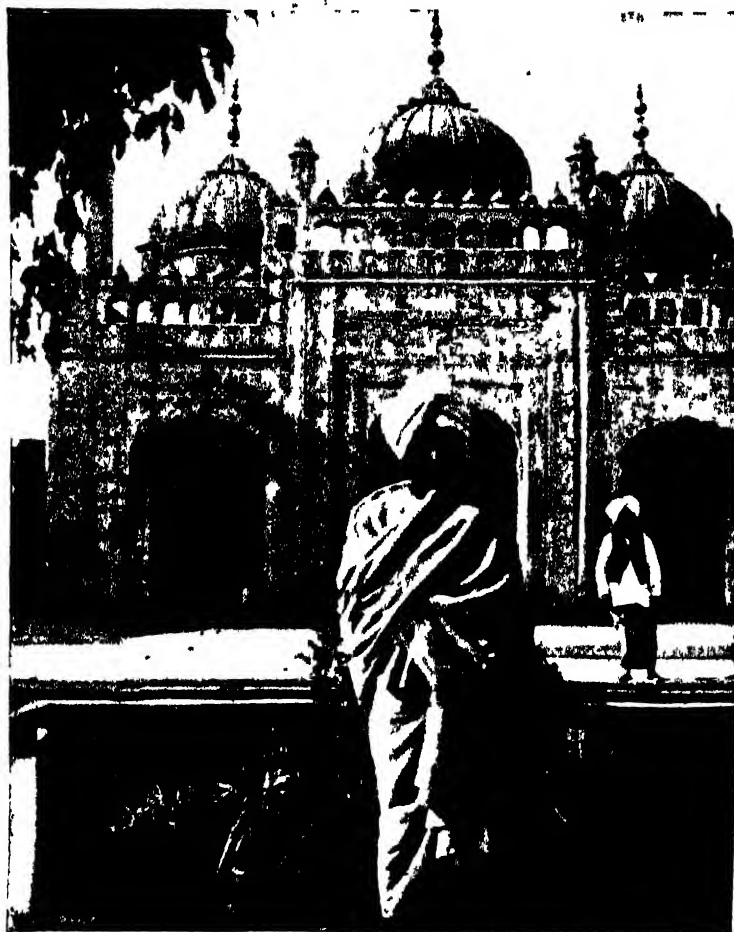
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the finish, when the old man goes and, after the others are departed, comes back with another old man, each of them carrying a lantern, and looking round and seeing nobody there is half uncertain whether he had not dreamt it all, gives just the right lanciful suggestion of unreality to the whole episode. The other poems in the volume—some score of them—are alive with the same fantastic humour and dainty, butterfly sentiment, and with an occasional swift, elusive note of pathos, as at the close of "A Letter from Home," or in "Love, Laughter, and After," and in "Memoranda." Mr. Arkell has been influenced, perhaps, by such poets as Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, but his work has individuality and is full of promise that we shall look to see him fulfil. Mr. Frederick Carter's drawings are excellent and done in the very mood and spirit of the poem they illustrate.



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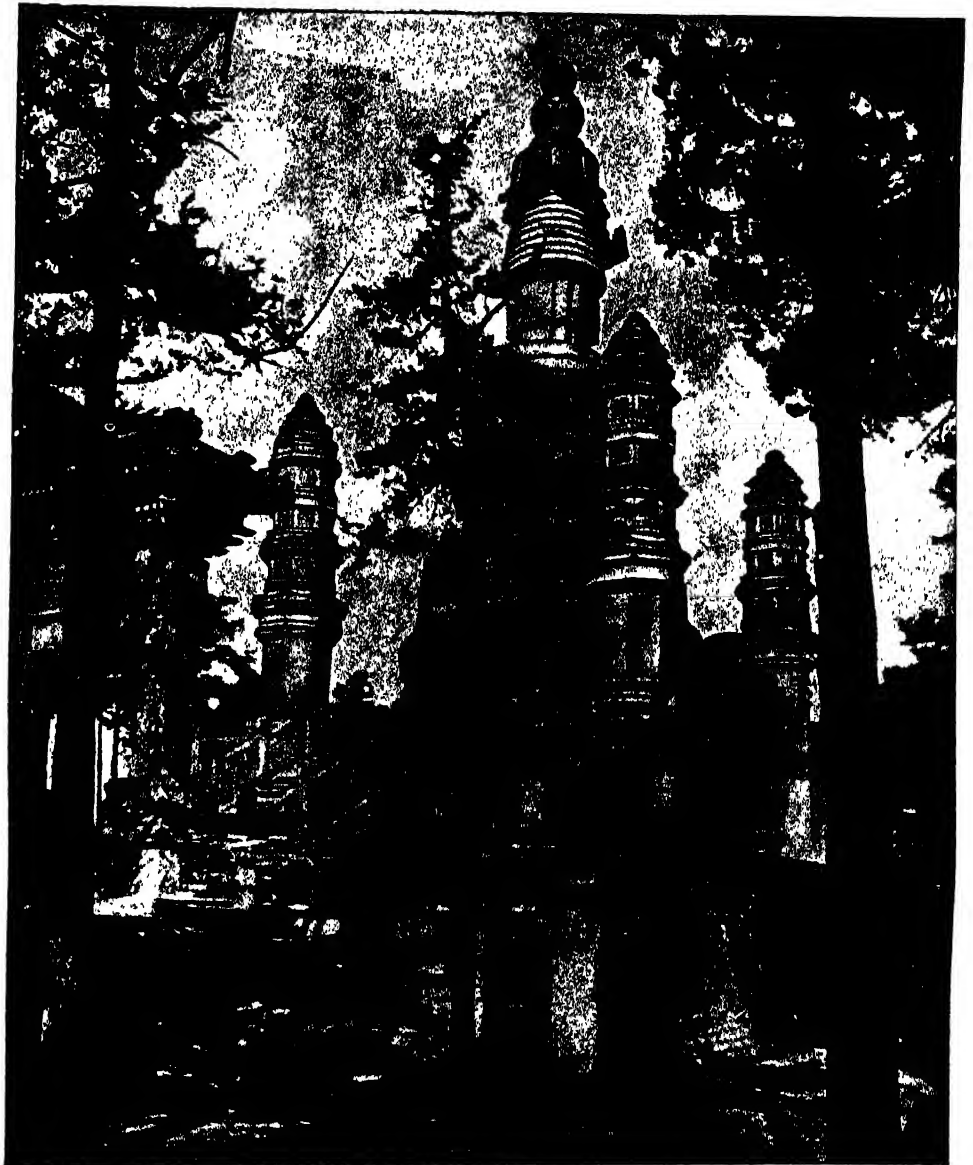
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Mrs Penny is, of course, widely known as one of our leading writers upon Indian life, and her latest novel once again excellently displays her skill in depicting the Oriental character. "The Malabar Magician" is not, perhaps, its author's *chef d'œuvre*, but it is eminently readable. The book consists principally of a series of incidents in the life of Lawrence Hillary, "who comes and goes like the rain," an Inspector of Police in a district on the west coast of South India. It was fortunate for the hero that he attracted to his side so powerful a helper as the Malabar Magician, to whom, indeed, little seems impossible. The book will afford the reader plenty of excitement, but its principal value lies in the vivid series of Indian types which it presents.

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STÜPA IN THE YELLOW TEMPLE, HUANG SÜU



From *The Charm of Venice* (Chatto & Windus).

THE COURT OF THE PALACE OF THE DOGES.

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GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE.

By CHARLES W. COLLINS. Illustrated. (Werner Laurie.)

There is little of greatness about the majority of these stories, though they are all famous in their way. Romance is sometimes far to seek, but most of the heroines and some of the heroes, French and English, raise difficult or curious psychological problems. Nell Gwyn, Elizabeth Barry, Anne Bracegirdle, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Margaret Woffington, Mlle Georges, Dora Jordan, and Marie Dorval, are amongst the "dear, dead women." Mr. Collins has made liberal use of memoirs and stage records for the purpose of his presentation, trying throughout to give us historical narrative rather than romance. The result is a series of expressive stories and human documents, the tragedy, disillusion, or venality relieved occasionally by comedy or irony.

NEW ZEALAND: THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

By MAX HERZ, M.D. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a translation made by the author from the German original. There is a liberal share of history, geography, geology, etc., some of which we could spare, and a section on Maori art of which we would fain have more. Of the cities and the scenic attractions we are told in detail, which is sometimes picturesque and certainly appealing to the imagination. On administration, internal policy, the work of Seddon, and other things, the author has decided opinions. He is critical of New Zealand labour policy and of everything in which he feels that he detects a socialistic trend. About the New Zealanders generally he writes with interest rather than enthusiasm, aiming to be candid and comprehensive, and giving at least an honest surface study.



From New Zealand (Laurie).

MAORI ART: CARVINGS AND WALL DECORATION.

SCENTED ISLES AND CORAL GARDENS.

By C. D. MACKELLAR. Illustrated. 15s net.
(John Murray.)

Mr. Mackellar has wandered very far and wide over this earth, and explored many strange places. He is an observant and thoughtful traveller, full of human sympathy, and an amiable writer. Hence this book, which consists chiefly of old descriptive letters concerning life in the Torres Straits, in German New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies, brought up to date by useful notes, is excellent reading for young and old. Mr. Mackellar has much to say that is interesting concerning missionaries (to whom he is conspicuously fair), the disappearance of native races before the advance of the white man's "civilization," and the question of British or German supremacy in the East Indies. There are many entertaining sketches and anecdotes in these letters, as well as much valuable information, but a map of the journey taken, or at least of the East Indies, would have added to the reader's comfort, and its absence is to be regretted. All travel books need maps. It is cheerful to know that at Cooktown, in the Chinese Joss House, Mr. Mackellar found "enthroned in the place of honour above what we would call the altar, amidst golden dragons and the like—Randolph Caldecott's coloured hunting sketches from *The Graphic*!"

BIG GAME HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

By JAMES DUNBAR BRUNTON, M.D. F.Z.S. Illustrated. 12s 6d net. (Melrose.)

Dr. Dunbar-Brunton's attractive volume is designed on eminently practical lines. The author presents the reader with full details as to equipment, hints on rifles, health, camp life, and bushcraft, and he even includes a short vocabulary of useful words in the Chinyanja, Swahili, and Chibemba languages. The remainder which is also the bulk of the book is devoted to the habits and customs of the various fauna, the best way to hunt them, the whole leavened with hunting-stories from the writer's own experience. Central Africa is an attractive country, and it seems to be without the climatic drawbacks of other portions of that continent. "It is," says the author, "a simple and primitive life the sportsman leads under these conditions" (camp life in the Bush), "a life so absolutely healthy that it brings out the best in the man, physically and mentally. In this country, having an elevation of 5000 to 6000 feet, there is no debilitating heat to contend with, the cool breezes blowing by day and the temperature falling so much at night during the winter season as to



From *Scented Isles and Coral Gardens* (Murray).

PREPARING RICE, TERNATE.
(Photo, Kerry, Sydney.)

necessitate a liberal supply of blankets." The book is likely to prove of much use to the prospective traveller or big-game hunter.

THE HUNTING YEAR.

By WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON. With 8 Illustrations from old prints. 6s. net. (Ham-Smith.)

Mr. Dixon is justly known as one of the first authorities



From *On the Backwaters of the Nile* (Unwin).

A SHAM FIGHT IN PATIKO.



From Big Game Hunting in Central Africa (Melrose)

BUFFALO BULL
(Photo, E. G. M. Leyer.)

upon hunting, and a new volume from his pen is assured of its reception by an appreciative section of the reading public. In "The Hunting Year" the author demonstrates very conclusively that the interest of hunting is not confined to "the madness of the gallop, forty minutes on the grass," but that "each month, each day brings round to the hunt servants its own peculiar duties, and the man who interests himself in the work of the moment as it comes round, not only has a fuller and deeper enjoyment of the good things of the season, but he comes in for fewer of the disappointments which are attendant on every hunting season." The author writes in a most attractive manner, and whether he is describing an Evening in July, November's Joys, April Glories, or a June Festivity, he is always very



From The Hunting Year (Ham-Smith).



From Big Game Hunting in Central Africa (Melrose).

LARGE BULL ELAND AND TWO GUN CARRIERS.
(Photo, F. H. Melland.)

readable. "The Hunting Year" should do much towards the achievement of the objects which the author has at heart.

MURPHY.

A Message to Dog-Lovers. By MAJOR GAMBIER-PARRY. With two Drawings by the Author. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Nobody but a dog-lover could have written "Murphy," and every dog-lover

THE FOX

(From a painting by C. Hancock. Engraved by R. Parr.)

will make a welcome addition of it to his books about dogs. The charm of the narrative lies in its simplicity; it is an attractive, sympathetic study of a dog's character, and a reticent record of his master's sorrow on losing him. There is a suggestive, reverent chapter on the possibility of an animal possessing a soul that survives death.



From **Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan** (by the Baroness Albert d'Aethan, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly).

APRIL: THE CHERRY BLOSSOM.
From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."



From **Murphy: A Message to Dog Lovers** (Smith, Elder).

Hi do,
by Him

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES:

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON Illustrated. 12s 6d net. (Constable & Co.)

A book like this of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton enables us to realise all that we have lost in reducing the unknown to known reality. To-day only the Arctic plains and prairies are left to us. In this wonderland Mr. Seton and his friend Mr. Preble saw the sunlight on white plains and cliffs and headlands and the coming of spring to great ice-bound streams. It is a delightful record, and, unlike most books of travel in this, that we have no elaborate details of the shooting of wild creatures as though they were not, every one of them, Nature's children and had not cost almost as great a price in the making as did human-kind. Mr. Seton describes instead how he felt guilty after having killed a lynx with his gun, and he adds that it was the only time he used a gun on the journey. He penetrated as far as the Caribou country and describes its rivers and sunsets, its flowers and wild animals with great



From **The Arctic Prairies** (Constable).

vividness, for he is an observer of the devout and reverent breed which gave us White and Jeffries and Alexander Wilson. For instance he tells how on the night of their return the travellers heard the partridge drumming; he

says: "What a glorious sound of woods and life triumphant it seemed; and why did he drum at night? Simply because he had more joy than the short fall day gave him time to express."

SPORT IN VAN- COUVER & NEW- FOUNDLAND.

By Sir JOHN ROGERS, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S. With 8 Illustrations and 4 Maps by the Author, and 27 Reproductions from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

First and foremost, Sir John Rogers is a very keen sportsman, and in this attractively produced book he tells of his experiences on two autumn holidays in America. The Vancouver expedition was made by the author primarily for the fishing. "From the day," he says, "I read in the *Field* Sir Richard Musgrave's article, 'A seventy-pound salmon with rod and line,' and located the river as the Campbell River, I determined that should an opportunity arise, I, too, would try my

THE LYNX.



[From *The Complete Bowler* (Black). BRETON PEASANTS PLAYING BOWLS AT MORGAT, NEAR BREST.
(After a photograph by Mr. Lachlan Taylor, Leigh-on-Sea.)

luck in those waters." Nor did the Campbell River disappoint Sir John. Certainly he himself did not catch a seventy-pound salmon, but he saw one caught which was close on that weight; his own heaviest was a sixty-pounder—"the biggest but least sporting fish I had killed that month"—and in addition a fairly large number of fish weighing between forty and sixty pounds were his victims. Leaving the salmon, the author succeeded, in an arduous and unlucky trip, in obtaining a 13-point head of wapiti, and he finished his Vancouver trip with a Rocky Mountain goat on the mainland. Newfoundland brought Sir John more trophies, but an easier time. The book is thoroughly readable, and it is one that should be of the utmost interest and value to those sportsmen who can afford the time to make a trip to two countries which are comparatively little exploited.

THE COMPLETE BOWLER:

Being the History and Practice of the Ancient and Royal Game of Bowls. By JAMES A. MANSON ("JACK HIGH"). With 14 Full-page Illustrations and 8 Diagrams in the Text. 3s. 6d. net. (Black)

Mr. Manson tells us in his preface that he has been playing bowls since 1869, which in itself is surely a recommendation for the game. It is, in fact an old man's game just as

much as a young one's, and though we must confess that we ourselves have never found it particularly fascinating, we have thoroughly enjoyed reading Mr. Manson's book, which is divided into two sections—History and Practice. In the former the author details the origins of the game and includes, not only the famous Drake story, but also the accounts of it in Evelyn, Pepys, Swift, and other famous writers. It is worth while to notice that the history is brought down to as far as an account of the international matches of 1911. In the second half of the book the author appears in the rôle of teacher, and imparts much—obviously expert—advice. The book impresses us as excellent in every way—simply expressed, exhaustive, and readable.



From *Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland* (Chapman & Hall).

ATHLETIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Compiled and Edited by C. E. THOMAS. With 36 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman)

Among the many books of sporting and athletic instruction

which are published from year to year but few are designed especially for the use of girls. Mr. C. E. Thomas's excellent book, therefore, should meet with considerable success. The editor has himself written the greater part of the volume, but in certain special cases he has gone to outside contributors, who are experts on their subject. Thus Miss Annie Hillyard writes on gymnastics, Miss B. H. Grieve on net-ball, Miss Mabel E. Stringer on golf, Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie on lawn-tennis, and an anonymous gentleman on fencing; while, in addition, Mr. Thomas has had the assistance of Miss E. R. Clarke, a prominent



From *Athletic Training for Girls* (Pitman).

DOUBLE SCULLING—ENDING FOR A START.

player, both in the chapter on hockey and throughout the rest of the book. The author's intention has obviously been to make his book as practical and as easy to understand as possible, and in this he has certainly succeeded. The book may be strongly recommended to girls and to all interested in their athletic training.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES:

Athletics. By E. H. RYLE —
Hockey. By ERIC H. GREEN
and EUSTACE E. WHITE
With 32 illustrations. 2s
net each. (Nash.)

Messrs. E. E. White and E. H. Ryle, the joint editors of "The National Library of Sports and Pastimes," may be congratulated on the excellent beginning that the series makes in the two volumes above mentioned. The aim of the series appears to be utilitarian—the books being designed to fill the place of tutor rather than historian—and in this respect both the volumes are of equal value. Mr. Ryle, in his book on Athletics, devotes a chapter to all the principal events in a meeting, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by a number of contributions from famous athletes on their own specialities. Mr. P. J. Baker, for instance, writes on the Mile; Mr. C. H. Porter and Mr. K. Powell on Cross Country Running and Hurdle Racing, respectively; Mr. H. A. Leeke on Putting the Weight and Throwing the Hammer; Mr. W. E. B. Henderson on Throwing the Discus; Mr. E. E. Leader on High Jumping, and Mr. S. S. Abrahams on Long Jumping. The clearness of the various instructions is a marked feature of the book, which also contains thirty two magnificent photographs. The illustrations to "Hockey" are possibly less effective, but they are no less instructive, for though the game is not a difficult one there is more in it than the mere spectator may imagine. Messrs. Green and White, for instance, classify no fewer than fourteen different kinds of strokes, of nearly all of which constant use is made. Every position on the field is adequately dealt with (we may again note the clarity of the authors' instructions), and there are chapters on Ladies' Hockey, Hockey for Schools, How to Umpire, and Hockey on the Ice.

FINLAND: THE LAND OF A THOUSAND LAKES.

By ERNEST YOUNG With 32 Illustrations 7s 6d net
(Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ernest Young tells us that on his first visit to Finland he "constantly felt the need of some book of general information that would clear up many puzzling points connected with the history and customs of the people. How were the thousands of lakes that one meets with everywhere formed? What was the origin of the curious ridges that are so marked a feature of the landscape? Who was Duke Carl, the central figure in one of Edelfelt's pictures, and why is he pulling the beard of the dead man in his coffin? Who built the castles, and why? What did the men do in whose



From Athletics (Nash).

honour one finds that public statues have been erected?" And so Mr. Young's book on Finland is not a series of travel impressions or experiences, but a general handbook and introduction to the country. Clearly there was need of such a work as this dealing with a country so little visited as Finland. Of guide books there are none, and works of travel on the whole do not meet with the visitor's requirements. We have, therefore, no hesitation in



From Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland
(Chapman & Hall).



From Finland: the Land of a Thousand Lakes (Chapman & Hall).

CHURCH BOATS.



ST. CLEMENT'S
IN THE STRAND

From London—Artists' Sketch Book Series (Black).

thanking the author for the labour he has expended in an excellent cause. In eighteen very readable chapters he gives us an exceedingly comprehensive and well-balanced account of Finland, its people and institutions, its history, art, and government; the whole having been revised and corrected by Madame Aino Malmberg, the secretary for Finland of the Anglo-Finnish Society.

THE LABOUR UNREST:

What it is and What it Portends. By FRED HENDERSON. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

Here is a book from the pen of a distinguished Labour leader and Socialist, which comes very opportunely at the present time. Mr. Henderson writes of present-day tendencies without bitterness or exaggeration, and the lesson that he draws from them—though doubtless it will be unpalatable to some sections of the community—seems to us to be obviously and unanswerably true. "However obvious the signs of impending change may be, they must, before they can be seen for what they are, break through that absolute reliance upon the stability of the existing order which limits each generation in the interpretation of current events. The signs seem obvious and unmistakable to us in later generations, not only because we see them in the full light of their realisation in history, but because we have become accustomed to the changed outlooks and institutions." The railway strike, says Mr. Henderson, was one unmistakable sign, and no doubt the present coal strike is another one even more unmistakable. If you take any interest in the signs of the times you will read "The Labour Unrest."

LONDON: A SKETCH BOOK; EDINBURGH: A SKETCH BOOK.

By LESTER G. HORNBY. 24 Illustrations in each Volume. 1s. net each. (Black.)

Messrs. A. & C. Black are famous for their books on art, and the announcement of a new series from their house is tantamount to a guarantee of excellence. No book-buyer will be disappointed by their latest venture. The Artist's Sketch Book Series makes a very delightful beginning with two charming little volumes by Mr. L. G. Hornby on London and Edinburgh—each containing a series of effective little sketches, in which the artist shows a sympathetic sense of atmosphere and no little technical skill. We like both volumes so well that we cannot say which we like best.

MORE BALLADS IN BLUE.

By EX-POLICE CONSTABLE GEORGE H. MITCHELL. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

Some little while ago Mr. G. H. Mitchell published a collection of poems that he called "Ballads in Blue," and they met with a very favourable, even a rather sensational, reception. At that date Mr. Mitchell was a member of the police force. He has since entered the ministry, but in the preface and in one of the poems in his new volume, "More Ballads in Blue," he sufficiently indicates that he has not forgotten his former comrades nor lost any of his interest in them. He divides his



From William Morris (Jack).

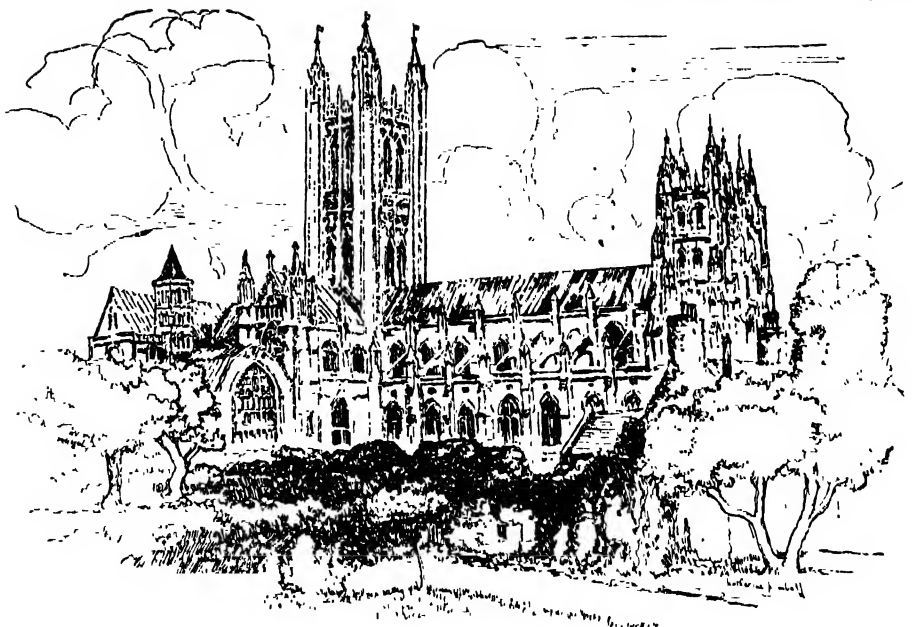
KELMSCOTT HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH, 1897.

book into Epistles, Miscellaneous, Serious, Personal, Love Songs, and Epitaphs and In Memoriam. The best of his verses are those in the "Serious" section, and amongst these the poems that touch on religion are the more satisfactory. Always Mr. Mitchell is most effective when he is handling the homeliest themes; he handles them with a plain simplicity, a fervour and earnestness of feeling that in such verse is more to the purpose than any fine technical finish or lapidary cunning in the setting of jewelled words. Those who welcomed Mr. Mitchell's first poems so heartily will, we are sure, give an equally hearty welcome to these "More Ballads in Blue."

CANTERBURY.

By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR
Illustrated by Katharine Kimball
4s. 6d. net and 5s. 6d. net (Dent)

Very efficiently does Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor sustain the high standard of the "Medieval Town Series" in the excellent little volume on Canterbury which has just been published.



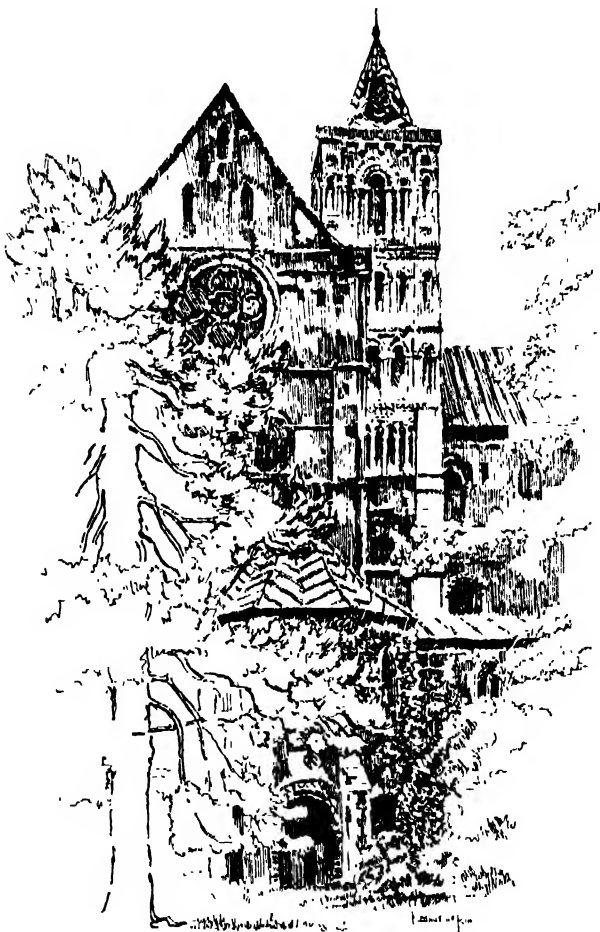
From Canterbury (Dent)

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE LAND OF THE LORDS MARCHERS.

By E. ELLIOT STOCK With 36 pen and ink sketches (from the Author's Photographs) by H. M. Wilson and R. C. Armour (also a route map) 5s. net. (Onseley)

The "Lesser Known Britain" series makes an excellent start with Mr. Elliot Stock's very readable volume of travel impressions in Monmouth, Brecknock, and Herefordshire. The author's route took him from Newport, through Aber-gavenny to Hay, whence he returned southward to Chepstow



From Canterbury (Dent)

NORMAN TOWER,
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The story of one of the most romantic and interesting of English towns lends itself particularly well to treatment of the kind with which the many readers of Mr. Dent's series have grown familiar. It is possible that the author adds nothing to our knowledge of the town, but he has contrived to compress into a comparatively small space a very large amount of history not easily accessible previously. Some topographical notes and a number of attractive illustrations add considerably to the usefulness of the volume.



BLAKE
23 HERCULES ROAD
SA

From Famous London Houses (Dent).

A new book by A. St. John Adcock. Illustrated by Frederick Adcock to be published this month.



From The Life of the Right Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce
(Smith, Elder).

THE PALACE, CHICHESTER
(Photo, Marsh & Son, Chichester.)

and Caerwent by Dore and Raglan. This portion of England is undeservedly neglected by the ordinary tourist, but it abounds in beautiful scenery and possesses many historical associations. The author is well suited by his subject, and his book is in every way attractive. A further

volume of the series, entitled "Beyond Hadrian's Wall" is promised for publication shortly.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE,

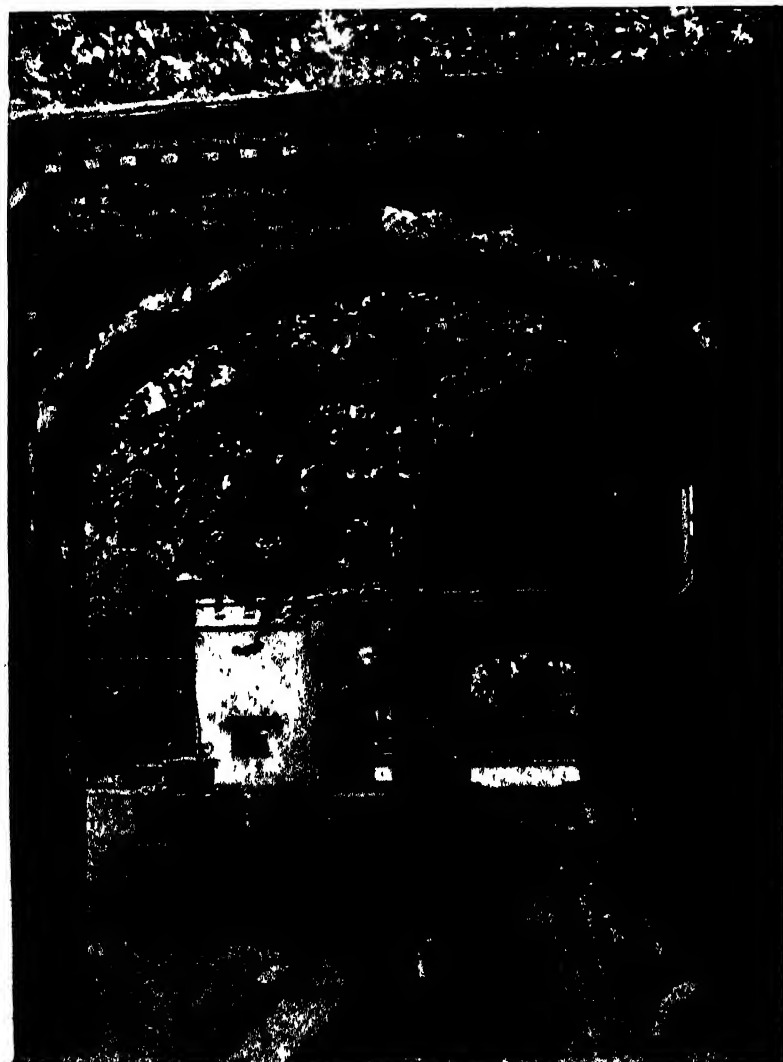
First Bishop of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Afterwards Bishop of Chichester. By J. B. ATLAY, M.A., F.S.A. With 4 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. J. B. Atlay's well-written and workmanlike biography of Bishop Wilberforce deserves, and will doubtless attain, a high place among clerical memoirs. The name of its subject is inseparably associated with the Bishop of Newcastle's fund, and, at a later date, with the Commission on Ecclesiastical Disorders in the diocese of Chichester. Throughout his life, however, his sincerity and transparent honesty won for him sympathy and friendship among all classes. In the words of the late Archbishop of Armagh, he was "surely touched with the *beauty* of holiness." His life is at once helpful and of the deepest interest, and Mr. Atlay may be warmly congratulated on the attractive manner in which it is set forth in his pages.

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF LONDON.

By W. F. TAYLOR. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Mr. Taylor's is a book which will appeal not only to public-school boys, but to all interested in the history of London. Originally a Carthusian monastery, then the palace of Tudor and Elizabethan nobles, and finally a charity and school, the Charterhouse has had a sufficiently varied history, and a work of the kind that Mr. Taylor has written—thorough and exhaustive without being ultra-elaborate—should arouse a wide demand. Great names have always been connected with the Charterhouse, and in the region of literature alone its distinguished pupils include Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Grote, Thirlwell, and Thackeray. We can assure prospective readers that they will find plenty to interest them in these pages. A series of excellent illustrations from photographs forms a special feature of the volume.



From The Charterhouse of London (Dent).



From York (Blackie)

YORK MINSTER.

BYWAYS IN BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGY.

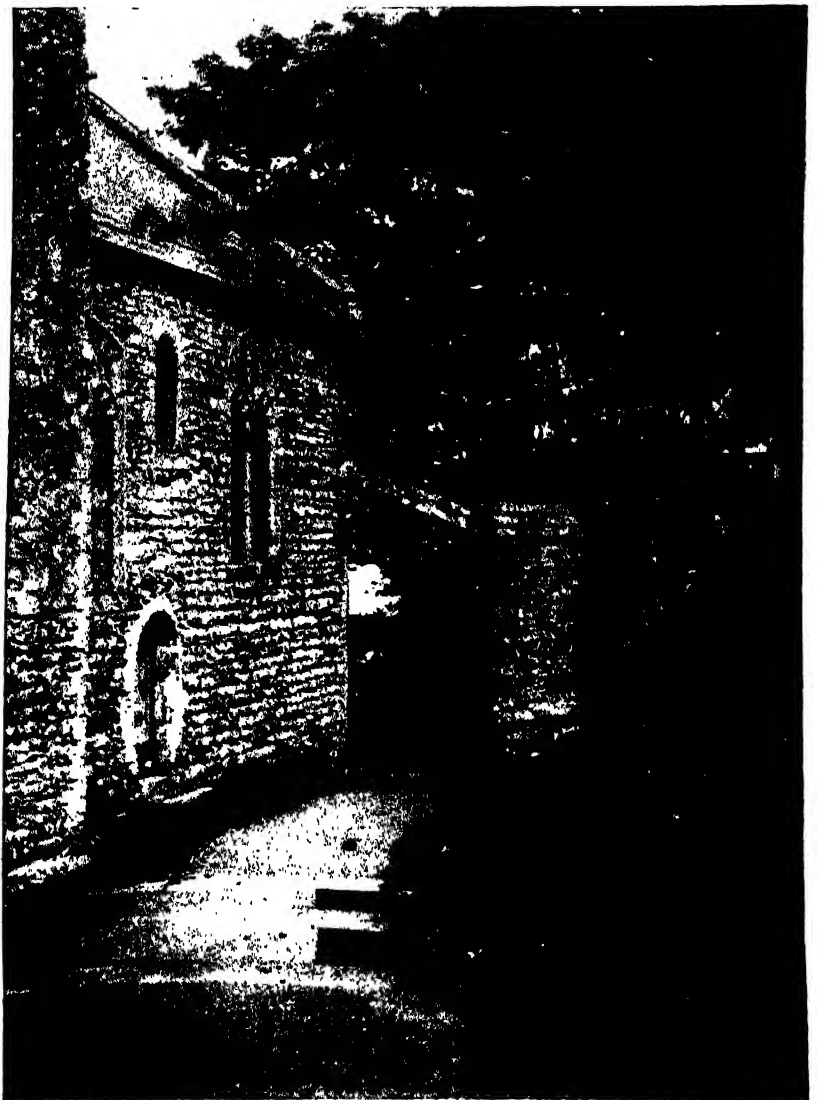
By WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S. With 99 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Walter Johnson's highly interesting and important work consists of a series of essays principally upon ecclesiastical archaeology, and bound together by the author's insistence upon a "principle, which, in a former work, I ventured to call folk-memory. This folk-memory—unconsciously, for the most part, but sometimes with open ceremony—keeps alive those popular beliefs and practices which are individually called survivals." The first two chapters of the volume are devoted to Churches on Pagan Sites, and they are followed by others upon the Secular Uses of the Church Fabric, the Orientation of Churches, the Orientation of Graves, Survivals in Burial Customs, the Folk-Lore of the Cardinal Points, the Churchyard Yew, the Cult of the Horse, and "The Labour'd Ox." The book appeals more particularly to archaeologists, but the general reading public will find in it much material of great and curious interest.

MARGARET OF FRANCE,

Duchess of Savoy, 1523-74. A Biography by WINIFRED STEPHENS. With photogravure Frontispiece, and 16 other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net (John Lane.)

Miss Winifred Stephens has taken very great pains to tell us all that can be told concerning Margaret of France, the wife of Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and has not laboured in vain. Not only is the life story of a very remarkable woman set out in plain and honest fashion—easily readable by all who will—but the French literary movements of the time receive attention, and there is a good account of that bad business, the duel between Jarnac and La Chataigneraie, and the no less discreditable case of Françoise v. Lemours. Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, was a product of the



From Byways in British Archæology
(Cambridge University Press).

CHANCEL OF LYMINGE
CHURCH, KENT.
(Photo Mr. Edward Yates.)

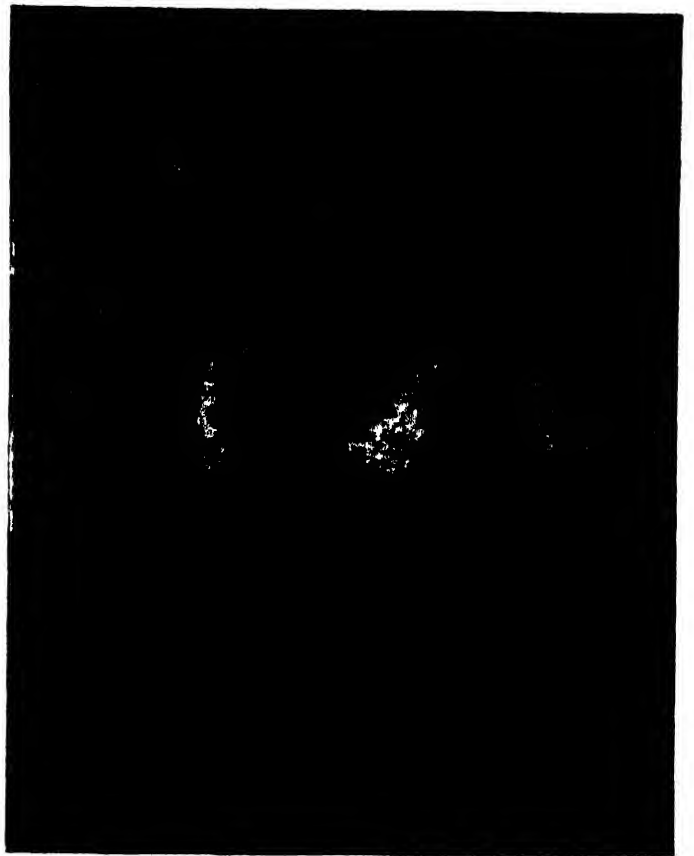
THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1912

Renaissance, when "in well nigh every department of life, from the schoolroom, where boys and girls studied together, even to the battlefield whereon men and women fought side by side as comrades-in-arms, the sexes worked in double harness." Her learning was not exceptional for the time, it is rather Margaret's wise statesmanship that is conspicuous. When the Duke lay ill, and "the Duke's ministers completely lost their heads, Margaret alone, in the midst of her terrible anxiety, retained her habitual calm. She presided over the Council; she arranged for the future government of the State in the event of her husband's death." The Duke recovered, and Margaret's efforts were put out to win toleration for their Waldensian subjects. Emanuel Philibert had indeed written that "persecution never did anything save create martyrs," but it is the influence of his wife that ends the hopeless campaign of extermination, and gives the Waldenses peace. There are many excellent portraits in this book and several useful appendices.

REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS:

An Essay and a Catalogue, with some Notes on the Drawings.
By ARTHUR M. HIND. With 34 Plates Illustrating the Drawings and a Complete Series of Reproductions (330) of the Etchings. In 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Methuen)

The publication of a complete series of reproductions of Rembrandt's etchings is a task at once honourable and difficult, and Messrs. Methuen, together with their engravers and printers, must be very warmly congratulated upon the second volume of this work, which is wholly composed of the etchings. The first volume of the work is introduced with a few short critical chapters and a biographical summary, followed by a bibliography and a chronological



From Margaret of France (lane).

catalogue of the etchings compiled by the author the fruit of what must have been years of patient work. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this book to artists and collectors alike.

NATURE IN ITALIAN ART:

A Study of Landscape Backgrounds from Giotto to Tintoretto. By EMMA GURNEY SALTER, M.A. With 49 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Miss Salter's purpose in this admirably reasoned and very well written volume is to show how carefully the great Italian masters of painting considered the landscape of their backgrounds. "The distinctive merits," she says, "of the treatment of Nature by the mediæval and Renaissance painters of Italy has for the most part been considered as merely accessory to their figure-subjects; its distinctive merits have been insufficiently appreciated." Nevertheless, it is clear to Miss Salter that "there existed from the thirteenth century an attempt to study Nature for her own sake, tracing the development of landscape from the summary conventions of Giotto and his followers to its magnificent culmination in the Venetian school." The volume contains a large number of excellent reproductions from the Italian masters.



From Rembrandt's Etchings (Methuen).

LIEVEN WILLEMSZ VAN COPPENOL, WRITING
MASTER: THE LARGER PLATE
18

RUBY HEART OF KISHGAR.

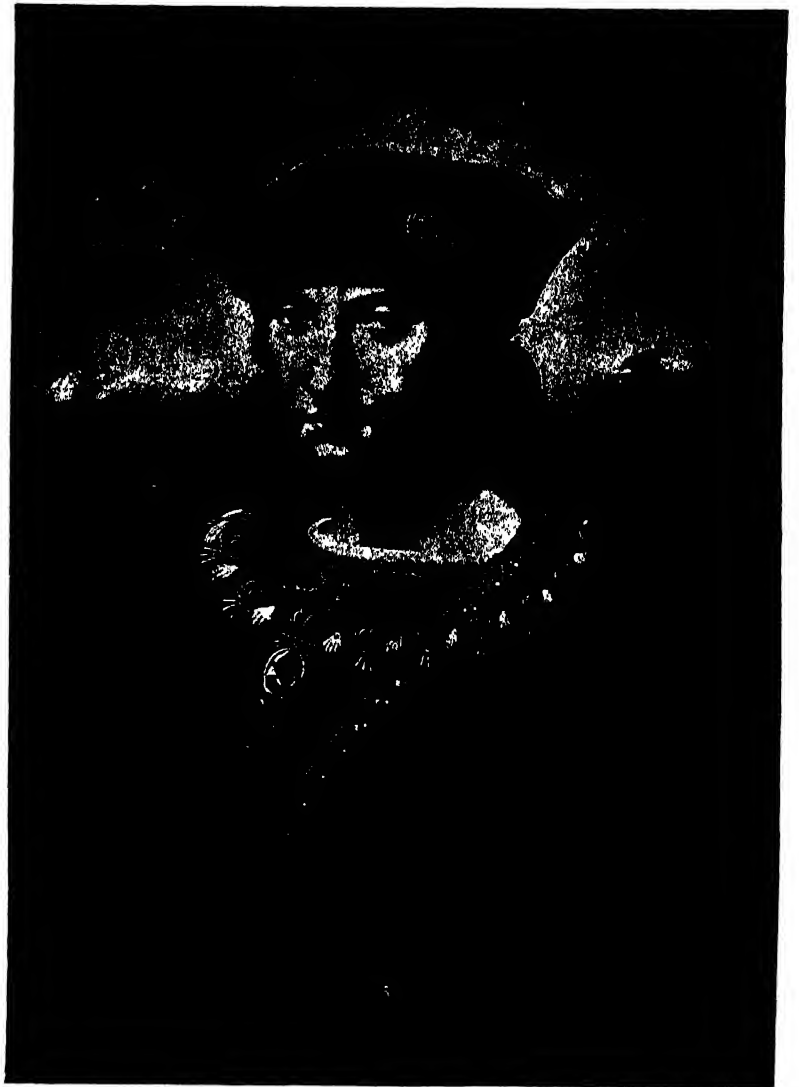
By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A jewel with a past—such is the ruby heart of Kishgar, every facet of which, we are told, has cost a life. Stolen from its temple when Russia was busy looting the province of Kishgar, the anniversary of the day of sacrilege is regularly marked by the death of a member of the secret society which is pledged to recover the missing stone. At the time the story opens, the ruby is supposed to be lodged in the safe of a house in Park Lane, the temporary abode of the royal Sachsenhof household. We say "supposed" for throughout this tantalizing tale things are by no means what they seem. To begin with, the beautiful Lady Manforth has deftly substituted a replica for the real stone in order to win a wager, then, before she can replace it, her husband in a fit of jealous rage destroys the ruby, but a subsequent examination of the residue of the destroyed stone proves unmistakably that it was not the genuine ruby after all; nor does it help matters when Lord Manforth discovers the actual stone he took from his wife, for it turns out to be paste, and not the genuine ruby. Who has the ruby? Again and again in a series of kaleidoscopic situations, Mr. Marchmont succeeds in baffling and mystifying us to a mortifying extent, false trail follows hot upon false trail, and our eyes are continually being opened only to find that they are still half closed. The happy result is that all who begin "The Ruby Heart of Kishgar" will certainly read breathlessly on to the very last page, and even then, we predict, few will be able to lay the flattering unction "I thought as much!" to their sleepless souls.

THE UNHOLY ESTATE.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The "Unholy Estate" is the loveless marriage, and Mr. Sladen has written this novel avowedly



From *Nature in Italian Art*
(Black).

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES D'AMBOISE
by Solario (Louvre, Paris).



From *William the Silent*,
by Jack Collings Squire,
which Messrs. Methuen will publish.

"WILLIAM THE SILENT."
(From a portrait by Mierevelt in the
Rijks Museum).

to protest against the unequal divorce laws that set a man free from an unfaithful wife but will not release a wife from an unfaithful husband unless he has also deserted or been actively cruel to her. The story is a little slow in getting started, but once it is under way it goes busily with no lack of incident and sensational developments. However much one may sympathize with Nancy, one must but realize that she brought her troubles upon herself by marrying a man she did not love instead of the man she did; but this takes nothing from the strength and significance of her story, which opens in Wales, passes over to Egypt where she accompanies her husband whose regiment is quartered there, and ends in England, after she has found a road out of her unhappiness and is married to the man she should have married at first. There are some vivid pictures of life in Cairo and some sketches of religious life in revivalist circles in Wales but the Rev. John Ingleby is not to be accepted as at all fairly representative of the Evangelical clergy. Mr. Sladen has subserviated everything to the forcing home of his problem, and he makes Ingleby too rascally a hypocrite in order to drive it home with a sledge hammer. The story is interesting, it would have been better if in some respects it had been rather more reticent, but it is ably and vigorously done and pretty sure to provoke discussion.

THE KING'S KISS.

An Historical Romance. By LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Miss Stacpoole Kenny introduces us in her latest novel to many famous and exalted personages of the France of the middle seventeenth century.



From *An Injured Queen*
by Lewis Melville, which Messrs
Hutchinson will publish shortly.

THE RT. HON. LADY CHARLOTTE
CAMPBELL—AFTER HOPPNER.

The heroine, Anne Marquise de Saint-Armand, tells the story of the embrace which she was forced to receive from "*le roi soleil*" as the price of a kinsman's life. That kiss cost her the love of her husband for a long time, and many are the trials and humiliations through which she has to pass before she regains it. Two other love stories complicate matters and heighten the reader's interest. Miss Kenny's spirited and romantic story is effectively worked out, and it should have a considerable success.



From *Charlotte Sophie, Countess
Bentinck* (Hutchinson).

LADY MILNES—
AFTER COSWAY

THE LADY OF BEAUTY (AGNES SOREL).

By FRANK HAMEL. With 16 Illustrations. 15s. net.
(Chapman & Hall.)

The "Lady of Beauty" was the nickname, doubly earned, of Agnes Sorel, the beloved of Charles VII. of France, and the first *maitresse en titre* of the French Court. As mistress of the Château of Beauté, which was presented to her by Charles, she was clearly entitled to her nickname, and the illustrations to the present volume permit the reader to gain some idea of the justice of the more obvious translation of the appellation. Historians differ considerably as to the real influence of Agnes upon Charles; they differ even in their interpretations of her character. Miss Hamel, however, has few doubts, and her presentation of her heroine is entirely—and with much justification—rose-coloured. The book, which is written in its author's most attractive manner, introduces the reader to a comparatively little-known period of French history, and it is altogether worthy of the appreciative reception which it will doubtless receive.



Frontispiece from *Mary, Queen of Scots* (The People's
Books) (Jack).

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

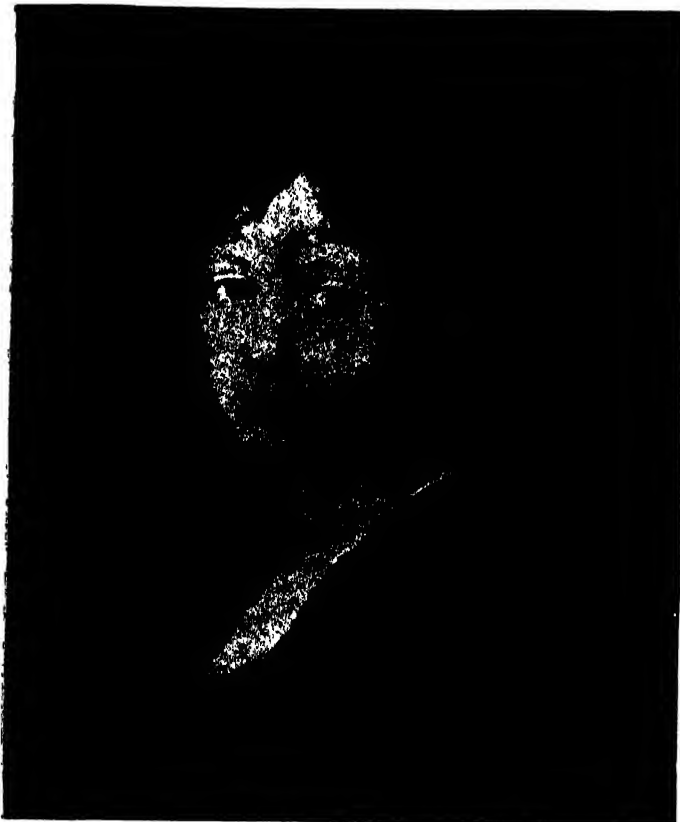
By FRED. E. WEATHERLY. (37, Woburn Square, W.C.)

There is always a welcome for a volume of songs from the pen of this favourite writer. To turn the pages of this latest collection is to be struck constantly by the versatility of the author as regards style and theme, and at the same time by his strong personality as regards the music of his words and the charm of his effects. Here, for instance, we find the now old-fashioned ballad-song of sentiment, the tuneful song of the "Christmas Fairy" who came down to the little sick child; then we pass to a stronger style in "The City Gates," a song of youth and love—as two young men marching in the morning, as pilgrims glad of peace at evening. We are charmed too with the slight ruggedness in the simple song "All That I Have," with its felicitous effect of silver and gold and broideries and song and love. There are humour, pathos, mystery, strength and simplicity in these "Songs"; and they tell of sea, of land, of city, of garden, of love, of life, of death. It is a treasure-trove for composers in search of words.

NAPOLEON AND KING MURAT.

By ALBERT ESPITALIER. Translated from the French by I. Lewis May. With frontispiece and 16 illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This translation of M. Espitalier's biography— "compiled from hitherto unknown and unpublished documents"— will be very acceptable to the student and to the general reader. Murat was a great leader of cavalry; as King of Naples he was contemptible. The notion that Murat was a pioneer of Italian unity, a forerunner of Cavour and Garibaldi, a champion of national independence, has, perhaps, long been exploded. But if the idea still finds supporters, M. Espitalier's work will hardly leave any room for doubt. The vanity of Murat, his restless ambition, and his utter incompetency as a political ruler—in striking contrast this to his conspicuous ability as a soldier— all these things have been told, and here they are tabled with pitiless accuracy. Excuses may be urged for Murat's conduct. Napoleon was setting up kings on all sides, was himself unmistakably an Emperor, and a greater monarch than his crowned



From *Napoleon and King Murat*
(Lane).

PAULINE BONAPARTE.

contemporaries. Why should not Joachim Murat, Marshal of France, be a king not only in name but in reality, since his old commander, General Buonaparte, was so veritably an Emperor? From the first he chafed at his impotency at Naples, and fretted to be a royal personage in the eyes of Europe, fearing the Emperor's displeasure, and yet ever seeking to get rid of his overlordship. Murat's ambitions for a kingdom of Italy toppled him off his throne. Had his loyalty to Napoleon endured, the result might have been different—who can say? Certain it is that Napoleon, after Elba, when Murat's fortunes were crumbled to the dust, would not forgive the defection of his old comrade in arms, and Murat was not at Waterloo. Yet in the exile at St. Helena, Napoleon lived to regret his harshness, "and to ask himself whether, if that incomparable *sabreur* had been at hand to lead them, his cavalry might not have forced the British to give way." Vain speculation! But a throne was no place for Murat. Caroline, his Queen consort—Napoleon's sister—was far abler in State affairs than her husband.



From *Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy* (Lane).

MARGARET OF FRANCE IN 1548.
From a painting by Corneille de Lyon at Versailles (Photo, Giraudon).



From *The Lady of Beauty*
(Chapman & Hall).

THE LADY OF BEAUTY.
(After a portrait by Belliard.)

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1912

FIGHTERS AND MARTYRS FOR THE FREEDOM OF FAITH:

Stories in Stained Glass. By LUKE S. WALMSLEY. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Jas. Clarke.)

The germ of Mr. Walmsley's book has already seen the light in booklet form, but the volume should be none the less successful for that. The original reason for its existence lies in the fact that at Fairhaven, in Lancashire, the beautiful Congregational Church contains, in its coloured windows, a series of portraits of notable Protestants. It is with these personages that Mr. Walmsley's book is concerned, and the illustrations throughout are photographed from the original glass. The book presents a series of biographical studies of John Wycliffe, Savonarola, Martin Luther, William Tyndale, John Knox, Henry Barrowe, John Robinson, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, George Fox, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, John Wesley, William Carey, John Williams, and David Livingstone. The author has carried out his task with much success, and the book may be recommended as in every way accurate and satisfying to the imagination.

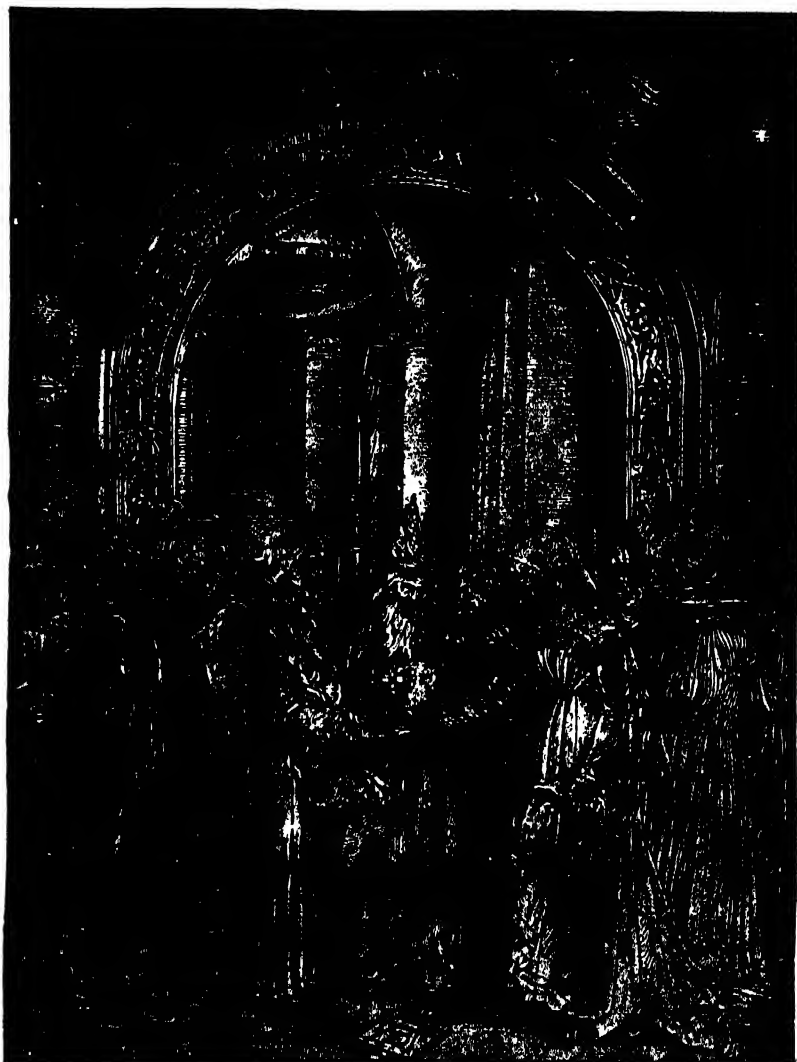
THE PIONEER.

By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The sterling qualities of your genuine bush-bred colonial never had a better exponent than Mr. Bindloss, and in Lisle, the virile hero of "The Pioneer," these qualities are embodied so attractively that they put to shame the refinements of the



From *Fighters and Martyrs for the Freedom of Faith* (Jas. Clarke).



From Dürer - Great Engravers Series
(Heinemann).

THE MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN.
(from the Life of the Virgin)

super-civilised hero of fiction who lounges behind an immaculate shirt-front through a comfortable three-hundred-page life. The wilds of British Columbia--and in this novel you will learn what "the wilds" really mean--make an ideal environment for Lisle's exploits, which for the most part are concerned with his efforts to clear the memory of a dead comrade. Lisle's friend, it seems, acted as guide to two cousins, George and Clarence Gladwyne, on an expedition through the wilds. Disaster overtook the party, their canoe was wrecked in a rapid, and with the canoe vanished practically all their provisions. To make matters worse, George Gladwyne had injured his leg by a fall from a rock. At length it was arranged that Clarence and the guide should proceed separately in search of certain stores which they had buried on the way up, and in the event of these being found, they were to return to George; otherwise, they were to push on in search of help. Eventually Clarence brought back assistance from a hunter's camp, but it was too late, his cousin was dead; and rumour had it that the guide, who subsequently reached a Hudson Bay post, there to die of exhaustion, had actually found the buried stores, but instead of turning back had cravenly pursued his journey, abandoning the crippled man. The story tells how the intrepid Lisle follows the Gladwynes' trail, and the discoveries he makes lead to a clever series of problematical situations involving the honour of Clarence and the happiness of the woman he professes to love. Altogether a fresh, stimulating, wholesome story, and one which should only be banned by parents who do not wish their fledgelings to succumb to the fascinating lure of the wilds.

DÜRER:

Great Engravers Series. 64 pages of Illustrations, with Short Introduction by ARTHUR M. HIND. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The production of the Great Engravers Series has once more laid the art-loving public heavily in the debt of Mr. Heinemann, who has quite clearly spared no expense in the production and equipment of the admirable little volumes that Mr. Hind edits. Engraving is a subject

that has long been neglected by publishers, and there are few books issued at a popular price which are of any use to those interested in the art. On the other hand, the aim of the Great Engravers Series is no less ambitious than to "present the whole history of engraving and etching in illustration." The reading-matter of the volumes is necessarily restricted, but, in Durer at least, Mr. Hind finds it possible to include lists of books of reference and of the engravings of his subject, in addition to a short critical introduction. One of the principal features of the reproductions themselves—which in other respects also seem to us to be excellent in every way—lies in the fact that the paper on which they are printed has a smooth, but not a glazed, surface, by which means the illustration is always entirely visible at whatever angle the light may strike on it. This is a very real and very important advance in the mechanics of the production of art-books.

THE BOYS' FROISSART:

Selected from Lord Berners' Translation of the "Chronicles" By MADALEN EDGAR, M.A. With 16 illustrations by M. MEREDITH WILLIAMS. 5s net (Harrap)

Miss Madalen Edgar's book may stand for a model of its kind. She has been wise enough to retain the original style of Lord Berners' translation of Froissart's "Chronicles" with but slight alteration. Berners' version may not be an entirely accurate translation, but it is certainly one of the most readable and is probably the one to appeal most to the sentiments of the section of the reading public to whom this volume is addressed. And Miss



From Durer—Great Engravers Series (*Heinemann*).

THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL

Edgar has also made an excellent selection of incidents. The old favourites are here—together with a few chapters which may be less familiar to the youthful reader. Well printed, and illustrated by Mr. Meredith Williams, the volume should be noted by all who are on the look-out for an acceptable present for a boy.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.

6d. net each (F. C. & E. C. Jack)

With the first twelve volumes of this new series of educational books, Messrs. Jack make an excellent beginning of a great undertaking—which is to bring the most recent knowledge on all subjects within the reach of the most modest purse. Each book is specially written for this library by a recognised authority, and the distinguishing features of them all are their scholarly reliability, the simple clearness with which they are written, and their pleasant readability. Shakespeare and Dante are dealt with in two of the volumes, by Professor Herford and A. G. Ferris Howell; Women's Suffrage by M. S. Fawcett; The Science of the Stars by E. W. Maunder; Roman Catholicism by H. B. Coxon. The twelve volumes are devoted to history, science, philosophy, botany, sociology, religion and literature; they are well printed, artistically bound, and will make an educationally valuable, as well as an attractive, addition to the shelves of any library. We are nowadays getting used to well-produced works at very low prices, but we know of nothing in this way that excels Messrs. Jack's "People's Books." In our next Number the series will be discussed more at large in an article by Mr. T. E. Page.



From The Boys' Froissart (*Harrap*).

EDWARD III. CROSSING THE SOMME BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY.

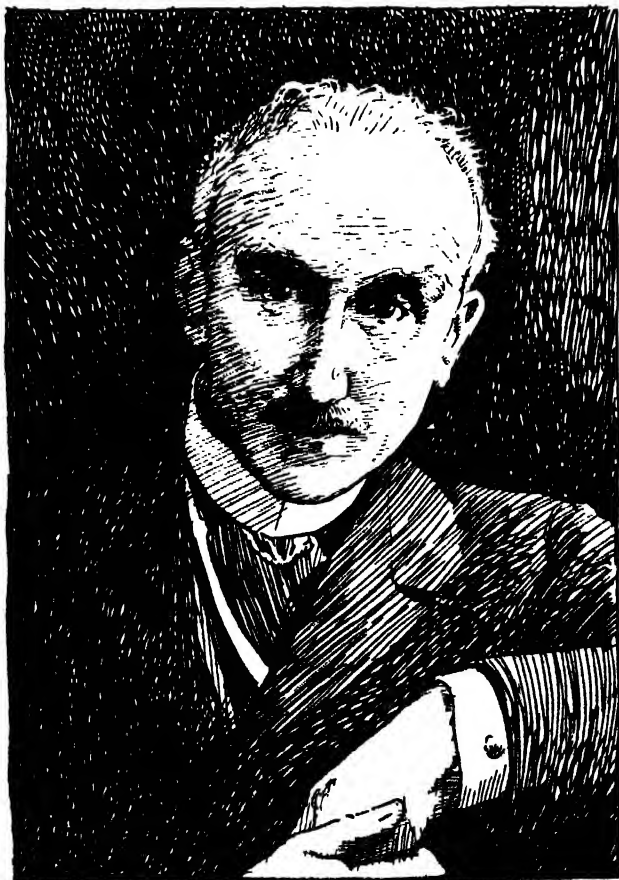


Frontispiece from Shakespeare (The People's Books)
(Jack).

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE:

By NEWMAN HARDING. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Newman Harding has written an excellent, full-blooded romance of the days of the Merrie Monarch, the scenes of which are laid in seventeenth-century America. A notable lord, one of the reckless gallants of Charles II's



Frontispiece from Bergson (The People's Books) (Jack).

Court, is sent out to Massachusetts in 1662 to effect the arrest of two of the regicides who have sought sanctuary there in the little colony of religious refugees. He goes ostensibly on another and more friendly mission, but an incautious companion, the swaggering and quaintly humorous Sir Toby Maynard, lets out his secret when he has been drinking too freely, and it is not long before the two Royalists and their followers find their liberty and their lives menaced by the members of the sturdy Puritan settlement into which his lordship has come to bring so much of disquiet, jealous anger and unhappiness. The interest of the book centres on two beautiful Puritan girls

on one in particular who is to marry a manful Puritan neighbour, but whose loveliness so subdues the inflammable heart of my lord from England that he is presently involved in subtle intrigues and bold schemings that are to end happily for others, but not for him, after he had seemed to have ruined the life of the girl he loved and had won to love him. In the main, it is the story of how this apparently conscienceless cavalier finds his soul and is in the hour of his bitterest defeat wrought to a nobler height than he has ever reached before. It is a strong and chequered love tale intensely alive throughout and unfolded with no little dramatic power. The book has caught the vigorous atmosphere of those early American years, and is memorable alike for its skill in characterisation and the varied interest of its narrative



Frontispiece from Dante (The People's Books) (Jack).

HONESTY:

By M. E. FRANCIS. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Francis Blundell has chosen a novel and queer little house for the heroine of her new book—a house on wheels—a van, with two little rooms inside it, and a large stock of crockery which Honesty and her husband sell as they travel from place to place. Honesty is young and pretty, and Zachary Short her husband, is middle-aged, and they are wonderfully happy together travelling along, until a miserable misunderstanding suddenly estranges them. The plot is developed very skilfully, and each character we meet in the story is sympathetically and realistically drawn, bearing witness to the author's keen insight into human nature. It is a quite uncommonly fine story, full of freshness and power; well worth writing and as well worth reading.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, COUNTESS BENTINCK :

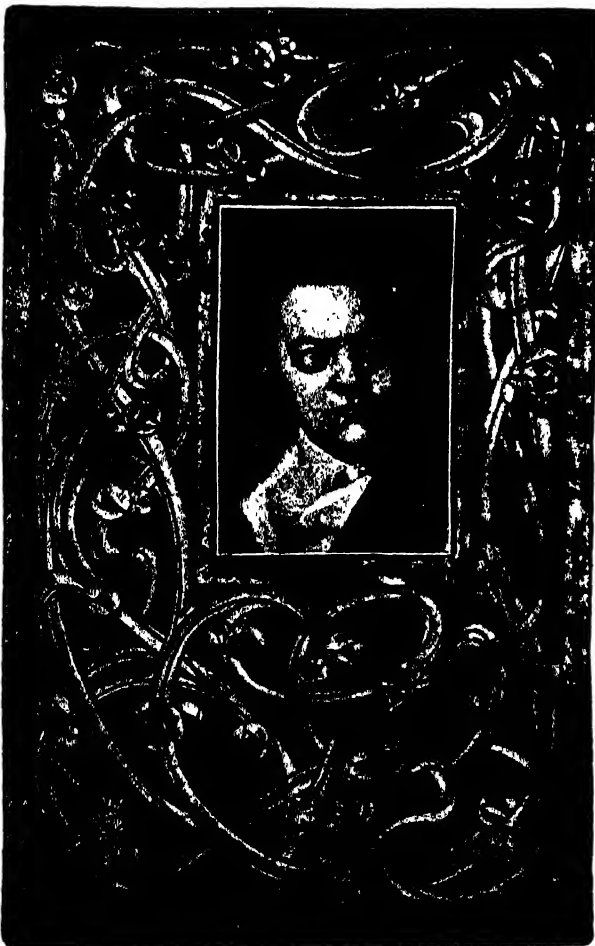
Her Life and Times, 1715-1800. By her descendant, Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND. In 2 Vols. With about 60 Illustrations. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The heroine of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's very readable volumes lived in an extremely interesting period of European history. During her life France passed from Louis XIV. through the age of Voltaire and Rousseau to the Revolution and the beginning of the Napoleonic era. Charlotte Sophie appears to have taken the greatest interest in passing events, and she frequently possessed an inside knowledge of politics. She had, for instance, a King of Sweden as her suitor, and she was friendly with Marie Thérèse and Frederick the Great. But the greater part of the volumes is devoted to the correspondence of this remarkable old lady—an extremely valuable "find" on the part of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. The work is, indeed, of unusual interest and importance.

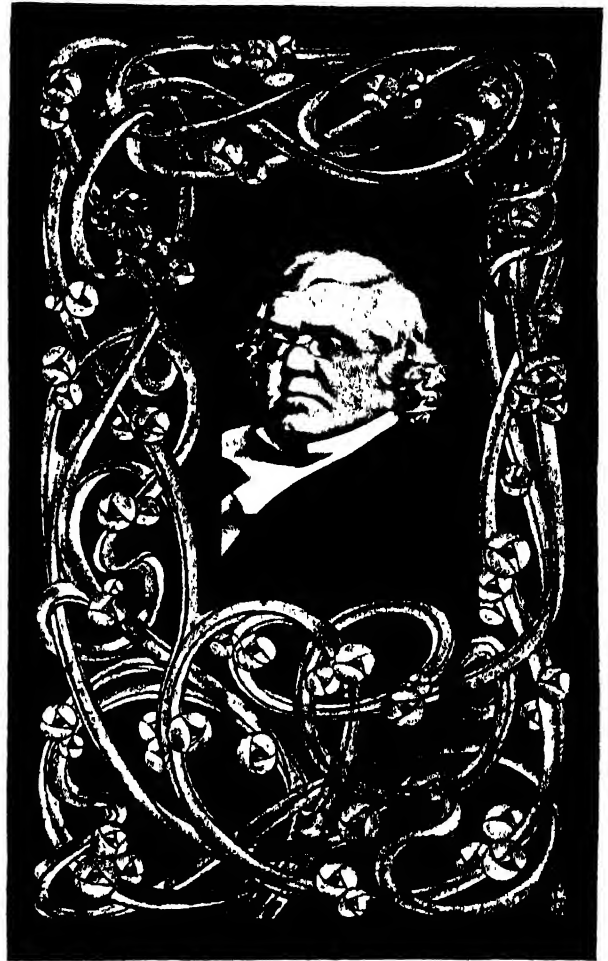
POEMS.

By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)

In addition to his new poems Mr. O'Sullivan includes several from earlier books—including one printed for private circulation in 1909—in this liberal and welcome collection. Of the younger Irish singers he is the one least likely to find his due at first. His appeal is apt to be lost save in restful, brooding, or cloistral hours. He is a poet of gleams, moods, glimpses, often subtle or delicate, though he hints of high passions and even tragedy. Both his wistfulness and his intensity are gracefully ordered and concentrated. There is a more literary air about him than there is about most of his young contemporaries, yet it is the air of one who has been sad and unsatisfied even as he brooded over the masters in the study and the library. It sometimes seems that he ought to have been a tragic dramatist, not a lyricist. Certain of his pieces suggest unknown but individual Gaelic singers of earlier days, though he is not so tense or outspoken as they. His artistry is choice and finished.



Frontispiece from Blake's Poems (Blackie).



Frontispiece from The Book of Snobs (Blackie).

ETAÍN THE BELOVED, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JAMES H. COUSINS. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)

The old Irish story of Étaín is one of a significant few that have found a new life and interest in this generation. At stages they suggest a decided kinship with ancient Oriental lore or intuition on the subject of human progression and destiny. Like others of his contemporaries Mr. Cousins is concerned with the esoteric significance of the tale. His reading and the modifications he has made are matters on which interested students may well have much to say; the question of the faith and vision of the older Celts in Ireland is difficult and complex though fascinating. Mr. Cousins at any rate has turned his conception to really poetical purpose. In this and other poems of the volume it is seen that he is slowly working out a philosophy of the universe, and he chooses old and new Irish themes that suit him and help him in this purpose. In the broad sense the philosophy is theosophic. Sometimes he seems more concerned with theory and thought than with poetry, but he has his spells of vision and ecstasy, and the expression is frequently felicitous. With a number of new writers in Irish and in English Ireland's literary expression becomes varied and arresting. Mr. Cousins promises to be one of the most considerable of those who think and sing.

THE RED LETTER LIBRARY:

Poems. By WILLIAM BLAKE—**The Book of Snobs.** By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With Frontispieces 2s. 6d. net each. (Blackie.)

To Messrs. Blackie's well-known series of reprints, the Red Letter Library, have recently been added the two books mentioned above. It is almost unnecessary for us to speak of the merits of the Red Letter Library, which is concerned less with cheapness (though the books are cheap) than with artistic production and careful editing. Characteristic introductions by Mr. G. K. Chesterton—to "The Book of Snobs"—and Mrs. Meynell—who has also made the selection of the poems in the Blake volume—add to the value of these two re-issues.



From The Print Collector's Handbook, a new and revised edition of which Messrs. Bell will publish shortly.

ARRIVÉE DES LÉGUMES, AMIENS
(From an original etching by Auguste Lepère). 70.

THE GAMBIA,

Its History, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, together with its Geographical, Geological, and Ethnographical Conditions. By HENRY FENWICK REEVE, C.M.G., M.I.C.E., etc. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Reeve writes more in sorrow than in positive anger concerning the British Government's lack of appreciation of the Gambia and its inhabitants, but the author's irritation at our non-progressive ways and his exuberant enthusiasm for the political methods of Dr. Jameson, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes do not add to the value of a work done with thoroughness and care. Mr. Reeve is anxious to arouse our interest in the British Possessions in North-West Africa, and in especial to the important strategical value of a great harbour and waterway in that part of the world. To that end he tells us the full story of the Gambia from the legendary period of pre-Phœnician navigators down to the French Concessions of recent years, and dwells with emphasis on British responsibility to the people of this ancient Colony. The manners and customs of the various races of the Gambia—who rejoice under the names of Jollops and Floops and Mandinges—are described with fidelity, and special chapters are given to the birds, beasts, and fishes, and the geography and geology of the lands where Mungo Park wandered. On Missionary work Mr. Reeve is silent. The author's hatred of the slave trade, his real desire for the welfare of the native races, and his long experience in North-West Africa, entitle him to an attentive public for this book on the Gambia.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

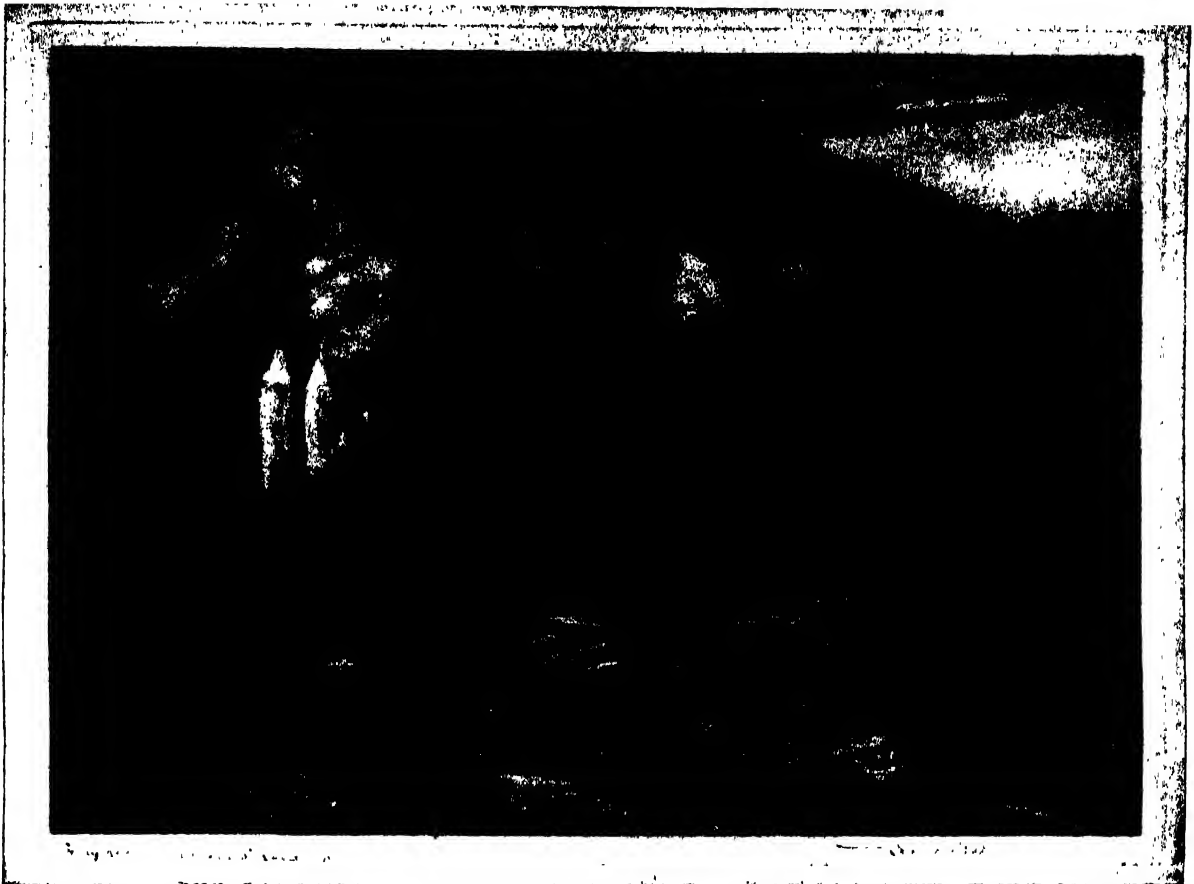
By J. STORER CLOUSTON OS. (Mills & Boon.)

To take a notorious crime, and to "guy" it might seem at the first blush a poor way of writing a farcical story. But Mr. Clouston is far too clever a writer to offend the taste of his readers, and "His First Offence" is a thoroughly enjoyable book. It satirises, incidentally, the growing taste for criminal investigation which is being fostered in respectable folk by the recently increased confidential alliance between the Press and the police for the pursuit of absconding criminals. When Irwin Molyneux and his wife lose their tempestuous cook on the very day chosen for a visit by the Bishop of Bedford, they are forced, in desperation, to tread the uneasy path of deceit. Mrs. Molyneux disappears, and becomes her own cook. The Bishop is over-suspicious, and Mr. Molyneux is an unpractised liar, so the visitor quickly concludes that his host's stumbling explanation of Mrs. Molyneux's strange absence from home conceals a horrible tragedy. When Mr. Molyneux, after an agony of paralysed inventiveness, suddenly flies, leaving behind him an unbelievable statement as to the cause of his departure, the Bishop puts the matter in the hands of the police. From this point onwards, the story is a most ingeniously complicated farce of clues, private detectives, and ridiculous suspicions. Mr. Clouston, who is already an institution in contemporary letters, never lets his invention or his gaiety flag for an instant; and he continues throughout to be genuinely exciting, as well as funny, in his own inimitable fashion.



From The Gambia (Smith, Elder).

GREY RIVER CAMP, JUNCTION WITH GAMBIA;
THE FIRST SAILING VESSEL ON THE GREY RIVER.



From The Print Collector's Handbook (Be

A SLANT OF LIGHT IN POLPERRO HARBOUR
(From a mezzotint by Sir Frank Short, R.A.)

THE HILL OF VISIONS.

By JAMES STEPHENS. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel)

In this the second poetical volume by Mr. Stephens, there are many notes and moods. The longest effort, "A Prelude and a Song," rises from pretty fancy to vision and rapture. In a few lyrics, like "The Fulness of Time," there are bold, fine thoughts. Strong human sympathy and a dramatic power of expression give individuality and life to other pieces. Yet more are somewhat marred by oddity or waywardness. There is a touch of Puck about Mr. Stephens in more than his casual hours. He sees poetry and mystery in seemingly lowly and humble things; he has also flashes of spiritual intuition; but there is a middle stage, one of psychic elation or intoxication, when the results, though poetical in expression, are apt to be somewhat irresponsible. But even at his oddest he is individual. He is one of the surprises of the newer Ireland; able to pipe and dance and sing on slight provocation almost anywhere between slumland and elfland.

MR. WYCHERLY'S WARDS.

By L. ALLEN HARKER. 6s. (Murray.)

It is seldom that the reviewer has so pleasant a task as in reading one of Mrs. Harker's books, and yet there are

few books which it is so difficult to review. For Mrs. Harker's books are not easily labelled. There is nothing in them sensational or audacious, and no plot solid enough to stand analysis or summary. She has individuality, that illusive and impalpable quality which defies analysis and explanation. In a sense Mrs. Harker may be said to represent the persistence of the Cranford tradition. Her work has the same narrow limitations and the same sympathy and power of giving life and vividness to characters essentially familiar and commonplace. Her humour is less sure, and her command of pathos is not to be compared with Mrs. Gaskell's. But the outlook is much the same, and Mrs. Harker shares with Mrs. Gaskell a weakness for "mothering" her characters. It is all very delicate, tender and charming; and when that is said, there is little more to say. Mrs. Harker's stories ought not to be reviewed, they ought to be read and read again by all who love true and daintily finished stories of real children. "Mr. Wycherly's Wards" begins after the death of Miss Esperance with the removal of the delightful and helplessly impractical old scholar and his two young nephews to Oxford. Here, after failing miserably to grapple with an incompetent and voracious charwoman, Mr. Wycherly is rescued by the wife of Oxford's youngest don, and entrusted to the care of an ideal housekeeper. This is how Jane Anne comes into the story, for Jane Anne, whose other name



From The Gambia (Smith, Elder).

THE RIVER AT KOSSEMA.



From Ruins of Desert Cathay (Macmillan).

TIRICH-MIR PEAK, SEEN FROM BELOW CHITRAL AGENCY.

was Allegra, was the housekeeper's niece. Her mother had been an English maid and her father a brilliant but erratic Greek journalist, and the little orphan girl soon became the central figure in Mr. Wycherly's life, and consequently in Mrs. Harker's book. Jane Anne is entirely delightful and diverting, and the development of her character and the incidents of her girlhood make up the greater portion of the story. She is a fascinating figure, a creation of pure delight, and in saying goodbye to her on the last page we feel a genuine sense of loss. We can only hope that Mrs. Harker will fill the blank with another book about her subsequent adventures. Jane Anne is too enchanting to lose

RUINS OF DESERT CATHAY:

Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China. By MR. AUREL STEIN. In 2 vols. With 9 Coloured Plates, 6 Panoramas, 3 Maps, and 334 Illustrations from Photographs. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

The sumptuous and magnificent production of the two volumes embodying Mr. Aurel Stein's personal record of his travels in the unknown countries of Central Asia does no more than justice to the importance and vital interest of their contents. In the course of a brief note it is almost impossible even to hint at the wonderful store of good reading that "Ruins of Desert Cathay" affords.

Mr. Stein's long journey, partially in the footsteps of Marco Polo, was made under the auspices of the Indian Archaeological Survey, and extended over a period of more than two years and a half, and it has been abundantly justified by its remarkable scientific results: "Our topographical surveys, now in course of detailed publication by the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, on the scale of four miles to the inch, fill ninety-four map sheets of the standard size . . . and the mere unpacking and first arrangement of the thousands of archaeological objects in basement rooms of the British Museum, which were made available for what seemed like a temporary immurement, took close on six months. The decipherment and publication of the manuscripts and documents, probably over 14,000 in number and in about a dozen scripts and languages, are bound for a long number of years to claim the learned labours of quite a staff of Orientalist savants." It is no exaggeration to say that probably this is one of the most important books of its kind that has ever been published.



From Ruins of Desert Cathay (Macmillan).

TESTING RAFT OF INFLATED SKINS ON A TANK OF NAR-BAGH.



From *The British West Indies* (Pitman)

SHIPPING BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Their History, Resources, and Progress. By ALGERNON E. ASPINALL. 7s 6d net. (Pitman & Sons.)

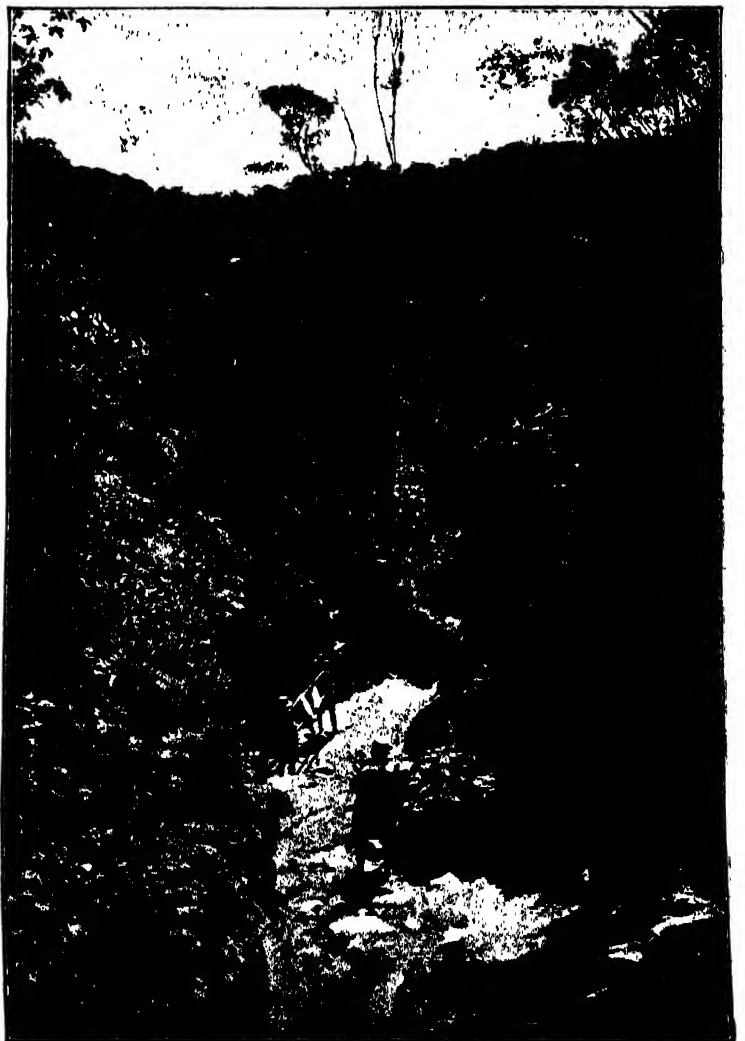
This book, the latest volume in the "All Red" Series, justifies its title. Mr. Aspinall tells all that the general reader need know concerning the past and present of the West Indies, and reminds us of the foundations of these colonies laid by the great seamen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—freebooters and pirates all, in modern judgment, of "the abolition of slavery—which was the first of a series of crushing blows that the West Indian proprietors were compelled to face," and of the present prosperity of the colonists. There are chapters on the Flora and Fauna of the islands, on the industries, on the civil and religious liberty enjoyed; on education, on the West Indian Press; and on railways, steamers, banking, telegraphs and business in general. Mr. Aspinall has taken considerable pains to show the cost of living—"it is possible to live in comparative comfort in the country districts of the West Indies for £100 per annum"—to describe the pleasures and amusements of the inhabitants, and to deal with the opportunities of a new-comer.

WANDERINGS IN MEXICO.

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say banal, manner. You might just as well be solemn in describing Sancho Panza. It is curious how one can miss so fine a chance, and good Don Prospero himself would much deplore it. This book has the advantage that it does not adulate Porfirio Diaz everywhere; there is a quantity of other interesting matter and the unpretentiousness of it all is in its favour.



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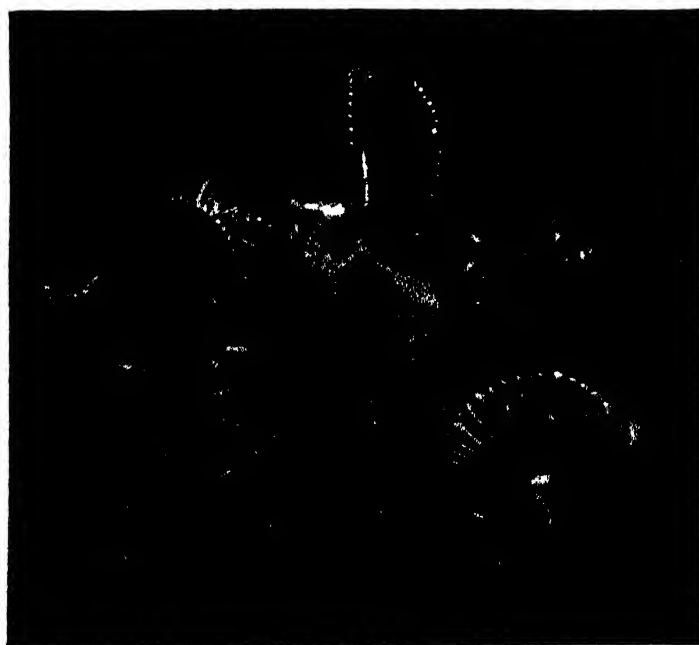
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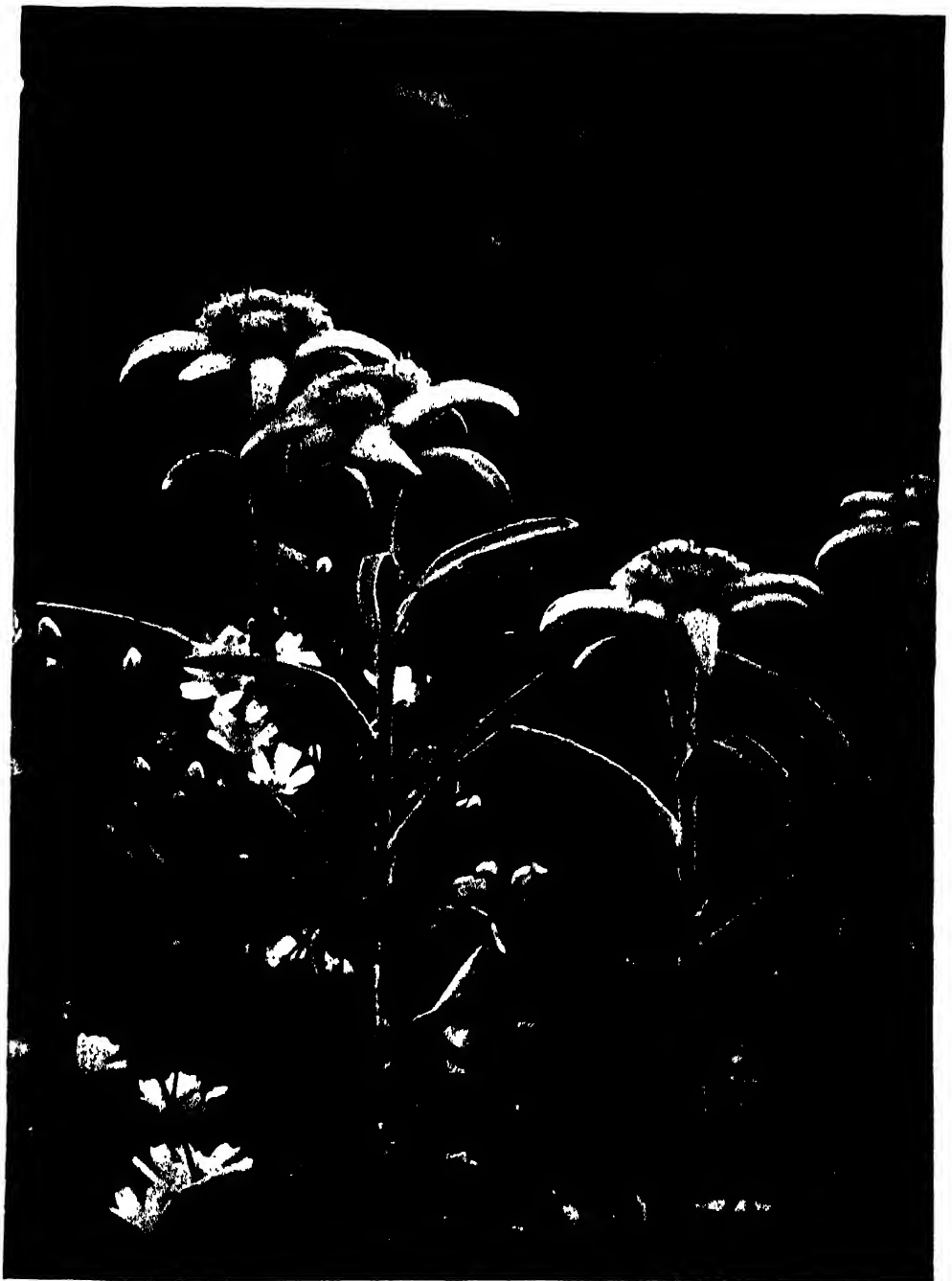
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(Photo by G. R. Lallanc.)

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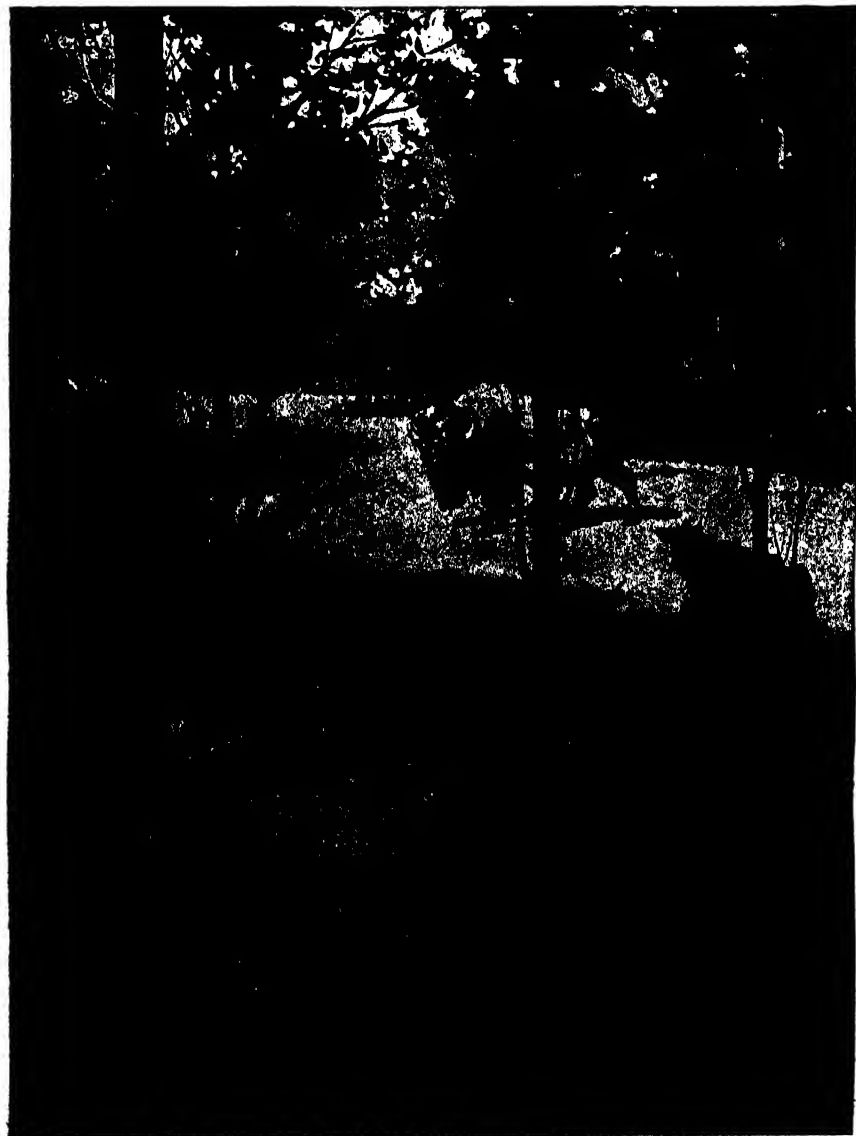
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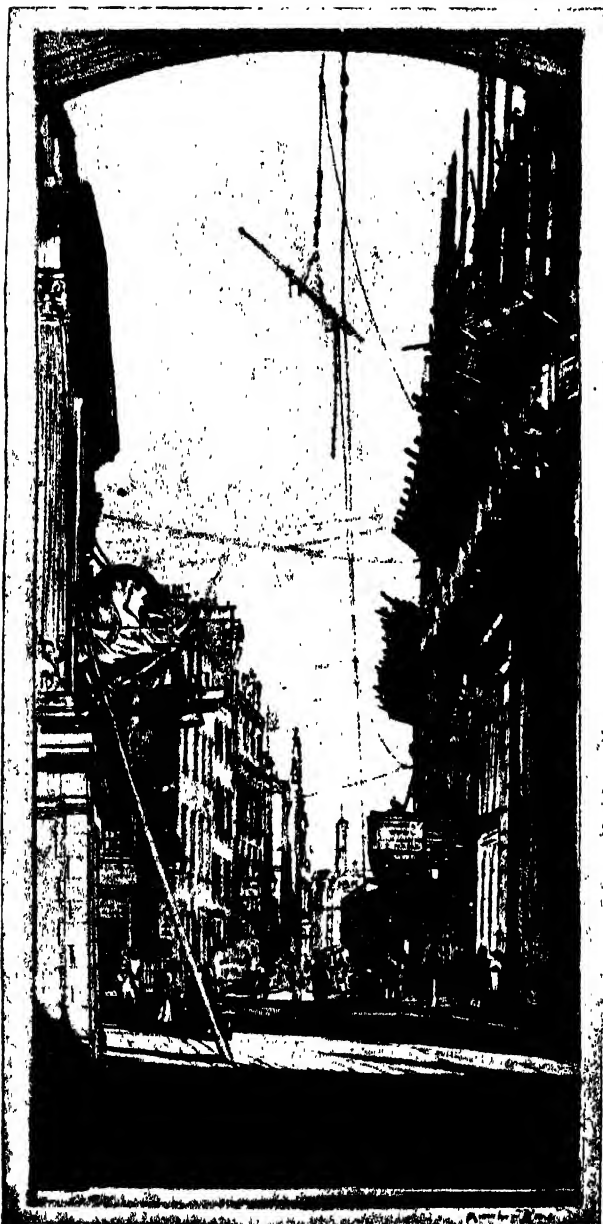
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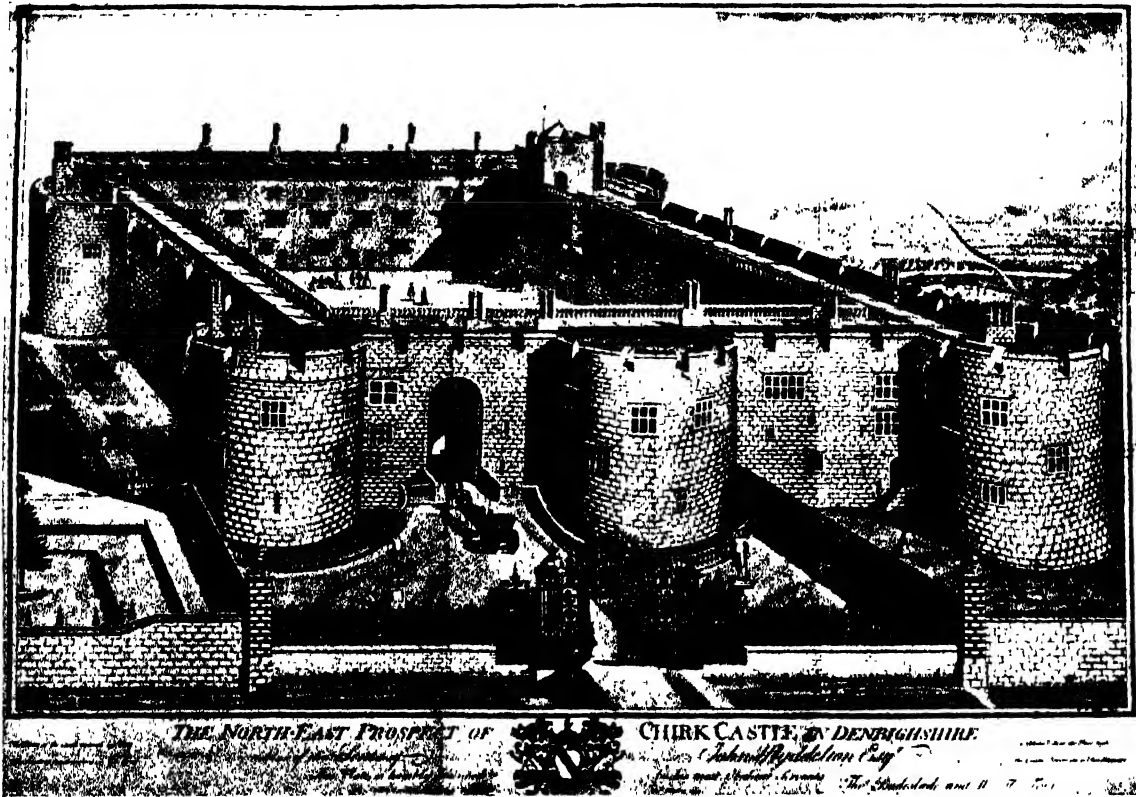
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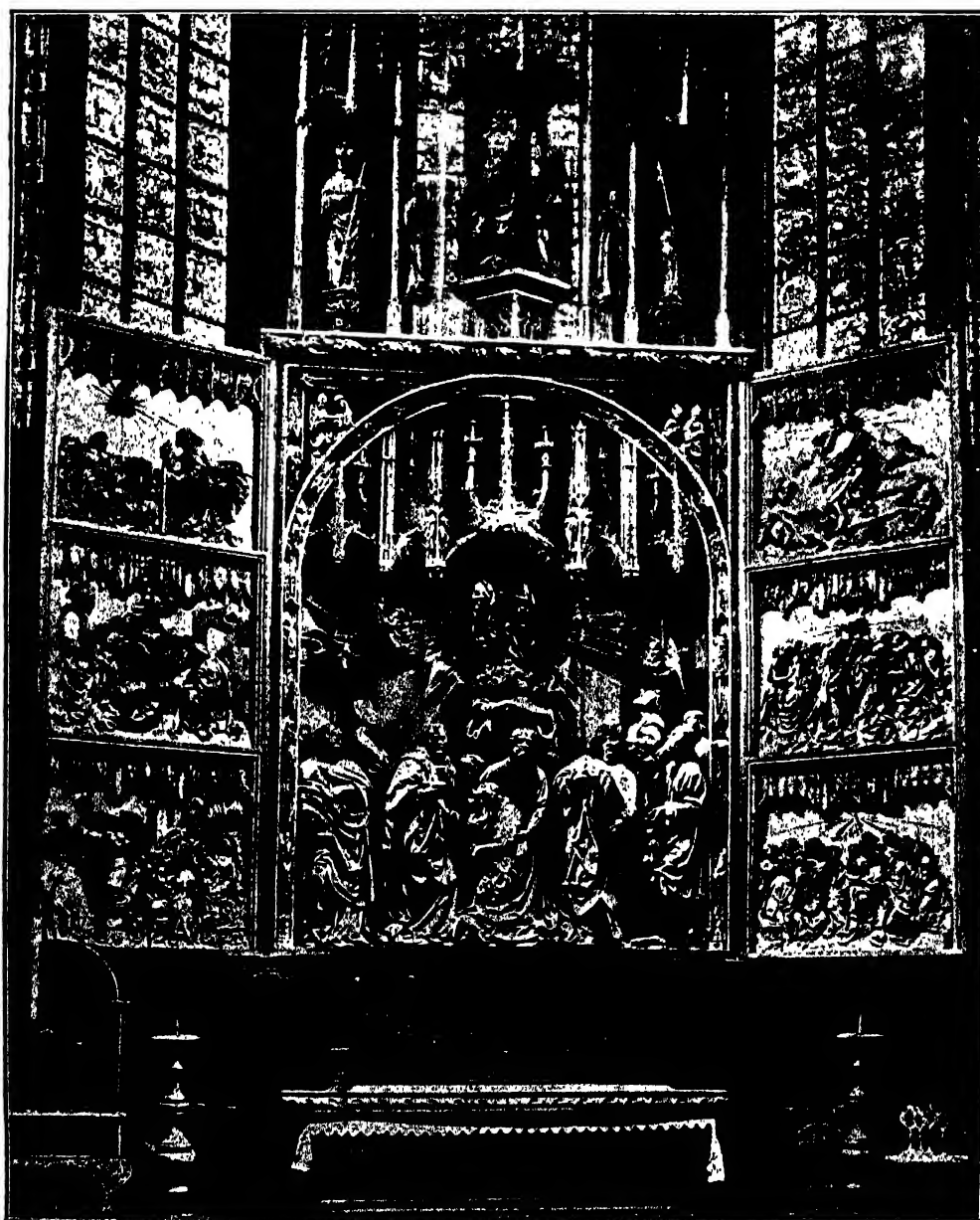
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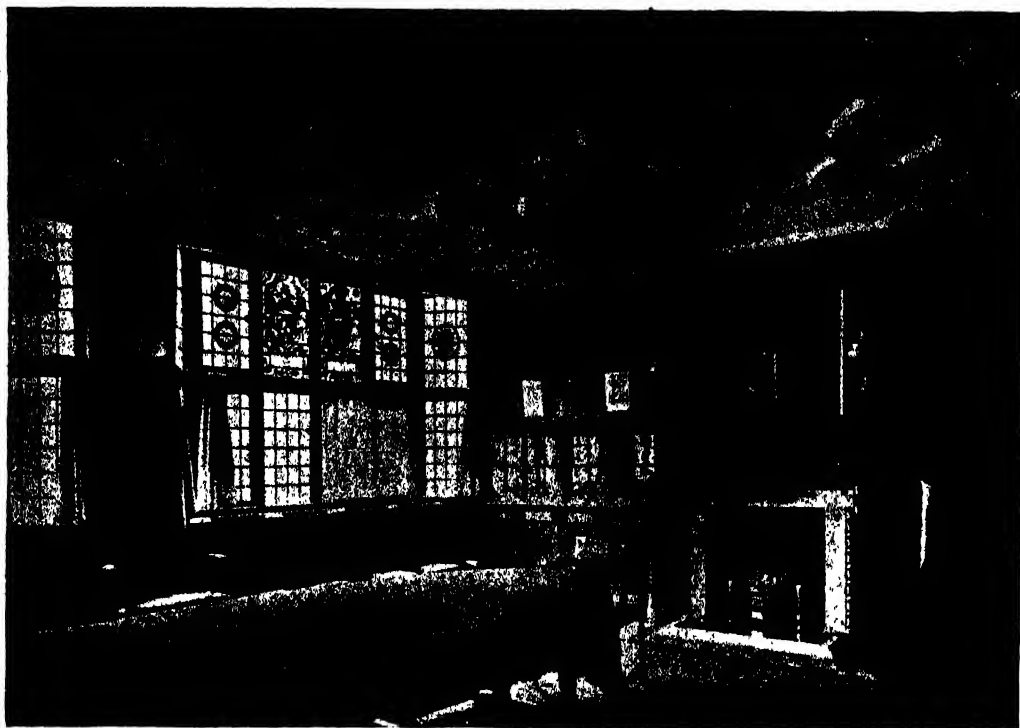
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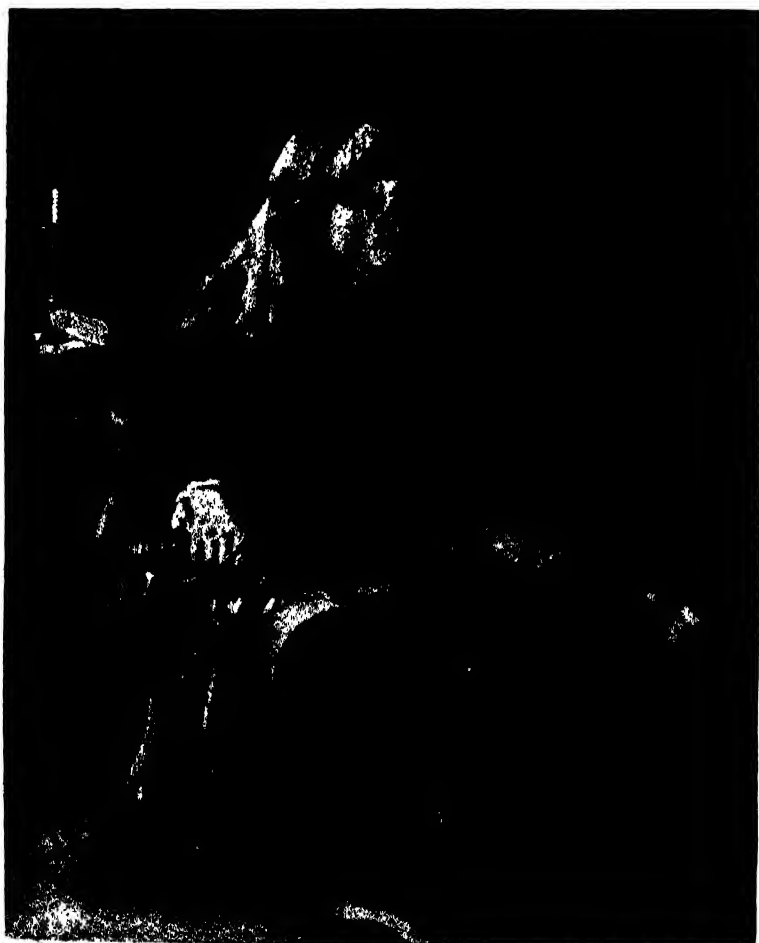
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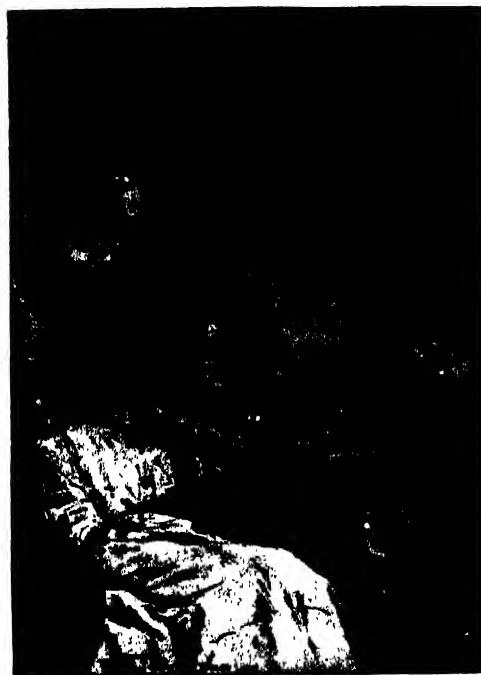
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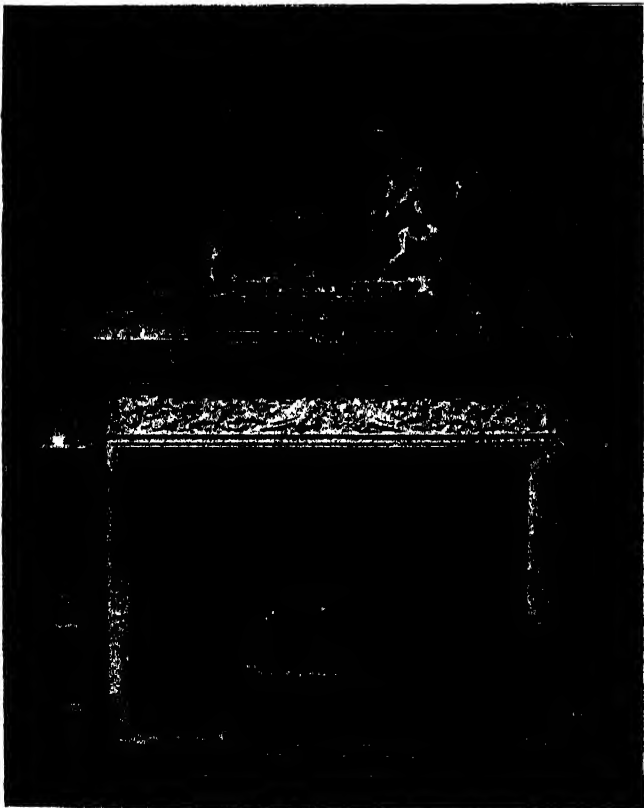
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By JOSEPH H. LONGFORD. 6s. net. Illustrated. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Mr. Longford, late H.M. Consul at Nagasaki, and now Professor of Japanese at King's College, London, has given us in these three hundred pages a book that makes for liberal enlightenment. It represents the experience and the study of many years, and at every stage reveals the hand and mind of one who is master of his subject, one whose presentation is characterised by both sympathy and discrimination. Most people know in a

general way that the modern evolution of Japan is an amazing romance, but with all that has been said and written on this fascinating theme popular knowledge thereof remains vague or incorrect in a number of essentials. The heart and secret of the Island Empire are very far from being understood in the West even yet. Thus, of the intimate home lives of the Japanese, Mr Longford himself admits that we know no more now than we did forty years ago. But his book undoubtedly enables us to see well inward into Japan. We have, first of all, a detailed study of the country and people, followed by an expressive historical sketch, with chapters on the Imperial family, the nobility, and the samurai; then an exceedingly interesting account of the Japanese women and their evolution, pages on social institutions, language and literature, poetry and drama, Press, law, police and prisons, navy and army, transit, industry, trade, and other importances. The developments often read like romance. Much in the story is of special and peculiar interest to the English reader. It is good to possess a work that so capably treats a great subject, and so agreeably widens ways of knowledge.



From *Japan of the Japanese*
(Pitman).

ENTRANCE TO SHINTO SHRINE
NEAR YOKOHAMA.



From *My Adventures among South Sea Cannibals* (Seeley),
reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for March, 1912.

AMBRYN IDOLS.

THROUGH TIMBUCTU AND ACROSS THE GREAT SAHARA.

By CAPTAIN A. H. W. HEYWOOD. 16s. net. (Seeley,
Service & Co., Ltd.)

This is an account of a journey which the author made

from Sierra Leone to the source of the Niger, whence he followed the course of that river to Goa and finally penetrated across the Sahara to Algiers. His purpose was to ascertain how far it would be possible and feasible to run a railway across the desert, and he comes to the conclusion that such a line, even if almost insurmountable difficulties did not stand in the way of its construction, could serve very little purpose. Into his travels of 3,758 miles, however, he managed to pack much keen and sensitive observation, and much good sport with big game; and this record of his experiences, glowing with the memory of dangers faced and difficulties overcome, should find a ready welcome wherever the spirit of the true British sportsman is appreciated. To the general reader the most interesting chapters will be those in which the author describes his seventy-five days in the Sahara itself.

THE WAVERLEY DICKENS.

The Posthumous Papers of The Pickwick Club. By CHARLES DICKENS, with Introduction by ANDREW LANG, D.Litt., and 3 Illustrations in Colour by FRED BARNARD, and 8 by CHARLES PEARS.—*THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST*, by CHARLES DICKENS, with Introduction by A. C. BENSON, C.V.O., M.A., etc., and Frontispiece in Colour by FRED BARNARD, and 4 Illustrations by CHARLES PEARS.—Complete in 30 Vols. Instalment price, 75s. (Waverley Book Company.)

The Waverley Dickens, of which the first three volumes have been sent to us, gives every promise of being an edition in every way worthy of the genius of the great writer. The principal features of the edition—the introductions by distinguished modern novelists and critics, the colour reproductions of Fred Barnard's illustrations, and the 120 new character studies by Charles Pears—have already been announced in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, and there remains little for us to say. But now that we have seen them we have no doubt whatever that the volumes will be a lasting joy to every book-lover. They are of convenient size, light to the hand, and printed in a manner which we have never seen equalled in books of the price. Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, the general editor of the series, and Mr. Charles Home MacCall, its designer, may be warmly congratulated on so happy a result of their labours



From *Through Timbuctu and Across
the Great Sahara* (Seeley).

THE SPRING OF EL
QUETTARA.

THE TAILED HEADHUNTERS OF NIGERIA.

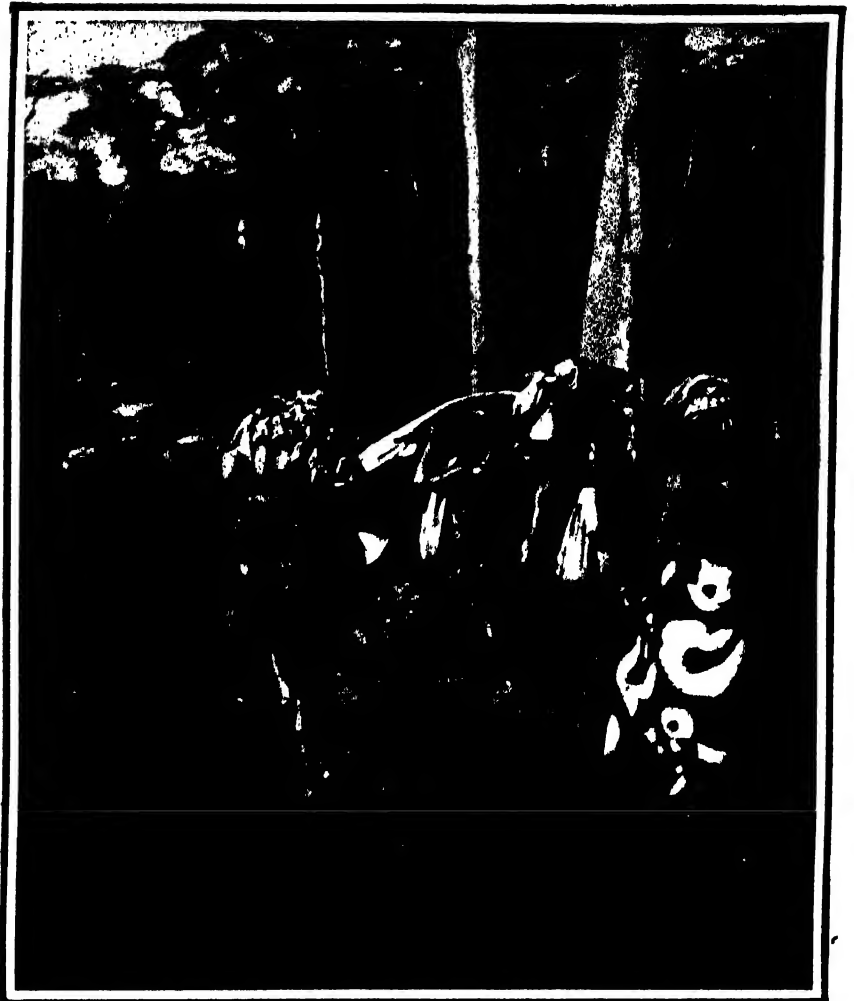
By A. J. N. TREMEARNE. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.)

The author tells us that he had always wanted to go to West Africa; and when, in 1900, he was offered a commission as a Special Service officer in the Ashanti Expedition, he eagerly seized the opportunity of visiting that fascinating country. And, although upon this occasion his sojourn was but a short one, the call of the coast was too strong for him, and he very quickly returned to it, this time making his way to Northern Nigeria. Since then he has served in different parts of Western Africa not only as a military and a police officer, but also in political and judicial capacities, and he may, therefore, justifiably claim a more perfect knowledge of his subject than most of his fellow travellers. The result is a portly, well-equipped and freely-illustrated volume, full of valuable and fresh information concerning the habits and customs of the native tribes, who, it would appear, are not nearly so black as they are painted. The book is indispensable to students of anthropology; but Major Tremearne's picturesque and human style should assure it, also, a place upon the shelf of the general reader with a taste for fireside travels.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING.

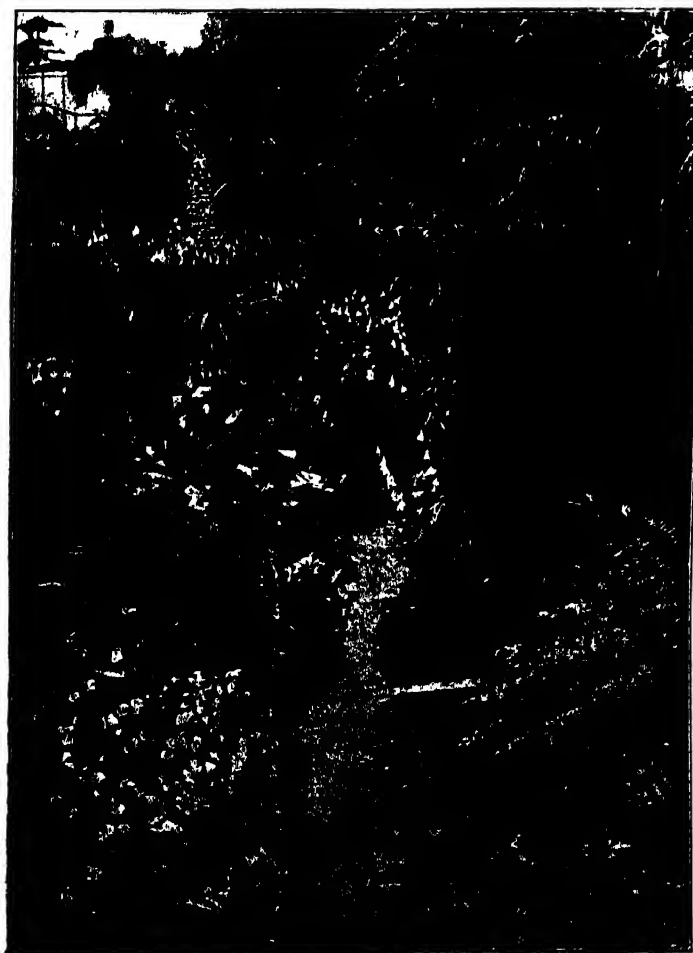
By HALDANE MACFALL. Vol. 8 7s 6d. net (Jack)

In our article on Mr. Morrison's monumental "Painters of Japan," to be found in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN,



From *The Tailed Headhunters of Nigeria.*
(Seeley).

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD
TO KUMASI.



Frontispiece from *Rock Gardens* (Williams & Norgate)
(of which a new edition will be issued shortly).

the hope was expressed that some day Art will come to be with us, what it has for centuries been to the Japanese, a permeating and essential influence in our everyday lives. There are many signs that point to the accomplishment of this pious desire, and not the least amongst them is the welcome that has been accorded to Mr. Haldane Macfall's "History of Painting," with two hundred plates in colour, of which we have now received the eighth and last volume, and over which the writer of this note has spent more hours than he cares to admit. Dealing with "The Modern Genius," from Crome and Turner to the post-impressionism of Cezanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, Mr. Macfall again impresses us by the healthy eclecticism and broad sympathy of his outlook. Soldier first, artist and novelist next, and man of the world always, he is no mere art critic using the shibboleths and catch-phrases of a cult. There is no nonsense about him. He is the sane, highly-trained, judicial-minded onlooker offering himself as guide, and if we reject his offer so much the worse for us. And, whilst we are on this subject, we may mention a rather amusing slip which has been made by a contemporary anent the dedication of this last volume of Mr. Macfall's "History." The writer, "Bernard Lintot," accuses him of snobbishness for paying this tribute to a mere duchess, to wit, Her Grace of Rutland, praising him in the same breath for dedicating another volume to that great artist, Yvette Guilbert. Of the former Mr. "Lintot" speaks as one "whose connection with art is as debatable as her connection with society is certain." Is it conceivable that any contemporary art-critic, even if he does hail from "No. 1, Grub Street," should be unaware of the fact that the Duchess of Rutland was once the Marchioness of Granby, and that, in that incarnation, she was recognised as a portrait-painter of outstanding merit? We may live in a democratic age, but surely that is no reason why duchesses should not have their due as well as singers of French ballads.



From *The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk, 1480-1905* (Lane).

WORTHAM MANOR (BY KIND PERMISSION OF PAUL B. FEARON, ESQ.).

THE BETTS OF WORTHAM IN SUFFOLK, 1480-1905.

By KATHARINE FRANCES DOUGHTY With 25 Illustrations
12s. 6d. net (Lane)

This story of an ancient and now, unhappily, extinct country family may not appear, at first blush, particularly attractive to the general reader. The Betts, as a family, never came into any great prominence; they were worthy, hard working people with a considerable sense of their duty towards their country, but they were hardly distinguished. But it is such books as Miss Doughty's which supply much of the real stuff of history. The author's transcriptions of the charters and correspondence of the family afford many details of the highest interest to those who may wish to reconstruct the position and daily surroundings of a household of the "landed gentry" during more than four centuries. Not the least interesting portion of the book consists of the numerous farming accounts and household wages. On May 20th, 1656, for instance, we find that 4s. was the sum paid for 1 lb. of butter, and 5s. for half a load of straw, while "on March 25th, 1664, servants' wages are entered:

£ s. d.
" Joseph his half
years wages . . . 2 10 0
Katherin Smith her
wages . . . 1 0 0."

" Another man Sam received
£1 15s. The men's wages were
considerably more than double
the wage paid half a century
before . . . and the yearly wage
of women servants has risen pro-
portionably."

**THE HOUSE OF
WINDOWS.**

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.
6s. (Cassell & Co.).

Here we have a Canadian heroine and a Canadian environment, though the latter is somewhat shadowy. There are happenings of a kind no longer possible, apparently, in the fiction of the *blasé* Mother Country. There is a good run of sensations, beginning with the kidnapping of the infant daughter of a rich employer. The path of revenge,

the course, or rather courses, of true love, the complications, the ordeals, and the happy ending are all of a kind which serious home novelists have been afraid to think of in our somewhat cynical generation. Certain episodes would be too "tall" even for the United States. It is something to find the Canadian spirit so fresh and bold, it would be curious if the overseas dominions were to start forth and give us the old orders and sensations anew, many in Old England, whatever the critics think, must have more than a sneaking regard for them

still. It must be added that "The House of Windows" holds human and likeable folk, as well as sensation, indeed, there is a spirit about it which interests and compels our attention.

AMONG THE MALAGASY:

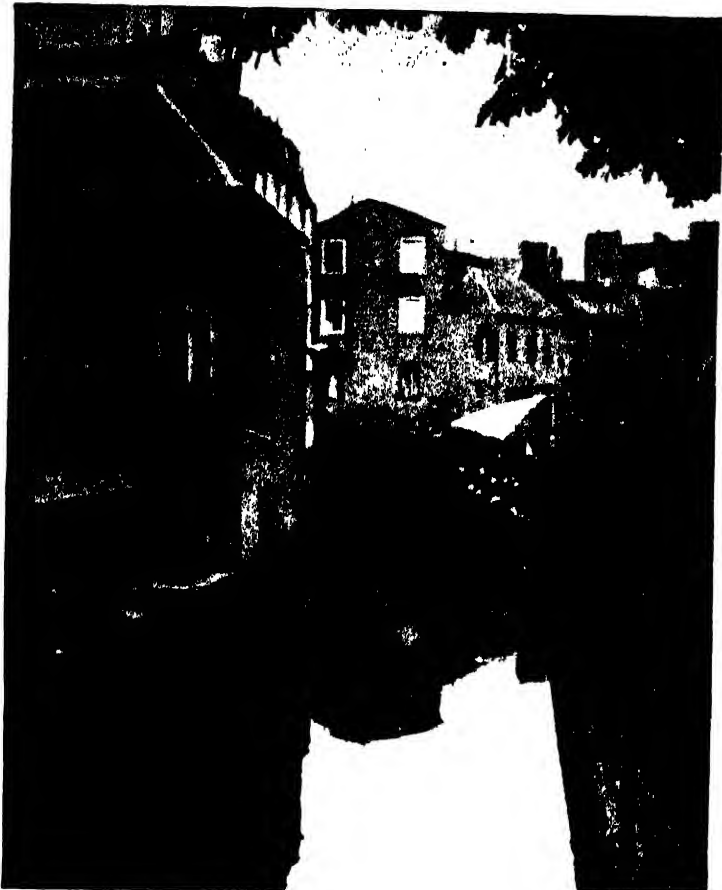
An Unconventional Record of Missionary Experience. By J. A. HOULDER. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Jas. Clarke)

Mr. Houlder says of his very attractive volume that it is "mainly a record of missionary life and experience in the 'Great African Island' (Madagascar) when the land was ruled by Rāmilaiarivōny, its all-powerful Prime Minister, with occasional references to a few of the more public events which took place during that period." Its "unconventionality" lies probably in the fact that it is one of the most readable books, whether of travel or of missionary experience, that we have come across for a long time. Not only has the author a number of interesting experiences and more or less unpleasant adventures, but he was



From *The Romance of Nice* (Duckworth).

RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT CIMIEZ.



From *Off the Beaten Track in Brittany*, by Emil Davies, to be published shortly by Messrs. Stephen Swift

quartered in Madagascar during the period previous to the French occupation of the island, and is therefore in a position to tell of an interesting period in its history. His observation of the native character is keen and humorous, the writing is good, and, in a word, it is a book that you should read whether or not you are interested in missions.

A WINTER HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL.

By CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul.)

Captain Granville Baker writes lightly and pleasantly as if in good humour with himself and Portugal. He saw a good deal that was charming, not a little that was quaint, and a certain mixture of mediævalism and modernity. He has himself illustrated as well as described what he thought characteristic and expressive. Incidentally he presses Camoens and his poetry into service. He makes Lisbon and other haunts realistic to the general reader, while he essays to do justice to the river scenery and mountain magic of Portugal. Politically the book is up-to-date, but many will be more attracted by the scenic and social revelation, including the appeal of the country as a winter resort. We are left with the sense that here is a place of old-world picturesqueness and romance, which has been unduly neglected by the heart and imagination of outer folk in these latter years.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

And other Tales from the Arabian Nights. With 8 coloured and 8 black and white illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Messrs. Blackie's "Stories Old and New" series is—or, at any rate, ought to be—by now so well known that it is almost unnecessary for us to do more than mention the name of a recent addition to the library. "Ali Baba," companioned by "The Magic Horse, and Abou Hassan or The Sleeper Awakened," makes a particularly charming volume, and lends itself well to illustrations, particularly when coloured. The present is not, we are aware, supposed to be a time when children welcome books

as presents, but we hope that it is unnecessary to apologise for this brief note on a very pretty little volume.

THE NIGHT OF FIRES AND OTHER BRETON STUDIES.

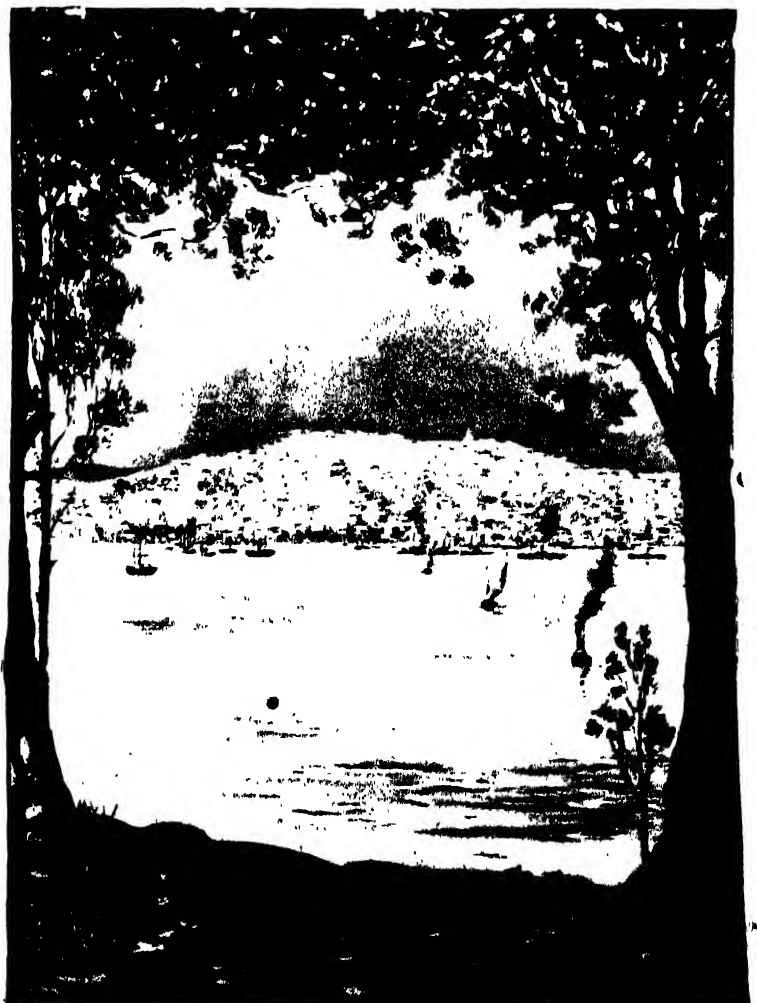
By ANATOLE LE BRAZ. Put into English by Frances M. Gostling. With 24 illustrations from photographs by W. A. and F. M. Gostling. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The spell of Brittany is felt in England almost as keenly as in France, and for that reason Mrs. Gostling's excellent rendering of Anatole le Braz' "Night of Fires" should be assured of its reception. The author himself a Breton understands the character of his countrymen as no outsider can possibly hope ever to do, and in this volume we are presented with five studies or stories descriptive for the most part of the life and strange customs of the inhabitants of the more secluded parts of Brittany, and above all giving an insight into their religious beliefs—a curious blending of Christianity and Paganism. The first study, which gives the title to the book, is possibly the one which will make the widest appeal, but all the sketches were more than worthy of translation into English, and we have no doubt but that the public will be left asking for more.

EUGENE DELACROIX.

By DOROTHY BUSSY. With 26 illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

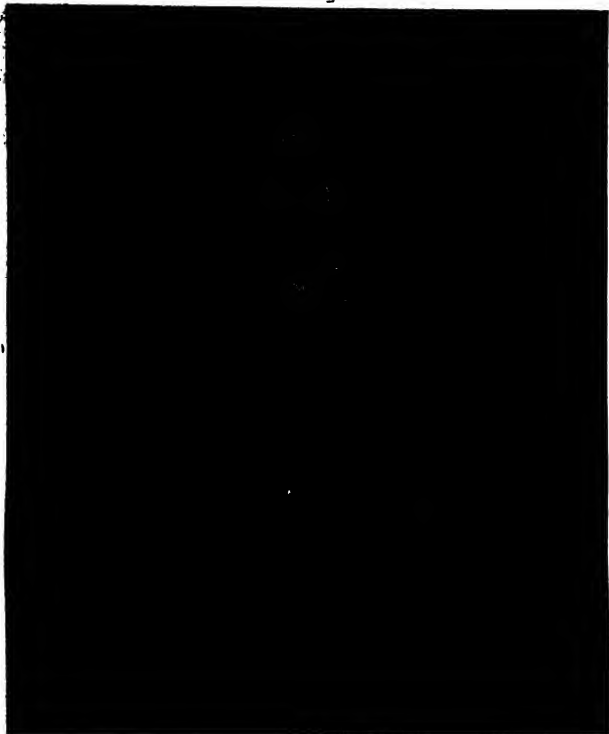
Mrs. Bussy's excellent study of the art and life of Delacroix, originally published in 1907, is about to enter upon what we hope will be a new lease of life in a cheaper form. Since the original publication of the book, a little more attention has been turned in this country to the work of the great French master, but he has not yet received his deserts. Indeed, for the general public, his art is still, like his tomb in Père La Chaise, "on the heights, in a place a little apart." The new edition will be fully illustrated.



From *A Winter Holiday in Portugal* (Stanley Paul).

LISBON SEEN FROM ALFREITE.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1912



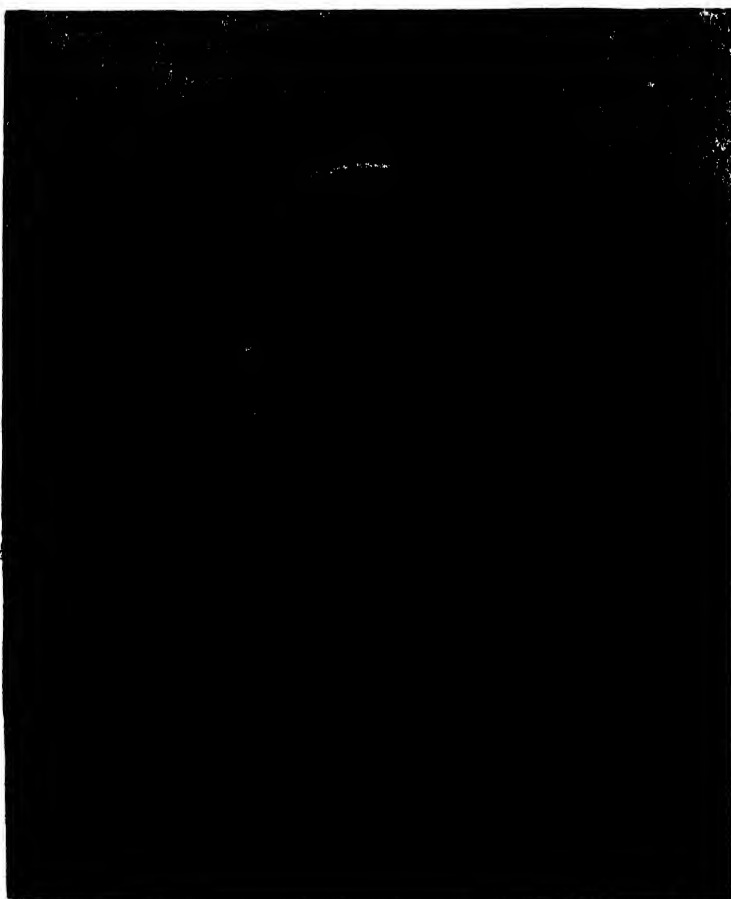
From War Pictures from
Clarendon. (Frowde).

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.
(From the portrait in the
Bodleian Library.)

WAR PICTURES FROM CLARENDON.

Edited and arranged by ROBERT JAMESON MACKENZIE, M.A.
2s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press)

Mr. Mackenzie desires to bring back Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion and Civil War in England to its due place in the current literature of the country. Clarendon's long and stately tomes, his leisurely style, and the crush of modern interests have rather relegated him to the sombre and dusty immortality of the bookshelf. He is too



From A Poet's Children: Hartley
and Sara Coleridge, by Eleanor
A. Towle,
which Messrs. Methuen announce for
publication.

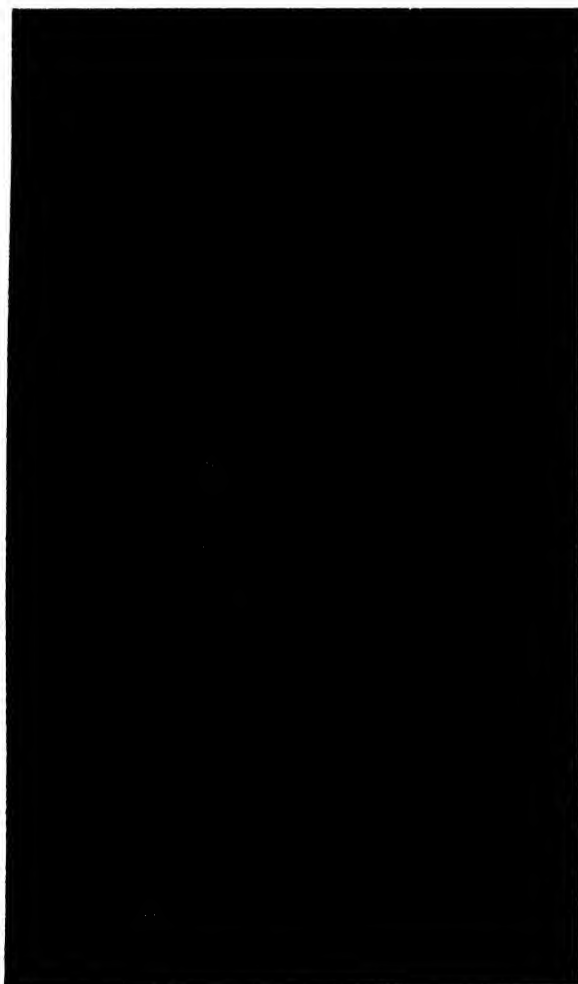
SARA COLERIDGE.
(From the drawing by George Richmond.)

epic as a whole for a crowded and pre-occupied period. Even the present more modest and proportioned volume is imposing in comparison with the average claimants for the favours of new seasons. It is an expressive offering, and ought to make Clarendon acceptable and vivid again to the general reader and to students. Apart from the tale of fields and frays the selection contains grave and thoughtful studies, one of the most interesting of which is the section devoted to Falkland.

MOROCCO AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS:

A description of the Country, its Laws and Customs, and the European Situation. By DR. ROBERT KERR. With 46 Illustrations and 2 Maps. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray & Evenden.)

Morocco is perpetually before the public eye, and any book which tends to increase our knowledge of a country practically unknown to the European and much misunderstood by him the only remaining independent state in the north of Africa—should be assured of its welcome. Dr. Kerr has lived in the country for no less than twenty-five years, and he therefore speaks with authority. His book is designed throughout upon practical and utilitarian



From The Life of George
Borrow (Murray).

GEORGE BORROW, 1821
(From a hitherto unpublished painting
by John Borrow, now in the possession
of W. F. T. Jarrald, Esq.)

lines. The author does not, perhaps, seek to charm by any particular graces of style, but there is no reason why he should be neglected on that account. His volume affords a comprehensive and exhaustive sketch of the history, trade, and inhabitants of Morocco, while particular attention has been bestowed upon the Christian missions in that country, the diplomatic and consular service (which, so far at least as this country is concerned, stands in obvious need of reform) and the present political situation. There are many excellent illustrations, and finally it may be noted that "the whole proceeds derived from the sale of the book will be devoted to the building of a hospital for Morocco's sick and suffering, who need our help and who claim our sympathy."

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD ANSON.

By WALTER VERNON ANSON, Captain R. N. Illustrated
7s. 6d. net. (Murray)

Captain Anson hardly does justice to his distinguished ancestor. Too much space is given to the politics and Parliamentary doings in England in the Eighteenth Century—matters that many historians have dealt with and not enough to the great seaman, whom Captain Anson very properly calls "the Father of the British Navy." True, Lord Anson "seldom wrote or talked, although his advice was sought by all," but there are so many to whom the gallant sailor is the merest name, and who know nothing of Anson's famous voyage round the world, or of his great work at the Admiralty, that a fuller biography would have been welcome. However, Captain Anson has done a service in recalling to this generation the horrible state of the navy in 1740, and the character of the finest seamen of the time. What glimpses we get of those bad old days in the admiral's letters! A mutiny on the *Sunderland* is to be inquired into—"caused by the captain having retreated from three men-of-war, which he sighted, and which the men thought he should have engaged, though far superior in force to him"—and these men, it must be remembered, are always being left unpaid and are poisoned by bad victuals and want of decent accommodation. "The *Lynn* is about to pay her men two weeks in six of their pay, but as some of the ships are seven years in arrear he (Anson) thinks this would cause discontent!" And no wonder! Beer is the sailor's drink—"the captains all agree that the men's health depends chiefly upon it"—and often enough it is bad and insufficient. Yet "a life on the ocean wave," with all its unsanitary horrors, had its devoted followers in those days, as this "Life of Lord Anson" reminds us.



From *Life and Recollections of Mazzini* (Longmans).

MAZZINI.

TANGIER 1861-1864.

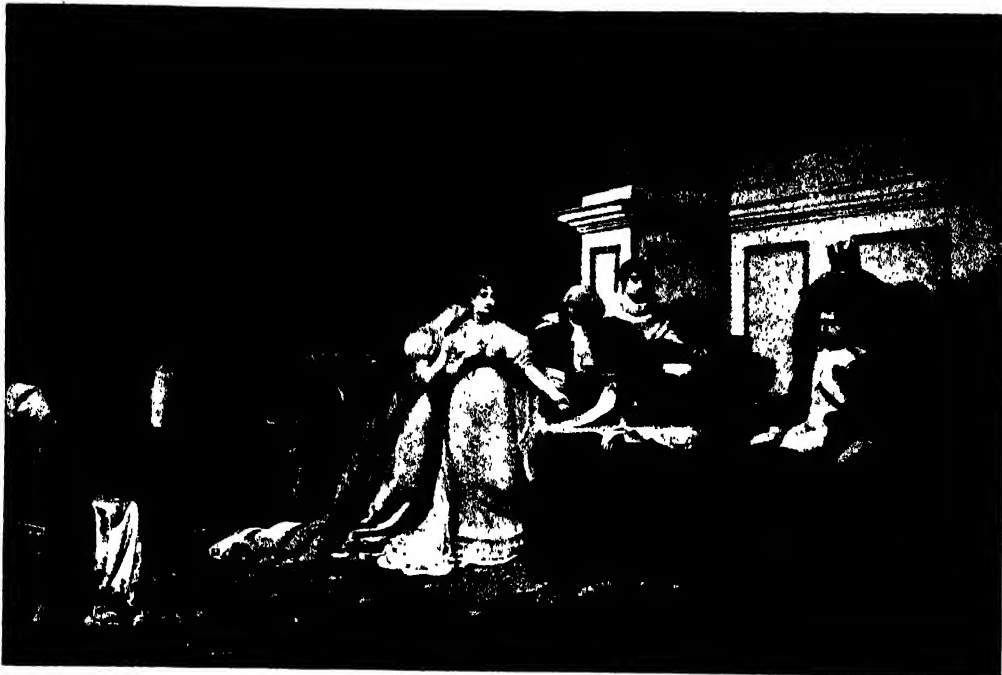
By E. G. M. ROUTH. 12s. net. (Murray.)

We are unacquainted with this writer's name; it is the name of one who writes and not that of a dull compiler. Reading through this volume we may be of the opinion, first of all, that anyone with such materials could have produced a fascinating study, but the social records of our occupation of Tangier are not by any means the only matters dealt with. Military details, topographical accounts, municipal affairs, are treated in the same amusing fashion—we apply the word "amusing" in the Gallic sense. It seems that we have in our midst a new historian, and certainly we shall look forward with high expectations to this author's coming work. The way in which the records have been interwoven with the comment is delightful, and we can most confidently surmise that this book, when it is brought to one of Tangier's treasurers, dear Samuel Pepys, in the Shades, will have his warm approval. By the way, there is a hitherto unpublished portrait in it of himself. Nor does there seem to be a single document or map or pamphlet or contemporary journal which has managed to elude this wary writer. And with all this light upon a dark spot in the history of England, we may ask if such a book—so German in its thoroughness, and in its execution so extremely French—is needed. If we are to treat each incident in our colonial enterprise with such minuteness shall we not be overwhelmed? But many lessons may be—and we hope they will be—learned from a perusal of these three and twenty years. An excellent account is also given of the visit of a Moorish Embassy to England, where the predecessors of old Hajji Baba "did not look about or stare at the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in pace, countenance and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked with a great deal of wit and gallantry." On their return, however, they were "dragged by mules for the space of 12 leagues through a country of stones and bryers."



From *The Life of Admiral Lord Anson* (Murray).

ANSON.

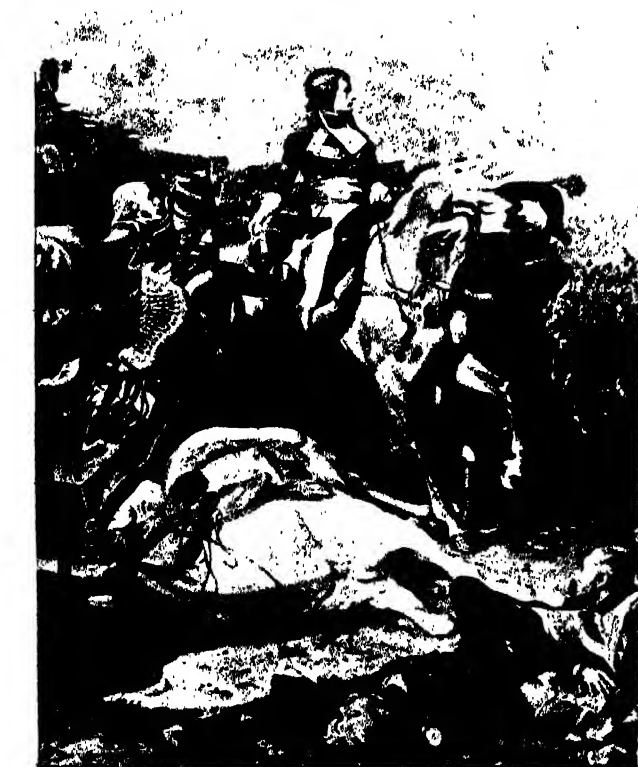


From *The Empress Josephine*,
which Messrs. Sampson Low will publish shortly.

L'AVÈNEMENT DE BONAPARTE.

Par ALBERT VANDAL (de l'Académie française). Introduction par LORD ROSEBERY. In 2 vols. With Frontispieces 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

This attractive reprint—in the original French—of one of the most important pieces of Napoleonic literature should meet with a warm welcome in this country, as well as in France. Referring to the work, in a lengthy and scholarly introduction, Lord Rosebery says: "M. Vandal prend Bonaparte au moment où il ne fait qu'aspirer au pouvoir absolu; il le quitte en possession de ce pouvoir. Il nous montre en grandes lignes et dans le détail ce que furent les difficultés, combien il s'en fallut de peu que l'entreprise n'échouât ou ne devint ridicule, ce qui revint au même. Quand elle eût réussi, les complications furent à peine moindres, elle ne furent vaincues que grâce à



Frontispiece from *L'Avènement de Bonaparte*—Vol. I.
(Nelson).

une patience, un tact et une prudence que l'on s'étonne de rencontrer chez le héros. . . . Le lecteur . . . se verra conduit à travers une suite de scènes émouvantes et grandioses par un esprit aussi séduisant que pénétrant." The two volumes form a recent issue of the "Collection Nelson," they contain about 1,000 pages of reading matter, are well bound and printed, and are of a size uniform with that of the well-known Nelson's Library.

HAVOC:

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. With 1 Illustrations in Colour by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

"Havoc" is, in our opinion, the best book of Mr. Oppenheim's that we have read. In saying this, we are mindful of a long series of admirable sensational stories and romances and of one or two very clever

studies of character—notably, for instance, in "The Illustrious Prince," which was published some two years ago. In his latest novel the author returns once more to the field of what is styled by his publishers "international intrigue," of which he is the peculiar master. It is not our intention to attempt to describe the plot—such a task would, indeed, be entirely beyond us—but it may be hinted that the action and mystery, of both of which there is a great deal, hinge upon the possession of a very important political document, which has escaped from the hands of the Austrian Chancellor. How it passes into the possession of a bewildered, but—happily—plucky, London business man and the complications that ensue while it is in his possession we must leave the reader to discover for himself.



From *Havoc* (Hodder & Stoughton).



From *A Tramp in Spain*,

by Bart Kennedy,

which Messrs. Sampson Low
Issue a new edition shortly

SPAIN RE-VISITED.

By C. GASCOIGNE HARTLEY. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated (Stanley Paul)

Mrs. Gallchian is an enthusiast in her admiration for the country that she knows so well, and about which she has written so widely and entertainingly, but she is no mere gushing chronicler of fleeting travel impressions, and is at pains to furnish ample and logical reasons for a preference that may seem a little over-emphatic to those of her compatriots who know little of Spain at first hand. Only when one has lived there for longer than the period of a temporary holiday, she explains, does one realise the essential difference in the life of the people, a life far more primitive than that of London, more satisfying, directed not chiefly towards gain, or even comfort, but towards the more eternal things of human existence. Having lived there, she declares, one is apt to find London and its ceaseless occupation with the really unimportant things of life, "a little ridiculous." Some countries, she adds, leave one indifferent, but Spain one must either love or dislike. Her last visit to the country was after an absence of ten years, and she draws as her objective, the province of Galicia, finding it singularly unlike the Andalusia that she already knew and loved, but representing, in its inhabitants and institutions, a finer and more individual national character. The Galleyans have a larger proportion of Celtic blood in their veins than the ordinary Iberians, an admixture doubtless responsible for the almost universal appreciation of the arts that is to be noticeable among the peasantry, who sing their own poems at their work, and are usually both delighted and competent to discuss the relative points of the great painters of their nation with any sympathetic stranger. And they are not only artistic to a degree extraordinary in so unsophisticated a race, they are also

a people of extraordinary enterprise in affairs. It is suggested that the Phœnicians have left their permanent impression on the country, whose special characteristics are repeated among the Galleyans. Though now degraded to a provincial dialect, their language was once the medium chosen by the most gifted old-time troubadours in which to express their poetic thoughts, and it is interesting to note that contests of wits are still part of the programme connected with a Galleyan peasant's wedding. A special chapter is devoted to the women of the province. Other chapters deal exhaustively with its history and archaeology, with racial and local customs, and with the religion of the people, which a prominent inhabitant assured Mrs. Gallchian was far less a factor in the national life than in England. From her own observations, however, Mrs. Gallchian believes that few Galleyans are opposed to an enlightened Catholicism; they fight only a Church which refuses to keep in touch with social progress. The text is supplemented by an interesting series of photographs in half-tone, and by an adequate index.

THE ROMANCE OF NICE.

By JOHN DOUGLAS ERRINGTON LOVELAND. With 16 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Duckworth)

Mr. Loveland's "Romance of Nice" is a gossiping and vivacious history of that town and its surrounding country from mythical times to the present day, with notes on the scenery and buildings of importance. "I have ventured to try and show," he says, "that there is much that is interesting, not alone in the history of the country, but also in its legends and folk lore, its people, small as well as great, its wonderful flora, and in that charm which pervades it that so speedily seizes on the stranger within its gates." Mr. Loveland has collected a large variety of anecdote which is bound to interest the general reader quite as much as intending visitors to the town.



Lithograph from *Eugène Delacroix*
(Duckworth).

POLONIUS: "WHAT DO YOU
READ, MY LORD?"
Hamlet, Act II, Scene II.



From *The Isle of Wight* (Blackie).

IN FRESHWATER BAY.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND:

The Isle of Wight. By EDWARD THOMAS.---York. By GEORGE BENSON. Both with 12 Illustrations in Colour by ERNEST HASLEHUST. 1s. 6d. net each. (Blackie.)

"Here Europe's terror and Britannia's pride,
The world's great terror, can with safety ride;
Here George's thunder unprovoked may sleep,
Rocked by the swellings of the subject deep;
On thy soft bosom peace may here repose,
Whilst France and whirlwind are in vain its foes."

Certainly, as Mr. Thomas points out, only a driven reporter would now write of Cowes in such terms as these, though our next quotation is quite modern in spirit:

"No more to foreign baths shall Britain roam,
But plunge at Cowes, and find rich health at home"

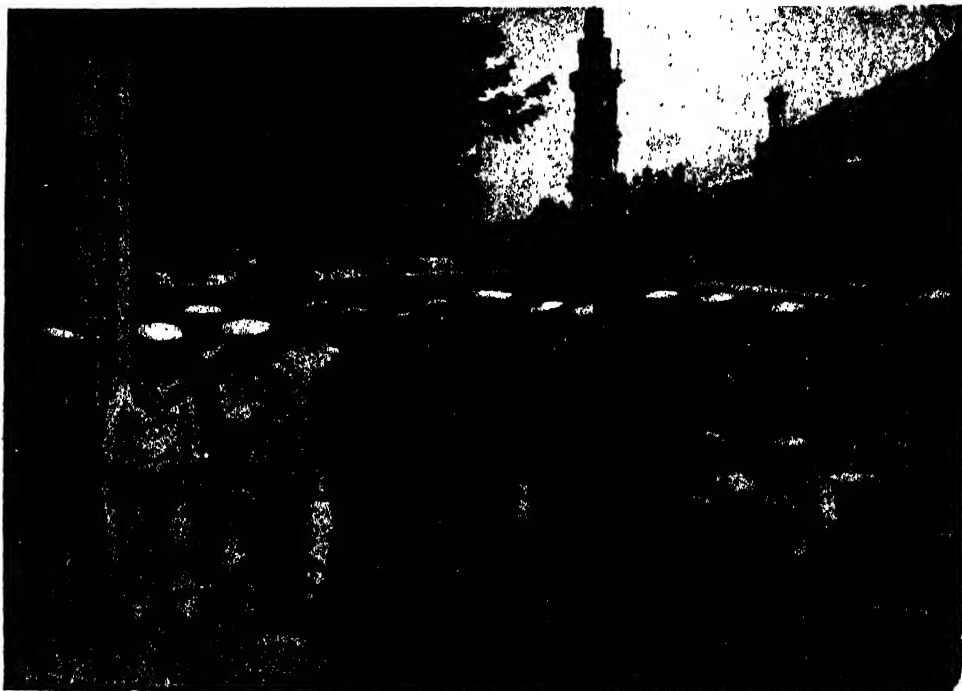
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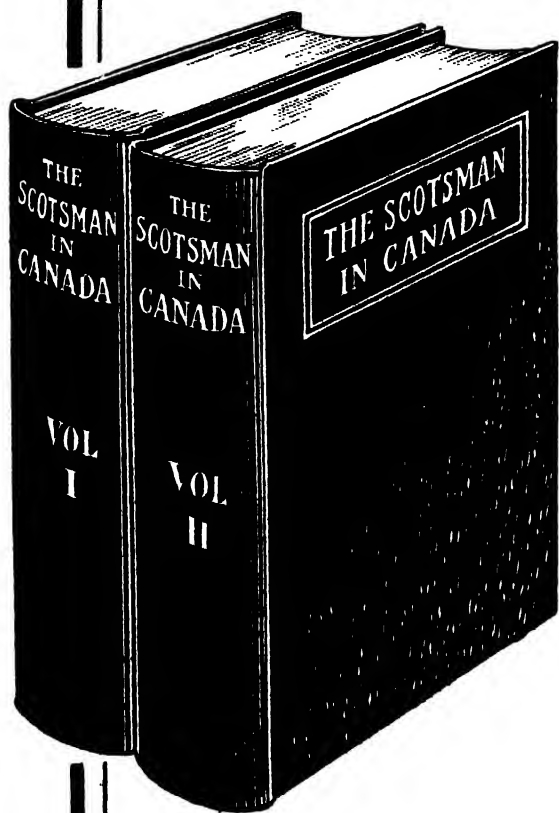
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*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
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News Notes.

The June BOOKMAN will be a Wilkie Collins Number, and will contain a special article on Wilkie Collins, by Arthur Compton-Rickett. Among the principal contents also will be "Heroes of Armageddon," by Walter Sichel; "The Centenary of John Forster," by Borrie Twede; "John Galsworthy's Poems," by A. St. John Adcock; "Recent Histories," by Thomas Seecombe; "Victor Hugo," by F. G. Bettany, Charles Lamb, etc., etc.

For much assistance with the Browning illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Mr. Elkin Mathews and Messrs. Cassell. To Mr. Mathews, too, we are under particular obligations in connection with the extremely interesting discoveries on which Sir William Robertson Nicoll has based his article concerning Browning's father.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are marking the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Browning by

the publication of a handsome Centenary edition of his works in ten volumes. These are to include all the poems contained in previous complete editions, with the addition of a few short poems of various dates that the collected editions have not hitherto taken in. Each volume is to contain a Biographical and Bibliographical Introduction by Dr. Frederick G. Kenyon, C.B., Director and Public Librarian of the British Museum, and will have a frontispiece portrait in photogravure, several of these portraits being now first published. The first volume will be ready on May 7th, and the others will be issued at short intervals, so that the edition may be completed during the Centenary year.

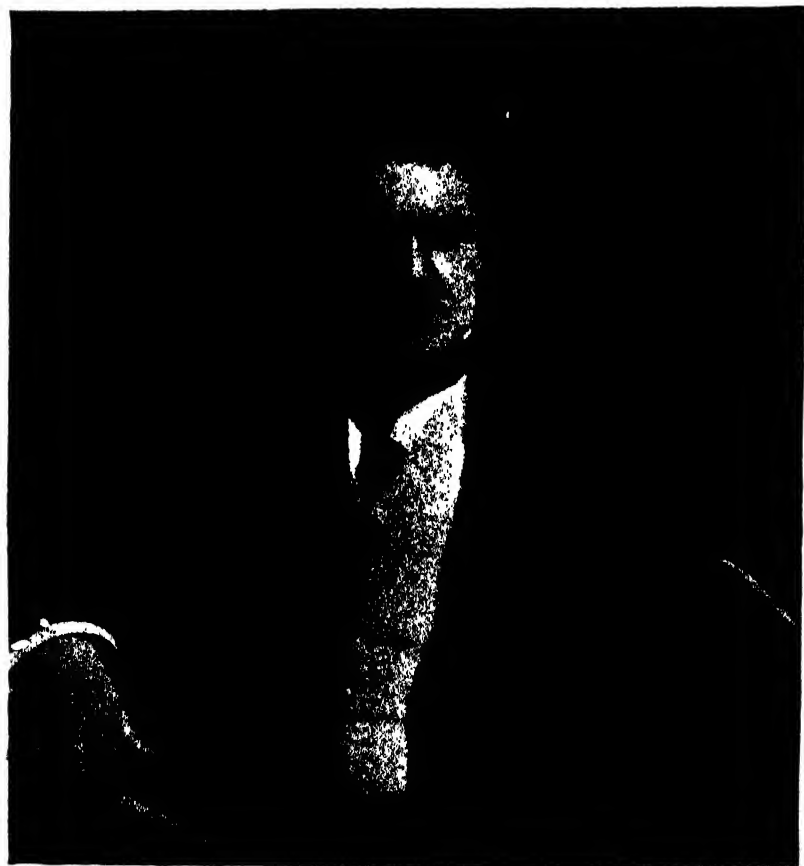
"George Wendern gave a Party," by John Inglis, which has attracted so much attention whilst it has been running serially in "Blackwood's Magazine," is to be published in book form by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons almost immediately.

Messrs. Constable are following their admirable anthologies "In Praise of Oxford" with one by Rosaline Masson "In Praise of Edinburgh," and they have one in preparation "In Praise of Cambridge," by Sidney Waterlow.

In February last, Dr. George Brandes celebrated his seventieth birthday, and the great Norwegian

critic's numerous admirers in this country will be glad to hear that he has at length been persuaded to come to England and deliver a series of lectures at certain of our Universities. He has undertaken also to give one popular lecture on "Shakespeare" or "Hamlet" in London, about the middle of May. Dr. Brandes' famous critical study, "William Shakespeare," and his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," are published over here by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer is publishing, with Mr. Fifield, a collection of American border ballads entitled "Drake in California." These comprise some of his later and relatively more popular poems. Mr. Scheffauer is a native of California, and was engaged there for some years in architecture, in the meantime making a notable place for himself as one of that distinctive school of Californian poets, of whom Joaquin Miller and Edward Markham are the leading figures. His first volume of verse, "Of Both Worlds," was published in San Francisco in 1903. Later he gave up architecture, travelled abroad, settled in London in 1905, wrote for *Macmillan's* and other of the literary magazines, and returned to San Francisco after the earthquake. He then wrote his poetic and symbolical forest-play, "The Sons of Baldur," which was produced at the yearly midsummer festival of the famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Those who have seen them



Mr. Herman Scheffauer.

From a photograph by Dr. Arnold Genthe, of New York.

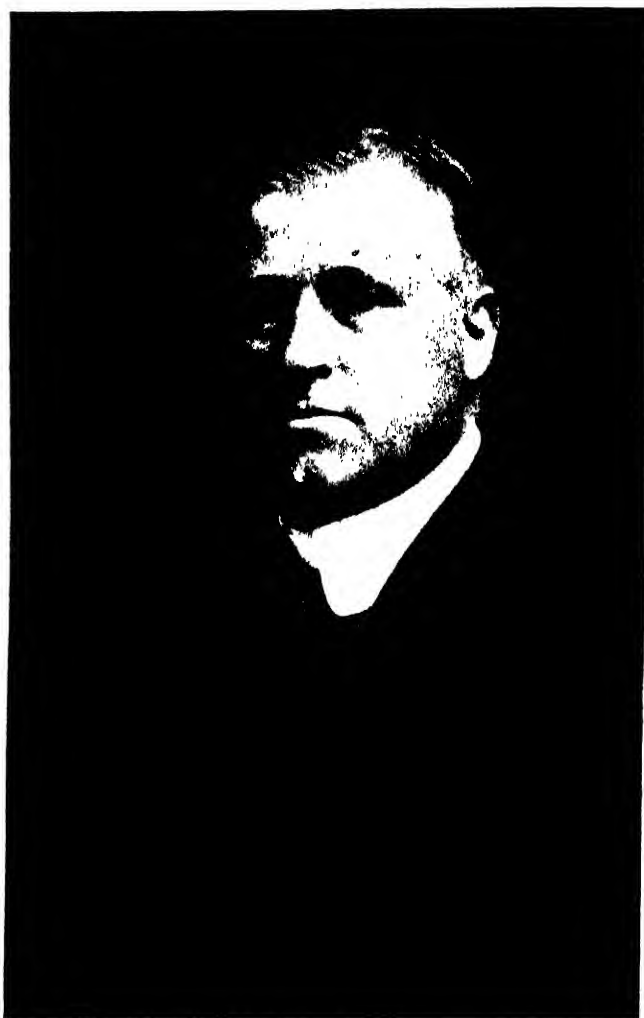


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. William Watson

whose poetical drama, "The Heralds of the Dawn," Mr. John Lane is publishing.

say that these dramatic festivals are absolutely unique and that in many ways they are the most impressive of modern dramatic productions. They are given at night in the heart of a forest of giant and primeval redwood trees, some of them thousands of years old and of enormous height and girth. The plays, produced but once each year, are lavishly staged and costumed, with great choruses, illuminations of the hills and woods at the close, etc. They are a peculiar evolution of a new dramatic form, and among the first of modern open-air performances. Having published a second book of poems, "Looms of Life," in New York, where he spent two years in a settlement in the Ghetto, Mr. Scheffauer returned to London at the end of 1910. He has since won a considerable vogue in England and America as a writer of short stories, and has written various special articles of national interest for some of the most popular of the London magazines. His "Masque of the Elements," a poem based on the everlasting recurrence of cosmic life and death, was recently

published by Messrs. Dent, and he has just finished a sort of epic novel of London, which will probably make its appearance this autumn.

Mr. Scheffauer says, by the way, that his literary preceptor in California was Ambrose Bierce, a most remarkable but neglected figure in American literature. Some of the greatest and most wonderfully imaginative of modern short stories will be found among those that make up his volume, "In the Midst of Life." Mr. Scheffauer has dealt with the work of Bierce in an article called "The Death of Satire," that is to be published presently in the *Fortnightly*.

The *Washington Post* reports a dinner party given by President Taft at the White House, with Mr. and Mrs. George C. Riggs as the principal guests. Mrs. Riggs' (Kate Douglas Wiggin's) play, "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm," was being presented that week at a Washington theatre, and after the dinner the President and his party attended the performance. At the end of the third act the house, having recognised Mrs. Riggs, raised an enthusiastic demonstration, and called insistently for a speech. President Taft rose and presented Mrs. Riggs to the audience, who greeted her with tumultuous applause that continued until, for a second time, the President got up and presented her to them. No living author in America is more popular in her books or enjoys a wider personal popularity than Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Mr. H. H. Thomas has added two more volumes this Spring to the list of his works about gardening—"The Complete Gardener," which we reviewed last month, and "The Garden At Home," which we notice elsewhere in this Number. Both books are published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Thomas is a gardener by heredity; his father was head gardener to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and though at the outset of his career he was made a clerk in a bank, the other sort of bank on which the wild thyme grows drew him back to itself, and after acquiring special knowledge by several years of work in the Royal garden with his father, he had two years of gardening in France, then studied for two years at Kew. In 1900 he became Assistant-Editor



By courtesy of the American "Bookman"

Lady Thackeray Ritchie.

The facial resemblance of Lady Ritchie to her father comes out strikingly in this photograph.

of *The Garden*, and since 1907 he has been Editor of *The Gardener*.

Mr. Frederick Watson whose new book, "Incidents," we review elsewhere, is the son of "Ian Maclaren," but though he follows his father into literature he has a vein of humour and manner of writing that are entirely his own. He is only now beginning a career, but has contributed already to *Punch*, the *British Weekly*, and the *Westminster Gazette*, and has at present a serial story for boys, "White Man's Gold," running in that excellent magazine, *The Captain*. Moreover, he has edited a collection of essays by various authors, "From a Northern Window," that was published last year by Messrs. Nisbet, and a volume of his father's sermons, "Respectable Sins," that was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. At present Mr. Watson is engaged in writing a historical romance, "The Afterglow," that deals with a fine romantic episode in the later career of the Young Pretender. Withal, he is far from being one of those writers whom Byron disliked, the author who is all author. At Sedburgh school, at Edinburgh University and at Cambridge, he not only won a reputation as a contributor to the school and college magazines, but as a cricketer and athlete; and nowadays, though he

finds time for the writing of fiction, he is also in business as a publisher, and is a partner in the firm of Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

Mr. Lewis Melville writes thus: "I beg you to give me a few lines in which I may correct a remark made in my review in the April issue of Sir George Trevelyan's "George III. and Charles Fox." Fox began to gamble less and less after 1792, the book says; and I pointed out that it was high time for him to begin to reform at forty-three years of age. My attention has been called to an 'Erratum' of one line at the end of the 'Contents,' from which I learn that 1792 was a misprint for 1782. This makes a very great deal of difference to the strength of Sir George's Trevelyan's defence of Fox. What appeared to be a piece of special pleading concerning a man of forty-three, is a very natural argument to adduce on behalf of one ten years younger. I regret my comment the more, because I should have known that the distinguished author was extremely unlikely so to blunder."

Mr. Keighley Snowden's next novel, "Bright Shame," tells the extraordinary case of a sculptor of genius who goes in search of a son he had not known had been born to him. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

We are sorry that an error was made in the dates which form part of the title of Mr. E. G. M. Routh's admirable volume about Tangier, which was reviewed in our last month's Supplement. The correct title of the book, which is published by Mr. John Murray, is: "Tangier: England's Lost Atlantic Outpost, 1661-1684."

In consequence of ill-health Mr. Yone Noguchi has been compelled to defer the publication of "The American Diary of a Japanese Girl," which Mr. Elkin Mathews was hoping to publish this season. In a letter that Mr. Mathews has just received from him, Mr. Noguchi says: "I wish you will do nothing with that American Diary till I will send you the definite report."



James Stephens.

Author of "The Charwoman's Daughter" (Macmillan) and "The Hill of Visions" (Maunsel), two books that we reviewed last month.

Frontispiece portrait in "The Hill of Visions" (Maunsel).

In his new novel "The Family Living" (John Murray), Mr. Lacon Watson pictures the lives of the country clergy with an inside knowledge of his subject, for he comes of a clerical family and was born at Sharnford Rectory in Leicestershire. His father has five brothers of whom two also were ordained; moreover, his mother's father was a clergyman, and Mrs. Lacon Watson is a clergyman's daughter. He was educated at Winchester and Caius College, Cambridge. For seven years he tried schoolmastering, first at Reading, afterwards at Blair Lodge, in Stirlingshire, and there are side-lights, too, on the schoolmaster's life in the "Family Living."

Whilst at Blair Lodge, Mr. Lacon Watson wrote a good deal, chiefly verse and essays; and in 1894, resolved to take up literature seriously, he came to London, settled in Staple Inn, and proceeded to bombard the daily and weekly Press with prose and verse. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was the first paper to give him any real encouragement. Most of the sketches in "An Attic in Bohemia" and "Benedictine" appeared there. He published his first volume, a collection of essays, in 1896. Then Mr. Elkin Mathews published three other of his books, "The Unconscious Humorist," "An Attic in Bohemia," and "Christopher Deane," the latter being his first novel.

About 1905 Mr. Lacon Watson ventured into the publishing and bookselling line, and his experiences may serve as a warning to authors who think they can publish better than the publishers can, for he lost £12,000 before he came out of it. Nevertheless, it enabled him to enjoy for a while the luxury of publishing his own books, and "Barkers," issued last year by Mr. John Murray, was the good fruit of his misfortunes.

The portrait of Browning on our cover is from the painting by Rudolph Lehmann, in the National Portrait Gallery.

The presentation plate portrait of Stevenson given in our last Number is the property of Mr. Walter H. Barnett. Stevenson gave Mr. Barnett a sitting for it out in Sydney, when he was visiting Australia in 1893.

BOOKMAN'S GALLERY.

THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

THE Right Honourable George William Eiskine Russell was born in London in February, 1853. He is the youngest son of Lord Charles Russell, who was the sixth son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and he is a nephew of the renowned Lord John Russell. He was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford, he was Mr. Gladstone's private secretary and held office in three administrations. Noble in character as well as in birth, he represents the highest type of a true aristocracy.

I have read a great many reviews of Mr. Russell's books, and repeatedly I find the reviewer writing of him as if he was a garrulous old gentleman with a good memory and a ready pen. True, he has a good memory and a ready pen, but the rôle of the idle gossip it would be constitutionally impossible for him to adopt. I cannot imagine him, for instance, taking the place of the late Mr. Labouchere in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, smoking innumerable cigarettes and retailing chatty scandal to a circle of admirers. He is more than "good company," as we say; he is a man in whose presence everything base and ignoble perishes. Few men can talk so entertainingly; he bubbles over with humour, but it is the type of humour which springs from a large and generous heart, not from a sour and cynical spirit. On the title page of his latest book—"Afterthoughts" (Grant Richards)—is printed a saying of Bayard Taylor's: "Epimetheus, the after-thoughted, receiveth access

of vigour in looking backward, and groweth reversely from age to youth." It is extraordinarily apposite to Mr. George Russell, for no man of my acquaintance is more youthful in spirit than he or keeps to such an extent (what he himself is so fond of quoting) "The young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks." Perhaps family cares make men grow old. Mr. Russell is a bachelor, and in his very full life, favoured as we have seen by circumstances, he has never lost the enthusiasm of youth. The lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places; yea, he has a goodly heritage,

but no one can accuse him of neglecting his opportunities or of being blind to his good fortune. No one could be less *blasé* than he; for the complex varieties of life he has a keen relish. Most of the literary giants of the Victorian era whom we have known only in print, he has known in person. With the leaders in Church and State he has worked or fought, for he "was ever a fighter." Fortunately he has kept a diary ever since he was twelve years old. In an edition of "Collections and Recollections" he tells us the story of the diary. "Several

attempts at diary-keeping I had already made and abandoned. This more serious endeavour was due to the fact that a young lady gave me a manuscript book attractively bound in scarlet leather; and such a gift inspired a resolution to live up to it. Shall I be deemed to lift the veil of private life too roughly if I transcribe some early entries? '23rd.

'-Dear Kate came; very nice' '25th.-Kate is very delightful.' '26th.-Kate is a darling girl. She kissed me.' Before long, Love's young dream was dispersed by the realities of Harrow; but the scarlet book continued to receive my daily confidences. Soon - alas for puerile fickleness! - the name of 'Kate' disappears, and is replaced by rougher appellations, such as 'Bob' and 'Charhe,' 'Carrots' this, and 'Chaw' that. To Harrow succeeds Oxford, and now more recognizable names begin to appear - 'Liddon' and 'Holland,' 'Gore' and 'Milner' and 'Lymington' But through all these

personal permutations the continuous Life of the Diary remained unbroken, and so remains even to the present date."

To those who have never tasted of the sweets of Public School and University life, the devotion of their sons to school and college is wholly inexplicable. The man whose education was derived from a private tutor at home sneers at the product of the public school who speaks with emotion of his glorious school days. It is a kingdom to which he has never had access, a realm where he is a total stranger. The public school spirit and



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

the indefinable charm of Oxford are subjects on which Mr. Russell writes, I think, at his best.

"I love her. Let the critics rail,
My brethren and my home are there."

Harrow and Oxford have entered into his life and have become part and parcel of his nature. In this connection I think I am justified in quoting an extract from a letter which he once wrote to me. He says: "An Oxford education is, in my deliberate judgment, the greatest intellectual advantage which a man can enjoy—not merely in regard to the things learnt, but even more, in the widening of one's outlook on life, and the cultivation of the temper which seeks Truth and loathes prejudice. One may learn to argue anywhere, but Oxford teaches one to think. When I say 'Oxford,' I mean the University, with all its traditions and atmosphere. . . ."

In all his life this veneration for the Public School and the University has played a most important part, and any sketch of Mr. Russell, however brief, would be incomplete without a reference to it. It is generally known that "The Hill," the most successful of modern Public School stories, owes a great deal to the assistance of Mr. Russell—an assistance which Mr. Vachell has suitably acknowledged. And there is another story of the same class—"Follow Up" by Mr. A. D. Fox—in which Mr. Russell took a great interest; he once described it to me as "a good complement to 'The Hill.'" This affection for the spirit of the Public School is best expressed in the poetry of Henry Newbolt, another product of the Public School and the University:—

"We'll honour yet the school we knew,
The best school of all;
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best school of all."

Dr. Johnson, in one of those oracular sayings of his, observed that "a man must write a great deal to make his style obviously discernible." I have on my shelves a dozen books written by G. W. E. Russell, and I might have more. Are they enough to "make his style obviously discernible?" Matthew Arnold said to Mr. Russell on one occasion, "People think that I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style." Mr. Russell's work falls into two categories. He writes every Saturday in the *Manchester Guardian* on any conceivable subject; often a *Manchester Guardian* reader suggests a theme which Mr. Russell may be relied upon to treat entertainingly. Periodically he collects these articles and publishes them under some such attractive title as "Collections and Recollections," "A Pocketful of Sixpences," "Some Threepenny Bits," "Seeing And Hearing" and so on. His latest "collections" are "Afterthoughts" and "One Look Back." They are all rather similar in character. If all were provided with Indices (most of them are), one would be pretty certain to find many pages numbered under Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Bedford,

Wilberforce, Liddon, Kingsley, Browning, Bright and many other familiar names. In "Afterthoughts" Mr. Russell again conducts us round his Portrait Gallery and stops to discourse in a fascinating manner on the men whom he has known intimately—on Matthew Arnold, on Kingsley, on James Payn and, of course, on Gladstone. Every page is entertaining and illuminating, and his style is faultless; he has obeyed Matthew Arnold's dictum; he has something to say and he says it clearly. Never has he printed a page of slovenly prose. "One Look Back" (Wells Gardner, 10s. 6d. net), however, is a more ambitious book than "Afterthoughts." We are told that this is not a "full-dress autobiography," but it is undoubtedly the most personal book he has yet published. We still tread the same paths, Harrow and Oxford and Parliament and the Church, but Mr. Russell is at greater pains to show us his own footprints and to take us into his confidence, revealing at the same time his ambitions and ideals and desires. "The idea of Life as Service was always present to my mind," he writes, and "One Look Back" is an eloquent commentary on that noble aim. The chapter on "Home" is certainly one of the most beautiful things he has ever written. In addition to these collected articles, Mr. Russell has published some fine biographies and books of literary criticism. It is generally admitted that the best critique of Matthew Arnold is the volume by Mr. Russell in the "Literary Lives" series of Hodder and Stoughton, and his study of Sydney Smith in the "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan)—again, a subject very much after his own heart—is one of the best in that remarkable series. Mr. Russell is a strong churchman, and indeed had it not been for a serious illness while at Oxford, he would probably have taken holy orders. He has published volumes on eminent church divines, and all reveal his gift for writing English, his sympathetic and discerning criticism.

Mr. Russell's scrap-books are among his most cherished possessions and contain some exceedingly amusing cuttings. I remember him showing me on one occasion the following about an unknown namesake of his: "George Russell described as a 'Singing Pilgrim' was charged with playing a concertina in the streets on Sunday for the purpose of collecting alms. The prisoner said he only sang Moody and Sankey's hymns and received money without asking for it. He was discharged with a caution." It is hardly justifiable, perhaps, to twist this humorous cutting into a text for a sermon on Mr. Russell, but a pilgrim through life he has been—observing, noting, enjoying. That diary of his which was first used in the book which brought him literary renown ("Collections and Recollections") is a pilgrim's diary, and I do not think that the mine of anecdote and experience is yet exhausted. Unless I am much mistaken future students of the manners and men of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will find in the books of Mr. George Russell their richest quarry, and will esteem them as highly and love them as greatly as we value and appreciate the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.

I. N.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE curious group of anniversaries which has been with us for the last year or two, has had no parallel for more than a generation. But students of literary history could, without a Macaulayan memory, give a considerable list of similar coincidences, which are indeed, though the intervals at which they occur are very irregular, rather the rule than the exception. For closeness and distinction, however, it would be hard to match, and perhaps impossible to beat, the quartette which has just been completed by the anniversary of the birth of Browning.

It is a little amusing, and more than a little pitiful, to remember how much of the commemoration in each case has taken the form of that apparently irresistible "cock-fighting" which, to so many people, seems to provide their whole notion of criticism: of attempts to exalt or depress the "novelist of the classes" or "of the masses" and to pit the "poet of form" against the "poet of thought." Let us see if, for once, we can escape this pitfall, or at least this rut, and find something to say about Browning-by-himself-Browning, if we can at any rate keep clear of the old cock-pit and make comparisons, should comparison be necessary, only with the great poets of the past and the great precedents which they have, as far as such a thing is possible, established for the present and the future.

Not easily shall anyone have read all that has been even recently said about such a poet—especially one who was not long ago the subject of so much *engouement*. But I do not seem to have met anywhere a full recognition or discussion of one characteristic of his which, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil, distinguishes his poetry from that of nearly all other poets in kind, and from that of all other poets, almost without exception, in degree.

The words "Impressionism" and "Impressionist" were not (so far as I know) invented for many years after Browning began to write poetry: they were certainly not in common use very much before his death, and they had not, even then, been much extended beyond the arts of design. But such an Impressionist as Browning, in the sense in which the word has a proper and useful reference to poetry, the world had never seen before and is very unlikely to see again. Of course all poets, as distinguished from mere versifiers, are impressionists, in that they

give us, to use Mr Pater's memorable correction of Coleridge, "their sense of fact" instead of the mere fact itself: while it may be added that there is actually the same distinction between users of verse who simply leave the metre to do what it can for itself, and those who impress their own colour and tone upon it. When Pope wrote "Windsor Forest," though he might have got the fresh impression by simply stepping out of doors, he preferred to draw on his books, and so produced a pretty, orthodox, dead, *académic*. When he wrote the "Character of Atticus" spite if not truth stamped a quasi-real impression on his mind, and he produced a master-piece. But in truth there is no need to labour so obvious a point. From the day and the poem in which Horace looked upon Soracte, to the day and the poem in which Tennyson (no odious or odorous comparison here!) saw with the eye of the mind Sir Lancelot and the Queen riding through the coverts that he had seen with the eye of the body; long before the one and ever since the other, poets have been impressionists in this way, and have been so of necessity. Nor has this impressionism been limited to the sense of sight, bodily or imaginative. All narrative, all reflective, all emotional poetry that has been good for anything has borne, in this way or that, to one extent or another, the hall-mark of the personal impression upon it.

In this sense and direction, therefore, Browning is not more of an impressionist than all good poets are: or is more so only in the ratio of his goodness. But there is another way in which the title is very specially and peculiarly his—in which indeed, as was said above, hardly any one can compete with him for it.

With nearly all poets, at least until very recently, the impression has been, merely or mainly, a sort of basis or study for the complete poem. In some cases, perhaps most, all but traces of it have vanished before the completed poem makes its appearance; in others it is obvious enough. But in Browning the process is different. In certain instances, whether the best or not we shall see presently, this process of absorption does take place: but in others, in the vast majority of his work indeed, it does not. Every phrase has behind it a more or less vivid impression: it is of more doubtful advantage that every impression sometimes insists on having its phrase.

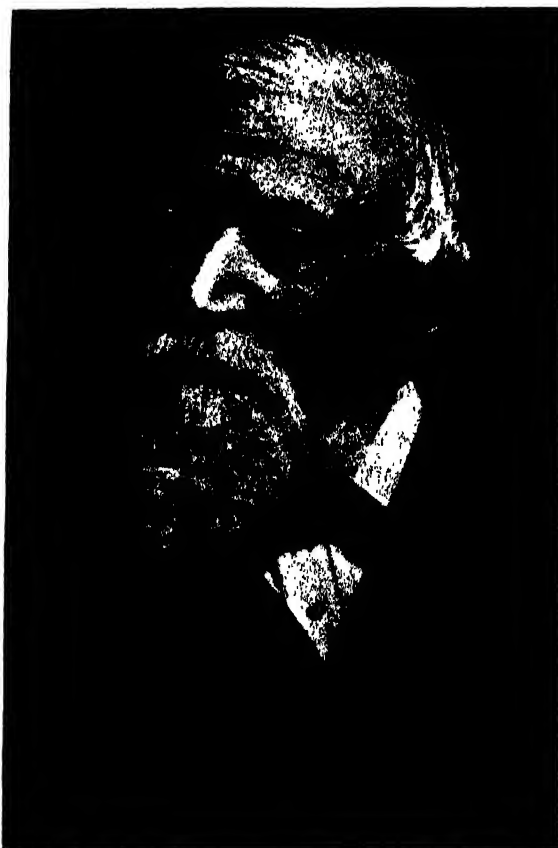


Photo by Fradelle & Young. Robert Browning, 1861.
From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder).

Take for early examples, that incomparably beautiful passage which was afterwards enlarged and incorporated in "Dramatis Personæ" as "Nothing can be as it has been before," and "Pauline." Compare the first with Donne's (or anybody else's, for it does not here matter in the least) "Absence," or the "Bracelet" poem, or any other characteristic Caroline-metaphysical piece. The resemblances are striking enough: they are of the common-places of Browning criticism. But the differences! To the Caroline, the out-of-the-way images and ideas which his fancy or his imagination evokes are real but transient things; he may dwell on them less or more, but he is not consciously, at any rate not supremely, interested in the fashion in which they reach his mind, impress themselves on it, blend or transmute themselves, and depart. Browning is. He called himself



Robert Browning, 1835.

From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder)



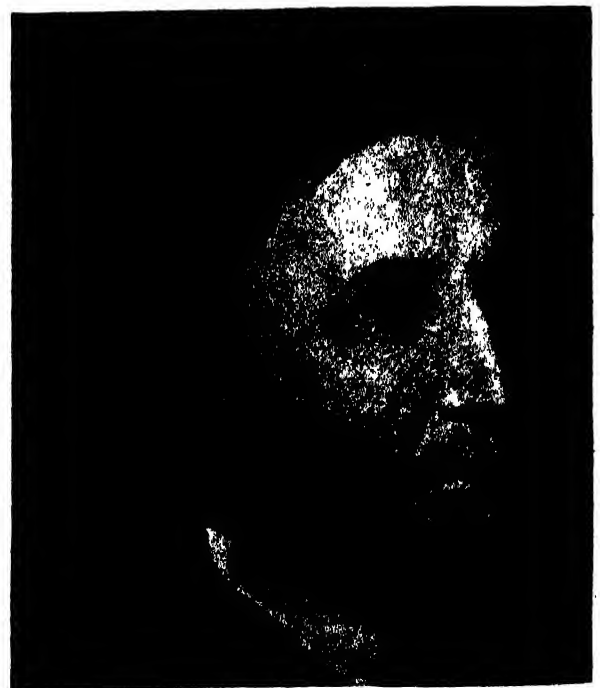
Robert Browning.

Drawn by R. Lehmann at Rome, May 22nd, 1859.

"You writer of plays," and some, even among his admirers, have unkindly denied him anything but *monodramatic* genius: to which allowance Wamba's comment as to Rowena's forgiveness is painfully applicable. The fact is that Browning is always dramatic, but that his drama has very peculiar and rather uncanny characteristics. Not only is he, like poor Ludwig of Bavaria, the only spectator: but in an Emersonian fashion he is the theatre, the actors, the stage-manager, the scenshifter, and most important of all, the play. The whole thing is a record of an impression of Robert Browning's, and unless you can by some *hocus focus* substitute your mind for his, or at least put yourself into some telepathic connection with it, you must remain a hopeless outsider.

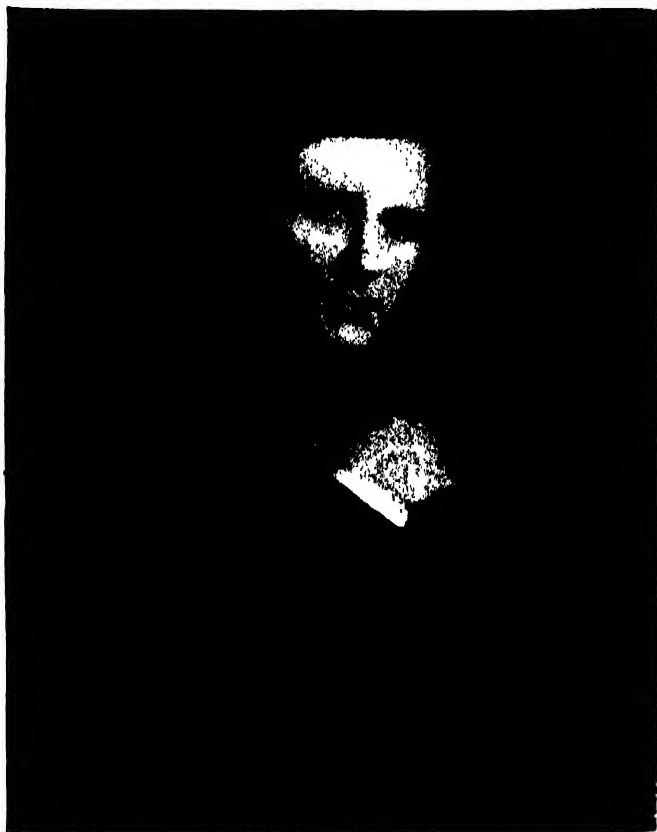
Again, take "Pauline"—that remarkable critique and key of all *Browningism*, which, having offered it in vain to an entirely indifferent world, he locked away from the

ungrateful public for a generation; and of which he seems not himself to have perceived the full virtues. Half a love poem, half a study of Shelley, and wholly (as he fortunately did *not* forget to tell us), written in pursuance of a plan involving the assumption of several different characters "and representing "a crab from the Tree of Life in his tool's paradise" it is simply a continuous, if prentice-hand, record of the impressions taken by a mind fully forged, but very imperfectly finished. From this point of view it is quite intelligible that Browning, though patient to an almost unexampled degree of questions about his work, should have frequently professed himself unable to answer them. There is no reason to suspect trick or pose here. The impression had originally been a weak or rapidly passing one (the most famous instance, "Childe Roland" was evidently due



Robert Browning.

From the water-colour drawing by D. G. Rossetti (begun in London and finished at Paris, 1855-1856), in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Reduced reproduction from photogravure plate in Vol. I of "The Works of Robert Browning," Centenary Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

**Robert Browning.**

From an oil painting by Gordigant.

From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder.)

to that "fierce vexation of a dream" which is known to be as passing as it is fierce) and the mind was unable to replace itself in the sensitive condition or position of vore.

If there be anything in this view of Browning's poetic character, the utter and long-continued neglect of him by the literary vulgar; the comic *engouement* which after many years substituted itself for neglect in the same

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning.**

From an oil painting by Gordigant.

From "The Works of Mrs. E. B. Browning" (Smith, Elder.)

class of persons; and the comparative drop in appreciation which has, still among the same class, though by no means universally, followed since, become more easily intelligible than ever. The rather common notion that Browning's original readers (where he had any) were offended or "put off" by eccentricities of style, diction, or verse, is, I believe, quite mistaken. There are very few such—in fact, hardly any at all—in "Pauline" and

**50, Wimpole Street.****Residence of Elizabeth Barrett,**

from 1842 till 1846, when she married Browning.

**Marylebone Parish Church,
Marylebone Road, where the
Brownings were married.**

The North and the South.
(Hans Christian Andersen's visit to Italy
May, 1861.)

1-
"Now give us lands where the olives grow,
Cried the North to the South,
Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard-row!
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the sun-baked plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
By sweat of work in the sun and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain
Cried the South to the North.

2-
"Give me lower hills and intenser sun,"
Said the North to the South,
Since ever by symbols and bright degrees
Thou, childlike, clings to the dear Lord's knees
Said the North to the South.
"Give me strong souls for belief and prayer"
Said the South to the North,
Who stand in the dark on the lowest stair
Of the approaching God. He is there,
Said the South to the North.

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning's
 last poem "The North and the South."**

It was written by her on Hans C. Andersen's visit to Italy at the end of May, 1861, and is in the handwriting of her husband, Robert Browning. (Facsimile of original in the British Museum.)

"Paracelsus"; not many in "Strafford" or even in "Sordello." It was not till the British public had definitely announced its intention not to like Mr. Browning yet, that he began to stick these bandcrillas in its hide. And when his more than thirty years of probation had passed, he had got too thoroughly into the habit to give it up, and the newer generation of readers had been taught to expect it, and not merely to endure it but to find that, as the French girl said of kummel "*Ça pique dans le nez.*"

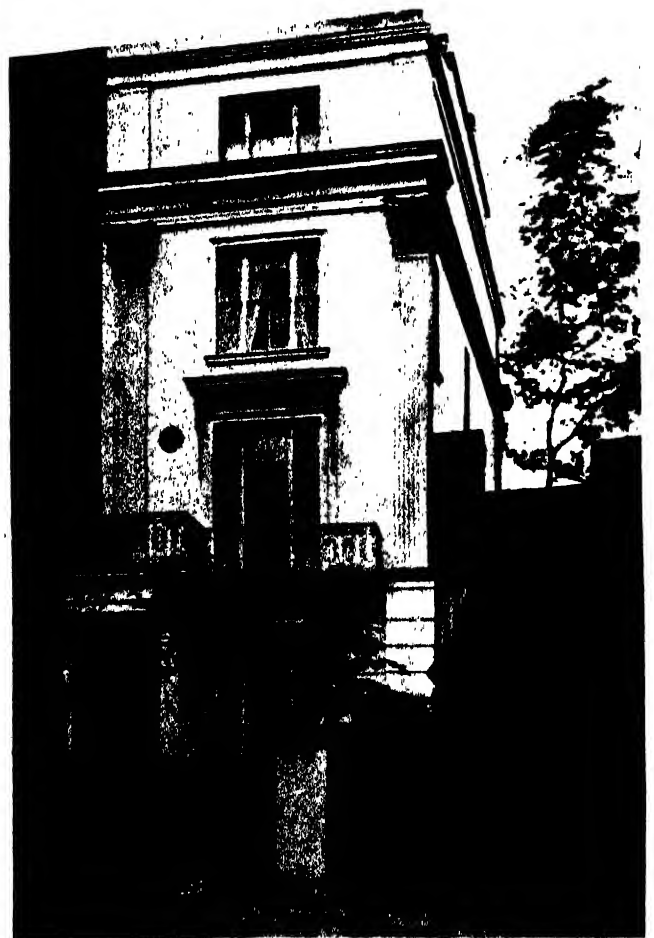
These new readers had indeed been brought, by panting Time as he toiled after Mr. Browning, to understand, or think they understood, the Impressionist process itself. To readers of 1830, no doubt, this process seemed unintelligible and not worth the trouble of understanding. The youngest of us in 1912, unless he is a mere *crétin*, can hardly think himself cleverer than some of the persons who formerly pronounced judgment upon "Sordello" in almost the exact words just used. But the matter put before them had not gone through the processes that they had taught themselves to think necessary; and they declined to perform those processes for themselves. In fact, perhaps they could not.

In another generation a great many people had learnt how to understand, and a great many more had learnt that they ought to understand: and yet another passed

again, and it had become more or less of a matter of course, a casual trick, and so on. Which things are common enough. But what is worth enquiring into is how far this peculiar fashion of poetry-writing produced or helped what is good, and what is not so good, in Browning's poetry.

That it had a great deal to do with the remarkable volume of that poetry must of course be obvious at once. A large, much the largest, part of Browning's work is simply what has been called a "record"—run straight off the plate or roll or whatever anybody likes to call it, of one part of the mind, as it has received the action of another. It is doubtful whether much of it ("The Ring and The Book" for instance) could have been produced in any other way. A poet who worked in any other fashion must have got sick of, or confused in, that extraordinary maze of going over the same ground from different starting points. Even Browning must (appropriately enough to the subject) have had to get up his brief on it with unusual care. But, that once done, he had only to adjust the machine, and Murderer-Browning, Martyred-wife-Browning, Pope-Browning, were ready to reel off their impressions as the different rolls or wheels were inserted. I think he could have given us another dozen or score if he had been so minded—that the four original volumes might have been fourteen or forty. In fact, the whole of his later work showed the dangers of the method, and such things as "Ferishtah's Fancies" and the "Parleyings," may be called its awful examples.

But fortunately Browning had a guardian angel, ready at any moment to save him from these dangers. Too



**19, Warwick Crescent,
 Paddington Green,**

Browning's London Residence from 1861-1887.

often he evaded the angel's care ; but fairly often also, he did not. This "dear and great angel" was the Spirit of Metre in its nobler and more intricate forms. When the pure impressionist and almost improvisatore mood was on him, he contented himself with measures facile, ingenious, but undistinguished except in the doubtful way of eccentric rhythm or diction—with blank verse, *sermoni plusquam propior*, with current couplets, or with blocks of intertwisted rhyme where the intertwisting is, rather too evidently, not a means of procuring symphony but a mere shift for avoiding trouble and giving the impression its head.

But when the angel said "Beware of haste" what a different thing it was! The greatness of Browning's actual powers as a metrist was surprisingly long in being recognised, or rather not so surprisingly, seeing that his "thoughtfulness" was the bait that first caught most fish, and that the seeker after thought often has a virtuous but mistaken notion that metre and it are not so much friends as foes. He had, however, as a fact, no superior in variety of metrical art ; and few in exquisiteness and intensity when he listened to the Angel. Of metre, which is the nectar of the immortal soul, it may be said, as was said so greatly of meat which is the ambrosia of the mortal body, that it "must be humoured, not drove." Browning "drove" it far too often, rattled it over the stones, shook the divine breath out of it, made one, to borrow and amend his own phrase, "*less than half in a rapture and more than half in a rage*" But

sometimes also he did not, and then there is the rapture without the rage

He had another gift of fortune, too, that he was never so lucky as when dealing with love, the passion that depends most on impression to begin with, and submits itself most happily to transmutation of impression afterwards. And so he gave us what would take a catalogue of unconscionable length to enumerate of masterpieces. Sometimes the mere single impression submits itself to almost complete artistic development and so in a way suppression, as in the very greatest things, "The Last Ride Together," "In a Gondola," the vision of the moon in "Christmas Eve," and scores of others. Sometimes, even in long pieces such as "Pippa Passes," and "Easter Day" itself or in "Fifine at the Fair" it does the same—but more generally in these it thrusts itself forward and shows a certain insubordination. Often, as in the abundant and blessed lyrical fragments, from the "Heap Cassia, sandal buds" of "Paracelsus" to the glorious Epilogue of "Asolando," it gives just the necessary impulse and no more. But it is always present. The fatal suggestion of the "copy of verses"—the paper, and the pen, and the ink, and the "Now we'll write a poem"—never occurs except in the case of persons in whose case it is not of the slightest consequence whether it occurs or not. Frequently, of course, the rapidity of the fashion in which the impressions present themselves, pass, and are succeeded by others, is something of a trial ; sometimes it is, for



Caliban.

From the original water-colour sketch made by J. T. Nettleship in 1886 as a first study for his large painting in oils illustrating a scene from Browning's "Caliban on Setebos." Both the sketch and the painting are the property of Mr. Elkin Mathews who has kindly permitted us to reproduce the former. The painting was exhibited in the Academy of 1887. Browning watched the progress of the picture with great interest and in a letter to Mr. Elkin Mathews, Mr. Nettleship says that when it was finished the poet expressed great satisfaction with it, declaring "This is my Caliban, not Shakespeare's!"

**Robert Browning**

reading "The Ring and the Book" at Naworth Castle, September 19, 1869. A drawing by the Earl of Carlisle, in the possession of Marchesa Edith Peruzzi de Medici.

From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder.)

honest folk who do not give themselves airs, rather a puzzle to disengage the original impression itself, and a greater one to make quite certain of the artistic total that was intended to result. I think that, having made my explorations by the natural way of reading for some fifty years and more, I can make my way about Browning as well as most people, and I have, of course, private ideas that, in some of the *crucies*, most people are wrong and I am right. There is, I think, only one poem in the whole vast range where I confess myself completely baffled, or rather where I can see half a dozen different interpretations, none of them satisfactory, and that is "A Serenade at The Villa." But the theory at which I have been hinting, here at least, gives me a clue to the cause of the difficulty, if it does not solve it. The piece is an instance of mixed impressions which have run themselves together in the first process, and which the poet has not cared—or perhaps has not been able—to disengage in the second.

Such things are inevitable in the scheme: they occur indeed sometimes in poets whose defect is the want of spontaneous impression, not the superabundance of it. But the solace of the sin, if sin it be, is constant and abundant. When the art and the original impression work together the result is a vividness, an absence of bookishness, which is hardly to be found in any other poet, except in exceptions like Blake. The unearthliness which some people (thank Heaven! not all) find in Shelley is perforce not felt; and even in the most thoroughly "wrought-up" poems the sense of superabundant art or virtuosity which some (thank Heaven! again not all) find in Keats, and Tennyson, and Swinburne cannot possibly occur. Even the people, if there still be any such, who complain of Browning's "obscurity," can hardly, unless they are of infrahuman composition, charge him with aloofness. He may seem

**Robert Browning**

reading "The Ring and the Book" at Naworth Castle, September 19, 1869. A second drawing by the Earl of Carlisle, in the possession of Marchesa Edith Peruzzi de Medici.

From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder.)

far in one way: he is always humanly near in another.

Of course he sometimes, nay, very frequently, allows and indeed encourages the impression to water itself out too much. In his own words (for there is no such commentator on Browning as Browning himself, and anybody who likes literary questing may look for two passages in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" and "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" to illustrate this article)—

"Here are very many words

All to pourtray one moment's rush of thought,
And very well they do it!"

But the "very well" is by no means always to be "meant sarcastic." Still, it cannot be denied that "The Inn Album" and "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" itself, to name no others, would have been infinitely better things in the time and at the scale of "Men and Women" than they are actually: and that almost everywhere, except in places where the sweet compulsion of lyric interferes, there are apt to be alarms and excursions of metrical rigmarole which none but fanatics will do more than suffer, with but occasional gladness. In this world, however, you must take things as you can get them; and it must now be a very curious, a very one-eyed, lover of poetry who grumbles or hesitates at the gift that was given just a hundred years ago to an England—necessarily at the moment quite unconscious of its luck, and fated to be very scantily grateful for that luck till half the time was over. The greater poets, and even the lesser for that matter, so long as they *are* poets, never repeat their predecessors; but it is difficult to imagine any poet even distantly suggesting the idea of a second Browning. The faults could be mimicked but hardly followed; the merits are inimitable; the combination of both unique.

How he has struck nearly three full generations of contemporaries we know; how he will continue to strike

futurity may perhaps be guessed with less rashness than usual. That a good deal of him (as of almost all the more voluminous poets) will be little read, is of course a certainty, made more certain by the very considerations which have been advanced here. That a very large proportion, especially of the lyrics (always the most immortal, because of the most poetical part of a poet's work) will survive, these same considerations make as certain. For they unite three appeals—the first two of which by themselves have been wont to serve as sufficient passports to the Land of Matters Unforgot

These are charm and distinction of form; directness of human interest of subject, and, finally and most especially, that other human interest of process of development and presentation which has been here dwelt on. Whether in this last, anything which has stimulated growth may, as such stimulants sometimes do, turn to a cause of decay, is as yet uncertain except to the Diviner intelligence. But there is very little falsehood in Browning; there are few poets who were less liars; and where there is little falsehood, there is not much fear of decay.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FATHER

BY SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

IN 1910 there appeared "The Life of Robert Browning with Notices of his Writings, his Family, and his Friends by W. Hall Griffin, completed and edited by Harry Christopher Minchin." It was recognised at once by Browning students that in this book we had one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of the poet's mind and history. Professor Hall Griffin, whose labours were unfortunately cut short by death, had given years of his valuable life to an exhaustive study of Browning's history. He had the co-operation of Browning's friends and relatives, and above all he was able to make, with Mr. Barrett Browning's sanction, an extensive examination of the books in the Palazzo Rezzonico, those "wisest, ancient books," amid which the future poet passed his childhood. This examination was exceptionally fruitful in results.

Robert Browning, the poet's father, was described as a living encyclopædia. He had "the scent of a hound and the snap of a bulldog" for an old or rare volume. He was an ardent explorer of the bookstalls of London, and in later days of the Quais of Paris. His extraordinary collection of volumes had a lifelong influence on his son, who read them eagerly.

Professor Griffingives many interpretative references. For example, he shows how Browning profited by his father's immense historical reading, how he derived from that storehouse of fact and fancy, "The Wonders of the Little World," by the seventeenth century Coventry divine, Nathaniel Wanley, the story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"; how he derived from the Works of Cornelius Agrippa his preface to "Pauline";

how he was led to write, when a young man of three-and-twenty, his first acknowledged poem of "Paracelsus."

Browning the elder possessed three folio volumes containing the Works of Paracelsus. Another book owned by Browning's father was Melander's "Jocoseria," from which, in 1883, Browning took the name of one among his volumes. For a fuller account the reader is referred to Professor Hall Griffin's admirable book.

Robert Browning's parents were deeply interested in religion. Six years before his birth his mother had joined the Congregational Church which met at York Street, Walworth. Until her death, forty-three years later, she might have been seen Sunday after Sunday walking thither even from Hatcham, after the family had left Camberwell. Not even the acutest neuralgia could keep her from her place. Professor Griffin says that in 1820, under her influence her husband, "who had

been brought up as an Episcopalian and is said to have been more liberal in doctrinal matters, also joined the Congregational body."

The poet himself adored his mother, and was in early days passionately religious. The minister of York Street Chapel was described by the late Rev. Edward White, who worshipped as a boy along with Browning, as one who "combined the character of a saint, a dancing master and an orthodox eighteenth century theologian in about equal proportions." Browning attended the chapel and read omnivorously, and was for a brief period under the influence of "Queen Mab," an atheist and a vegetarian. This phase, however, did not continue by any means.

Mr. Elkin Mathews, the eminent publisher, has very



Robert Browning, 1875.

After the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

kindly lent me some writings of the elder Browning, which fell into his hands a good many years ago under the following circumstances.

In 1882, Mr. Mathews was at St. Leonards on a holiday and happened to stay at the same boarding-house as a very old lady who had been a friend of the Browning family. Her name was the Baroness von Müller, and she must have been about eighty at the time. Mr. Mathews, who was a young Browning enthusiast, fell into conversation with the Baroness who told him that she had known the poet's father very well indeed, that she possessed many of his letters and manuscripts. Later on she sent a bundle of manuscripts to Mr. Mathews. He took extracts from these, retained one or two of the originals by the Baroness's permission and returned the rest to her.

I imagine from Professor Griffin's book that some part at least of the papers owned by the Baroness von Müller must have been examined, but, with one slight exception, none of them, so far as I know, has been put in print, and some of them throw a light on the relations between the poet and his father.

I

The first manuscript in my hands is entitled "Horæ Claytoniæ." The date is about 1820. The larger part of the document consists of religious poems evidently written from Sunday to Sunday after hearing sermons by his minister, the Rev. George Clayton. The extracts will be more intelligible if I give a prefatory note on the preaching of Mr. Clayton.

Mr. Clayton belonged to an eminent Dissenting family. He and his brothers were indeed among the aristocrats of Nonconformity. They had large private means. They were strongly Conservative in their

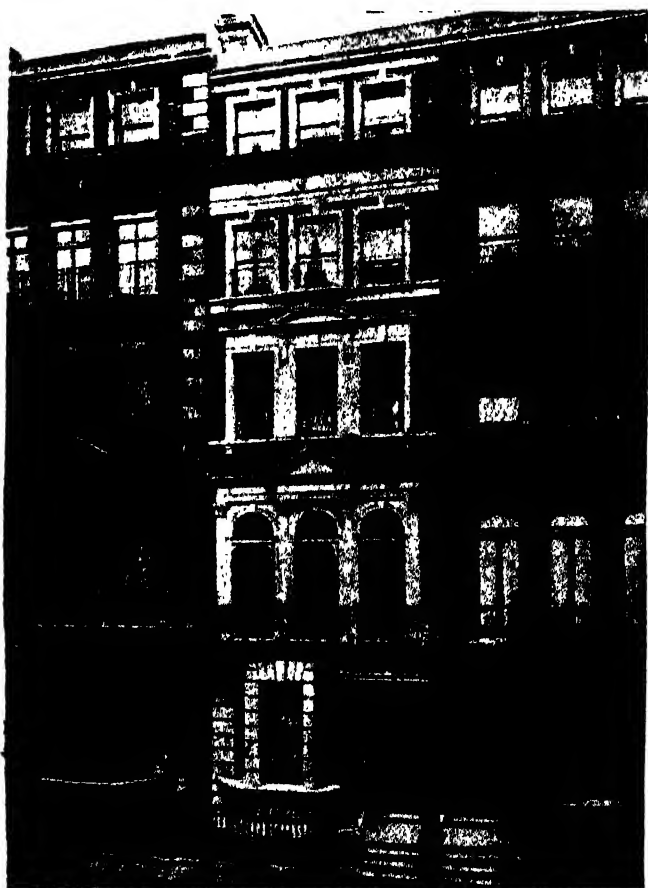


who baptised Robert
From

The Rev. George Clayton
and inspired the "Horæ Claytoniæ" of his
father,
lent by Mr. Edwin Mathews

tendencies, and they were backed by well-to-do middle-class congregations, by whom they were held in great reverence. The late Rev. Edward White, Browning's contemporary, had, as his friends well remember, a strong satiric vein. He laughed at the Clayton pomposity, and he used to say that for the young people in Walworth Chapel the most attractive part of the service was a long extempore prayer in which the events of the week, so far as they related to the Chapel members, were discussed in a veiled form. When Mr. Clayton was offering a prayer the sharp boys were tearing away the veils and discovering the individuals referred to. Mr. Clayton however, was evidently a man of mark in his own way. I have before me a volume entitled "A Course of Sermons on Faith and Practice, delivered by the Rev. George Clayton at York Street Chapel, Walworth, 1838-1839." It is published by T. Ward & Co., of Paternoster Row, and a preface explains that the discourses of which it is made up were taken down in shorthand and corrected by Mr. Clayton. "Upon application being made to him, Mr. Clayton kindly fell in with the views of his people in this respect, and at the especial request of the reporters, undertook to correct any verbal inaccuracies which might creep into the reports. The publishers [the editors] now take leave of their fellow members, assuring them that next to the delight which they experienced in listening to the delivery of the sermons, they feel extreme pleasure in having been the humble instruments of their perpetuation."

The sermons deal with the Apostles' Creed and the Decalogue. They are couched in the style of the period, and are not wanting in fire and spirit. They are in fact comparatively liberal for the time. Thus the "charnel-house" theory of the Resurrection is repudiated. "All we wish to contend for is that the same body, substantially considered, whatever variation there may be in some of its qualities, shall be raised from the tomb. What, for example, should you think of a murderer who being detected and brought to justice fifteen or



29, De Vere Gardens, Kensington.
Browning's last home in London (1887-1889).

thirty years after the fact of his crime had been committed, should plead that it was not the same body which had committed the crime, and that therefore it would not be just to inflict upon a body differently constituted, the punishment of a crime which had been committed in a body otherwise constituted? You would feel that this plea was not tenable—that it was not for a moment to be allowed: because though, perhaps, once in seven years the whole system of our corporeal organization changes, yet we continue to be, substantially, and to all moral purposes, the same persons."

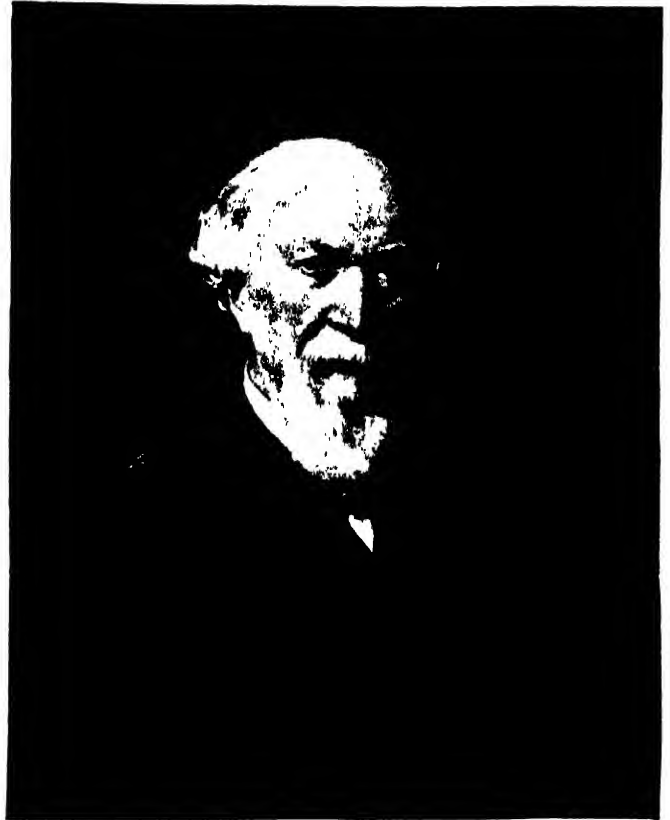
Mr. Clayton's ethical teaching is sufficiently robust. He is passionately opposed to loveless marriages "without the least union of heart, the least similarity of taste, or the least communion of spirit. Who does not know that there are many marriages of convenience? Who does not know that in circles of the highest rank, as well as in circles of a lowlier grade, many a marriage is undertaken purely on this conventional principle. It is just a bargain struck between title and title, family and family, settlement and counter-settlement, and this is called marriage! The institution of God absolutely resents this affront, and disavows any approving countenance upon such engagements."

The versified paraphrases of Mr. Clayton's sermons by Browning the elder are absolutely without literary merit, although they are sufficiently fluent and conventional. The following is a fair specimen.

"Ah! could but Satan to our eyes appear
In that dread form which Milton has portray'd
What human bosom but would shrink with fear?
What hardened heart that would not be afraid?
Ah! sinner far more dreadful is the smile
Than that black frown which threatens and alarms
For 'tis his business sinners to beguile,
And not to fill their bosom with alarms."



San Clemente Gate, Arezzo.
by which Caponsacchi and Pompili made their escape.
From "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning. (Smith, Elder.)



Robert Browning.

Chicago. Acting by Felix Moenchle

also in the Armour Institute.

The following is as good as many and no better than most.

BALAM

I shall see him! but not now!
Shall behold him! but not near
Shall the sceptic behold to which all shall bow
When the day-star of life shall appear!

Rising to melodious sounds
Brighter than yon orb of day,
Heav'n and Earth's remotest bounds
Shall his sovereign power obey

Where are now those num'rous foes
That lately dar'd presume to rise,
And with Enchantments would oppose
The Sov'reign ruler of the skies?

Moab trembles with affright,
Edom seeks the shades of night,
Humbled Midian shall adore,
Amalek shall be no more,
Whilst o'er Canaan's wide domain
Israel shall victorious reign.
See the star of Jacob's race,
Glittering harbinger of day,
Rising on the world to chase
Sin and Ignorance away.
Yes! Eternal he shall reign!
Angels and mankind adore
He thy Sceptre shall retain
When time shall be no more.

Lord! my heart is humbled now;
Lowly at Thy feet I bow
Earthly visions, falsely bright,
Vanish from before my sight.

All that mortals seek below,
All ambition can bestow
When beheld in Gospel light
Vanish from before my sight.



"From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing."

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning

Illustration by W. Ralston, from Messrs. Cassell's "Penny Ballad" series

The manuscript has a certain value as showing that the elder Browning was warmly in sympathy with the teaching of his minister and the religious opinions of his wife. The poet and his wife seem to have been essentially of the same mind. "I am," wrote Elizabeth Barrett, "a Congregational Christian." Their poetry is largely religious, and it may well be doubted whether it could ever have taken the form it did had it not been for their training in Congregational Christianity. Certainly it could never have come from any section of the Church of England or any other section of dissent at the time. It was in a manner Evangelical with a broad outlook.

II.

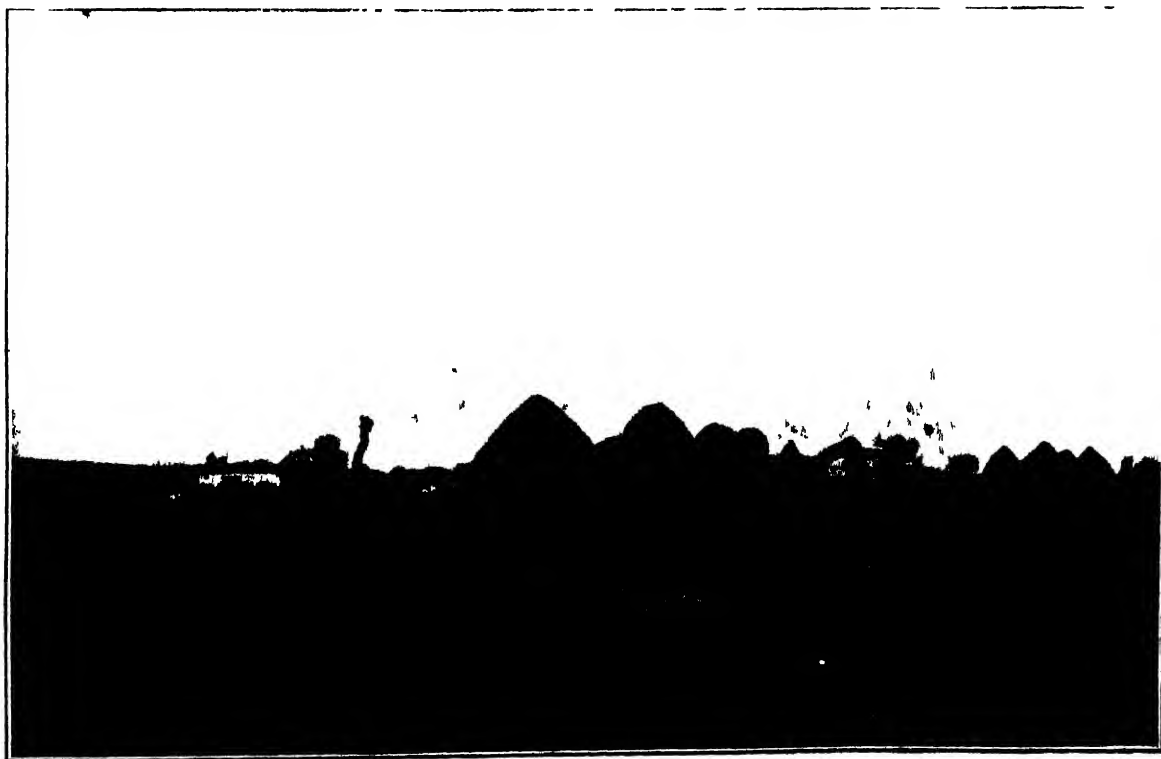
More curious are Browning the elder's excursions in his son's domain. Professor Griffin mentions the version

of the Pied Piper by Browning's father, and he says that it leaves little room for speculation as to whence came the poet's tendency to odd rhymes and humorous verse. He gives a short extract and mentions that the version ends abruptly after about sixty lines with the following note: "I began this not knowing that Robert had written on this subject; having heard him mention it, I stopped short. I never saw his manuscript till some weeks afterward. R. B., 2nd March, 1843." "This note was evidently added some time after the lines were written, for Browning's poem was published in November, 1842; possibly this publication suggested the note. At a later date the father was bold enough to complete his version by the addition of some two hundred lines, so that it assumed about the same proportions as that of his son." The

manuscript in my hands has no note, but it seems worth quoting as a literary curiosity

HAAMELIN

There is at a moderate distance from Hanover
On the Weser, a river of singular fame,
A town which the French and the rats often ran over,
But though report varies,
Yet sage antiquaries
Are all in one story concerning its name,
Which is Hameln (But you had better perhaps
Turn over our atlas and look at the maps)
This place without flattery
Seemed one vast rattery—
Where the rats came from no mortal could say—
For one put to flight
There were ten the next night,
And for ten overnight there were twenty next day.



The Scene of the Murders, January 2, 1698. A View in the "Pauline" district taken from the Via di San Paolo.
From "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning (Smith, Elder).

With double the number before the next morning.
Indeed the inhabitants gave the mayor warning
That unless these intruders were driven away

The rats and taxation
Would bring on starvation—
And if so—then this was their firm declaration
That they wouldn't stay!

The rats however laughed at that,
Down they came trooping pit-a-pat—
And all the town seemed rat, rat, rat!
This made the magistrates determine
To lay their heads together
And reason whether

They could not "oust" these vermin
Traps, poison, terriers, cats and ferrets,
Each discussed their several merits,
Not one of which, nor all together,
Weighed with the Aldermen one feather
Since every man
Pursued his plan,

To which if no one else agreed
No plan of theirs should e'er succeed;
Nor could they for a moment bear it
That other men should have the merit
Of clearing Hamelin from rats.
The market rose: and cats were done
At half--three-quarters--seven-eighths--one!
The House were Bulls for the account

And several jobbers that had Bear'd
Were on the settling day declared
Ducks to a large amount!

Still cats were on the rise
But notwithstanding this control
The rats contriv'd to head the poll
In vast majorities!
(Now, should the slightest hesitation
Come across the reader's mind
Because the proofs of this narration
Are very difficult to find

Here are *Schochius*
Eruthius

And Kirk historians living by use:
It were absurd
To doubt the word
Of men so famous, learn'd and pious
So let us once for all be just
And take their narrative on trust).



Photo by W. H. C. C.

Robert Browning.

The Mayor and Aldermen in council sat
Striving contriving pondering - scheming -
Rating debating musing dreaming,
Abusive words and contests rising
Surprising schemes of their advising

Outdone by schemes
Still more surprising
And all about a
rat!

Amidst this terrible up-
-rou
The porter stationed at
the door
Announced a stranger
calling there,

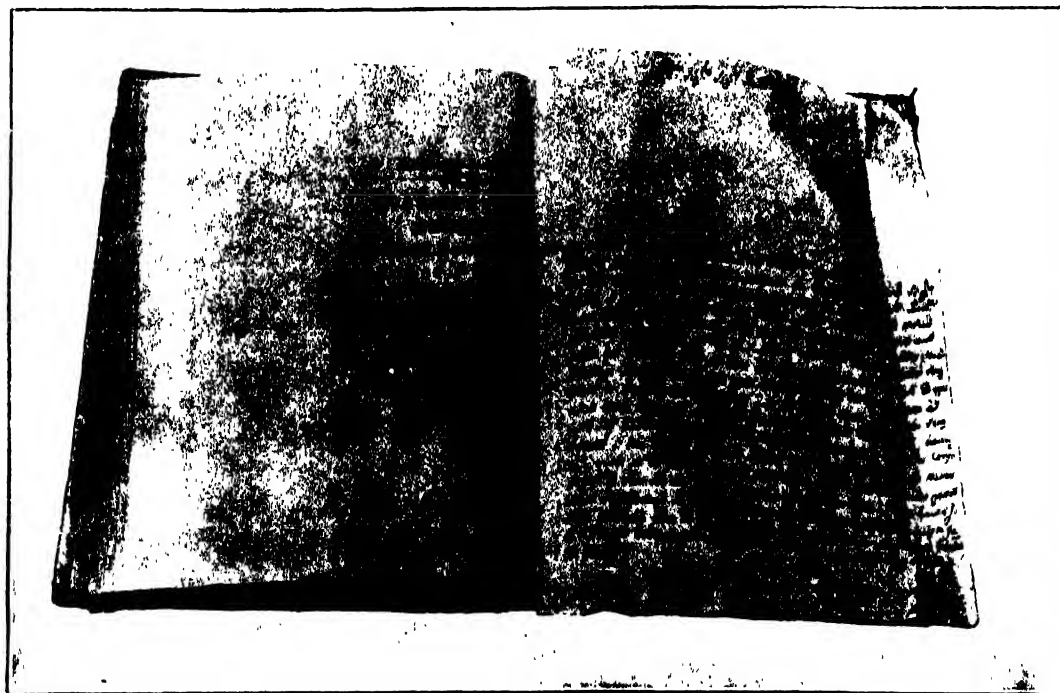
With something
urgent to declare
Of vast importance
to the Mayor.

"About the rats?"
"It is," replied the
porter. "That's
The very thing!" the
Court declare.

This news of course
Came with electric
force;

All discord in a moment
vanish'd—
Scarcely a whisper now
was heard.

"Hush! and shake
hands!" were ev'ry
word.



The "Square Old Yellow Book."

Showing the letter from Arcangeli, written on the day of Guido's execution
From "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning (Smith, Elder)

The Mayor put on a serious face,
And cried, "Walk in; if that's the
case."

"Well, sir? And what are your pre-
tensions?"

This was addressed
Just in the tone which folks repeat
When of some cheat
They're under apprehensions;
With rather an unpleasant feeling
About the man with whom they're
dealing;

(But let that rest.)
Indeed the fellow talk'd to so
Seem'd of the lowest of the low.
Let your fancy now describe
A vagrant of the gipsy tribe;
Tall, gaunt and meagre, in a dress
Which spoke the depths of wretched-

ness;
Patches—black, yellow, red and blue,
Rags of ev'ry shape and hue.
His hungry look, his piercing eye,
Close lip, bent brow and stooping gait
Seemed all conjectures to defy
About his state.

Yet there was in his face
Something above the commonplace,
Something which gave one a surmise
Of greatness in disguise:

The wandering Jew,
For aught they knew,
Whilst others fancy
'Twas *Nostradamus*,
Once so famous

For catching rats and necromancy
The Mayor displayed a world of tact
When canvassing the vagrant act:
Rubbing his chin, at last out came,
"I say you—mister, what's your
name—

"Pray who are you?
Why is it thus
You come to us—

And what is it you want to do?"
Wrath sparkled in the vagrant's eye.
He paused—then made him this reply:
"Who am I? Then you never knew
"Or heard of the Pied Piper?"—whew!
Their hands and eyes were all surprise—
"You—the Pied Piper?" each one cries:
"And from this nuisance if set free
Are we to be

Indebted to the Devil and thee?
No! let us twenty fold endure
Than have recourse to such a curse."

But from without
Was heard a shout

"Mind, Aldermen, what you're about!"
This was interrupted by
"Pray, what's all that to you and I?
We're ruined if these rats remain—
And where's the harm
Of any charm

That gives the Devil his rats again?"
The council act on this advice:
All is agreed except the price.

They then call in and ask the man—
"Can you, my friend—no doubt you can
Drive all these rats from Hamelin? Come
We'll not dispute about the sum;
Just tell us what you would be paid—
Short bargains are the best, 'tis said."

"Five hundred pounds—I ask no more,"
(Said he)—"this granted, I restore,
To the best of my ability,
Hamelin to its tranquility."

[The following is a version of the well known
story that is told of a Cardinal *Crecentius*,
who was said to have been haunted by the
"apparition of a Dog—ever after his behaviour
at the Council of Trent—]

Crecentius—the Pope's Legate

At council high of Trent,

Was (fifteen hundred fifty two

March twenty five) intent.

Writing of letters, to the Pope

Tell far 'twas in the night—

When rising to refresh himself

He saw a wondrous sight:

A black dog of vast magnitude

Eye flaming:—Ears that hung

Down to the very ground almost,

Into the chamber spring.

Facsimile of poem in the handwriting
A version of the same poem by
The original is the property of
kindly lent it

Ashamed and trembling at the deed
The common councilmen agreed;
And this the mob outside "encore"
Sixteen times louder than before
(Where were the consciences? you cry—
What's that to you—was their reply;—

Let him but play—the rats away,
We'll rub that score off by-and-by).
The piper struck up "Toot—toot—toot!"
Upon his more than magic flute.

"Yes, I'm in tune," he cried. "And now—"
(Making the Citizens a bow)

"Just for a moment follow me—
And you shall see what you shall see!"

And what a sight they saw!
Lur'd by the magic notes a throng
Of rats came scampering along—
The companies, some millions strong,
Quitted the town—the roads were lin'd,
Nor was one straggler left behind
When they came to the Weser's bank,
Then with a general scream,
Plung'd headlong in the stream,
And sank!

The business was completely done—
The rats had vanish'd—ev'ry one!
Yet as they sauntered round the place
There was on ev'ry townsman's face
A blank!

*Then came directly towards him
 And laid himself down under
 The table where Crescentius wrote;
 He call'd, in fear & wonder
 His Servants, in the anti-room,
 Commanded every one
 To look for & find out the dog:—
 But looking— they found none!
 The Cardinal fell melancholy
 Full sick:— soon after, died:
 Laid at Verona as he lay
 On his death-bed he cried—
 "Woe— 'take away the Dog—
 That kept at his Bedside!"*

of Robert Browning the elder
 Browning appears in "Asolando"
 Mr. Elkin Mathews, who
 for reproduction.

For a few moments' recollection
 Brought powerfully this reflection
 They now had Lucifer to thank!
 The very crowd that roar'd aloud
 To have infernal means employ'd,
 Rack'd with despair, now asked the Mayor
 How he could dare
 Employ the devil in this affair?
 Oh, how much better had it been
 Even to let the rats remain.
 Indeed their feelings were so keen
 They almost wished them back again.
 But mind, the rats were all decoy'd
 Into the Weser, and destroy'd.
 The Mayor quite frightened by the crew,
 Asked of the Bishop what to do?
 The Bishop frowned:—
 And told him, "Rather, sir, than I
 Would have a finger in the pie
 I would myself be drowned.
 Didn't I warn you all?" "Not you!"
 Exclaimed the Aldermen, "'tis true
 You said the end would justify
 The means; and gave us leave to try,
 And if successful, then defy
 His works and him and his queer clothing."
 Then said the Bishop, "Give him nothing!"
 All this while the Piper stood
 Wrap't in melancholy mood

Outside the door,
 The scorn of all the neighbour-
 hood,
 And hooted by the rich and poor.
 'Twas then a Beadle from the Corpora-
 tion
 Gave him most civilly an intimation
 The Mayor and Aldermen thought fit
 That he should quit;
 "Could he do better than submit?"
 "No," said the Piper, "Stop a bit!
 Go back and ask them if they dare
 Bilk of me any legal fare?
 Give me my wages— I depart
 And leave the town with all my heart;
 But till the promised sum you pay
 Here will I stay."
 "Nay," quoth the Beadle gently, "Nay!"
 "No," cried the people, "go away!"
 And if you fail,
 Here are the stocks and there the jail!
 Know then that we're
 Extremely and bitterly severe
 On ev'ry vagabond found here."
 "Well, then, if you would have it so,"
 Said the Pied Piper, "I must go.
 But let me play,
 By way of letting people see,
 Since you have kept your word with me
 How very grateful I can be.
 One little tune— then haste
 away."
 We've heard in olden time of one
 Who turned beholders into stone,
 And could the story be believed,
 What wonders music has achieved.
 'Twas with the Piper so—
 Scarcely had he played, when lo!
 Ev'ry bosom felt a thrill,
 Mayor and Aldermen stood still,
 Travellers on horse and foot
 Stood as if they'd taken root
 All bow'd to music's powers,
 And magic seemed to rule the
 hour,
 Heads and hearts allow the sway,
 Old and young the spell obey;
 Its influence held them dumb.

Fain would they struggle— tain they'd fly,
 But 'tis in vain they strive and try.
 All to its powers succumb.
 The minstrel from beneath his coat
 Another reed pipe drew,
 Then was a cheerful lively note
 Heard ev'ry street and alley through,
 Whilst the strange mendicant's stern brow
 Scowl'd with the blackest hatred now,
 From side to side his dark eye roll'd,
 His look was dreadful to behold.
 He stamp't his foot! though not a word
 Was spoken, yet his victims heard.
 The loveliest children in the place,
 Laughing—smiling—full of play,
 Dancing to the lively measure,
 Following the sound with pleasure
 As the piper led the way.
 But of a sudden one might trace
 A change in every dancer's face.
 Grinning ghastly—staring wild,
 An awful spectre ev'ry child
 In that vast crowd;
 Raving, shrieking, groaning till
 The dance was stopped at Coppleburg hill;
 When lo! a cavern opened wide
 By magic malice reft—
 The whole procession went inside—
 Not one was left!

The spell was now complete! Then closed the cave
Over them all—a sad, untimely grave!

The corporation unprepared
For this, at one another star'd,
And many a scheme was tried in vain
To get the children back again.

At length, pursuant

To some grand scheme of their recorder,

They by an edict gave an order
That children never should play truant,
Nor organ ever should be playing,
And all Italian boys found straying

With hurdy-gurdy, pipe or mouse,
The new police were told to seize on,
As rogues found guilty of high treason,

And lodge them in the station house.

Moreover, any of the throng

Who dared to hum or sing a song

Were sure to rue it;

And all were seized who, right or wrong,

Were listening to it.

And not content

With this, they raised a monument

Not quite so tall

As that which Pope was pleased to call

"London's tall bully," but so high

That ev'ry traveller passing by

Might read thereon, engraved in stone,

In Latin (true monastic jargon)

The story we have just completed,

Showing how vilely they'd been treated—

But not a word about their bargain!

Well, after several summers past,

And all enquiry at a stand

A traveller from some distant land

Waited upon the Mayor,

Having something to declare

That probably would make him stare.

Most certainly he stared, and "Well,"

Said he, "And what have you to tell?"

"Why, all the children that you know

About a century ago

Were swallowed up, you think, and still
Lie buried under Copplesburg hill,

Are found at last,

Rid of all their travelling mania,
Safe and sound in Transylvania."

How got they there?

Railroads and steam were not invented,

The world with horses was contented.

Moving about was rather tardy,

Neither *Montgolfier* nor *Lunardi*

Having yet travelled through the air.

The fact is, he had read by chance

Something about the "Piper's dance,"

And having blundered on a race

Whose origin he could not trace

To this conclusion wisely came

"They certainly must be the same."

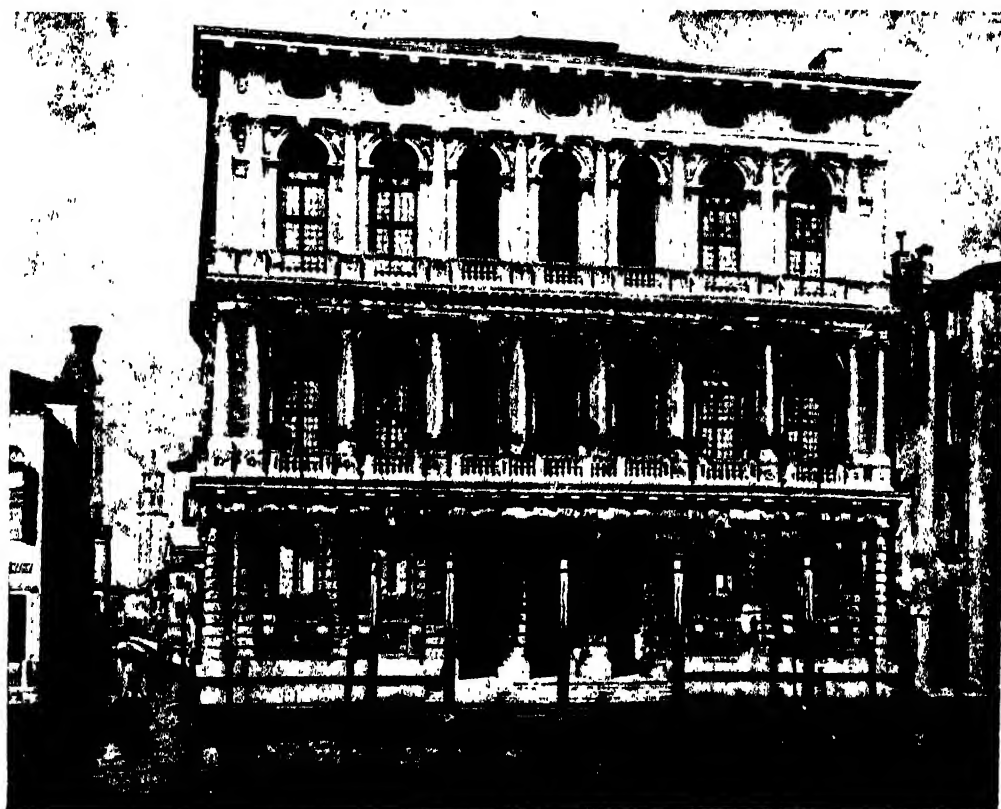
Where it is useless to dispute

It shows our wisdom to be mute,

So what became of that wild rout

Seems settled now without a doubt.

I give on the two previous pages a facsimile of another poem, "Crescentius," in the handwriting of Browning's father. This poem is to be found in "Asolando"—"The Cardinal and the Dog," with variations. Whether it was suggested by the elder Browning to his son, or whether, as is more likely, it was a variation by the father of the son's poem I cannot say positively. But in this connection we have an interesting and so far as I know unsolved problem. We have no means of dating the poems in "Asolando." One of the best Browning critics is of opinion that many of them were old and were gathered together by the poet for his last publication. It is almost certain, to say the least, that many of them were by no means recent, but as yet we have no way of discriminating between the old and the new. Browning's father died in 1866, and the poet himself in 1889.



The Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice.

where Browning died, December 12, 1889.

It is now the residence of his son, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad not more than forty lines in length
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in a hundred words of how a woman has acted or might act with chivalry towards another woman, or towards a man
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors

should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

- I This Competition has proved remarkably popular. Among the numerous Lyrics sent in many are too commonplace in style and theme, and show little of imagination or poetic feeling or utterance, but quite a satisfactory percentage of the poems are distinctly meritorious. We award the PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to Miss VERA LARMINIE, of 44, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W., for "The Night Raid," a dramatic lyric of real emotional and imaginative power.

THE NIGHT RAID.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And lights shone yellow from the town,
The dripping fog hung heavily
Twixt leaden sky and leaden sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And fires burned red within the town;
The hulls of ships drew soundlessly
Out of the shadows of the sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And children slept within the town;
The muffled oars swung noiselessly
Above the silence of the sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And women shrieked within the town;
The rattle of the musketry
Died out upon a sullen sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And dead men slept within the town,
The dripping fog hung heavily
Twixt leaden sky and leaden sea.

We select these from among the best of the other lyrics received :

SORROW AND I.

Sorrow came sighing to me, ah me!
When Spring was abroad in the land,
"I too can love, and I love but thee,
"Then give me," she said, "thy hand,
Give me thy heart and my heart shall cling
Closer than life to thee,
My soul shall be thine for remembering—"
Sorrow said this to me!



From a portrait by Robert Barrett Browning.

Robert Browning, 1889.

From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder).



Photo by W. H. Grove

**The Lying in State of Robert Browning,
at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice.**

Sorrow was Beauty to me, ah me!
Her hair was the veil of the night,
Her eyes were the stars that we dream, not see,
And her voice was the wind in its flight.
She took my heart in her hand, and it sighed
Strange music—and ceased to be,
She rapt my life in her life, and it died—
Sorrow did this to me!

Sorrow was dearest to me, ah me!
When summer was sweet in the air,
She bloomed in my life like a flowering tree,
Whilst I grew withered and bare
She hung my heart on a chain of years
As a jewel for all to see,
She gave me her heart that was drowned in tears—
Sorrow gave this to me!

Sorrow went sighing from me, ah me!
When the winter wain was nigh,
"Give me the heart that I gave to thee,
For I go," she said, "to die!"
She gave me my life—it was withered and sere—
My heart—it had ceased to be—
And the love that had lain in it, warm and dear
Sorrow took this from me!

(Kathleen Knox, 11, Hughenden Avenue, Antrim
Road, Belfast.)

THE TOILERS

"We have the payne and traueyle, rayne and wynd in the felde."
JOHN BALL (Fourteenth Century)
Slaves of the scythe and the sickle, to work as the seasons run,
Binding the sheaves in the harvest, bathed in the heat of the sun,
Ploughing the fields in the springtime—when shall our work be
done?

*For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."*

Swept by the winds of winter, soaked and sodden with rains,
Our burden is hard in the bearing; we are smitten of dolorous
pains;

We gather our Lord's good harvest, but what see we of its gains?
*For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."*

With never a hope of resting, sorely driven are we;
And we drive the kine to their grazing, fair or foul let it be;
And we cease not for age nor for sickness, nor for infirmity
*For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."*

We drink salt sweat to refresh us, and labour we take for our
bread;
And weariness closes our eyelids before the daylight be sped;
And we hear deep sobs in the night-time, and the sound of tears
that are shed.

*For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."*

Cruelty, lust, oppression, and hard, unpunished crime—
These are the bars from freedom, past which we needs must
climb;

And ye who hear us know it, bearing the cry of our time:
*For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."*

(Claude L. Penrose (G.C.), Royal Military Academy,
Woolwich.)

SONG.

Life is funny, isn't it?
Life is very droll.
Lots of money—isn't it?—
And precious little soul!
Life is funny,
Shed your money,
Pay the toll!

Love is honey, isn't it?
Love is very sweet.
Heaven, Sonny, isn't it?—
And never time to eat!
Love is honey—
Takes you, Sonny,
Off your feet!

Death is—death is—what is it?
Just a beauty sleep?
End of things or not, is it?—
Ah well, that can keep!
Life is funny!
Love is honey!
Death may reap!

(C. G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall,
Cheshire.)

A MOONLIGHT SONATA.

My Garden hath no flower with hues like thine,
No Lily half so fair, nor Rose, nor Eglantine,
When there on Summer-eves I watch thee stray,
I count as naught the flowers that bloom by day.

The flaming glories of the West grow dim,
The breeze is dead, and hushed the throstle's hymn;
The Moon stays lingering low behind the pine,
There is no room for other charms than thine

And when from out the dusk of night you pass,
And stand transfigured on the moonlit grass,
The sleeping flowers and all the birds at rest
Dream of the scents and songs that please them best.

(E. W. Priest, 101, College Road, Norwich.)

We also commend the lyrics sent by Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Mabel Ainev (Wood Green), R. H. Evans (Constantinople), Miss D. K. Bouleau (Bath), M. F. Cock (Ashford), Rev. A. J. Ashley (Cannock), D. Anderson (Dumfries), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), Ronald E. Rigg (North Shields), C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Gwen-doline Rees (Southport), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Violet D. Dean (Bromley), Mrs. E. H. Marshall (Merton Park), F. Page (St. Albans), Albert Morrison (Glasgow), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Margaret F. Barron (S. Tottenham), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), C. Jones (York), John C. Turner (Lockerbie), E. E. Kellett (Cambridge), M. A. Newman (Badingham), W. S. Howden (Lincoln), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Frederic Lois (Plaistow), J. C. Church (Castleford), Joanna A. Brock (Monifieth), Muriel Monks (Lincoln), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (S. Woodford), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Dorothy H. Berry (Colchester), H. A. Cole (Newtownards), A. Clark (High Wycombe), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Miss E. C. Brown (Walsall), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss E. F. Parr (Bristol), T. Sefton (Bolton), H. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Wilfred Dale (Westminster), E. Herbert Jones (Wolverhampton), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), J. D. C. Monfries (Edinburgh), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Arthur E.

Turner (W. Kensington), Jane Stuart Binnie (Glasgow), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ethel Gooch (Godalming), Jeanne Butler (Westbury-on-Trym), Ralph P. Buckenridge (Glasgow), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Scarborough), Margaret Painter (Wimbledon), N. D. Gullick (Clifton), Miss J. A. C. Smith (Edinburgh), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss Wilkie (Falmouth), F. M. Purkis (Gloucester), J. W. M. (Argyll), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), A. E. Tomlinson (Middlesbrough), A. Eleanor Pennington (Brighton), David S. Wadson (Gorleston), Charles L. Pavton (Edgbaston), Mina Gardner (London, S.W.), Gertrude Pitt (Hamstead), Theodore Maynard (Cricklewood), D. M. Tweedale (Birkdale), Charles Williams (St. Albans), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil).

II. —THIS PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks, for the following :

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE — BY R. H. DAVIS
(Duckworth)

"In his sleeves, which were long, there were twenty-four packs."
BRET HARTE, *The Heathen Chinee*

We also select for printing :

A TRUE WOMAN — BY BARONESS ORCZY (Hutchinson)

"If there's anything in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs."

BYRON, *Don Juan*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath)

THE ART OF THE ORATOR — BY R. EDGAR JONES
(A & C. Black)

"But I go on for ever"

TINNYSON, *The Brook*

(K. S. Venkataramani, Victoria Hotel, Chepante Gardens, Madras, India)

LETTERS TO MYSELF — BY A WOMAN OF FORTY
(Werner Laurie)

"Why all this toil and trouble?"

WORDSWORTH, *The Tables Turned*

O. H. Rhayton, Bloomsbury House Club, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.)

THE SECOND WIFE. — BY THOMPSON BUCHANAN.
(Greening & Co.)

"Quoth he 'the man hath penance done,
And penance more will do'"

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*.

(Mrs. A. Morton Smith, Chinwangteco, N. China)

THE ENDLESS JOURNEY — BY NETTA SYRELL
(Chatto & Windus)

"I see thy steps the mighty Treadmill trace"

CHARLES LAMB, *Ode to The Treadmill*

(M. Brown, 233, W. Regent Street, Glasgow.)

III. —So many apt quotations from Browning, applicable to Woman's Suffrage and the Coal Strike, have been received, that it has been very difficult to arrive at a decision. We have divided this Prize, and award Two New Books to Miss G. ROBINSON, of 46, Oxford Street, Cardiff, and Two New Books to Miss ANNIE C. REAY, of Langley House, Canterbury, for the following :

THE COAL STRIKE

"This ordeal passed,
The value of my labour's ascertained"

Paracelsus.

(Miss G. Robinson.)

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

"May they or mayn't they?"

All I want's the thing settled for ever one way."

Fra Lippo Lippi.

(Miss Annie C. Reay)

IV. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr G. M. Ellwood, of Abbey Park Road, Grimsby, for the following :

FLEMINGTON — BY VIOLET JACOB (John Murray.)

This tale of the '45 is no ordinary romantic novel, for it boasts neither love-interest nor heroine. But the character-drawing is excellent, and the hero's struggle to be true both to his friend and his cause is told throughout with a restraint which makes such scenes as Flemington's death, and Logic's reception of the news, all the more vivid. Again, when Logic tells his story, we see plainly the old Dutch house and Diane's face among the flaming tulips. The writing is unusually good all through, and the plot is well worked out to its tragic conclusion.

Other good reviews received are :

WHAT MAY WE READ?

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

(Smith, Elder & Co.)

The most misleading thing about this book is its title. We imagine we are to have an essay on "modern fiction," telling us what books are suitable for our reading. Nothing of the sort. The book is a delightful novel; as the author says, "a conversation story" in which the hero and heroine indulge in some rather erudite discourses on literature, art, music, and other things.



Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Showing Browning's tomb in the foreground

Through the lips of his characters, Mr. Waldstein does give some very valuable criticisms on books, but we soon lose ourselves in the interests of the tale, for Ruth and George are charming

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

DEAD MEN'S BELLS BY FREDERICK NIVEN.
(Martin Secker)

In this romance of eighteenth century Scotland Scotland in the days of the '45—Mr. Niven has caught in masterly fashion the atmosphere of the period. The opening chapters, which tell of the home life at Wester Mearns and its unsympathetic women-folk, are written with an insight and distinction of style which make them altogether convincing. Natural scenery in the Highlands, and a storm at sea Mr. Niven describes with rare feeling while his characters take on a curious, indefinable reality as he delineates them. Uncle Walter, Mr. Wylie, and delightful cousin Effie are creations we shall not easily forget

(John F. Harris, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

JOSEPH IN JEOPARDY BY FRANK DANBY.
(Methuen)

A brilliant novel of modern society, displaying its weakness, but pointing a moral. The Joseph, whose real name is Passiful, marries a woman older than himself, insignificant, without style or marked attractiveness, but conscientious and loyal. His allegiance is shaken by a woman of high rank and great charm, and it is the portrayed contrast of these two women that forms the motive of the novel. It takes the reader as long as the hero to realise the superiority of his wife over her rival. The successful tradesman and his ill-bred, conceited daughter-in-law are unpleasant but amusing characters

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road,
Scarborough.)

DICKIE DILVER BY G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson)

When Mr. Burgin is back in the Canadian wilds he is always at his best. "Dickie Dilver" is as fresh as a breeze from the Ottawa Valley—as vigorous as the crude life which is lived out among its woods. The tale moves perpetually from surprise to

surprise and keeps its reader's expectation from start to finish. Mr. Burgin has adorned his story with one of the most delightful dogs in fiction. He must be difficult to satisfy who does not find pleasure in this human and altogether unaffected tale of the natural world in the Far West

(M. A. Newman, The Old White House, Badingham,
Suffolk.)

We highly commend also the reviews sent in by Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), C. G. Taylor (Heswall), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), H. K. Ormerod (Airdrie), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), Miss L. Mugford (Dartford), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Winifred Crone (Liverpool), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), Constance V. Kerr (Berkhamstead), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Geraldine P. Gallwey (Thirsk), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss A. G. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), James A. Richards (Tenby), Miss N. Coppinger (Wimbledon), Ernest E. Reynolds (Clapham), Fred E. Bolt (Anerley), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Miss F. Carter Squire (Shupley), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), I. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Florence Snelling (Sidcup), Alexander McGill, Junior (Glasgow), Ellis M. Brown (Glasgow), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), J. Hardman (Preston), H. M. Creswell Payne (St Austell), Beatrice Terry (London, S.W.).

V. THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. J. W. MORE, Highfield, Dumoon, Argyllshire.

New Books.

BROWNING'S EARLY WORK.*

Professor Lounsbury, the learned Professor Emeritus of English in Yale University, has had a long and honourable career, and among his considerable services to English literature are his studies of Shakespeare and Chaucer. America has been generous in its recognition of Browning's poetry: in a wide sense it acknowledged the originality and peculiar powers of his works while they were still overshadowed in this country by the great fame of his wife. Excellent editions of his poems, and not a few useful hand-books have emanated from America, while undoubtedly the best biography of the poet is that of the late W. Hall Griffin, who was himself an American by parentage. Although Browning's reputation gained much by American appreciation, it has suffered more than a little through misplaced enthusiasm. It is not, therefore, very extraordinary that America should produce this reactionary work, for Professor Lounsbury's new book is nothing less. It is made up of four lectures on "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning" in which the author describes the development of the poet's powers and devotes considerable attention to the attitude of the Press and public at that period. But if the Professor is not entirely sympathetic, he is on the other hand not unfriendly:

* "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning." By T. R. Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

his purpose is to winnow the chaff from the grain, a salutary operation on the whole. Without agreeing with all his conclusions, it must be conceded that his method of criticising Browning's poetry, and especially his dramas, is acute and generally sound. Professor Lounsbury's book deserves the attention of all students and admirers of Browning's works; drastic as it is, it is unlikely to prove injurious to the poet's reputation.

Few more interesting subjects can be conceived than Browning's early history; and Professor Lounsbury has wisely restricted his studies to this period of the poet's life. It is the early life that counts (and unhappily it is often all that he has to count); after thirty years comes the prose, though many poets go on through the dreary forties, writing prosy poetry when they would be better employed on their reminiscences. Browning at seventy odd years recognised the futility of the aged poet when he wrote in his last volume:

"The Poet's age is sad: for why?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object but his eye
At once involved in alien glow—
His own soul's iris-bow.

"And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uninct by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began
Round each in glory ran."

Browning's father was no ordinary man, but his method of training his precocious son was calculated to turn him out a prig; as in the case of most men of genius he would have benefited by a public school training. As it was the elder Browning's library of curious out of the way books formed the mental pabulum upon which Robert the younger was brought up. Some stress has been laid on the fact that it was strange the elder Browning should have possessed these uncommon books, but it is surely quite as strange that the young poet should have been attracted to such an odd collection, and have browsed on it with so much good result. Like most original poets, Browning only gained recognition after successive periods of neglect, ridicule and opposition. Except to a small band of staunch admirers (including the Pre-Raphaelite brothers) to whom Browning's poetry meant a good deal, he was far too many years unknown to that world-wide public that paid tribute to his wife. He was once described by an early acquaintance as holding most of his contemporaries in little esteem. This attitude, which is certainly noticeable in his correspondence with his future wife, was a sign of the self-confidence evident in his poetry. Yet with this self-satisfaction was added a great sensitiveness to criticism. He would not enter into competition with anyone, he refrained from writing sonnets, for instance, apparently because his wife wrote them with such ease and grace. As a rule neither the subjects nor the treatment of Browning's poems were popular. Professor Lounsbury of course acknowledges the beauty of the shorter Dramatic Romances and Lyrics, of "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," and "A Soul's Tragedy," but he cannot disguise his dislike for the more rugged works, and he tells some of the old stories about Browning's obscurities, notably the one of Douglas Jerrold, who after an illness feared that he had become an idiot because having picked up "Sordello" he could not understand a word of it. Browning himself was fond of repeating a remark of Wordsworth's about his marriage to Miss Barrett. "I hope," said the veteran poet, "that these young people will make themselves intelligible to each other, for neither of them will ever be intelligible to anybody else."

When Browning was staying with Jowett at Oxford for Commemoration in 1887, the caustic old Master of Balliol wrote: "He is a very extraordinary man, very generous and truthful, and quite incapable of correcting his literary faults, which at first sprang from carelessness and an uncritical habit, and now are born and bred in him. He has no form, or has it only by accident when the subject is limited. His thought and feeling and knowledge are generally out of all proportion to his powers of expression."

ROGER INGPEN

A POET'S CHILDREN.*

The reader's sympathy is aroused by the announcement that the author of this book was prevented by the hand of death from giving to it the final revision usually needed and received. But no revision would have altered its main characteristic, which is not so much an account of a remarkable man and a remarkable woman as a study in their heredity. Hartley and Sara were both the children of a man whom good judges held to be possessed of one of the finest intellects the world has seen. Mrs. Towle's book is well-written, but as a biography of Hartley Coleridge it does not surpass the frank and yet tender

* "A Poet's Children: Hartley and Sara Coleridge." By Eleanor A. Towle. 19s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)



Hartley Coleridge.
Aged 10.

From an engraving by W. Holl, after the drawing by Sir D. Wilkie.
From "A Poet's Children," by Eleanor A. Towle. (Methuen.)

memoir written by his brother, nor is this account of Sara better than that given by her daughter. And the omission of Derwent leaves the book imperfect as a study of the Coleridgean offspring. The pleasure of the reader is much enhanced by the capital illustrations, including two portraits of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, two of Hartley, two of Sara, two of Herbert, and one each of Southey and Wordsworth.

Notwithstanding the unhappy relations of husband and wife, they both aroused in their children the warmest affection and esteem. It was one thing they had in common whilst there were many in which they differed. Hartley was as unsuccessful in the battle of life as his father, and if Opium wrecked S. T. C., Alcohol wrecked Hartley. Both were afflicted by a paralysis of the will which prevents the victim from following that which his intellect clearly points out as the path of duty. The father had the agony of seeing his beloved son on the same fatal rocks where the happiness of his own life had been wrecked. Hartley's was the breaking to pieces of a trim frigate, but the wreck of S. T. C. was that of a mighty man-of-war, capable in its strength of withstanding alone a hostile fleet. It cannot be said that they resembled each other in their gifts. Hartley, in his precocious childhood, seems to have had a turn for metaphysics, but in his writings he is nearer to Charles Lamb than to S. T. C. It would be idle to compare their poetic gifts, so immeasurably superior are those of the father, but it is curious to note that Hartley is at his best in the sonnet—a form in which the father did not excel. There was a peculiarity in which Hartley's case differed from many other of the victims of intemperance. Whatever baneful influence alcohol may have had upon his material prospects, or upon his physique or mental activity, it brought about no moral degeneration. He was not

brutalized, but remained throughout the same peaceful, lovable man, liked and pitied by all who knew him. It is open to doubt whether if Hartley had shared the class prejudices that then dominated Oxford, his intemperance would have involved the loss of his Fellowship.

Whilst Hartley, the eldest child, was a Bohemian in spirit, Sara, the youngest, never wandered beyond conventional limits. Brought up under the influence of her mother and of Southey, she had keener philosophical powers than either of her brothers, but her verses do not count for much, except the lyrics in her prose-poem of "Phantasmion." She made a happy marriage, and in her widowhood devoted herself unstintingly to the care of her invalid mother. It is the custom to regard Sara Fricker as a commonplace person devoid of intellectual sympathy, and only eager to see her husband's brilliant gifts coined into guineas. Yet it cannot be said that she made a mercenary marriage, for the failure of the Pantisocracy arose from the inability of the young men to raise by their united efforts £150 for the expenses of the emigration scheme. So far from being uneducated, she was able to teach her daughter Italian, if Mrs. Towle's statement is correct. On the other hand, the reproach so often made that S. T. C. callously imposed the burden of supporting his wife and children on Southey cannot be justified. The whole of Coleridge's permanent income was devoted to their use, and there were certainly families in the Lake district who were thought to be "passing rich" on £150 a year. Nor was this his only contribution to their welfare. True, a father's duties are not confined to £ s. d., but this charge of pecuniary neglect is baseless.

Derwent Coleridge does not enter into Mrs. Towle's scheme. This is to be regretted, for he stood in great contrast to his father. He had a successful and useful career in connection with the Anglican Church, and his contentment therewith perhaps made him less ready for literary adventures. Yet his biography of Hartley is an excellent work for its frank truthfulness concerning the brother whom he loved so deeply. That he had something of the family gift for verse we have the testimony of his son Ernest Hartley Coleridge:

"Father, thy father was a poet! Dew
Of Heaven was shed on him:
Thou, and thy brother and thy sister grew
By Hippocrene. Ye lipped its brim.
"Thy friends were poets. In thy mindful ears
What melodies must ring!
Nor didst thou fail in battle with thy peers,
When thou didst venture forth to sing."

In what way do the poet's children illustrate the influence of heredity? Mrs. Towle's doctrine is thus expressed on page 10:

"For no greater testimony could be given to the mysterious force of heredity, as independent of personal intercourse or conscious influence, than that afforded by the prepossessions and dispositions of Hartley, Samuel Taylor Coleridge's eldest son, and Sara, his youngest child and only daughter."

Let us confront this with Hartley Coleridge's own dictum:

"Genius is certainly not hereditary, though a certain degree of talent sometimes descends—oftener in the female than in the male. Scribbling is very infectious, and authors have a habit of warning their sons against the trade, which is most wise."

What is the truth?

Samuel Taylor Coleridge stood on a mountain height of philosophy and poetry to which none of his descendants have attained. If Hartley shared his ethical infirmities, Sara and Derwent were conspicuously free from them. All his children had a certain poetic gift and the daughter had a keen and philosophical spirit. But neither in poetry nor in philosophy did they reach within measurable distance of their father's greatness. Surely these data are too vague and inconclusive to be made the foundation or even the illustration of a scientific theory. If we extend our survey to include all the descendants of the Rev. John Coleridge we find many instances of talent and of success in life, but there is only one genius, S. T. C., and he, from a worldly point of view, was the least successful of all this remarkable tribe.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

WITTY DEGENERATION OF THE HEART.*

"Witty degeneration of the heart" was the diagnosis of a certain distinguished sufferer's complaint. The symptoms are the same in the case of the author of "Little Incidents," but they appear, at first sight, to be complicated by literary asthma. This, however, is deceptive. It is not because he is short of breath that he blows you a bubble which breaks, almost as it leaves the bowl, but because he is too cunning an artist not to know the exact moment when the creation of his fancy is complete, and so at its best. That is the moment he chooses to cast his frail craft adrift. It is art, not breathlessness, which accounts for the brevity of these sketches, and that he has staying power is abundantly proved by the longest stories in the volume, "The Lone Road," and "A Bearer of Burdens."

And, just as in literature (paradoxically as compared with life) "long windedness" is to be deplored, rather than to be desired—so also, in literature, "witty degeneration of the heart" is a symptom, not of sickness, but of health and sanity. It means that though sentiment of the right sort (let sneerers say what they will) is not wanting, the head has the wit to keep sentiment and the heart out of sight. I must not be supposed to accuse the author of "Little Incidents" of assuming a pose, when I say that he has a certain air of languid indifference and detachment, as if he did not care the swing of an eyeglass about it all, and half wonders why on earth he troubled himself to write. None the less, I suspect him of having a heart, and in the right place. I suspect him, even, of warning kindly in heart to the very mortals whose follies and failings he appears to regard with bored and semi-cynical surprise.

That he has a "style" of his own, and writes always with humour, originality, and distinction, is not to be denied. Best of all, he does not labour, or very rarely, to attain a laugh by mechanically-contrived and so-called "comic" situations or scenes. His humour is fresh, natural, whimsical, spontaneous. It is the salt with which he seasons the various and varying dishes of life, and he is as ready to laugh at himself as at the world in general, or at, as well as with, his reader.

Here may I turn aside to say how and when I first saw the name of the author of "Little Incidents" in print? A year or so ago, I chanced to read, in the *British Weekly*, a crisply-told, humorously-told short story, half banter, half biting social satire, but with a suspicion of "seriousness," and of what I have called "sentiment of the right sort," cunningly concealed beneath both satire and banter. It was signed "Frederick Watson," but, like the man in the play, who, when told that another man's name was "Smith," replied "That conveys absolutely nothing to my mind," I was no wiser in regard to the identity of the author. Yet, just as we are sometimes perplexed by seeing, upon the face of a stranger, a resemblance we cannot fix, so in reading the story, I found myself haunted, not by a family likeness, but by some far-away and fitting reminder—whether in the personality of the writer, or in his phrasing I could not say—of someone I had known but could not recall. Inquiring more closely—for my interest and my curiosity were aroused—I discovered the writer of the story to be the son of the late Rev. Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), and I knew at once that it was of the father I was vaguely reminded. Not that Mr. Frederick Watson's work has the least resemblance to his father's, or to that of any other writer. It has something in common with the work of Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Clarence Rook, and Mr. Lewis Hind, but with the exception of the story "A Master of Deception," which, in subject and in style, as well as in title, recalls the inimitable stories of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, it resembles the work of no other writer. Much of Mr. Frederick Watson's work does not even resemble other work by Mr. Frederick Watson. "The Egg," for

* "Little Incidents" By Frederick Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



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Messrs. Meddington, Ltd.

Mr. Frederick Watson.

instance, is sheer farce and sheer fooling. The author, his tongue in his cheek, is engaged throughout in pulling the leg of the reader, who is smiling broadly meanwhile, pleased and happy as a scratched dog. "A Bearer of Burdens," on the other hand, has pathos in plenty and even a hint of tragedy. Writing of his friend, Bret Harte, Mr. Watts-Dunton once said: "It is very difficult, in a short story, to secure the freedom and flexibility of movement which belong to nature the last perfection of imaginative Art." Short as is "A Bearer of Burdens," Mr. Watson's picture of Martha Turnbull has all the freedom and flexibility of nature of which Mr. Watts-Dunton speaks, and so is, in every way, a success in miniature—of imaginative art. I think it a mistake on Mr. Watson's part to have included two stories, "The Imperialist," and "A Theory of Tails," separated, the one from the other, by only five pages, in which the plot, or *motif* is exactly the same. In each tale an insinuating and insidious stranger beguiles the narrator into a casual conversation from which much amusement is derived, until it is discovered that the stranger has abstracted and disappeared with the other's watch. "A Theory of Tails" it appeared originally in *Punch*, from which others of the contents of "Little Incidents" are reprinted—is a fancy of infinite drollery, and I could more easily have forgiven the author had I found, at the end of the story, that my own watch was missing, than I can for thus repeating and parodying, and in fact spoiling what he has done so imitatively and so well. "Make a success—and run away from it" is a maxim which both authors and publishers would do well to bear in mind. That Mr. Watson has made a success with his first book is evident, and I am so far inconsistent as to go back on the maxim which I have thus learnedly laid down, and to express the hope that he will follow up his first success by another upon similar lines. The literary fare he has provided is for the most part of the lightest, and diners, in search of something solid, must look elsewhere for what they require. His stories suggest at least two culinary comparisons—hors d'œuvres, to put an edge on appetite, or savouries to tickle a tired and sated palate. It is true that in the middle of the menu we are served with something very different, in the shape of the four stories, gathered together under the sub-title of "Backwaters," and here the smile suddenly leaves his lips; and eyes, grave and serious as his father's, look out at us as we read. Recalling these four stories, we realise that we may yet see the name of Frederick Watson on the title page of a book worthy to stand, side by side, with those of "Ian Maclaren."

Meanwhile, to return to our culinary comparison, we are grateful for the dainty and appetising "snacks" which his son has set before us. They are served throughout with the humour—the dry, not the cloying and sweet brand—which is the champagne of life, and we rise from the table, having left no "course" unenjoyed, and hungry for the time when Mr. Watson shall play host to us again.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

PICK AND SHOVEL.*

The hope expressed in a previous number of *THE BOOKMAN* that Mr. MacGill's next volume of poems might be still better than his first, is amply satisfied by "Songs of a Navvy." The little book is not printed upon fine paper, nor is it garbed in purple and gold, but the plainness of its exterior is compensated for by the beauty of its contents. Typical of the many moods these songs represent are the many metres in which they are sung. Mingled with much that is terrible and even repulsive, at least for the supersensitive, are several lovely lyrics, full of unaffected admiration for nature. "To one who has been long in city pent," Mr. MacGill's poems of country life appeal with a refreshing calm, when he looks on nature and her ways "every prospect pleases and only man (and his works) is vile." In such pieces as "The Valley," with its gush of luminous language, or "A Spring Idyll," in a difficult metre managed with masterly skill, all is sweetness and content. Also, in songs of domestic life, his heart is true to home, and his pathos unforced. In "Going Home," boyish frankness and longings for the old familiar faces are affectingly portrayed:—

"So I'll hie me back to Glenties when the harvest comes again,
And the kine are in the pasture and the berries in the lane,
Then they'll give me such a welcome that my heart will leap
with joy,
When a father and a mother welcome back their wayward
boy.
So I'm going back to Glenties when the autumn shadows fall
And the harvest home is cheery in my dear old Donegal."

A charming portrayal of youthful longings in *wanderjahre* is "Roaming," with its rich language and thoughtful verse. Like all its author's work it is free from attenuated ideas and senseless verbiage.

These simple songs, however, do not form the main portion of Mr. MacGill's collection. His general work, such as "The House of Rest," is of a more serious and deeper import. This poem is a fine piece of preaching, although the effect of its grand lines is weakened by the long waits between the rhymes, thus destroying the anticipated assonance. A short quotation will show this defect, as well as the psalm-like solemnity of the poem:

"I saw the House of Toil, and there the people died for lack
of bread,
There gnawing hunger kept her rule relentless o'er the battered
roof,
And in the House of Love they wept for spoken words and words
unsaid
I gripped my staff in mute despair and firmly kept myself
aloof."

"The Old Men" is another poem to which a religious tone is imparted, not only by the gravity of its verse, but the solemnity of the thought embodied in it. It is powerfully written and might well be taken as the production of an old man, saddened by the results of senility:

"For we are the useless old men, wrinkled and bent and gray,
With the things we have done behind us, before us the lampless
way,
We are the useless old men, with faltering, failing breath,
With a stake in the great Hereafter, sealed by the hand of
Death."

A weird *Poësque* poem is "The Departed," but the too apparent artificiality of the metre lessens the glamour of the work, whilst some of the ideas are far from beautiful. The world does not want a repetition of "The Conqueror Worm," nor any more "Fleurs du Mal." Quite another key is struck in "The Waters," where the personification of human passion by inanimate objects is suggested by verse of great virility. The description of the pent-up rage of the waters when the dam gives way, and they burst forth, "bearing in braggart glee their freight of unshriven dead," is grandiose. We seem to feel the maddening gallop of the unchained flood as it breaks forth against the puny men who have striven to curb its power. An equally noble poem, but of totally different character, is "Longings," in which there are some notable lines. It is really wonderful how

* "Songs of a Navvy." By Patrick MacGill. 1s. (P. MacGill, 4, Cloisters, Windsor.)

well Mr. MacGill has managed to condense so many fine ideas into these short poems; line after line rolls on, each filled with thought, without any exhaustion, and without any lowering of the standard of excellence, for, although some lines are necessarily better than others, none is inept or inefficient.

The most characteristic portion of Mr. MacGill's book is that devoted to Navvies' songs proper, in which he sings of sin, sorrow, and suffering, of misery, despair and death. His is not the experience of a poet born in a golden clime, nor is he a poet who "works without a conscience or an aim." Some of these poems engender a feeling akin to despair, suggesting, as they do, that after all his toils of existence man may be merely manure for the earth; but born to labour, die and fructify the soil, as in "Played Out":

"He lived like a brute, as the navvies live, and went as the cattle go,
No one to sorrow and no one to thrive, for heaven ordained it so—
He handed his cheek to the shadow in black, and went to the misty lands,
Never a mortal to close his eyes or a woman to cross his hands."

When Mr. MacGill dons his navy garb and takes his companion shovel in hand, to tell of death in desolate ditches, or of hopeless mortals in foodless homes, something terrible may be looked for, for then he wields a stylus of steel and makes use of ink of vitriolic power. The condensed irony of his style is exemplified by the "Breakdown Squad," wherein the horrors of a railway smash cause a rush for the papers, and

"The publishers say in their usual way,
Business is doing well"

And by "Run Down," where the commonplaceness or sudden death is suggested:

"The gaffer spoke through the 'phone, 'Platelayer Seventy-one,
Got killed to-day on the six-foot way
By a goods on the city run"

Amongst the most noteworthy poems in the collection should be included "The Pioneer," a truly original production, and "The Song of the Drainer," which only inexorable want of space prevents the quotation of. "Padding It" has a swing and a ring which should justify its place beside certain of Browning's most popular lyrics. "Back from Kinlochleven" is a worthy sequel to it. Mr. MacGill has a marvellous facility for rhyme, and his rhythm is generally impeccable, but it may be suggested that he is wasting his powers over "Geological Nightmares," and "Conger Eel" lays. Such feats of versification are more akin to verbal acrobatics than poetic aspiration. The effect of the latter piece is discounted by its too apparent artificiality: "Apt alliteration's artful aid" is often valuable, but it can be carried too far: "The silent, sibilant, sombre, sinuous, stealthy conger eel," is not only contradictory but ludicrous. Other things than such metrical experiments are to be expected now from Mr. MacGill, for he is a true poet, and has written poems which will endure. There is vitality in his verse; his work will last long after the emasculated phrasings of boudoir bards have perished on the dustheap. Up till now his masterpiece is, probably, "The Song of the Shovel," and for a suitable parallel, Shirley's "Death Final Conquest," must be referred to. "L'Envoi—to my Pick and Shovel" is no unworthy finale to a work of real genius.

JOHN H. INGRAM

THREE CHILDREN OF ANTÆUS.*

One is a Presbyterian, two are Anglicans, and of the two one is a Canon, the other a Socialist. But all three are wrestling with the modern spirit of disbelief, and all three

* "The Renaissance of Faith." By Richard Roberts. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)

"The Plain Man's Creed." By E. C. Owen. 2s. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

"By-ways of Belief." By Conrad Noel. 5s. (Frank Palmer.)

gain vitality from their contact with the plain earth of practical life. Apologetic is rapidly losing its reputation for being abstract and irrelevant, if these three books are to be taken as representative of the churches to which their authors belong. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Noel have a journalist's eye for what is actually going on in the streets. Canon Owen, by his very title, shows that he too is alive to the situation, as it has come under his notice.

The Canon's little book is a good-tempered plea that Christianity is still accessible. He writes for those who are puzzled and disturbed by modern science and criticism. If he does not take them very far, he certainly eschews the introduction of "Churchy" notions, and his arguments are as reasonable as that elusive personage, "the plain man," will probably demand. Mr. Noel's range is much wider than his fellow-Churchman's. He marches up and down the byways of Christian science, teetotalism, sabbatarianism, theosophy, and eight other modern vagaries, with words of good-humoured remonstrance, appreciating the motives of the wayfarers, criticising pretty sharply their aberrations, and reiterating the conclusion that there is one highway, the "Catholic Faith." Not that Mr. Noel is satisfied with his own church's presentation of Catholicism. On the contrary, a delightfully mixed metaphor, he observes that until the heritage of the Catholic Faith is fully appreciated "these byways of belief remain as thorns in our side." His closing chapter is a brief exposition of the Apostles' Creed as the Highway to Zion. But he is more entertaining when he is making caustic observations upon the byways, or even finding some reasons for the lamentable fact of their existence. "The tame and lifeless thing men now call Christianity leads not only bad men, but good men, to revolt. The Catholic Faith preached in all its reasonableness will draw all men unto it, or at least all men of goodwill. Nowadays, the Faith is preached in so distorted a form as to drive the sheep from the fold and keep the goats placidly browsing inside."

Mr. Roberts has not Mr. Noel's brisk style, but he has thought and vision as the other two have not, and his fine volume, with its obvious indebtedness to Lucken, touches the problem nearer the roots. It is an analysis and survey of the present situation, with a forecast of social and religious reconstruction upon Christian lines. Work of this kind is apt to be discursive. A quick-witted, intense nature finds some enjoyment in rapidly characterising its environment, or in flashing the searchlight of criticism upon successive phases of modern civilisation. Mr. Roberts covers a large amount of ground in this book. He covers it eagerly and keenly, but the effect would have been deeper if his pages had been more concentrated. As it is, "The Renaissance of Faith" is the work of a preacher who, by instinct and training, has realised that there are possibilities for Christianity under the beaten surface of the conventional order. He, too, is a child of Antæus in this, that he sees it is no use to discuss subjects like the existence of God before one has come to terms with the palpable facts of human life in which God is revealed.

Two words of literary criticism in closing. Educated apologists might learn to spell Father Tyrrell's name correctly. And if they are bent upon giving us revised versions of our religion, they might at least leave us the text of Wordsworth as the poet left it.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THE IRISH RENAISSANCE.*

Mr. Ryan's book should serve as flame to the tinder of Gaelic aspiration. To the Gael it will recall certain well-known lines of Blake, the spirit of which he will render thus:

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In Ireland's green and pleasant land."

In form just the story of the "Irish Peasant" and the

* "The Pope's Green Island." By W. P. Ryan. 5s. net. (James Nisbet.)

"Irish Nation," as edited by Mr. Ryan, the work is in content infinitely more. It is the story of the birth-throes of the Irish Renaissance; its moral, that the regeneration of Ireland must come from within not from without; and its record of the extent and character of the new movement will be fresh and thought-provoking to the average English reader. Mr. Ryan makes it plain from the outset that there are other Irelands than the "Pope's Green Isle," that there is a Catholicism that is distinct from Vaticanism, and a difference between the meaning of the terms anti-Catholic and anti-clerical, politics and nationality, flowery phrase-making and serious thinking. What is known as "the religious difficulty in Ireland" arises, he points out, not so much from the clash of Catholicism and Protestantism, as from the very mixed Irish Catholic world itself. Loosely one may describe Mr. Ryan's point of view as Modernist, with a leaning to esoteric Buddhism. He is opposed to anything in the nature of formalism. One reflects that formalism preceded the Italian Renaissance. To the Irish Party at Westminster he is piquantly tolerant. He admits that, whatever one may think of Home Rule, the working or waiting for it means that several urgent things are "held up" or saved from being tackled in Ireland itself. He is tempted to think that the most brilliant and mordant touch of English irony is not in English literature but in English government and life—"getting Rome to try to 'keep us good' on the one hand, and, on the other, putting the priest in pride of place over our schools and the teachers of our youth, and then inveighing against Rome rule, and calling us a priest-ridden people." His indictment of the conservative section of clericalism is summed up when he says that "generally speaking, official Maynooth . . . wants to go on believing that Ireland consists, and will always consist, of an incurious Catholicism headed by a professional Catholicism," and he pictures it, in its impassioned defence of worldly property, bidding the poor be content with the prospect of heaven in the next world, "forgetting or ignoring the great fact that the Catholic ideal is collectivist, not individualistic as the word is usually understood."

Mr. Ryan's references to the effect of the temporal ambitions of Rome on Anglo-Irish relations is acutely critical. He is severe too on the clerical ideas about women, ideas which have induced the priests to drive women into "social and mental concentration camps", whip in hand, to enter private houses and disperse social parties, to challenge engaged and even married couples, and in other ways to make life so wretched and dull that emigration seemed the only way out. Co-operation and the land question are dealt with at some length. There are, Mr. Ryan declares, thousands of acres of wild moorland in Connemara alone which could be reclaimed and made happy home haunts. In connection with Mr. Pearse's educational experiments at Rathmines and Rathfarnham we are reminded that Mr. Pearse's philosophy was practised by the founders of the Gaelic system two thousand years ago, by men whose very names for "education" and "teacher" and "pupil" show that they had gripped the heart of the educational problem. The word for "education" among the old Gael was the same as for "fostering", the teacher was a "fosterer", and the pupil was a "foster child." With a keen love of folk-lore, Mr. Ryan has no sympathy with the folk-lore system of the Maynooth school; and against the commonly accepted teaching of many folk-lorists he sets the facts of archæology. Not for him the notion of a rude and primitive primeval world of crude and untutored fancies, and the gradual ascent of man from barbarism to what we know him in the fragment of earth-life we call history. Mr. Ryan's enthusiasm and idealism are infectious as they are reasoned and practical. From petty social cliquism, which the Gaelic League has done so much to discountenance, he looks abroad over the whole face of nature and reminds us that [we are all *en route*. His book deserves wide and careful

reading; apart from the direct objects it has been written to serve, it is intellectually stimulating in a very high degree.

PROFESSOR STUART'S REMINISCENCES.*

Of late Professor James Stuart has not bulked largely in the public eye. Five years ago he retired from membership of the London County Council, and his unsuccessful attempt made in the 1910 election to retain his former seat in Parliament, following hard as it did on his being sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council, may perhaps be taken to mark the right honourable gentleman's definite retirement from active participation in public life. If this be so—and we should be sorry to come to the conclusion—no slight compensation will be afforded all those who have known and admired Professor Stuart's long and eminent services to social and educational reform by the publication of a volume of his "Reminiscences," a volume which we may trust is only the first of a series, for its author wishes it to be distinctly understood that his work is in no sense an autobiography. To the man under forty, James Stuart will be merely a name, a name of note certainly, but one difficult to place. Only those indeed who remember Gladstone's return to power in 1880 can describe from actual experience Professor Stuart's most honourable record and can tell how he was the pioneer of University Extension Lectures at Cambridge, how strenuously he assisted Miss Josephine Butler and Sir James Stansfeld in procuring the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, and how, when the Liberal Party was at the nadir of its fortunes, he helped to crush the forces of reaction, by founding *The Star* and *The Morning Leader*. Strangely enough, Mr. Stuart says little about the famous crusade for "social purity"—to give the movement its prudish and rather absurd name—nor are his

* "Reminiscences." By James Stuart 10s. 6d. net (Cassell & Co.)



Painted in 1891.

James Stuart.

From an unfinished oil painting by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.
From "Reminiscences of James Stuart." (Cassell.)

disclosures about *The Star* and *The Morning Leader* very illuminating. But he devotes considerable space to a chronicle of his childhood and schooldays—a chronicle we must honestly describe as very small beer indeed; and it is only when he proceeds to the account of his life at Cambridge that the narrative gets really interesting. From this point onwards the Professor's "Reminiscences" are quite delightful, full of interesting comments on men and movements, and of amusing stories of famous personages. Gladstone, Ruskin, Tennyson, Stevenson, Browning, Blackie, and Francis Newman, all figure in these anecdotes, and Mr. Stuart tells us that it was at one of the meetings held at Trinity College, Cambridge, for making new statutes, that Thompson, the famous Master, made the inimitable *mot* "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest," and that the remark was addressed to Gerald Balfour, then one of the most radical of reformers. How far the former Professor of Mechanism and of Applied Mechanics is from regarding himself as infallible may be gathered from a frank confession which he makes in the final chapter of his recollections:—

"Of poetry I have been an omnivorous reader. Byron seems to me the best modern English poet. . . . Shelley stands very high in my estimation. I like Scott's poems, which have a great swing about them, but perhaps it is more because of their character as romances than poems that they recommend themselves to me. All the ballads about Prince Charlie have come down as a possession from my earliest youth. . . . I like Rider Haggard's books. There are few writers who have more gorgeous imagination. I not infrequently meet him, and I have found his interests very wide. And in quite recent times I do not think any story-teller has given me more pleasure than W. W. Jacobs."

Here again is an interesting admission which no one will think worse of Mr. Stuart for making:—

"Speaking of education in Scotland, it is a curious fact that, however good it may be, it has never been able to instruct the Scottish people as to how to use the words 'shall' and 'will'. In my own case I have had the advantage of tuition at the hands of many of the most eminent professors and tutors, and have passed through two universities. . . . and yet, in spite of it all, I find myself totally unable to decide in any instance that presents the slightest doubt whether 'will' or 'shall' should be used."

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL.*

It is not often that a reviewer can whole-heartedly endorse the encomium bestowed by a publishing house upon a work that bears its imprint; but when Messrs. Mills & Boon, in their circular letter to the Press sent out with the review copies of Mr. Hugh Walpole's latest novel, state that the author's "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" "was acknowledged to be one of the finest fiction efforts of 1911 from the literary and artistic point of view," they are but echoing a remark made in many quarters by those well qualified to express an opinion on the subject. "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" was a work that placed Mr. Walpole in the enviable position of being one of the small body of novelists whose work is awaited with keen interest by the more intelligent class of readers. It had the great gift of freshness. There have been tales innumerable of school life, but they have been usually of the boys and for boys. In "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" we have the psychology of the master's common room, and the masters and their wives depicted with rare skill. It was a book to read: it is a book for those who have read it to re-read.

In "The Prelude to Adventure," Mr. Walpole takes us to the University, and successfully envelopes us in the atmosphere. We have all types of undergraduates, from the football blue to the religious devotee, from the brutal amorist to the man who seems to have been born to be "ragged." When the curtain ascends, Olva Dune, a young man of Spanish descent, is looking down upon the body of a man whom he has killed with a single blow. He had no intention to kill, and if he had gone to the police-station and told his story, his troubles would soon have been over. As, however, there was no witness to the fact that he and

his brother-undergraduate had been together in the wood, he yielded to the temptation to hold his tongue. The dead man had kept queer company, and it was thought that he had met his death at the hands of one of these. No suspicion fell on Dune, but though he felt no remorse for having put an end to the life of the other, who was an evil fellow, he felt that he should have made confession of his act. He realised that he was behaving in a cowardly way in concealing what he had done, and this preyed upon his mind so severely that, at last, almost unconscious of what he was saying, so overwrought was he, he blurted forth his secret to a weak-minded invertebrate creature, the last person in the world to be burdened with such a secret. How presently one man, the man whose sister Dune loved, forced him into a confession, need not here be told in detail. In the end Dune decided he must go forth into the world to work out his redemption, and in the following words told his reasons to the girl to whom he was engaged:

"There is no explanation (of why I must go) except that by what I did in Sannet Wood that afternoon I put myself out of touch with human society until I had done something *for* human society. God has been telling me for many days that I owe a debt. I have tried to avoid paying that debt. I tried to escape Him because I knew that He demanded that I must pay my debt before I could come to you. I see this as clearly as I saw yesterday the high white clouds above the football field. God now is as real to me as you are. It is as though for the rest of my life I must live in a house with two persons. We cannot all live together until certain conditions are granted. I go to make those conditions possible. Because I have broken the law I am an outlaw. I am compelled to win my way back to citizenship again. God will show me. . . . God *does* exist. I must work out His orders, then I will come back to you."

Whether, as Dune's fiancée assured him, he was suffering from over-wrought nerves, or whether he saw the visions which guided him in his conduct, the reader, according to his convictions, must settle for himself. Whichever conclusion is reached, there is no doubt that the book is alive, the characters real, the setting admirable. Having had "The Prelude to Adventure," we can but hope that Mr. Walpole will continue his interesting psychological study by setting forth "The Adventure" itself.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TRAVELS ROUND LONDON.*

One might imagine that the picturesque possibilities of the Home Counties had been explored, exploited, and written-out tunes without number, that all the silent verdures of hillsides, and the hidden fastnesses of woods, were long ago desecrated, and that the footpaths had become "faded foot-paths," like those in Richard Jefferies' immortal reverie. But a brief acquaintance with "Pathfinder" will joyfully convince one to the contrary. Whether he alone, of many pedestrians, has succeeded in investing well-worn ways with a glamour of new loveliness,—or whether he alone, of many would-be guide-book writers, has broken away from the dull records of conventional topography, and set forth his golden discoveries after a fashion so delightful, so simple, and so enthralling, as might allure all men to follow in his steps—it were hard to say. But it would be very much harder to name anyone who has succeeded so emphatically as "Pathfinder." He contrives to rehabilitate the trodden ways with "the freshness of the early world," and to convey some of his own freshness and enthusiasm to the most jaded and city-weary reader. These charming and exhilarating little volumes, brim-full of explicit detail and implicit happiness, proffer advice and assistance of every kind for him who would "jog on the foot-path way," whether in Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Essex, Herts, or Bucks. Plenty of maps are provided by "Pathfinder," and the minutest of directions for every route, so that "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." He gives you such simple notes as shall ensure the comfort and simplification of a

* "The Prelude to Adventure." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

* "Afoot Round London." By "Pathfinder." 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

fourteen-or-fifteen-mile country walk. Claims of the inner man are not forgotten: you need never find yourself marooned upon some lonely down, when you know it to be lunch-time or tea-time by other signs than those of the clock. For "Pathfinder" benevolently indicates inns and village hostelries, and arranges your steps so as to fall timely in their neighbourhood. He is no blind guide, moreover, regarding the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the district to be traversed, but—as a genial and human comrade—bids you be aware, in a word or two, of its historical values and local quaintnesses. And he solaces any *contretemps* of the journey with [in his own words], "such random philosophy and open-air happenings as there is room for." The very titles of his chapters are in themselves suggestive and inspiring, so that, with the summer opening illimitable vistas before you, the very flute of Pan rings out from "Pathfinder's" pages, and calls you to follow him, "All among the Chilterns," "By Pack-horse Track to Shere," "Between two Forests," in Essex, or wandering along "The Pilgrims' Way" in the royal weeks between May time and hay-time. In short, whether as guides, philosophers, or friends, we have never come across more delightful itineraries than these two volumes of "Afoot round London," and upon them lies the benediction of that Japanese deity, ever-to-be-adored—the god who presides over field-paths.

MAY BYRON.

ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY.*

The Cambridge Professor of Moral Philosophy has just put out, in Mr. Dent's "Channels of English Literature" series, a summary review of British philosophy, which should prove extremely useful. His aim, so far as I understand it, is not to compile a complete consecutive short history—though I think that as a fact he has done so, but rather to "trace the chief stages in the development" through a study of the leading representatives of each. He succeeds in producing a most clear impression of the consecutive life history of English Thought as of a veritable organism. This unity of the treatise is due not so much to comprehensive generalisation as to its carefully mapped-out arrangement.

The various philosophies do not here concern us; only the author's treatment. It is in the first place, expert: Professor Seth seems equally familiar with every part of the field. And he is as conscientious as laborious—unfortunately. True to his task as expositor, he too rarely for our liking intrudes his own opinion. His attitude to the different schools may be eclectic or purely external, but if he has a bias he has suppressed it. Even in his concluding chapter on "Present Tendencies," he remains as inscrutable. His comments are often peculiarly suggestive. Time and Space—those tyrants of reviewers as of metaphysicians—alone preclude my quoting some specimens. The treatment of both the Mills seems singularly happy. Bacon receives full justice, but no more, the popular errors and exaggerations, which only tend to deform Bacon's real greatness receiving no quarter. More, I think, might have been said in praise of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," though Leslie Stephen's strange depreciation is justly refuted.

One more feature calls for notice, the excellent criticisms, or more often retorts to criticism, on the literary merits of certain philosophers. More than once the Professor simply selects with nice taste a quotation or two in defence. Thus to show what Locke—voted dull by the dull—could do when he chose, the exquisite passage on memory is given; the last sentence reads like Jeremy Taylor at his moments of highest inspiration. I confess to have found Professor Seth's own style sometimes obscure. Each sentence is plain enough, but the logical concatenation of the sentences is not indicated clearly enough—this is of course only the besetting

snare of all who have more Matter than Space. In fine the book has many merits of which the most meritorious are its impartiality and its thoroughness.

By a coincidence at the same moment appears another work dealing with part of the same subject, but with a different purpose. Mr. St. George Stock, who, before he moved from Oxford to Birmingham, as Reader in Greek, had done much editing, notably on Caesar and Plato, and had issued at least two short original philosophical tracts—which I shall now certainly try to get hold of—has just added another under the really appropriate title of "English Thought for English Thinkers." The "English Thought" has surprised and captivated me—the English quite as much as the Thought. It includes a close analysis of the philosophies of Locke, Berkeley and Hume, regarded as Idealists, and it is consoling to find Professor Seth coinciding in several doubtful points. But Mr. Stock's aim is not mere exposition of other thinkers. It is constructive and propagandist. He has a metaphysic of his own. "Our little systems have their day," says the poet—so has every dog—but when Mr. Stock's "ceases to be," may another as mercifully intelligible succeed. And as modest. The reconciliation of Idealism and Materialism! many an honourable Brutus would say he was ambitious—till he read him. But the theory is advanced quite tentatively as a *modus vivendi*, a reasonable working hypothesis on which both schools may agree. Both, that is *all*, for, as he well urges, there are but two. The philosopher can either direct his gaze outside himself; then Matter must obsess him—whatever fine reservations and distinctions he makes, he is a Materialist; or he may look inside himself for the solution of the problems and mysteries, then he is an Idealist. Till recent days all our own great philosophers adopted, and more or less adhered to the introspective method, and therefore Hume, who of course stands for Empiricism and Scepticism, was as Idealistic as Berkeley in one respect less, but in another more. The Philosophy of Consciousness devised by Descartes was worked out almost entirely on English soil, and few thinkers, even the stoutest Utilitarians have avoided the national bias. Now each method, the Introspective and the Extraspective with their results, are alike intelligible. All the confusion has sprung from not keeping strictly to one method. Said a small gull—a Materialist grappling with the problem of Identity. "Please, Sir, *which* is Louis Philippe and *which* is Louis Napoleon?" "Which you like, my little dear," replied the Idealist waxwork-showman. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." But, suggests Mr. Stock, shrewdly if not very logically, of two groups equally intelligent and learned, one cannot be all right and the other all wrong. The chances are they are both partly right. Can we not then reconcile them on some common basis, and, upon that neutral ground build our beliefs. Thus, therefore, he tries to do.

His very luminous and, even to outsiders, entertaining analysis of the three Idealists, by which he fortifies his position, deserves, but cannot here receive, detailed description. Many of his points are as original as acute. For instance (pp. 83, 84), theological bias, or rather instinctive piety was really what led Berkeley to recoil from Matter as being a barrier between God and the Soul, and to deny Space as a humanly invented rival of Deity. The other cause which the author suggests for Berkeley's modification of Locke's system, is his curious attempt to think without language. Hence his Sensationalism—nothing was real that could not be represented by a sense image. The general idea of a triangle was impossible, because every image of it must be *either* equilateral, isosceles or scalene. Further, it was just the contrary bias in Hume which caused him to turn the tables on the Bishop by denying the reality of Spirit, because we have no sense-image of it. The philosophy of each was deeply tinged with his own personal disposition—the suave humanity of the one, the earnest piety of the other. Mr. Stock does not go an inch too far. There can, indeed, be no doubt that, when halting between two opinions, Berkeley invariably chose the one which in his view was more to the honour of God. His exquisite mind was religious rather than theological, like St. Augustine's. Indeed, his doctrine

* "English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy." By Professor James Seth, M.A. 5s. (J. M. Dent.)

"English Thought for English Thinkers." By St. George Stock, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Constable)

that Spirit is the only efficient cause coincides strangely, if it be not derived directly from that of the Father—" *jan vero causæ voluntariæ, aut Dei sunt, aut angelorum, aut hominum, aut quorumque animalium.*" (Civ. Dei. v. 9). To Berkeley, by the way, these same forms of Spirit (adding Devils, which after all are but evil Angels) are the sole realities in the universe. The chapter on Hume is equally interesting, especially in the dexterity by which Locke and Berkeley are marshalled to retaliate upon their ruthless enemy. Not all the author's arguments are equally sound, and here and there certain remarks--but mostly incidental--on scientific points seemed hardly those of an expert. But the three philosophies have been studied with industry, dissected with skill, and their essence reproduced and criticised not only with honesty and acumen, but with positive charm.

For were Mr. Stock's opinions but March madness they would attract by their happy presentation. His style is not perfect; it is not magical, nor splendid, nor nicely polished, but all the same it does recall the sages of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries--neither pedagogues nor professors, but men of the world, of breeding, of culture, of leisure, of assured position and so of fearless independence and conscious authority--by its unaffected simplicity, its vigour and a lucidity both natural and studied. If a gift it has been matured by Greek training, just as his English Thought is really based on Greek thought, not German, nor even Hottentot. If the average gentle reader who has once opened with hope and hastily shut with rage and horror the tomes of our Kantian and Hegelian hierophants, will but give an evening to this modest book, he will find that metaphysicians are not really, as he suspected, in the pay of a gang of greedy alienists.

On Mr. Stock's system I will not expatiate. Though he sums it up in a nut-shell, it can only be judged fairly by studying the whole book. The very thought of a Philosophy of Common Sense is horrid profanity in the eyes of the Jargoners and Mystery-mongers, and they will certainly flout the predication of the reality of Time and Space, by which the reconciliation is effected. To these noble sportsmen--for as sportsmen I regard and admire them--Time and Space are simply occult sporting terms reserved for their own use, not to be postulated as realities by outsiders. Though its author makes out a good case for it, I confess that I stumble at this openly-avowed "believing where we cannot prove," though of course we all secretly feel that Time is a bigger reality than time-tables, and Space than a tape measure. After all, the author but follows Plato in asserting that the objects of thought (*νοητά*) are more real than those of sense (*αἰσθητά*). And these postulates once granted the way is cleared for the "Creed of Common Sense," so forcibly and eloquently expounded in the Conclusion. Which Creed does in a rough and unsymmetrical yet practical manner reconcile not only Materialism and Idealism, but Philosophy and Religion.

Y. Y.

A BATCH OF NOVELS.*

Of my batch of seven, the *quadrivium* is certainly to be classed as romance. We all love a good romance, and anyone who confesses to this can find what he wants in "Captain Quadring,"¹ who is a really vivid and arresting person, with a bitter history and a breathless career. The scene is in Australia, at a convict quarry, and the redoubtable Captain is an overseer who by his indomitable courage quells the incessant mutiny of those worse than damned souls. The strong, resolute brothers and their terrible feud, the solution of their quarrel in final peace, the young woman who is drawn into their lives, the feeling of the convict quarry, the brooding atmosphere of hate and wickedness, the characters of the men, the Colonial life of the period, are conveyed to the reader in an unusually realistic way, and, sombre as the tale is, it claims the reader's attention from beginning to end.

¹ "Captain Quadring." By William Hay. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

In "The Shadow of Power,"² Mr. Bertram has given us a promising first book, the result of a careful study of Spanish dealings with Holland under Alva. We have the Spanish noble as governor in the Dutch town, his love affair and his troubles, intrigues against the priest, the Inquisition, accusations of heresy and witchcraft, a dramatic marriage, a dramatic desertion of Spain by the hero, who turns to William of Orange, and governs Gouda for Holland as he had governed Gertruydenberg for Spain, and after much trouble finds happiness at last. Mr. Bertram's story halts sometimes in its determination to be restrained, and when it seems to have knit itself together into one it dissolves and takes another shape, but it is a notable attempt, and one feels that the author will do better things if he cares to try.

Neither can I altogether commend Mr. Christopher Stone for his Ruritanian story, "The Shoe of a Horse."³ Mr. Anthony Hope did this kind of romance so well that it is a pity to find so much ingenuity expended on doing the same thing not so well. A young Englishman of parts and breeding finds himself in "Paria," a country tucked away somewhere in Central Europe. He has gone for the shooting, and gets it in a revolution. And there is a girl who is the rightful Queen, and, of course, they fall in love. And--as happens in these romances--they turn their backs on duty and sovereignty and marry. Mr. Hope escaped that pitfall, but his followers tumble in every time. They *must* provide the happy ending. Jack must have Jill so that all may go well. And the English hero is a peer, and all through the book is a careless take-it-for-grantedness that the young Englishman--especially when titled--is the salt of all the earth, and is so regarded by the less favoured inhabitants of other lands. Yet the book is written with an admirable ease and fluency--quite a good essay in the manner of Mr. Anthony Hope.

Neither, again, can I wholly commend Mr. Frederick Niven's "Dead Men's Bells."⁴ For had there been no Robert Louis Stevenson, nay more, had there been no "Kidnapped" I doubt if we should have had this volume, or at any rate it would have worn another shape. There is little story, and what there is wanders into nothingness. A young man is sent home from Glasgow University, finds scanty welcome from his sister, seeks his fortune in a ship going to America, is run down in a storm and clammers on the other ship--a pirate, and with a comrade leads the pirate crew on an itinerary through the Western Highlands until they get rid of them. Now the details are excellent, some of the description is hard to forget, Wylie is almost a creation, though far behind Alan Breck, and the power and manner of this book place it easily first of my four romances as a piece of writing and in promise. But to make a romance that lives you must have a story, and here is no story. The finest part of all is the opening, describing the life at the farm, and the dour, stiff-hearted, unforgiving sister, a sketch that is not easily paralleled. But in spite of fine perception, good description, and vivid writing "Dead Men's Bells," remains an unsatisfactory book. It is full of promise, but Mr. Niven has already given us better things.

So much for my *quadrivium*; now for the *trivium*. Here I have three books not of past centuries, but of the living to-day. The "White Shrine"⁵ has a touch of "Bohemia." A girl who at eighteen wrote a wonderful fine novel, comes to live in London and meets a man who is a thorough cad and blackguard, who makes "platonic" love to her, borrows her money, and drives her to write a villainous book under a pseudonym, in order to get money for him. He is checkmated in the end by the strong, still hero from the Wild West or thereabouts who marries the girl--the "white shrine" of whose mind has not really been polluted after all! There is some interesting characterization and some clever writing in this book, but it cannot compete in realism or interest with Frank Danby's new novel, "Joseph in Jeopardy,"⁶ whose title is a sad blunder; it recalls the

² "The Shadow of Power." By Paul Bertram. 6s. (John Lane.)--³ "The Shoe of a Horse." By Christopher Stone. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)--⁴ "Dead Men's Bells." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)--⁵ "The White Shrine." By G. Villiers-Stuart. 6s. (Melrose.)--⁶ "Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. (Methuen.)

Biblical tale, and vulgarizes the book at the outset. A magnificent young man, a picture dealer in Bond Street and a county cricketer, wealthy, noble in heart and instinct, married to a commonplace girl of vulgar family, meets and is fascinated by a beautiful widow, Lady Diana Wayne, who stoops to this Adonis of Lord's. Dennis remains faithful to Mabel through thick and thin. The book is sure of a very large public, who will probably wonder, as I did, how Mabel, who was so very colourless and disagreeably unattractive at the beginning of the book, not merely manages to keep her husband faithful (though she really had nothing to do with that, only his own Josephry availed) but also towards the end of the book suddenly appears a capable delightful woman, with no reasons annexed. Surely there must have been some sign of change. The portraits of Amos Juxton, the wealthy grocer, his son Ted, and Ted's wife, Fanny, of Cosmo Merritt, the villain of the piece, are interesting and alive. Dennis is carefully composed, but one would be more sympathetic with him if he was a little more of a lover, or if he had not been labelled "Joseph in Jeopardy" on the title page. In my school days tinned herrings-in-tomato sauce were contemptuously known as "whales-in-jeopardy," and I think Dennis was more of a herring than a whale. But Frank Danby is to be congratulated on a very brilliant book, her most serious if not her most obviously striking work, and it is refreshing to find a hero who remains true to his wife in spite of a real love set elsewhere and with answering love, not for any exotic and perverse reasons, but for the good simple honourable reason that he had vowed a vow. Nowadays the contention in novels seems to be that in marriage the solemn promise is to be kept just as long as it is agreeable, and broken the moment its keeping becomes at all a matter of hardship. Surely a poor and degrading point of view, and I am heartily glad to find Frank Danby so ably defending fidelity in marriage, taking her stand on the old virtue and validity of a promise, and showing that in fidelity to his vow the hero found comfort and truer happiness and in the end love where no love had been. Whether this would be the end of a loveless marriage observed scrupulously in every point of the spirit of marriage is a debatable question, yet many wise men have thought with Frank Danby, though few would advise the initial experiment.

In "Esther" Miss Agnes E. Jacob has propounded and worked out with exquisite skill another problem of married life, and for fidelity to nature, insight into certain feelings and aspects of life, for intensity, for adequate writing, for pregnant, meaning phrasing, and for the shaping and balance of the story, as well as the logical development of the plot, I am inclined to think that "Esther" is the most finished and worthy of my seven novels, though lacking the scope and brilliancy of "Joseph."

F. M. A.

ST. CLARE AND HER ORDER.*

From a literary point of view one of the first things to attract attention in this volume is the statement that Canon Knox Little has written a Life of Francis of Assisi in which he never even mentions Clare. Yet the two names are almost inseparable. Francis had found his vocation only for about three years when, in the Lent of 1212, Clare came to him in the Church of San Giorgio. Shortly after midnight of Palm Sunday Chiara Scifi "was dead to the world." Says her biographer: "She persevered in that life of poverty, penance, and prayer for over forty years, and princesses and peasants alike joined her in it. Thousands of women continued all down the ages to embrace this extraordinary life; there are over ten thousand still living



St. Clare.

(Simon Menn)

From "St. Clare and her Order" (Mills & Boon.)

it in this twentieth century." And it is remarked that "it has been so in the material as well as in the spiritual life, that the man and the woman were needed for the development of the ideal. Witness Pericles and Aspasia, Augustine and Monica, Socrates and Diotima, Jerome and Paula, Benedict and Scholastica, Francis and Clare." The first settlement of Clares in England was made from France at the end of the thirteenth century. The number to-day is variously given, but a tabular statement in the present volume shows that the houses and inmates in Great Britain on January 1st were as follows: England, 9 and 228; Scotland, 1 and 14; Ireland, 9 and 277. The work, which is illustrated, after giving a careful account of Clare's renunciation and the early history of the Order named after her, deals with its Rule, special phases of its history in various parts of the world, some of its more notable members, and certain convents of note. There is one chapter which will appeal especially to our readers, that on "Poverty and Poverty." It contains this quotation from the late Professor James of Harvard: "It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilisation suffers."

OLD IRISH LIFE.*

"Old Irish Life," by J. M. Callwell, is virtually the history of the great Martin family of Galway and Connemara and of their associates and environment. The

* "Esther." By Agnes E. Jacob. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "St. Clare and Her Order." Edited by the Author of "The Enclosed Nun." 7s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

* "Old Irish Life." By J. M. Callwell. 10s. net. (Blackwood.)

Martins were one of the fourteen Anglo-Norman tribes who, as merchant princes, ruled over Galway for many centuries. "As proud as a Galway merchant" was a well-known proverb in the sixteenth century, and they had something to be proud of, since they were not merely rich and prosperous merchants but good fighting men, as well they had need to be, since they had to defend themselves constantly against the fierce Clansmen of the O'Flaherties, of whose lands they gradually possessed themselves. But like the other Anglo-Norman families they became more Irish than the Irish themselves, and so fell under the curse of Cromwell, whose soldiers pillaged and burnt as much of it as they could. Even after this Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy, described it as "a town of many noble buildings, most of them of marble, and that for situation, voisenage and commerce which it had with Spain, the Strayts, West Indies and other places, noe town or port in the three nations (London excepted) was more considerable." So great was the commercial intercourse between the town and Spain that Tacitus describes Ireland as situated midway between Spain and Britain. This connexion was developed by the Anglo-Norman merchants until, in the sixteenth century, they became great landowners as well. Like many others, the Martins escaped the rigours of the Penal Laws by conforming, but they never ceased to be Irish. Perhaps the most remarkable member of a remarkable family was Richard Martin who was Member for Galway at the time of the Union, and afterwards in the British House of Commons introduced the first Bill for the Protection of Animals. He was thereafter known as "Humanity Dick." He was a famous duellist a man of lavish hospitality, and despite his enormous estate in continual monetary difficulties. When asked if the King's Writ did not run in Connemara, he answered. "Egad, it does, as fast as any greyhound if any of my good fellows are after it."

Apropos of the methods of converting the "natives," the author tells the following story of an acquaintance

This lady dismissed all her Roman Catholic servants and imported English Protestants, from the butler to the scullery-maid. There only remained the page-boy, whom she summoned to her presence.

"Patsy," she said, "you're a Protestant from this out"

Patsy, however, lifted up an unexpected voice of protest

"Plaze, yer ladyship, I'd do anything ye bid me savin' that."

Her ladyship remained unmoved.

"William," she said to the butler, "take Patsy away and reason with him. Bring him back in two days"

The butler, it is to be feared, was not a skilled controversialist; at least, his arguments failed to convince Patsy, who at the end of the two days still remained obdurate

"No, yer ladyship. I'll niver turn," he declared, tearfully

"Williams," said his mistress imperturbably, "take Patsy away, and put him to bed. He's not to get up till he's a Protestant."

Patsy held out manfully for a week, and then his resolution failed, and he sent a message from under his bed-clothes that he was now a Protestant, whereupon he was allowed to don his buttoned array and to resume his place in the household.

Of the famous tribes of Galway, all were represented in "Ye Citie of Ye Tribes" until a few weeks ago, when the last representative of the Skerretts was removed by death.

There is no lack of racy stories in the volume, many of them, it is true, old friends, but we are grateful to the author for a most entertaining book, which has the additional interest of linking up the past with the present, at a time when a new epoch in the history of the country is dawning.

H. A. HINKSON.

THE TRUE TRAVELLER.*

Mr. W. H. Davies' new book of prose looks, at first sight, very much like "Beggars." It consists of twenty-three short chapters, describing some of the author's adventures

* "The True Traveller." By W. H. Davies. 6s. (Duckworth.)

in lodging-houses and on the roads of England and America; and some of these are to be matched in "Beggars." There is no need here to praise them. Some would be amusing or surprising, all interesting, whoever related them: Mr. Davies' limpid English and unspoilt outlook makes of each one a masterpiece of this kind. Even when they are not wholly new to Mr. Davies' readers, and are very slender in substance, that limpidity is itself a sufficient pleasure, so uncommon is it. But "The True Traveller" is more than a mechanical response to the demand for further reminiscences. We here meet, for the first time, some of the women of the road and the mean street. Evidently Mr. Davies had not introduced them before, lest they should contaminate the respectable reader. Success has given him confidence. He now knows that many respectable people are delighted to know what the rest are doing. They ought to be delighted with this volume, unless they have been corrupted by morals and melodrama. Mr. Davies knows nothing about either: I do not say that he has not heard of them. He has not done violence to his native modesty by these new revelations. He preserves the old mixture of decorum and real *naïveté* even while he is taking us up the strangest staircases. No doubt this is small beer compared with what he could, and probably some day will, brew. Yet I doubt if he will ever do anything better than "Mad Kitty," the story told by a barman about a "courtesan," to use Mr. Davies' decorous and even ceremonious term. She was "childishly wild and full of life," but whispered to her companion to be quiet in going upstairs to her lodgings, because there was a boy lying dead in the next room. "Later in the night," she tells the story. The boy was the landlady's child, and seven years old. Kitty had been very fond of him, and he of her; but when a neighbour near had a baby she grew fond of the newcomer, which made the boy jealous. In fact, she deliberately teased the boy to make him jealous. Once he threatened to kill himself with a knife, but Kitty took it away; once with a rope, but his mother saved him. In the end he found a bottle of poison and used it successfully, and he lay dead in the next room while Kitty was telling his story to the barman

"I could not sleep," says the barman, "for thinking of the strange things I had heard. I knew that these courtesans were very fond of children, and made every effort to win their love. That is the reason why they are never scorned by respectable mothers who are very poor. A respectable mother, who is very poor, is not ashamed to be seen with one of these courtesans, for she knows that cakes or sweets, aye, sometimes clothes or boots, will be bought for the children, which she cannot afford to pay for herself. A courtesan will be her most faithful and practical friend, if she will allow it. While I was thinking of this I heard Mad Kitty say distinctly in her sleep: 'Jealous because I made much of the baby. Poor little devil.' That was my experience with Mad Kitty the first time I met her"

This story is a finished short story, hardly longer than one of Mr. Davies' poems. Some of the other chapters contain equally finished stories, some consist of odds and ends of reminiscences, like that relating to the time just after the World's Fair in Chicago, when there were thousands of men out of work. "Do you want a bowl of the best soup in the city?" a man asked Mr. Davies, and he went, for he had become a connoisseur in free soup.

"After we had finished our soup," he concludes, "and were leaving, I asked Sullivan what kind of house it was, with so many well-dressed women there, each of a beauty peculiar to herself.

"'It is a sporting house,' he answered. 'How do you like the soup?'

"'Very much,' I returned.

"'You can always rely on girls of that kind to do something good and substantial for the poor,' he said. 'They do not make the soup cold with hymns and prayers. I am glad you enjoyed it.'"

The double revelation in this book is remarkable—the conscious revelation of out-of-the-way or hushed-up things, and the unconscious revelation of a temperament having that simplicity which is so far from morality and yet is apparently superior in the same field.

EDWARD THOMAS.

DOSTOIEVSKY.*

There is, just now, a kind of sudden interest in Dostoevsky. A popular drama based upon "Crime and Punishment" has recently made the least literary of play-goers acquainted with his name. Mr. Rhys's wide-cast net has dragged two volumes of him into "Everyman"; Mr. Heinemann promises a new set in English from the pen of Mrs. Garnett, the inspired translator of Turgenev, and now here is a big volume all about his life and works. A change, this wealth of opportunity, from the days when he swam like a new planet into the convalescence that followed my first acquaintance with influenza—those exiguous days when I had to eke out the few Vizetelly volumes with French translations of the others!

It was to be expected that Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd would add to his pleasant studies of Tolstoy and Turgenev some consideration of the third and, to Englishmen, the least known person of Russia's literary trinity. He deals, at first sight, unequal justice in the matter of space, as Dostoevsky gets a whole three hundred pages to himself while the other two have to share a volume between them, but there would be no valid objection to this—sufficient defence being found in the comparative unfamiliarity of the subject were it not that Mr. Lloyd exhibits some inexpertness in the handling of a long monograph. His dozen chapters have different titles, but they all say pretty much the same sort of thing, with the result that a careful reader begins to suffer from an uneasy conviction that he is always losing his place and reading pages that he has been over several times already. And, further, it cannot be said (completing here the tale of objections) that Mr. Lloyd is invariably an attractive writer. He struggles quite violently at times to avoid saying a plain thing in a plain manner and to achieve some elaborately literary form of utterance. Now this is not the way to write well. Literature is never literary. The man who tries to write in style will generally be as successful as the housemaid who tries to dress in the fashion; that is to say (leaving these irrelevant generalities), he will perpetrate sentences like this of Mr. Lloyd's:

"Thackeray himself is perpetually haunted by the forgnette of the English county family in his telescopic sweep of the cosmos."

Or like this:

"Hats and boots seem to have haunted for decades the sombre psychologist who was to sound the deepest plummets of the human soul."

Or like this:

"Then comes a night of horror, after which he shoots himself like a dog."

I assure Mr. Lloyd that if I seem to dwell upon these defects, it is not out of malice or ill-humour, but because I believe them to be weaknesses that he will be glad to avoid in his future work. I adjure him to cultivate plainness and order. His general formlessness and his particular formalism are very tiresome, and seriously detract from his good qualities—his interest in his work, his earnestness of intention, and his tactful choice of the topics that please and enlighten his readers.

Dostoevsky is the poet of the lower depths. His creatures are the paupers, the criminals, and the abnormals—the world's subtermen, not its supermen. He has been called the novelist of pity, but the phrase must be used with discrimination. He was not a sentimentalist. He had the artist's pity, the pitiless pity that finds beauty in the outcast and forlorn; but he never commits the common fallacy in pathos that invests the object with the emotions of the observer. It is the dreadful paradox of Dostoevsky's sufferers that frequently they do not suffer. They are horribly acquiescent in their fate, and their message, the more moving because it is mute, is that this is what man can make of man when the heart is hard and the affections fixed on things below. Like all original artists he shows us the unexpected—the intelligence of the imbecile, the honour of the thief, the kindness of the

murderer, and the purity of the prostitute, and all this without any lapse into dissertation or resort to verbal dialectic. Dostoevsky was an artist, not a mere preacher—I say "mere" because though every work of art has its message, every message is not a work of art. The bitter lot that made Dostoevsky companion of the condemned saved him, as, of course, did his own Russian, miswestern character, from the moral and artistic blunder of believing that humanity can be sorted into two classes of good and bad. We are not so simple as that. Our souls as well as our bodies are fearfully, wonderfully made.

"We are creatures of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering also and tears,
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres."

It is not surprising that this novelist of pity was also a revolutionist, a spiritual revolutionist, believing, as all true revolutionists do, that external changes are meaningless and useless without a change of heart as well. Some day we shall recognize that a practical belief in justification by faith rather than by works is the way of social salvation, though such a belief will not at any time absolve us from efforts of reconstruction and amelioration. Here is Dostoevsky's own confession of faith.

"I never could understand the reason why one-tenth part of our people should be cultured, and the other nine-tenths must serve as the material support of the minority and themselves remain in ignorance. I do not want to think or to live with any other belief than that our ninety millions of people (and those who shall be born after us) will all be some day cultured, humanised and happy."

And in particular, it may be added, he opposed that inevitable ally of ignorance, the Censorship. It is plain, then, that Dostoevsky was one of those culpable persons who will not let men rest in their pleasant circumstances of poverty and misery. He preached discontent. He was, in short, an agitator, and so (as really respectable people have recently been telling us) he deserved to be imprisoned or shot. The Russian Government, always the practical exponent of ideas that the very respectable classes here are content to express more feebly in words (though we are beginning to show signs of Russian firmness just now), evidently thought that Dostoevsky deserved to be both imprisoned and shot, for, having kept him in close confinement for eight months, it sentenced him, and nineteen other malefactors who had also preached discontent with the blessed and unimprovable present, to immediate execution.

"Under strong escort I was led out into the yard, where nineteen of my companions were waiting. It was seven o'clock in the morning. We were put into carriages four in each, accompanied by a soldier. 'Where are we going?' we asked. 'I must not tell you,' the soldier replied. And as the carriage windows were covered with ice we could see nothing outside. At last we reached Semyonovski Square. In the middle of it a scaffold was raised up to which we were led and ranged in two lines. . . . A sheriff appeared on the scaffold and read out our sentence of death; it was to be executed immediately. Twenty times the fatal words were repeated. 'Sentenced to be shot!' and so indelibly were the words graven into my memory that for years afterwards I would wake in the middle of the night fancying I heard them. . . . At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, and I thought 'It is impossible; they can't mean to kill us!' and I whispered these words to my nearest companions; but instead of answering, he only pointed to a line of coffins that stood near the scaffold, covered with a large cloth. . . . All hope vanished in an instant, and I expected to be shot in a few minutes; . . . Petrachevski and two others were already tied to the poles and had their heads covered with a kind of bag, and the soldiers stood ready to fire. I thought I might have five minutes to live, and awful those moments were. I kept staring at a church with a gilt dome, which reflected the sunbeams, and I suddenly felt as if those beams came from the region where I was myself to be in a few moments."

Their sentence, however, was changed at the eleventh hour to penal servitude. They had waited half clad for twenty minutes of a Russian winter morning. One went mad with terror, one got inflammation of the lungs and died of consumption, others had ears and feet frostbitten.

On Christmas Day, 1849, Fedor Mikhailovitch Dostoevsky, man of genius, aged twenty-eight, guilty of having loved his fellow-men, began his journey to Siberia. What a world!

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "A Great Russian Realist." By J. A. T. Lloyd. 10s 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.).

A NEW LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.*

The Bourbons, according to Balzac, were the true preservers of Christianity in France; they never betrayed, said their enthusiastic admirer, the trust which confided Christianity to them. Christianity in France and in Italy has had some strange defenders, royal and ecclesiastical, but no one would deny that Francis of Assisi deserved the certificate which the Bourbons received from the misguided novelist of last century. Francis preserved Christianity when it was endangered within his own church, and preserved it by re-kindling the apostolic spirit of devotion to Christ. This is the perennial interest of the man, even for those whose devotion takes other forms. There are epochs when Christianity is preserved by being re-interpreted, in terms of practical life as well as of dogma. Such interpretations require a strong personality, and Francis, by his sheer genius for Christianity, initiated a movement which worked far beyond the limits of the Franciscan order.

Franciscan literature of late has assumed unwieldy proportions. The higher criticism of the sources alone is almost as bewildering as that of the gospels. In opening a new biography, the reader's first interest is to place the writer, to find out where he stands between Tammassio and Hampe on the one side, and Gotz and Thode on the other. Jørgensen is with the latter. In a succinct appendix he gives reasons for preferring the conservative view of the sources. On one point he offers a conjecture, viz., that the bisection of the 'Three Brothers' Legend reflects an original division. "If the first part reminds us of a regularly arranged legend, the second part supplies precisely the flowers, the *flores* which the Brothers promised to pluck from the fields of their memory. It is likely that the second part of the 'Three Brothers' Legend originally, or in very early manuscripts, bore the title we know in some Franciscan manuscripts, now injured by fire: *Flores beati Francis et sociorum ejus*." There is something to be said for this hypothesis; Muzio's copy has no such division, it is true, but that manuscript possibly obliterated this feature of the original.

Although one may disagree with Jørgensen's critical results, however, his candour and accuracy inspire a measure of confidence. The biography of the saint is written from a definitely Roman Catholic point of view, but it is on the lines of historical research, and, while the translation limps here and there, it reads well. Sabatier's account of the saint differs from Jørgensen's materially. Still, the spell of Francis is upon all his biographers and critics, and there was room in English for this sympathetic, penetrating study from Denmark. It has been plainly a work of long research, but the balance of the narrative, and the easy mastery of the materials, prove that it has come from the pen of a writer who has striven to do more than print the contents of his note-books. For those who wish to read their Francis in the light of recent research, and who are unable to consult many authorities, this volume may be recommended as an excellent guide to the present position of the higher criticism upon the subject. It is not final. But it is far-minded, and interesting without being viewy. The third book, especially, with its treatment of the foreign missions, and the differences inside the Order, shows the Danish scholar at his best. The chapter on the Portiuncula Indulgence is a proof that the writer is sensible of the responsibilities which attach to an historical scholar who aims at being more than a mere eulogist.

J. M.

* "Saint Francis of Assisi." A Biography. By Johannes Jørgensen. Translated from the Danish with the author's sanction by T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.).

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.¹

The collected edition of Fiona Macleod's works is to be followed by a series of selections from the writings of William Sharp. The first volume contains poetry, most of which

¹ "Poems." By William Sharp. Selected and arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

was written before he had commenced his curious double career. Apart from their intrinsic merit, these verses are interesting in showing how deliberate an assumption was Sharp's second and feminine self. He appears to have had the power of taking up personalities at will, and Mrs. Sharp refers in her introduction to *The Pagan Review*, "the first and only number of a projected monthly review edited by 'W. H. Brooks'—of which William Sharp wrote every word from cover to cover, under the pseudonyms of the Editor and the seven contributors." Such a feat shows extreme versatility, but it also seems to argue some lack of individuality in the man who was capable of it. This argument is supported by the poems.

Sharp wrote in the Preraphaelite tradition, which had developed the externalities of poetry at the expense of its spirit. Rossetti and Morris, however, had vivid personalities which informed their work and shone through their incrustations of jewelled archaism. Swinburne, though far less individual, had a wealth of verbal music at command, which stifled criticism on any but irrelevant grounds. In lesser men, however, the radical defects of the school became apparent. Sharp was probably one of the most accomplished of the disciples of the Preraphaelites. This volume is full of admirable verse, delicate melodies and chosen diction. If poetry is to be descriptive and pictorial, this is very good poetry indeed.

But both instinct and experience tell us that poetry should be something else; that to write verse for the sake of writing verse, as Sharp did, is not enough. Poetry must be felt. It must be personal and passionate. It must be real.

Awakening to this fact killed Preraphaelitism, just as in France it killed the tradition of the Parnasse. Poets began to search for reality, either within themselves, like Mr. Yeats; or without, like Henley and Davidson; or both, like Mr. Arthur Symonds. Consequently, in the last decade of the last century, we had a mass of poetry, which, when time has sorted it out, will probably show more bravely in comparison with the Victorian giants than grudging contemporaries have admitted. There was much that was ephemeral in that poetry of yesterday much written merely *épater le bourgeois*, but it had a fine relish for life.

We do not wish *épater le bourgeois* nowadays. A new element has got into poetry, which has no business there—conscience. Poetry should be a symptom of an excess of life, and when vitality is high conscience is never much in evidence. Nevertheless, it was bound to come. It had got into fiction and into the theatre. Poetry could scarcely remain immune. When one begins to look into realities, one is sure to see ugly things. The strong artist, generous in his strength, pities. The weak artist gives up reality in disgust and solaces himself in poetic conventions. The conscientious artist, the typical product of to-day, is worried. The most striking examples of the poetry of worry are the two powerful poems recently contributed to the English Review by Mr. John Masefield.

Another poet of this order is Mr. Wilfred Wilson Gibson. He has written much romantic verse,

"Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light;
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire."

From this vision Mr. Gibson has striven to fashion a new poetry, a poetry dealing objectively, in absolute simplicity and without sentimentality, with the lives of the humble. One series of slender volumes, "*Daily Bread*," is already complete. Another commences.² As an experiment—in how far poetry can retain its conventions and yet be perfectly realistic—these stories, and the little play written for the Pilgrim Players,³ are interesting. Nor is the experiment by any means unsuccessful. Mr. Gibson's sincerity and purpose are of the highest. It is not his fault that he lives in a sick age.

² "*Fires*." Book I. By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

³ "*Womenkind*." By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

Conscience, again, has inspired Mr. Eden Phillpotts's dramatic monologue, "The Iscariot,"⁴ It is characteristic of the time that a distinguished novelist should take the classic example of conscience as the theme of his first serious effort in verse. Mr. Phillpotts's conception of Judas is interesting, though his delineation of the character is, like Mr. Brangwyn's frontispiece, a little blurred. His blank verse is well-knit, reminding one of John Davidson's, and the poem has some striking passages. Yet it gives one the impression of having been written to fulfil a duty rather than a desire.

That is not the case with Miss Ethel Talbot.⁵ Here, at least, is the real thing. Her poetry is not great, and it is full of echoes. But it is felt, personal. Like most of the best of the moderns, she has felt the spell of London's moods. She has even boldly challenged comparison with Henley by writing of the city in *vers libre*. Her themes are modern -- she has the Tube, for instance, which is more than Henley had -- but she rings the changes on the few old emotions which, after all, are the soul of all enduring lyric. "The best thing in the book, perhaps, is "From the Egyptian Room."

"A thousand years we feasted with the dead,
Night after night we saw the watch-fires lit
To cleave the dark with yellow flame and red --
And never a man of men had word of it

"Man rives from us our silence and our sleep,
Man mocks our evil and our good denies
We, in the sombre treasure house they keep,
Gaze on futility with amber eyes

"The little busy people that live now,
Then white arms have no strength, they are not wise,
But the old hate is graven on their brow,
And the old passion riots in their eyes

"The eternal dream lives in their hearts again,
They cherish yet the old elusive bliss,
Through the sad streets, under the London ram,
As once we dreamed in Heliopolis "

Over and over again, as here, an old thought justifies its re-statement. "London Windows" is a book which one is more likely to take up again than "Fires" or "The Iscariot" or Sharp's Poems.

Mr. Brett-Smith's "Poems of the North"⁶ are more scholarly and less buoyant than Miss Talbot's. Perhaps, they show greater possibilities of future development. Anyway, there are things in the book which it is worth while to read.

If England is to cease producing great poetry (which is very far from certain), she will presumably hand on the torch to her daughters. But if the colonies have received it, they have not so far succeeded in kindling it into a clear flame. "A Century of New Zealand's Praise"⁷ is probably typical of the verse which will come from overseas for some time yet. But though these sonnets are not transcendent poetry, they are good of their kind. They tell of the history, the country, the nature and sport, the industries and worthies of New Zealand, in verse which is often pleasing. And they have the good emotion of patriotism. They may be crude, but that is a fault of a youth, and a far more hopeful sign than if they were to show qualities imported from more elderly literatures.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

VILLAGE LIFE.*

Mr. Bourne has a wonderful faculty for penetrating behind the veil which conceals the lives of the poor. Partly no doubt it is an intense sympathy which makes him realise their circumstances and know much more about

* "The Iscariot." By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

* "London Windows." By Ethel Talbot. 2s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

* "Poems of the North." By H. F. Brett Brett-Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell & Fisher Unwin.)

* "A Century of New Zealand's Praise." By Arnold Wall. (Simpson & Williams, Christchurch, N.Z.).

* "Change in the Village." By George Bourne. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

them than they know themselves, but he evidently possesses also an extraordinarily keen faculty for analysis and deduction, which makes every event pregnant with meaning for him.

So it comes about that he has given us a document here of vital importance, one which no historian can afford to neglect. He has in fact written the history of the English Countryside for the last twenty years. For though his village is peculiar and not a typical village, though it begins by being a very irregular congregation of crofters and ends by being a mere fringe on the outskirts of a fashionable suburb, a fate, we are thankful to say, that befalls but few of our village communities, still the changes he notes are repeated throughout the country in a minor degree, differing only in quantity not in quality.

It is not a pleasant picture he draws. The old days are gone when the villagers lived a semi-independent life, hay-making, thatching, harvesting, turf cutting, hop-picking and what not, with the village common always to fall back upon for the support of his pig, cow or geese. Then his day's work was his day's pleasure. It was full of variety. It was work for his fellows, for himself, or for a farmer scarcely distinguishable from his own class. It was work bound up into the life and prosperity of the village. He took an interest and pride in it. Now all that is changed. The common is enclosed. Instead of doing a multiplicity of odd jobs connected with the land, and carried on amid the old familiar sights and sounds of nature, he works in the garden of the villa resident, an inhabitant of a totally different sphere, or he drives a coal cart. So too with the women. They baked their loaves, cured their bacon, cut their own turf, all duties related to their husbands' work and harmonising with the general industry of their people. Now, like their husbands, they are wage earners in Egypt, toiling in the stranger's house. Instead of the old happy-go-lucky existence, free generally from care, full generally of good feeling and co-operation, has come for both husband and wife the life of intermittent wage-earning, of deadly competition with other men and women for jobs. The friendly farmer has given place to the distant and disdainful villa resident.

The very law seems harder and harsher. Everything is enclosed. The old paths are trodden with fear. The very pig is ostracised. One by one cottages are demolished to make room for villas. The old rich contentment has disappeared. Some compensations are provided by the increasing hold of the church, the larger outlook given by the newspaper, the interest of politics. But we feel with Mr. Bourne that there has passed, not exactly a glory, but a pleasant healthy state of existence from the earth. He stirs our sympathies to their depths.

HERE AND HEREAFTER *

Whatever subject Mr. Edward Carpenter discusses, he is bound to say something fairly startling and unexpected. For he turns the light of an original and yet extremely receptive mind on the matter, and in this illumination the oldest and commonest happenings to mankind, "the old sweet uses of existence," are seen to be as interesting in the twentieth century as they were ten thousand years ago. This "Drama of Love and Death" is complementary to the author's "Art of Creation," and "Love's Coming of Age," and while it is characteristically and joyously frank and outspoken on these sacred and universal mysteries, and contains many a fine thought and beautiful suggestion, it is, let us say it at once and in all honesty, by no means Edward Carpenter at his best. We miss the force and humour that prevailed in "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation its Cause and Cure," and the genius that inspired that really great book of poems "Towards Democracy" has not, one would say, been invoked for the present volume. Over and over in this "Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration" we are called upon to

* "The Drama of Love and Death: A Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration." By Edward Carpenter. 5s. net. (George Allen.)

consider what Professors Geddes and Thomson have said, and to listen to the words of Dr. Oscar Hertwig, Dr. Havelock Ellis, and other notable persons. The frequent reference to the opinions and conclusions of scientific writers in footnotes, and in the text, is apt to be tiresome in a work by no means exclusively scientific. The bringing in of Ovid, and the allusion to him as "a gay dog," jar the reader (as well as Paul de Koch). "The love affairs of the Protozoa" doubtless have their place in the Drama of Love, and Mr. Carpenter indeed compels an interest in these remote proceedings, but when it comes to Mr. W. T. Stead's "psychic phenomena" and "Katie King" and her numerous manifestations, and the whole bag of tricks of Mr. Sludge, the medium, the Drama of Death becomes, to us, the merest penny gaff, a melodrama infinitely less entertaining than the performances of Mr. Maskelyne, and inextricably mixed up with fraud, and the perversion of high spiritual gifts to avarice and animal cunning. This acceptance by Mr. Edward Carpenter of the doctrines of Spiritism may account for the amiable but quite unjust, scorn of Christianity displayed in this book. Accepting the "miracles" of the spiritist seance, he ignores the fact that the Christian Church from the beginning has always believed in the resurrection of the dead, and that Roman Catholics in all ages have accepted and enjoyed "miracles" far more wonderful and stupendous than any of the performances of American Spiritualist mediums. As for the "Art of Dying"—it has been the art of arts to countless Christians, and a whole Christian literature exists on the subject. Mr. Carpenter condemns "sky-pilots" for "mumbling over ancient creeds," and yet cheerfully refers us to the Upanishads which are not exactly modern. Why, revolting against the materialist conclusions of nineteenth-century science, and turning to a life of resurrection, is it necessary to belittle and misrepresent the Christian beliefs that have endured since that first Easter at Jerusalem? If we have not done justice to the many passages that must charm all readers of this "Drama of Love and Death," the author has no one but himself to blame. He provokes the hostility even of those who, like the present writer, have known and admired the work of the author of "Towards Democracy" for the past twenty-five years, and have not suddenly woken up to the knowledge that Edward Carpenter is one of the few men of real literary genius alive in England to-day.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

LOVE IN LONDON.*

The one regard in which this novel surpasses any other that Mr. Oliver Onions has written is in the elaborate cunning of its plot. Mr. Onions always writes with distinction; his style, if at times a little too deliberate, too restrained to give adequate play to the passion it carries, has its own charm; and he has the ripe, tolerant knowledge of humanity and the skill in presenting character without which no novelist can tell a story that will count as literature. All these qualities go to the building up of "In Accordance with the Evidence" and in addition there is the carefully planned, closely woven, subtly developed narrative of how Jeffries, the big, ungainly, plodding city clerk for whom women possessed no attraction grew to love one girl, Evie Soames, with a terrible, secret passion in which every thought of self and all consideration for any happiness but hers is utterly consumed. He can pretend to make love to the pathetically plain and unloved Kitty Windus, never meaning to marry her or caring, except momentarily, how deeply he must hurt and humiliate her at last, his one consideration being that in affecting an engagement with her he is able to be more constantly near to Evie, better able to have news of her and watch over her. When he finds that Evie loves his shallow, dissipated, conceited, handsome junior, Archie Merridew, after a great

* "In Accordance with the Evidence." By Oliver Onions, es. (Martin Secker.)

inward struggle, he can force himself to stand aside and surrender her till, being Archie's close friend and so much in his confidence as to hear of all his amorous adventures, he learns of one horrible reason why Archie should never marry and resolves that, at all events, for her own sake, he shall not marry Evie.

So fixed is he in this resolve that when he has appealed to Archie and warned him and his warnings have been laughed to scorn, he calmly and dispassionately makes up his mind that he will put an end to Archie's life, but he will do it in such a fashion that he himself shall not have to suffer for performing what he sees to be an act of entirely righteous sacrifice. Then you see how from the beginning of the story circumstances have played into his hand so as to make this grim end possible. That may be a weakness in the plot—that clever over-elaboration, but it undeniably and ingeniously paves the way to a tragically impressive and powerful close. Not a pleasant story, perhaps, in certain of its aspects, but a story that grips you by its imaginative force and sincerity. The minute, intimate study of Jeffries' character is masterly; the whole inner and narrow, squalid outer life of the man are laid bare to you; in the miserable loneliness and sordidness of his cheap lodgings, in the dull, mechanical, oppressed, underpaid circumstances of his everyday office life, in the rare moments when his soul awakens, when his finer emotions are touched and the drudging commercial machine becomes a sentient, dreadfully human creature—in all his few changing moods and conditions he appeals curiously to your sympathies, so that neither his crime, nor his evasion of justice, nor his after immunity from any fret of remorse, nor even his winning at length the crowning happiness he had seemed to have lost beyond hope, shocks your sense of what is fit and right or leaves you otherwise than satisfied. That is Mr. Oliver Onions' greatest triumph. You may easily find pleasanter books among the new novels, but you will not easily find a more arresting or a more brilliantly written one than this.

A.

THE PLAYWRIGHT.*

The most perplexing element about this book is the almost distressingly calm way in which Mr. Archer turns aside to the Drama that intends greatly and the Drama that intends no more than a ready commercial success. There are degrees of difference in the latter as in the former, but to confuse the two planes of being is surely to perpetuate one of the most fruitful causes of artistic misunderstanding during the latter half of the past century. It is from this generation that Mr. Archer comes; and he may likely enough be a little amused at a new race that is perhaps impatient of control, or unduly anxious to re-try the oracles. There are few plays he has not seen during his lengthy experience, and there are not many of them that are not made to serve some lesson in these pages. Perhaps it is owing to this that one may say of him that "his Minerva is born in panoply," and perhaps the fact is derived, as "Saint Charles" unkindly suggested, from a national instinct.

Some of us have wildly believed, and even still continue wildly to believe, that Drama has an artistic revival before it that shall be born of, and continue in, adventure, maybe even rank heresy. We have even thought the aim will be very great, and the adventure correspondingly heretical. It is to such that Mr. Archer comes, replete in knowledge of all past dramatic attainments; and it is part of the nature of the case that his edicts are chiefly prohibitions. To take an example (and, as Mr. Archer will at once admit, a not unadventurous example), he is, save for one or two possible exceptions that he admits, ruthless in ruling out the possibility of soliloquies. I have in one or two places endeavoured to show that a man speaking aloud to himself when overwrought with pain or joy, is no very rare event in real life, and that an audience is willing to attest that fact when

* "Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship." By William Archer. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

given on the stage if only it be aptly given. I have even tried to say that the chief difficulty of its presentation is a matter of stage management; that, for example, the over-refinement of a modern drawing-room and a lack of depth in the stage picture, are insuperable barriers, one suggesting a highly artificial manner of life and the other frustrating that deep entry and walk across the stage, that provide so easy an opportunity for soliloquy. Apart from this, however, is it not possible to say that Drama cannot again be great until it be very heavily charged, and even overwrought with emotional strength? And is it not then that men break into passionate soliloquy? If that be so, then, it it be or be not used, the possibility of soliloquy becomes the fact of greatness in Drama. The Aside, as Mr. Archer himself is careful to point out, is a different matter. There the prohibition maintains, because it violates probability.

Another of his prohibitions is the use of verse in Drama except when it be Lyric Drama. It is difficult altogether to understand him (which is a very rare thing to have to say of Mr. Archer), for a play cannot be all lyric. There are bound to be non-lyric movements, and yet he deprecates, in another unhappy prohibition, the alternation of prose and verse! It is all a question of the prose or verse that is used, one may say, but it is a very considerable fact to have kept alive any faith at all in the possibility of poetic drama, after having traversed the wilderness of very prose drama that he has trodden.

I have taken these two examples, because they have seemed to me typical of Mr. Archer's attitude. He is careful to say twice or thrice over in the course of his book that new workmen in Drama bring their new modes and laws. But these sentences stand out as precautionary asides. On the whole the temper of his attitude seems to be against adventure, and the breaking of new boundaries. Very completely and adequately he sums up the past, and stands facing the future entrenched in its achievement. There can be no objection to that if he would take all the past, and not only the unhappy latter end of the nineteenth century, with its moment of momentum in the early days of the twentieth. Surely so clear a mind as his does not mean to infer that the nineteenth century is better than the fifteenth or sixteenth just because nineteen is later in the order of numerals than fifteen or sixteen!

In this summing-up the amount of ground that he covers is wonderful. From the beginning of a play to its end he fills movement by movement with precept and illustration, so that it is impossible to read the book without becoming aware of all the difficulties that face the dramatic craftsman and the various answers to them that have been made. And all Mr. Archer's clear thinking is employed in this task. When first I looked through the book, my inclination was at once to read the chapter entitled "Character and Psychology," for that clearly is the centre of all things in Drama. I resisted the temptation, and read steadily through, taking it in its course. Yet the instinct was right, for not only is the subject the centre of all things, but Mr. Archer's treatment of it raises it easily to the most important chapter in the book.

He sets himself at the outset to answer the "frequent critical complaint that in such-and-such a character there is 'no development.' That it remains the same throughout a play; or (so the reproach is sometimes worded) that it is not a character but an invariable attitude." How important this is needs no saying. It was seen, for example, in the recent presentation at The Little Theatre of Tchekof's "Seagull." There three characters were sucked up into the action, formed part of it, indeed, and so could not maintain "an invariable attitude"—to accept for a moment the words whose meaning Mr. Archer examines. These were Treplef, Nina and Trijorin; and they all failed to convince. There were three who had no part in the action; from whom, therefore, no development was expected. These were Sorin, Shamrayef and Dorn—if not indeed, Masha also; and these were clearly recognisable from start to end. The very fact that when Tchekof had to call up a character into some function in the action he lost him or her, is a considerable confession of failure on his

part; but wherein does the failure consist? It is in his answer to this, and the other questions lying round and about it that Mr. Archer makes a real and permanent contribution to clear thinking. There is not the space at my disposal either to give it or the gist of it (if, indeed, the treatment did not demand a quite separate attention); but it is certain that it should not only prove explicit but provide moreover a considerable incentive to exploration into the hall lit ramifying passages in the subliminal vaults of Being.

DARRELL FIDGAS

ABOUT SHAKESPEARE *

If so brilliant and magnificent a function as last year's Shakespeare Ball was to leave us any souvenir at all, it was bound to be such a souvenir as, for amplitude and artistic beauty, had rarely or never been devised before; and this handsome volume, clothed in vellum and gold and finished with dainty ribbon fastenings, edited by Mrs. Cornwallis West, enriched with colour plates, drawings, photogravures, and with literary contributions from some of our most famous living authors, is the very model of

* "The Shakespeare Memorial Souvenir of the Shakespeare Ball." Edited by Mrs. George Cornwallis West. 5 guineas net. (F. Warne & Co.)



**Miss Eleanor Balfour as
Mistress Jane Willoughby.**

(Reproduced upon a reduced scale from "The Shakespeare Memorial Souvenir of the Shakespeare Ball," by permission of Messrs. F. Warne & Co., Ltd.)

what such a souvenir should be, and in every way worthy of the memorable occasion that it commemorates.

There is a delightfully flippant, farcical article by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which the bust of Shakespeare discusses Othello, Iago, Lady Macbeth and other of his characters with a glorious impertinence, throwing in a shrewd and illuminating criticism or suggestion here and there by the way. Mr. Chesterton writes on the Shakespeare Ball, as one who was not there, in his gayest, most fantastic humour; and other entertaining essays on some aspect of the same function are supplied by Mr. Lewis Hind, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe; there is a charming essay on "Masques and Routes" by Mr. Anthony Hope, and an admirable discussion of the Shakespeare Tercentenary by the Earl Lytton. In addition to the fifty coloured plates, drawings, and photogravures of beautiful society ladies dressed in Shakespearean parts, there are over fifty sketches and photographs of the principal characters in the Quadrilles, a complete list of guests at the Ball, a programme of the Procession and Quadrilles making the whole publication absolutely complete. One can only congratulate Lady Cornwallis West and her publishers on the care and thoroughness with which they have arranged and produced this splendid and unique memento of a unique occasion.

Novel Notes.

FELIX CHRISTIE. By Peggy Webling. 6s. (Methuen.)

The opening scene of "Felix Christie," Miss Peggy Webling's new romance, gives us a refreshing humorous sketch of a "harvest-home" in Ontario, at which Professor Wiggins and Felix constituted the orchestra. Presently Felix is drawn to London to seek his fortune as a violinist, and his career henceforth yields a closely woven and deeply interesting story of failure and success and disillusionment and love. A weakness in his arm frustrates his first ambition, but Felix, nothing daunted, turns to literature, and compels success. The bare plot is simple, and its recital would do injustice to the book, the merits of which consist in its quietly humorous and subtle characterisation. The infatuation is admirably portrayed in Felix's relations with Miss Pearl Henning, who plits him in favour of Gambol, the hairdresser. Our quarrel with the plot would be the too infrequent appearances of Ettie Boscombe, whose picture adorns the cover, and to whom the hero is eagerly returning on the last page of the story. Her charms are made matter of inference rather than of description; and we surmise that Miss Webling has been very naturally tempted to give larger portraits of her humorous types, at which she is so good that we found ourselves wishing that her book had been unmixed comedy. In other words, that is to say, when clean mirth is such a rare element in our fiction we should have been glad of a whole novel written on the high comic level of Miss Webling's description of how Mrs. Christie restored the appetite of Mrs. Boscombe.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Melrose.)

Whoever has enjoyed to its full the fascinating spell of "The Wood Carver of 'Ilympus'" must confess to a reluctant feeling of disappointment with the author's new novel "A Daughter of the Rich." True, here and there in its pages, we savour the same mountain freshness which made the earlier novel such appetising fare, and the same kindly spirit, the same simple faith and cheery good-natured philosophy lend warmth and colour to the story. But the action, or rather the inaction, of the novel fails to sustain interest, the tale gathers no momentum; it is a patchwork of clever character studies sewn together in a somewhat obvious manner. However, every lover of typical New England folk will be grateful for the delightful pictures Miss Waller gives of "The Lost Nation"—the local nickname for the four families who dwell on Mount Hunger.

It is with the daily life, the pranks and precocities, the loves and heartburnings, of one of these families, the Blossoms, that the story is mainly concerned. The Blossom children, March and Rose, and the twins, Budd and Cherry, are as breezy and wholesome a bunch as any parent could desire, and with the help of Chi, their hired man, they provide a carnival of fun. Into the bosom of this boisterous household there comes by the doctor's orders "a daughter of the rich," Hazel Clyde, a child of thirteen, the sickly product of an artificial, hot-house, feather-bed existence. The transformation is complete; we see Hazel blossom into a radiant specimen of girlhood, and we are thoroughly at one with dear old Chi when he mutters to himself: "George Washin'ton! How she manages to creep into the softest corner of a man's heart, I don't know. I expect it's those great eyes of hers, 'n' that voice just like a brook winnerin' 'n' gurglin' over its stones in August. . . ."

THE BRIDE OF LOVE. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mrs. Horn writes with fluency and with great good spirits. Her new story, however, is so slight that it does not equal in interest those earlier novels by which she became popular. That Stair Mortimer, Lord Overdene, should be jilted on his wedding-day, and that his runaway bride's marriage with a chauffeur should be followed instantly by the tragic death of her husband, is an interesting situation; but it only serves to set Stair Mortimer free for the one great love of his lifetime—his love for Psyche Lemaire, a beautiful but rather silly girl. The plot to deprive Stair of his title is so half-hearted that it is not convincing; and the book's chief interest lies in the character of Miss Juliana, who very frankly admits that she is supposed to be like David Copperfield's aunt. This is undoubtedly the case, but, although she swears prodigiously, Miss Juliana is as gruff and tender-hearted as any maiden-lady with sorrowful memories of love should be expected to be. Readers who agree with us in thinking Miss Juliana the most interesting character in "The Bride of Love" will be gratified at leaving her a prospective Vicountesse.

LORD OF IRONGRAY. By B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Greening.)

A vendetta in an English nobleman's house is the exciting subject of Mr. Harris-Burland's new story, which will presently be described by many pens as a "thrilling romance." Matrimony was the means of rousing the latent energies and ambitions of Jack Orlebar; but over his new happiness rested the cloud of his past vagabondage in Polynesia. By a fine series of coincidences the secret of his earlier marriage became known to the vicar's daughter who had hoped to marry him, and also, before long, to a gang of blackmailers. A Polynesian exhibition in London, dramatically brought Orlebar face to face with his half-caste son, Rikaro; and Orlebar, daring everything to conceal his secret from his wife, connived at the attempted death of the boy. By a nice piece of dramatic irony his sordid intrigue to save the family honour from the disgrace of a half-caste heir, was little to the purpose, for his indiscretions had been exactly anticipated by his uncle, the real heir, whose death at sea had been wrongly presumed. Mr. Harris-Burland's plot, however, defies compression; moonlight murders, tragedies in a disused pit, impersonations, buccaneering, detective subtlety—these are some of the ingredients which the author dispenses with a lavish hand, and blends into a rattling good story. There is a love-story in the book, too, and the final solution is brought about by a supreme self-sacrifice.

FOR THE QUEEN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)

"There are only four letters and a ring. But with them goes—the honour of a queen." The theme is no younger than Edgar Allan Poe, but Mr. Oppenheim "cuts" the philosophy, dispenses with commentary, and concentrates his skill on the multiplication of the difficulties with which the reader is confronted. The issue involves a tragedy and the flight of a beautiful agent

of police, the active agent in the tragedy, to a convent at Highgate—which seems rather hard on the convent. So much for the tale that gives its title to the book. And when so much that passes for fiction is but mere special pleading or pamphleteering, the reader who wants to be amused during an idle hour must be grateful to Mr. Oppenheim for this as for many another "opiate for ennui." "For the Queen" is clever, but hardly the best of the fifteen short stories of which it forms one. "The Ambassador's Dilemma" deals ingeniously with a purloined despatch. "In an Oxfordshire Lane" tells how a runaway match followed by parental hatred is at length blessed with happiness and content, and introduces us to a strolling player, Dick Andrews, of whom one would not be sorry to hear again. In "Lenore" a chivalrous young Guardsman comes to the aid of beauty in distress, and discovers in a pretty music teacher his lost cousin. These are well above the normal level of such literary fare. "A Sprig of Heather" is another excellent story, with at least one good sentiment in it: "To be past the age of dreams is to stand upon the threshold of death—the death of mediocre content, or mortally wounded sensibility." Altogether a capital example of Mr. Oppenheim in his lighter mood.

A FAERY-LAND FORLORN. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This pathetic little story differs markedly from others which have been told by Mrs. Penrose, yet it is as readable as any of them, and it has a very pleasant Irish setting. Mrs. Penrose does not believe in conventional happy endings, but in "A Faery-Land Forlorn" she seeks to show that sorrow is not without its recompenses, and this endeavour saves the book from being a mere record of unhappiness, although it is true that the aims of the chief characters are paralysed by strange happenings beyond their control. Frenzied by financial ruin, Terence Donovan's father killed the father of Evelyn Eyre, just after the two young people had become engaged. Evelyn, horrified and innocent, clung for sympathy to Terence, never imagining that their love would be less sweet because of the tragedy. Terence, whose father was the criminal, saw that the sense of blood guiltiness would always be between Evelyn and himself, so, very scrupulously, he decided that they must part, thus completing the destruction of their happiness. To fulfil his resolve, Terence went away, and, years later, married another woman. But he returned to Ireland to die, and bequeathed his child to Evelyn as a legacy of love. His wife was surely too complaisant regarding the unconditional disposal of her child; but Mrs. Penrose reconciles us to Mrs. Donovan's unusual indifference, for she makes her properly heartless. And, as Evelyn always wanted a fairy child, she found in this one the only kind of earthly happiness that remained to her, so perhaps Mrs. Penrose means to suggest that happiness, after all, lies only in sacrifice.

EBB AND FLOW. By Mrs. Irwin Smart. 6s. (Routledge.)

"There is a tide within the human soul
Of constant ebb and flow, a force which seems
As wide, as restless, and beyond control
As yonder sea . . ."

Mrs. Irwin Smart quotes three verses of this poem of the tides, and her story illustrates, with decided power, the ebb and flow in a girl's heart and life. Seven chapters at the beginning of the book introduce us to a farm-house in Scotland, a house where death has come and taken the wife and mother, and left the grave devoted husband and the little girl just old enough to grieve and remember. To the old farm, in time, come Aunt Maria and her own children, to "look after" little Nancy Ironside, the motherless child, and then Nancy's more hideous troubles begin. In its quiet, simple, rather old-fashioned style, this portion of the book is perhaps the best. It reveals the hungry heart of the little girl, her passion, and her inner life; it shows her in the midst of uncongenial natures, harshness, meanness, yet with her own secret joys and comforts. The child is flesh and blood, and her silent father, her self-seeking aunt,

her harsh brother, and sneaking consins are, also, living, breathing beings round about her. The book changes and becomes more modern in the later sections, while still keeping very consistently to the early promise of Nancy's character. A great love had come into her life on her return from school—an impossible love, and when worldly, Frenchified "Aunt Polly," Madame Du Pré, whisks her off to London, Nancy is glad to go, and leave behind her the more poignant reminders of her pain. In the new English life the girl is adaptable, but through all the changes we trace her own individuality, and we feel that the wild, all-pervading first-love is not dead, only penned back in her heart. Other lovers come, and other troubles, and in the inexplicable manner which is so absolutely true to life, Nancy marries the wrong man. Ebb and flow, ebb and flow, Mrs. Smart has made a tender, poignant story of Nancy Ironside's life, from babyhood to reconciliation.

SHARROW. By Baroness Von Hutten. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Intentionally or otherwise, the Baroness von Hutten seems to have put her finger on the main reason why the power of our aristocracy is nowadays so evidently ossifying. Our old nobility is too contented to sit down in state and



The Baroness von Hutten.

look proudly to its past instead of to its future; as a consequence it is beginning to appear as dowdy and as obsolete as a woman does when she moves among up-to-date fashions wearing a last season's hat and gown. The Sharrows are a very ancient family indeed, and have lived for many generations in an ancient and beautiful house for which they have a quite inordinate pride and affection. Old Lord Sharrow, who never seems to have done anything worth doing, finds himself nearing the end of his days, and having no son of his own, he interests himself in his great-nephews, one of whom is his heir. He is less attracted to this fortunate youth than to the red-headed, ugly young Sandy Sharrow, who so strikingly resembles himself in appearance and in the wildness and almost primitive savagery of his disposition, and who would rightfully succeed him, only that by some mischance Sandy's grandfather's marriage turned out to be illegal. Sandy, too, has what his luckier cousin lacks, a fervent and instinctive

love for the storied old house of his ancestors, and it is in accordance with the fitness of things that as a result of his regard for the place and his fondness for searching about in its odd corners, and among its dusty relics, he unconsciously brings to light certain documents that, later, when he is living, disgraced and outcast in Paris, establish the legality of his grandfather's marriage, and, after all, make him, more even to old Lord Sharrow's satisfaction than his own, the true heir to the ancestral title and estates. Meanwhile, he has passed through lurid years of disappointed love and reckless dissipation. He returns home to take up the honours and duties that his aged great-uncle is just laying down. "Love the house," old Sharrow urges him, as he is dying, and Sandy promises that he will. He will not marry, at first because he means to let the younger brother whom he loves succeed him, but his brother dying, he marries his third and truest love, anxious to have an heir to whom he may transmit his greatness, and before the end of the story his hope is fulfilled. He has no other ambition, no desire to do anything that shall justify him in his position as one of the heads of the nation; no conception of any duty beyond loving and maintaining the ancient family residence and begetting a son to occupy it after he has done with it. But this subtle irony is only an undercurrent in a well-contrived story that is full of incident and, though it has its melodramatic moments, is plausibly and brilliantly written. The characterisation throughout is remarkably good.

A LONG SHADOW. By Gwendolen Pryce. 6s. (Cassell)

The old proverb which gives the title to the book, runs: "A little man may cast a long shadow." It is a happily chosen title for a novel that deals with a tragedy of temperament. "There was weakness in all the lines and proportions of his (Percy Brandon's) face, but most of all in his mouth and chin, and, as if he knew it, he frequently held the lower part of his face between his thumb and forefinger, so that these features were hidden behind his hand." In a paroxysm of rage Brandon, a London clerk on a cycling holiday in Wales, rode over a child. Left a fortune, he was drawn back to the spot by a strange magnetism, and found that his little victim had lived, a hopeless cripple. It was his fate to fall in love with her benefactress, and his Nemesis was to come in his inability to confess to his betrothed his identity with the man whom she denounced as a ruffian and murderer. The improbability of the story is in his remaining in the place when he knew that his secret had been discovered by an enemy willing to blackmail him. The way of escape for poor Brandon, whose faults were only negative, was hard. Miss Pryce provides an ingenious, if somewhat cynical solution, in an act of suicide that is capable of being construed as heroism. Thus it came about that Anabella Powell, in a passion of regret for some passing mistrust of her supposed hero, erected a monument to his memory, "to front the sea and the sun with the lie upon its face." The lie ran: "Sacked to the memory of Percy Brown Brandon, who died to save a child's life, on the 24th of July, 189-. Aged 38. 'He that loseth his life shall find it.'" A powerful novel on a drab theme.

INNOCENCE IN THE WILDERNESS. By Theodosia Lloyd. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss Lloyd begins her story where Trollope did his best work, in an English cathedral town, but she shifts her two main characters to London, where one becomes a journalist, and the other works with the lady who jilts the said journalist. Howard Brook and Eve Latham eventually mate. Innocence is not left entirely forlorn in the wilderness of metropolitan life. But the interest of the story is not in their relations so much as in the contrast of types. Miss Lloyd's work is evidently prentice-work. She leaves several characters half-sketched, and fails to make the most of the difficult situation between Howard and his prim, clerical home. At the same time, the clash of temperaments is drawn with some penetration. The youthful affectations of the University man, the provincial atmosphere of the clerical set, the bourgeois suburban ways of

Eve's cousins, and the journalistic manners of Brook and his set, are played off against one another with good effect. Miss Lloyd has some power of description, and she knows one or two types of women. Her novel suffers, however, from over-crowding, and the good scenes do not make up a satisfactory plot. There is promise in this book. It repays reading, and the authoress will do stronger work yet.

A DERELICT EMPIRE. By Mark Time. 6s. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

The author dedicates this "fantasy," as he calls it, to the British Elector, in the hope that ten years hence the assumptions from which it starts may still be wholly imaginary. Having thus said "Heaven forbid!" he proceeds to give us a picture of England under a Socialist and Syndicalist government with Mr. Swinton Mountchapel as premier. Among other enormities, the House of Lords has been abolished; Home Rule granted to Ireland; the suffrage extended to all adults of both sexes; and old age pensions granted to all applicants over fifty years of age. Moreover—and this is the starting point of the story—this revolutionary government has decided to evacuate India and entirely emancipate this great dependency from British control. In the opinion of the officers of the Siwana Horse, an Indian cavalry regiment, the result of this fateful decision will be wide-spread anarchy and the possible appearance on the scene of the Germans, the Russians, or the Japanese, not to mention complications with the Amir and the Nizam. "I imagine," says Captain Wardlaw, "that a great deal will depend on whether India can produce a man capable of mastering the situation. If such a man should come to the front and succeed in making himself obeyed by the army, he might found a new empire." And the story describes how Captain Wardlaw himself steps into the breach and performs this stupendous task; and so well does he acquit himself that when he is on the point of leaving India rather than acknowledge personally the suzerainty of the Kaiser, the German Emperor sends an urgent wire waiving his claim to overlordship on the ground that "India cannot spare you." The story is especially interesting as giving what purports to be the attitude of the average civil and military official in India towards this grave problem of national emancipation. It is essentially a tale of the army, and to those interested in the intricate game of war it will probably make its strongest appeal.

HERSELF. By Ethel Sidgwick. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick has a taking way with her, and writes with charm and distinction. Excellent are the scenes at Madame Barriere's school for girls at Versailles, at Farover, the home of those complacent objectionables, the Escreets, and at the village concert—with Mr. Finch, the curate, performing. "You see, he has to keep order with the boys as well, sir, and with his black face, it's difficult." So it was. And difficult it was also for Patrick, and difficult Patrick made it for Harriet Clench and Geoffrey Horn. The pathos of Patrick's life, and the pity of it! See him outside the highly respectable Farover house where Harriet sat alone and "sang without tears, for her suffering was too deep-seated for that." "He leant against the house-wall in the rain, having crept round into the garden, near where shafts of light from the drawing-room lay out upon the lawn. He was a stray dog, come begging again because he could not keep away. . . . She had told him not to come, he could not imagine why; but, forbidden or not, he had been drawn along the roads again, through the cold drizzle, to the spots he knew she haunted." Oh, eminently "collectable" was Patrick and marked to be collected by death. But Harriet Clench lives through the bad days and far away—west of the west—in Donegal, Mr. Horn "tells" her between the tides "where once a saint bathed his feet, and left behind him a healing holy well." And the wise reader will find the whole story in "Herself," and will also learn of the great Dr. Gudgeon, of Bertha Lindt, the musician, and of Ann Maskery, and other persons "collectable" and otherwise, in a novel so markedly above the average, and so good to read.

RUTH OF THE ROWLDRICH. By Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Must a woman of genius forego husband and home and all the claims of love in order to give that genius full expression? Ruth Leigh, the heroine of Mrs. Wrench's new novel, awakens slowly and painfully to the knowledge that her brains and faculties will never have a chance to blossom into fulfilment, if she settles down as the wife of her long-time playmate and lover, David Miller, a sturdy, large-hearted son of the soil. Wondering what the future holds in store for her, the fancy seizes her one midsummer's eve to test the truth of a local legend, and at nightfall she makes her way barefooted to the mystic group of Rowldrich stones, a kind of miniature Stonehenge: and there, as luck will have it, Ruth meets a young artist, philanderer, and dreamer, whose influence sends her to London, to that great world of adventure, Fleet Street. Many types of men and women she meets here, and her heart stirs to new sensations, but always in the background waits the faithful figure of David Miller. Ruth's first book is a great success—every fibre of her being she has put into it; her second, however, is a failure, and in the end she is glad to exchange the obsession of an all-consuming ambition for the peace and happiness of a home with David. Such in brief is the ambit of this interesting novel, which is remarkable for the intimate analysis it gives of the conflicting elements in the character of a woman of Ruth's type.

DICKY DILVER. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson)

Dough, the dog in "Dicky Dilver" deserves a place of honour beside Old Man's famous mule, Miss Wilks. But Dough, after all, plays only a minor part in the working out of a capital story. Dicky himself, the charming Miss Smith, and the mysterious, handsome Indian squaw whom Dicky carries to his cabin, half dead with exhaustion, out of the wild heart of a night of storm—these are the leading characters in one of the lightest, most amusing, and most interesting romances Mr. Burgin has ever written. The egregious Miss Perkins, the autocratic, meddling local journalist, with her brazen attempts to blackmail Dicky, and her somewhat melodramatic kidnapping of the beautiful squaw, who proves to be no squaw at all, but

well, there is no justification for our revealing a secret that Mr. Burgin very resolutely and adroitly conceals until the right time has come for letting it out. The scene is laid at Four Corners, in Canada, again. The characters are sketched with swift, skilful and humorous touches, and the whole story of love and jealousy and hatred and vengeful intrigue has the right romantic setting, is narrated

easily and pleasantly, and is by turns idyllic, farcical, picturesquely descriptive, and generally alive with incident and adventure. If you want to get away from the vexed problems of the hour and forget them all in a breezy, entertaining story that is a story and nothing else, you cannot do better than possess yourself at once of "Dicky Dilver."

Bookman's Table.

LONDON STORIES. Being a Collection of the Lives and Adventures of Londoners in all Ages. Edited by JOHN O'LODON. Vol. I. 6s. net. (L. C. & E. C. JACK.)

Everyone knows that John o' London (otherwise Mr. Wilfrid Whitten) is one of the first among living authorities on all that relates to the history of the great city from which he takes his name; and from the stores of his knowledge on this inexhaustible subject he has lately been bringing together the stories that go to the making of this fascinating book. He has not aimed, as he says in his preface, to produce any formal history or topography, but to dip into that romance of London's past and compile a miscellany of the infinitely varied tales that are its memories of yesterday and the years that are gone. The stories are not arranged in order of date nor in any sequence at all, and this seems to add to their freshness by evading even a semblance of monotony. From an excellent article on the Street Cries of London, you pass to a history of Child's Bank, gossip about Dr. Donne's Monument, about the death of Lord Bacon, the popularity of that doggerel song "Pop goes the Weasel," to the story of George Barnwell's crime, of the Duke of Wellington's duel, of the Gordon Riots, of the Whistling Oyster, the Baliff's Daughter of Islington, and a hundred and fifty or so others concerning quaint, rascally, heroic, or some way famous London characters, customs and events. Mr. Whitten has been assisted by a staff of competent contributors, and the book is cleverly illustrated by Mr. George Morrow and other well-known artists. "London Stories" is still continuing its appearance in fortnightly sections, and we congratulate editor and publishers on its having grown to a sufficient number of parts to bind up into so large and so peculiarly interesting a book as this first volume is.

ANIMA CELTICA. By Reginald C. Hine. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Anima Celtica" is a most kindly appreciation of the Celt, and of the Irishman in particular. It is not in the least ethnological, but a rhapsody, with many examples, about "the delicate grace, the mystery and the strangeness of beauty that he hidden from the common view in the soul of the Celt—the Anima Celtica." Many will feel that, whether he deserves it or not, the Celt has been sufficiently praised during these last thirty or forty years, and that in mere encomium little remained to be done. Certainly Mr. Hine, with all his enthusiasm and scrupulous writing, has not done this little, but has rather written an elegant exercise in a well known theme. It is full of this kind of thing. "It was their bitterness of soul sorrow which gave the chief impulse to their song, and drove them to that deep communion with Madonna Natura which is reflected in all their literary work. It has been with them as it was with the other nations before their time. Out of the ruins of a memorable past there has sprung the creative flower of beauty: fate has given them gifts of fairer kind than those she took away. The glory of its youth was passed too soon from Ireland: the people once so strong have gone down early to their grave. Yet their spirit lingers like an everlasting enchantment about the hills and valleys of their beloved country: and the glory that they lost is but added to the earth. . . ." If Mr. Hine had not been so carried away he would have cut out "Madonna Natura" and "creative flower," at any rate. But criticism should "tread lightly, because it treads on a heart" in dealing with this slender floral book, made up



Mr. G. B. Burgin.

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of so much fine sentiment and fine quotations from Messrs. Douglas Hyde, Arthur Symonds, W. B. Yeats, Swinburne, Wilde, Thomas Hardy, Lionel Johnson, William Sharp, R. H. Horne, Clarence Mangin, A.E., Thomas Traherne, and others.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING WOMAN.

By Adelheid Popp. 3s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"If every rich and contented woman in the land would but read it, how wise she would become," said the late Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald when she first read Adelheid Popp's "Autobiography of a Working Woman" in its original German; and one of the last acts of her life was to arrange for its publication in England. The preface she was to have written in the English edition is penned by her husband, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.; the volume also contains August Bebel's preface to the German edition. It is a powerful book, intensely human and convincing, untold its narrative in a simple, downright manner. The story shows us a little girl who has to struggle for every bit of bread she eats—a young woman with tremendous odds against her, who has never had a fair chance to live—and finally we see the woman who is reaping the results of her years of self-culture and unfailing courage. Frau Popp wrote because she says "I recognised in my lot that of hundreds and thousands of the women and girls of the working class, because I saw great social phenomena at work in what surrounded me and brought me into difficult situations." This is a book that cannot be too widely read, and the sooner the unenlightened in those great social problems that it deals with are startled by the revelations it contains for them, the better it will be for the world.

THE COMEDY OF CATHERINE THE GREAT.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With 6 Portraits. 15s net. (Nash.)

Mr. Gribble is one of the most attractive of writers of the more piquant kind of biography. His work is always readable and illuminating almost as often. There are occasions, perhaps, when the author shows his hand too obviously, as in the following passage, but Mr. Gribble does not miss his effect. "The Grand Equerry, Narishkin," he tells us, "was a lower comedian than Potemkin, and without his brains, but there was no courtier whose company Catherine found more agreeable. His chief feat during the excursion under review was to spin a top on the table at which the royal party was sitting. It was a top as big as a man's head, and it contained an explosive. It burst, and the fragments flew into the faces of the diplomatists who were admiring it. If we could imagine the late Dan Leno, in the reign of the late Queen Victoria, playing such a practical joke at the expense of the late Lord Salisbury, at Osborne or Balmoral, the analogy would help us." Catherine the Great forms an admirable subject for Mr. Gribble. Possibly he does not give the reader much idea as to why she was styled "the Great," but he does endow her with life. She is presented to us here as a very human and very charming woman, not as "the Messalina of the North." "The truth is that Catherine was a woman not only of exceptional ability but also of exceptional charm; and that, if she had to be placed on her defence before a jury of matrons commissioned to judge her by modern moral standards, she would be able to plead, in the language of the criminals who are only criminal through circumstance, that she 'had never had a chance.'" The reader will find much to amuse and interest in this admirable piece of work.

WILLIAM JAMES. By Emile Boutroux. Translated by Archibald and Barbara Henderson. 3s 6d. net. (Longmans.)

This small book is both an interpretation and a defence of the philosophy of William James. It is interesting, with the lucidity that is usual in French philosophy and science, and has the charm that belongs to the writing of an enthusiastic disciple; the translation is very well done,

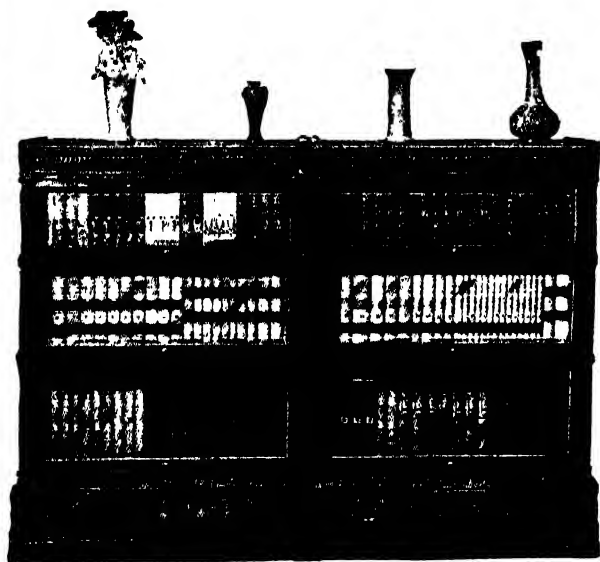
and reads like an original work. In many cases the actual lives of men are best written in their works, but in some men the personality is a real help to the understanding of that work. This is conspicuously so in the case of William James, his life was a working out of his philosophy, and his personality added much to the charm and the persuasiveness of his teaching. We hope therefore (with Mons. Boutroux) that his brother may be induced to compile his biography, for though the two brothers worked in quite different fields, their intellectual and moral outlook is very closely akin. Amongst philosophers, the man, William James, arouses much the same kind of affection that is felt for Charles Lamb amongst men of letters. The book contains seven chapters, and includes a very brief sketch of the life and personality, and an attempt to sum up his whole trend of thought from the volume which unfortunately remains a mere fragment called "Some Problems of Philosophy." Mr. James, as a philosopher, was profoundly interested in and had a great respect for religion; he held, too, quite definite religious beliefs. His largest and chief book, the "Principles of Psychology" (1890), though in reality not an easy book to fully understand, can be read with pleasure and profit by any intelligent person. Mons. Boutroux says that it is "a rigorously scientific work in form, as well as in substance, in a very real way envisaging psychology as a natural science, and at the same time very easy-going in traversing the precise and subtle subjects involved, very lively, very elegant, very captivating, agreeable and invigorating reading for a man of the world, no less than an indispensable working instrument for the specialist." Like Frederick Myers, Henry Sidgwick and others, William James was an ardent student of Psychical Research, and hoped through that for a philosophical basis for religious belief, and was fully convinced that religious experiences are often based on actual fact. The chapter on Religious Psychology is the least satisfactory in the volume, but it ought to tempt those who have not already read "Varieties of Religious Experience, a Study in Human Nature," to take up that book which appeals equally to the devout and philosophic reader. The most important chapter is that on *Pragmatism*, for though James was not the first to use that word, nor to expound the doctrines which are connoted by it, yet quite fairly his place amongst philosophers is based upon the fact that he was practically the founder of *Pragmatism*, which Mr. Bertrand Russell describes as "a genuinely new philosophy and singularly well adapted to the predominant intellectual temper of our time." It would be absurd in a short review of a book which is itself nothing more than a populariser of a system of philosophy to attempt an exposition of *Pragmatism*; a slight hint may be gathered from James' own words, "the true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief, and good, too, for definite assignable reasons." Mons. Boutroux's chapter will prove a help to those who want to understand this philosophy, and may be taken as an introduction to William James' two volumes which deal specifically with it, "Pragmatism" and the "Meaning of Truth." The more serious student will do well to read the trenchant criticisms which Mr. Bertrand Russell has issued in his volume "Philosophical Essays" to weigh the matter well, and to make up his own mind.

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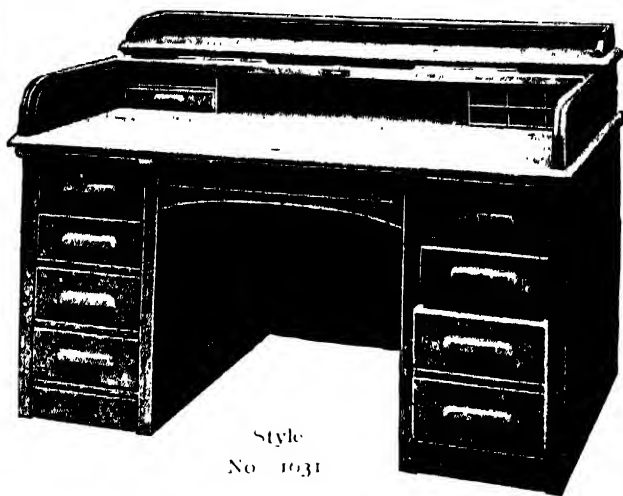
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It will thus be seen that it is possible to play on this instrument in colour (with certain very rigid limitations) as on an ordinary organ one plays in sound. The analogy between sound and colour is by no means complete, and with all his hopes of founding a new art of mobile colour, the author has to admit this. In the first place there is only one octave in colour visible to the human eye, whereas the human ear can detect as many as a dozen octaves of sound.

The arrangement outlined above is therefore purely arbitrary, and is not based, as is the art of music, on a physiological attribute of the human organism. Secondly, if the whole octave of the keys be depressed simultaneously on the colour instrument, clean white light is obtained, but on the musical instrument nothing so cleanly, but a displeasing noise not even of barbaric richness. In other words, the capacity of harmony and discord is essentially different in the two cases. In the third place it is inconceivable that music should have retained its hold upon civilised man had it not been for the development of what is known as "musical form"—that is to say, the presenting of themes or tunes in a definite order and relation, as in a Sonata. A mere presentation in a certain order of colours on a screen, be they never so well-contrasted and pleasurable, cannot be imagined as affording the same sense of definite structure without which no art can hope to live. Nor is it by any means clear how such a structure could be evolved in what the author terms "colour music." It is, of course, impossible to judge of the effect produced without having seen a demonstration, but there are many other difficulties besides those hinted at above, which incline the critic to place Mr. Rimington's experiments in the category of interesting experiments, and nothing more. The book is well illustrated with photographs, and has introductory notes by Sir Hubert von Herkomer and Dr. W. Brown.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

In the reviewing of current fiction, humour is certainly the surest passport to leniency. And in a new writer that merit will not be entirely discounted by some rather obvious echoes, by an occasional forced note, and even by some deviations into flippancy. We have assumed and have but little doubt that *The Joys of Jones*, by Fred Gillett (6s.) is the work of a new author; but along with certain marks of inexperience, it is fair to add at once that the book has some excellent characterisation and, best of all, the insight that comes of sympathy. The simple plot describes the furlough of a poor, broken-down city clerk, who dreams dreams and undergoes many strange experiences in the new environment of a Norfolk farm. The dominant note of the book is undoubtedly pathos, and the picture of Jones, the underpaid drudge of the Limbo Street office, is one that the reader will not easily forget. If we are right in taking this to be Mr. Gillett's first novel, we can only add that we shall look forward with considerable interest and expectancy to the appearance of his second.

The knowing novel-reader can infer a good deal from the names of the *dramatis personæ*. Such a name as Leopold Duval seem to connote a man with a lurid past, an eventful present, and a romantic future. The hero of Mr. Rathmell Wilson's new novel, *Crimson Wings* (6s.), lives up to his name. His marriage had ended disastrously, and the story is concerned with the tangle of his love for Millie Gardiner and the existence of his lunatic wife. The author writes up to the dictum he quotes from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that the "holding people together (by marriage) who loathe each other, who contaminate and degrade each other's lives . . . is a most monstrous proposition." Millie's only legal happiness can come by waiting for a dead woman's shoes. Mr. Wilson had, therefore, only one means of obtaining his happy ending, but by an ingenious variation on an old theme, he has contrived to reward the virtuous and to ennoble the fallen. It is the praise he would like to say that he has written a good old-fashioned story. He looks back wistfully to the happier England of twenty years ago, and he describes his own book as "a novel for those who love yesterday."

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

A boy's escapade, brought against him twenty years later, and within two days of his wedding, was the undoing of James Francks, Mr. Arthur Applin's hero in *Her Sacrifice* (6s.). It tore him from

the girl he loved passionately, and sent him to the arms of a girl he did not love at all. To tell the truth we feel this early part of the book to be somewhat unconvincing, and the heroine's first sacrifice strikes us as being unnecessarily quixotic. The situation, however, leads on to a thoroughly sensational story, which develops along thrilling lines with unexpected happenings. A deformed brother of the beautiful heroine, out of his love for his sister, plays a sinister part, but, desperate as are his methods, he brings about the results most desired by Mr. Applin's readers, for he provides "breathless moments," and his actions, dread though they are, lead on to wedding-bells.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The Relentless Current, M. E. Charlesworth's novel (6s.), is the relentless current of electrocution. But tragic as the story is in many of its chapters, there is but a paragraph which deals actually with the fatal chair. The story is of a man, Jack Morris, who is wrongfully accused of a murder just at the time when, after long waiting, he has written home to the girl he loves to ask her to marry him. The girl, although her love is not so great as his, crosses the ocean to go to him in his trouble, and marries him while he is under sentence of death. The tale is well and vividly told; the days of hope and dread are lived through with impressive distinctness, yet not with an overstraining of the horrors. The accused man, unlike the hero of most such stories, is not saved. But we are glad to assure readers that the end (of the book) is a happy one.

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The heroine of Mr. John Reed Scott's novel has enormous wealth in *Her Own Right* (6s.). And the man who loves her loses his own wealth at the beginning of the book, and goes away out of her life. This might be an extremely trite situation, but Mr. Scott, who, out of his mercy, spare, to his hero a few thousand dollars and a house "on the Eastern Shore," proceeds to tighten up a thrilling little plot under the surface of ordinary, everyday life, and the hero is by no means left to wear out his days in weariness and regret. There is a hidden treasure lurking in these pages, literally and metaphorically; there are exciting situations, including piracy and abduction; and the end is satisfactory. Mr. Scott strikes us as being just a little amateurish when he gives opinions—as on the subject of *nouveaux riches* and aristocrats—but his story is told with quick interest and American vivacity.

MR. HAM-SMITH.

Lovers of "Phra The Phœnician" and such stories of a romantic far past, will probably enjoy *The Temple of Dreams* by Mr. Paul Bold (6s.). It is a story within a story, told by a bachelor of thirty-five, "an archaeologist who had attained some reputation," who was visiting Peru to examine pre-historic remains. By chance he comes upon "the last descendants of the Great Hatun-Runas," and renders them a great service; after which they make him one of themselves and promise to show him the city of Tahuanao as it originally was—a decidedly interesting favour to an archaeologist. In twenty-four hours the archaeologist accumulates sufficient knowledge and experience to last him a lifetime, and for ever after his life is bound up with the descendants of the Great Hatun-Runas. The bachelor of thirty-five is not a bachelor when we leave him at the end of the book.

MESSRS. CASSELL.

"Lots of home gardens are lovely now, but under a discerning gardener how much lovelier might they not be!" writes Mr. H. H. Thomas in his preface to *The Garden at Home* (6s. net), and he sets himself in his new book to show the amateur gardener how he makes the most and the best of his own home garden plot. He writes delightfully of "Garden Magic," of "Memory and Friendship Gardens," of "My Garden of Dreams," but underlying all his love of gardens is the severely practical knowledge of how to make them. He is the shrewdest, the most experienced and most entertaining of instructors, and we warmly recommend this latest book of his to every amateur who is trying to create the perfect suburban garden for himself. There are twelve beautiful colour plates, and nearly a hundred excellently reproduced half-tone illustrations.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

Mr. Thomas Alexander Fyfe has compiled an admirable *Who's Who in Dickens* (6s. net), which is, as he says, "a complete Dickens repertory in Dickens's own words"; that is, all the characters in Dickens's novels and stories, from the greatest down to the most insignificant, are described in the words of the author himself, and as a result, we have a dictionary that is not merely a collection of names, but a series of the vividest word portraits. Thus the book makes at once uncommonly interesting reading for all and sundry, and is an invaluable work of reference for writers and public speakers.

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Subscription rate 11s. per annum post free.

JUNE, 1912.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
Published Monthly.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We are publishing on June 20th, as a "BOOKMAN EXTRA," a special Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir in connection with the Matinees that are to be given at the Haymarket Theatre on June 25th and 28th, in aid of the Fund that is being raised to clear off the debt on the Keats-Shelley house at Rome. Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, have promised to be present at the Matinees. This Souvenir Number will be superbly produced, and will contain, in addition to numerous illustrations and portraits of the actors and actresses taking part in the performances, fully

illustrated articles on Keats and Shelley by well known authors.

The July BOOKMAN will be a Miss M. E. Braddon Number and will contain a special, fully illustrated article on Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell) by Clive Holland. Other important articles in this Number will include "Stevenson Again," by Neil Munro; "In Forbidden China," by Mrs. Archibald Little; "Mr. William Watson and the Theatre," by Francis Bickley; "Last Essays of a Bookman," by W. H. Hudson; "Two Poets," by Edward Thomas; "With Napoleon at St. Helena," by Walford D. Green; "Goethe," by Henry Murray, etc., etc.



Wilkie Collins.

By courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windur.

Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett is engaged on a study of the personality and work of William Morris that Messrs. Dent will publish shortly. The book will contain a good deal of hitherto unpublished



Photo by Miss Florence T. a damn, Westminster.

**Mr. Redmond Howard, Nephew
of Mr. John Redmond, M.P.**

Mr. Howard is the author of "Home Rule," one of the new volumes in "The People's Books" Series, which Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack are publishing.

personalities, and should throw some new light on Morris both as a man and a poet. Mr. Rickett is also contributing a sketch on English Literature, in the nature of a primer, to Messrs. Jack's admirable "People's Book" series.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a new book, "The Land of the Blue Flower," which Messrs. Putnam are publishing.

Mr. John Murray announces what promises to be a very charming book by much the youngest of living authors. Miss Joan Nancy Maude is not yet four years of age, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude—Mrs. Maude being the delightful actress better known as Miss Nancy Price. The book is to be called "Behind the Nightlight," and consists of an account of animals little Miss Maude has met with and things she has seen, the whole taken down by her mother in the child's own language.

From the John Ouseley Music Company we have received four songs the first-fruits of a new enterprise in which Mr. John Ouseley, the publisher of books, is taking a leading share. Two of the songs,

"Love's Dream," and "Love's Evensong," are written by W. Burton Baldrey and set to music by Adelina de Lara and Harold Jenner, and both for the daintiness of their words and the charm and easy compass of their melodies should be sure of popular success. "Baby Boy," a delightful little lyric by H. Wynne, has a dainty and very attractive setting by Frederick Dale; and a gay and breezy ditty, "As I Went Down to Plymouth Town," is mated to an appropriately rousing tune, with a capital chorus, by J. Avilie Dix.

Mr. Heinemann is coming into the fashion and starting the publication of a series of sevenpenny novels. The first four volumes, which are to be out this month, will be Hall Caine's "The Bondman," "The Ebb Tide," by Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne; "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, and Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune."

We are asked to mention that a testimonial is being raised for Mr. Richard Quittenton who now, in his seventy-ninth year, is in indifferent health and somewhat straitened circumstances. In the



Mr. E. Lazen Watson,

whose new novel "The Family Living" (John Murray) is reviewed on page 134.



Mrs. Ambrose Harding.

A new author, whose novel, "The Dominant Chord," has been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

deal of pleasure to some three generations of readers. Contributions should be sent to Mr. Nelson F. Henderson of Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Messrs. Everett & Co. announce a cheap edition of "Charles Dickens as I knew him," by George Dolby, who was Dickens' manager on his reading tour through America.

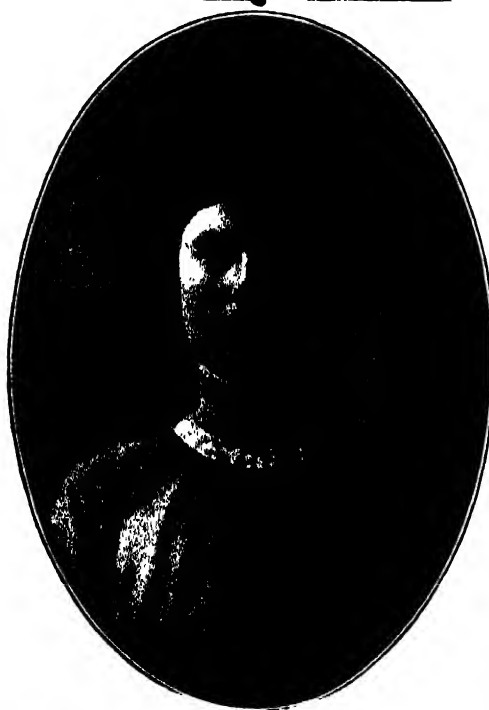


Photo by Hill & Saunders.

Miss Ethel Sidgwick,
whose new novel, "Herself," was lately published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

early 'eighties, when Stevenson's "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "The Black Arrow" were appearing in *Young Folks' Weekly Budget* Mr. Quittenton, under his pen name of Roland Quiz, was probably the most popular writer of serials for that magazine, in which his well-known series of "Tim Pippin" stories made their appearance. It is believed that many of the boy-readers of those days, who were numbered among the admirers of Roland Quiz, will be glad to be associated with this testimonial to one whose work has given a great

humour, and draws upon her own full and varied experiences for her pictures of life and character. The daughter of Isaac Ferguson, who went from Cavan to Canada, she married an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Murphy, when she was nineteen, and entered upon a strenuous course of parish work in Western Ontario. Presently, she and her husband removed from Ontario to Manitoba, where Mr. Murphy engaged in agriculture and the timber industry, his wife actively assisting him, and at the same time pursuing her literary career, writing for the magazines and working as review editor of *The Winnipeg Telegram*. Always a lover of the open-air life and of hard work, Mrs. Murphy is at home in the saddle,



Mrs. Arthur Murphy,

whose new book, "Open Trails," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy has followed her delightful collection of sketches of Canadian life, "Jancy Canuck," with a new book in something of the same vein, called "Open Trails," that Messrs. Cassell are publishing. She has the divine gift of

is one of the officials of a Women's Curling Club, and last January became the first President of the Women's Canadian Club; moreover, she is qualified to manage a farm, a timber "limit," and a coal mine, underground workings and all; she has also had experience of hospital nursing, and is an enthusiastic collector of Canadian fossils. She is interested in everything that comes in her way, and with all her capacity for doing what is commonly regarded as masculine work, is the most womanly of women, large-minded and therefore large-hearted, and her keenly sympathetic humour is not, as one who knows her has it, made up of society epigrams, but is "the flashing, vigorous fun of a nature which has seen the stern trail of a new land, and yet rejoices



Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., F.R.S.

in the brightness of 'wide spaces washed with the sun.' "

The recent placing of a commemorative tablet on the birthplace of Francis Thompson has moved Mr. John Thomson to write a book on "Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet," with notes on some of his works. The author has had valuable assistance from Mr. Meynell, Sir Alfred Hopkinson and the Rev. H. K. Mann, and the volume is to be published by Mr. Alfred Halewood, of Preston.

Mr. Richard Bagot, the well-known author and journalist, has long made his home in Italy, and, as one who has studied them from the inside, has written much on Italian life and character. Recently Mr. Bagot received at his residence in Tuscany a large gathering, representing all classes of the community and all branches of industry connected with the Province of Pisa, that came to thank him for his defence of the honour of the Italian Army and nation in the British Press and elsewhere. The municipalities of a large number of towns attended in official state, and nearly six thousand persons were present, including representatives of the clergy, the procession with its bands and banners being a mile and a half in length. Mr. Bagot was presented with a magnificently bound volume containing the text of an address composed by Professor Niccolai of the University of Pisa and many thousands of signatures,

comprising those of soldiers lately returned from the war.

Sir Ronald Ross, whose new volume of poems we review elsewhere, was born in India three days after the commencement of the Indian Mutiny. His father, the late General Sir Campbell Clay Grant Ross, K.C.B., of the Indian Army, was then second in command of a Ghurka regiment, and it was only by chance that the Europeans in the station were saved from the mutineers. Sir Ronald's work in science, especially in connection with malaria, is well known; but he has made occasional excursions into literature. His two novels, "Child of Ocean," and "Spirit of Storm," were published years ago and are out of print. Recently Mr. John Murray published his little book of poems called "Philosophies," which contained verses written whilst he was at work on malaria in India, and it had a considerable sale. He printed privately a Christmas book of "Fables," and now Mr. Murray has published his latest volume of poems "The Setting Sun." It appeared anonymously, but Sir Ronald was suspected and has tacitly acknowledged its authorship.



Photo by Florence Vandamm.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson, whose new novel, "Crimson Wings," has just been published by Messrs. Greening. Mr. Wilson is a director of the Drama Society and recently created the name-part in that Society's production of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's tragedy "Orestes."

Mr. T. Maskew Miller, of Capetown and Pretoria, is publishing immediately an important work on South African politics and history by Sir Edgar H. Walton, who was Treasurer in the Cape Ministry under the Jameson *régime*, and one of the delegates to the Convention which framed the Constitution of the Union of South Africa. The book is to be called "The Inner History of the National Convention," and will contain, by way of appendix, a detailed report and criticism by G. R. Hofmeyr (Clerk of the Union House of Assembly). The same publisher announces a new edition of "South African Snakes and their Venom," by F. W. Fitz Simons (Curator of the Port Elizabeth Museum), the first large edition of which was sold out within a few weeks of publication. Both books will be issued in this country by Messrs. Longmans.

The Ter-Centenary of Samuel Butler's birth was passed over very quietly last February. It would be interesting to know how many persons in the last three or four years have read Butler's "Hudibras"; probably not even so many as have read "Paradise Lost." Yet in its own day and for long after "Hudibras" was much the most popular of humorous poems; Pepys tells you that no book of his time was more thoroughly in the fashion; Charles II. delighted in quoting its witty and satirical couplets, and his courtiers made themselves equally familiar with it. Hazlitt calls it not only the greatest single production of wit of its period, but of this country; but like all books that deal largely in topical affairs it carried the seeds of death in it, and as soon as it became necessary that it should be copiously annotated in order that its allusions could



Photo by S. Wilson.

Strensham Church, Worcestershire,
where Samuel Butler was baptised, February 3, 1612.

be understood and all its points appreciated the life began to pass out of it. Nevertheless, any reader with a working knowledge of seventeenth century history can read "Hudibras" understandingly and shut his eyes to the soul-wearying mass of foot-notes, and much of the wit and humour of it are as fresh and as irresistible now as ever, for they are not circumscribed by their applicability to passing lives and events but are as applicable to the weaknesses of common humanity in the twentieth no less than in the seventeenth century. Butler is one of the most learned as well as one of the most whimsical of our poets, and as a master of difficult and ingenious rhymes has never been surpassed.

There is plenty in him that is of universal, as distinguished from topical, concern. Have we not still amongst us Butler's over-learned sophist who

"could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute!"

have we not still our dogmatists who

"prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

and how many of us are still eager to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to!"

One could cite such things by the score, but in latter-day editions of "Hudibras" you find on every page more foot-notes than poetry, and no poem so heavily handicapped could hope to run far. If somebody would give us a new edition (including the posthumous poems that appeared in Butler's "Remains"—some of which are wittier and wiser than anything in "Hudibras") with all needless foot-notes omitted and the rest relegated to a very small appendix; then it would not be surprising if Samuel Butler recaptured some of his lost popularity.



Photo by S. Wilson.

Interior of Strensham Church,
Worcestershire.

The figures in panels of gallery are painted in bright colours and gilt.



Samuel Butler.

From the portrait by G. Soest.

Born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in February, 1612, the son of a small farmer, he was educated at Worcester College, became clerk to a Justice of the Peace, then served as a sort of secretary first to the Earl of Kent, then to Sir Samuel Luke, and his experiences of Sir Samuel and his Puritan friends helped to inspire him with the great burlesque poem in which he ridiculed the Puritans and Puritanism of his generation. But Butler was no party-man; he satirised also the vices of Charles's Court, and probably this accounts for the fate to which he was left. Though Charles gloried in "Hudibras," and was fond of repeating its grotesque

rhymes and laughing over its scathing indictment of his enemies, he gave the poet nothing but airy praise. Butler died in September, 1680, two years after the publication of the third part of "Hudibras," and would have died of starvation but for the friendly offices of Mr. Longueville, a Middle Temple benchet, who afterwards paid for his burial in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. No wonder Dryden, pressing desperately for arrears of his salary as Laureate, wrote to the King's Chamberlain: "It is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler"; and we are even indebted to "John Barber, Citizen of London," a generous admirer who has become nothing but a name, for erecting the stone to Butler's memory in Westminster Abbey, in 1721, "lest," as he says reproachfully at the close of a fitting and sympathetic inscription, "lest he who (when alive) was destitute of all things should (when dead) want likewise a monument." It takes nothing from the worthiness of John Barber's gift that Samuel Wesley celebrated the occasion with a caustic epigram:

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."



**Hudibras and Ralpho
in the Stocks.**

From an illustration by Hogarth (1726).

We published last month a portrait of Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan, whose volume of "Poems" was recently issued by Messrs. Maunsel, but by an unaccountable error we described it as a portrait of Mr. James Stephens, author of "The Hill of Vision," also published by Messrs. Maunsel. Unfortunately, we cannot make full amends by giving an authentic portrait of Mr. Stephens, as he says he has none, and moreover is sure Mr. O'Sullivan's presentment will sell far more copies of his book than his own would. On the other hand, Mr. O'Sullivan assures us he is more than willing to lend his countenance to Mr. Stephens' poetry. In these circumstances, though we are very sorry to have erred, we are diffident as to where our apologies ought to go and trust Messrs. Maunsel will kindly accept them and so help us out of our difficulty.

Our plate portrait is from a photograph given by Wilkie Collins to Mr. A. P. Watt, who has kindly lent it to us for reproduction. The portrait on the cover is the copyright of Messrs. Elliott & Fry. For assistance with the other Wilkie Collins illustrations we are indebted to Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. A. P. Watt, Messrs. Chatto & Windus and Messrs. W. Collins, Son & Co.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

FOR all the later work which has come from the pen of Mr. Temple Thurston there has been a general charge of sentimentality. Critics who found fault with "Traffic" and "Sally Bishop" for their depressing realism, have been the first to exclaim that "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" and "The Greatest Wish in the World" were sentimental. But when a young man sets out to learn the secret difficulties of any art, I take it that he works neither for critics nor public, but for that conscience which is himself. It is both the chief fault and the highest virtue of Mr. Thurston that he is young, but there is that energy in him which works incessantly to learn. Thirteen books is no small record for a man of thirty-two, yet every one of those volumes has been compiled with a steady determination to master first one and then another of the numberless difficulties with which the art of novel writing is beset.

It is in this steady development that the work of Mr. Temple Thurston is so interesting to any who, as I, have watched every step he has taken, having regard for every progression and retrogression, in the firm belief that one of these days he would work his passage into his own. Possibly I have made this study of him in vain. Only time can tell that. But it is more than interesting to me now when I have been given to read in manuscript his new novel "The Antagonists," which is running through the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, it is more than interesting to me to retrace the steps he has taken to this final achievement which comes more closely to the fulfilment of his purpose and the art of novel writing than any book he has yet done.

Appreciation is not praise, it is understanding. I am not writing this article in praise of Mr. Thurston, but because I believe I understand his methods—even his ambition in which, when once you know so much of a man, you have the very key to all he does.

"The Apple of Eden" which he wrote when he was seventeen and rewrote when he was twenty, was the work of one eager to speak all those thoughts—doubtless ill-considered—which come in a torrent to a boy when

first he touches life. The effect of that book upon his mind, as I saw it, was not that which takes place in the minds of many authors with their first publication. Instead of finding that he knew something of the way to write, he discovered that he knew nothing and set out at once with all the enthusiasm of a young man, to learn. A point of view was not his consideration then; an attitude towards life was the last thing he considered. The attitude of mind expressed in all those early books until the publication of "Mirage" was such as circumstance was forcing upon him. Their pessimism, the black hopelessness of "Traffic" was only a phase through which it was inevitable that he must pass. The cultivation

then of a point of view, he seems scarcely to have realised. His main object was to make for himself a style, a medium in which to express that new view of life of which no doubt he himself was the least expecting.

I know myself how assiduously and carefully he read and studied to acquire the thing he sought for, choosing, not those authors who are usually given as masters of the language, but such men as Sterne, even Carlyle, who might be said to have no style at all, and Meredith under whose influence undoubtedly he wrote "The Evolution of Katherine."

Strangely enough, through all this apprenticeship, he never achieved his object. It was not until his regard to life had changed, till the pendulum had swung from cheerless pessimism to

outright optimism that he found a style of his own. "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" and "The Greatest Wish in the World" are apart and distinct in both style and language. Sometimes there is a stiltedness of phrase, not wholly unpleasant to the ear, for a moment obscure in its meaning, but ringing with a balance of sound that proves the carefulness of construction. He has told me that in the making of a sentence, he has carefully considered the choice of the words—dreamed or dreamt—to make the balance he desired. To the ordinary reader this may sound pedantic; but it is the fruit of such labour which makes poetry and rhythm in prose, and I know it



Photo by Florence Vandamm.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston.

is his belief that all prose is poetry not meant to be sung.

The fancifulness of these two books which I have just mentioned was exactly the framework necessary for the style he was ready to make. There are passages in both of them, the description of Venice in the early morning in the "City of Beautiful Nonsense"; the description of Covent Garden with the carts laden with roses passing through the streets of dirty houses in the first light of a grey morning, which are more poetry than prose. And it was this quality which he had striven and determined to get into his style. The result of it all was a cry from the critics that it was sentimental, and this seems to have smarted in his mind. In the letter to Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson as a preface to his volume of essays—"The Patchwork Papers"—a form of self-defence which for myself I should always regret—he upholds his point of view.

"To see nothing but ugliness then," he writes, "or, as the modern school would have it, to see nothing but realism, is a form of mental suicide which, thank God, no longer appeals to me. For when every year I find the daffodils bringing up their glory of colour and beauty of line with unfailing perfection, I cannot but think that man, made in God's image, was meant to be still more beautiful in his thoughts and deeds even than they. Then surely what man was meant to be, must be the only true reality of what he is. All else happens to him. That is all."

This would be all very well were it to come into one of the essays, but written in the first person in a letter of introduction to the book, it jars upon one. A man's work is his only defence. There are many of these essays which, until the appearance of "The Antagonists" were immeasurably the best work he had done, and they alone would have exonerated Mr. Thurston from the charge of sentimentality. The essay called "Realism" is in itself an answer to those very critics and on that very subject. In fact there is a deep note of realism through them all, and yet not one line is ugly.

But now there comes "The Antagonists" to be published in book form, I believe, this Autumn. And here, if I am not mistaken, is the style and the realistic optimism which Mr. Temple Thurston has been striving for. It has all the simplicity of true poetry, all the colour, all the romance. The descriptions of the countryside—a glimpse of which he gave us in "The Flower of Gloster"—are all of them pictures which only a real observer and a lover of nature could have drawn; for this

love of nature seems to be growing steadily in his work. It began in "The Patchwork Papers." It showed still more in "The Garden of Resurrection." Then came "The Flower of Gloster" and now this story in the heart of the Cotswold Hills. I may say nothing of the subject, for I have been given the privilege of reading the book before it is actually and completely in print. But as a study, not of one character, but of many, it shows more observation and understanding of life than he has ever promised before.

It has often been said of Mr. Thurston's work that he knows women well, but here, as well as of women, is a knowledge, close and intimate of men. A boy and his father stand out so clearly in this book that the female characters cannot overshadow them as they have done in others of his books. There are incidents, too, which might have been as ugly in their realism as any part of "Traffic" or "Sally Bishop," but they are written in such a way as makes them no less terrible than the everyday life through which we pass, year after year, without comment or disgust.

For now Mr. Thurston seems to have grasped that power of leaving to the imagination of his reader all those details which the realist he attacks in "The Patchwork Papers" dwells upon. Yet in this book—"The Antagonists"—there is no fault of omission. The whole life of the boy, Richard Furlong—his hero—is there, with all his development, sexual and mental, commencing from one striking incident with which the book begins.

A book cannot be really said to be written until it is published. The mind of the public, who are the truest and only critics, has not as yet put it in its place. And so my appreciation must stand as that of an unwritten book, but I believe my judgment is right when I say that in "The Antagonists" Mr. Thurston has taken the first step out of that school in which he has upon his own admission for so long been a pupil.

Into what class of life then as novelist he has passed, Time again can only prove. So much more than any author understands is his work dependent upon his private life, upon the influence under which he comes and the outlook he develops, that it would be impossible to forecast the future of any writer. For so young a man as Mr. Thurston, the future is there before him. He has all promise, no little achievement and may, when his eyes are cleared from those prejudices which are the first growth of enthusiasm, take his place amongst those writers one remembers.

A. M.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1st to July 1st, 1912.

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To A. P. Watt

from his friend

Wilkie Collins

[Signature]

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From a photograph given by him to Mr. A. P. Watt, who has kindly lent it for reproduction.

"The Moonstone" (1868), has no small measure of that vivid imaginative quality that makes "The Moonstone" so notable a story.

In addition to these four remarkable novels, two volumes of short stories, "After Dark" and "The Queen of Hearts," stood already to his credit, and these contain work equal to his very best.

I recall the pleasure of a chat with Swinburne, a year or so before his death, about Wilkie Collins' work in general and "The Moonstone" in particular, and although I believe he rated "The Woman in White" more highly, delighting in Fosco and declaring Marion Halcombe to be a "glorious woman," his admiration for "The Moonstone" was considerable. "A wonderful story!" he said, and commented on the extraordinary skill with which the various narratives are taken up by different persons. He went on to talk about the rose-loving



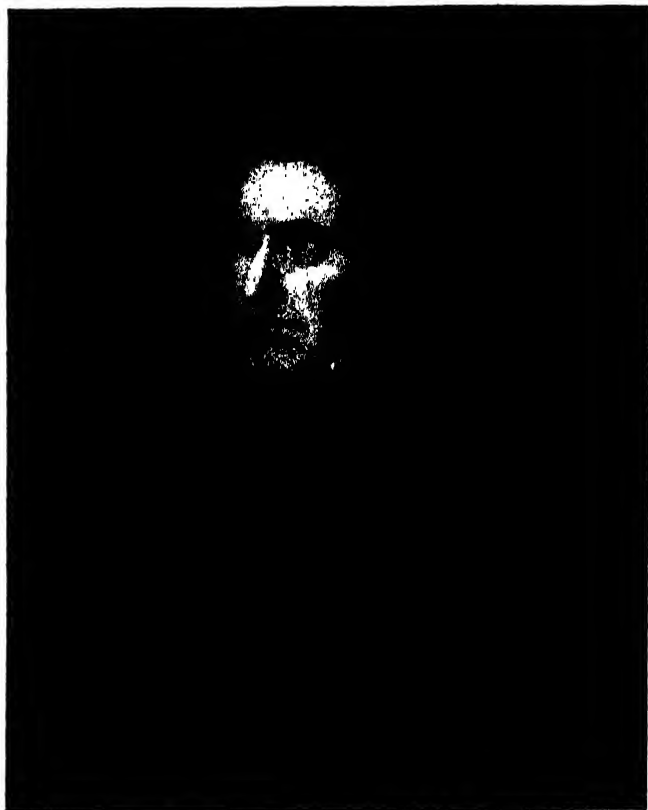
Wilkie Collins.

A drawing by his father, William Collins, R.A.

Photographed by permission from the original in the possession of
Mr. R. C. T. Chmann.

Inspector Cuff as if he had been a personal friend, comparing him with another favourite character of his—Inspector Bucket. Each, he said, was excellent in his way, and yet Collins' character owed nothing at all to Dickens' vivid creation.

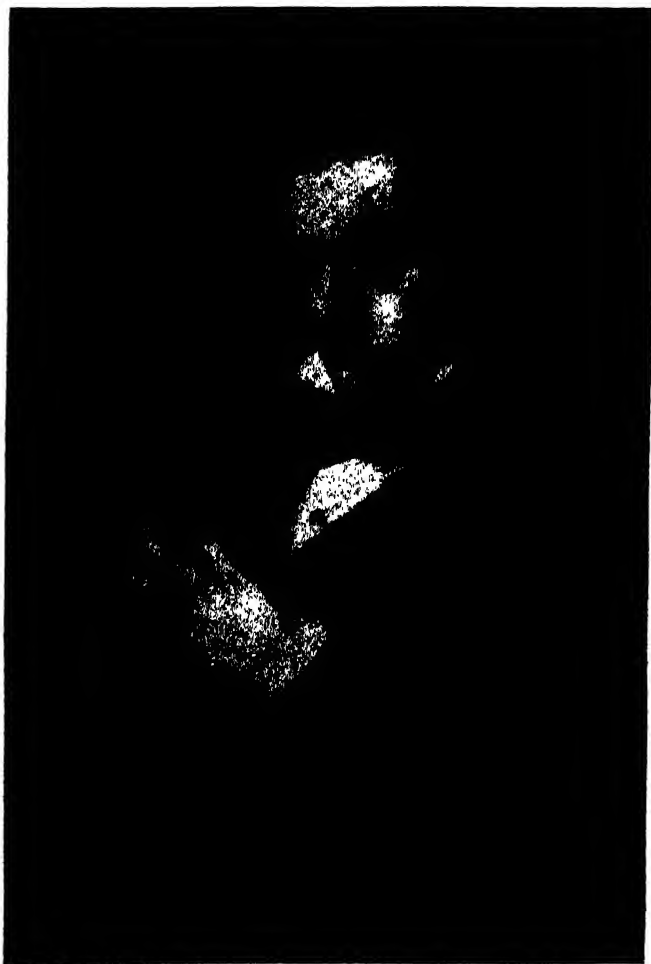
But the strain of maintaining the high reputation already achieved proved too much for the author. Always somewhat of an invalid, his health became worse, and the effort to interest is at times only too obvious. Unfortunately, also, his own philanthropic prepossessions led him into a type of story which ill-suited his talents. Humanitarianism fed the imagination of Dickens and broadened the boundaries of Reade's Art. But Collins, unlike Dickens, is least effective when he is discursive. And this growing inclination to show up some abuse, however admirable in the man, was of ill value to the story-teller; for he lacked the exuberant genius of



William Collins, R.A.,

the father of the Novelist.

Dickens and the prehensile mind of Reade. The best of his later work is, after all, along the old lines. "The New Magdalen" was popular, certainly, both as a novel and as a play, not because of its plea for the regeneration of a fallen woman; but because it treated with dramatic



Wilkie Collins.

From the painting by Millais (in the National Portrait Gallery).

skill a story of personation. Who cares to remember that "Miss or Mrs." concerns itself with a legal point: it is sufficient that it is an ingeniously devised "Christmas Number." The hint of some unusual mystery in "The Law and the Lady" gives much of Collins' peculiar magic to the earlier chapters of that novel; but when we are dealing more particularly with the thesis of the story—the Scotch verdict of *Non-Proven*, our interest flags. On the other hand, where in "Jezebel's Daughter" he returns once again to his old *métier*, one feels directly how vastly more effective he is. And his last completed novel "The Legacy of Cain" (1888), though dull and mannered in parts, contains several scenes of remarkable power.

But even were we to put aside all the later work and

214
12, Harley Street, W.
8th May 1861

My dear Sir,

One line to
log your memory.
The promised account
of *The Rambles* (2 vols.)
has not reached me
yet.

Faithfully yours
Wilkie Collins

George Bentley Esq.

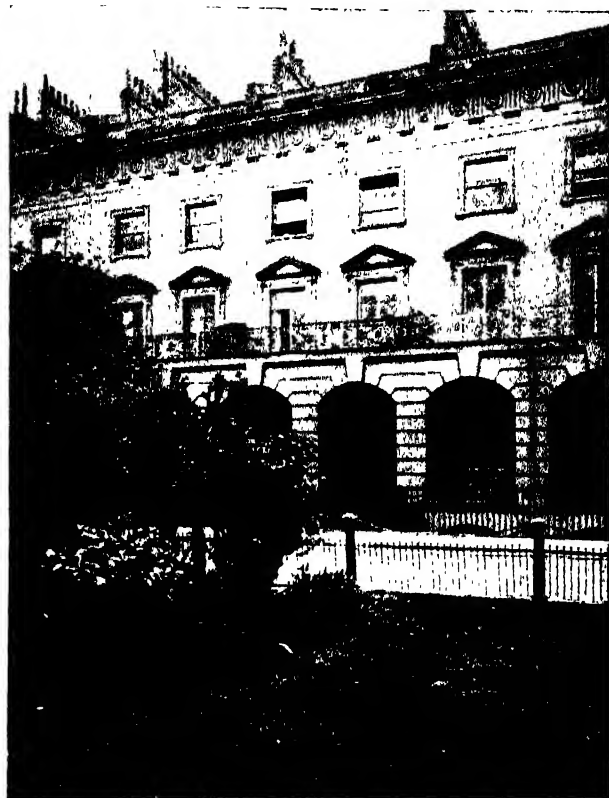
P.S. I have arranged with
my law agent to advertise our present
edition of *The Rambles* on the
fly-leaf of *The Woman in White*, in the last new
edition. It comes in as a supplement
to the announcement of my collected
works.

Facsimile of Letter from Wilkie Collins
to George Bentley, the publisher.

rest Collins' reputation upon some half-dozen of his early books, there is sufficient here to entitle him to a distinguished place among the novelists of the age.

Let us consider more closely the distinctive characteristics of Collins. The first to be noted is his *technical dexterity as a story-teller*.

Collins was as careful about the clarity of his stories as was Tennyson of his poems. He would have no scene, no character, that tended to blur the general effect. No novelist was more fastidious about the logical presentment of his tales than he. Despite the intricacy of many of his plots rarely indeed are there any loose ends or superfluous characters. There are numerous by-ways, but all lead back into the high road again. The complexities are legion, but they have the orderly



17, Hanover Terrace,
Regent's Park.

Here Wilkie Collins lived in the 'fifties.

disorder of an arabesque, not the confusion of a tangled skein.

This technical skill was not achieved in his earlier work. "Basil" is almost chaotic, despite its undisciplined power.

It is first apparent in "The Woman in White"; it reached its height in "The Moon-stone." "The Moon-stone" is a masterpiece of construction: from the impressive opening scene where the gem is shown in its splendid Eastern setting, through all the mazes of the



12, Harley Street,

Where Wilkie Collins lived in the 'sixties, and where Dickens and other famous authors of his day frequently visited him.



Wilkie Collins (1862).

From a pencil drawing (now in the British Museum) by R. Lehmann.

story, down to its final recapture by the Indians, there is not a scene which does not carry forward the tale, not a character that has not a part to play in the solution of the mystery. The parts fit in to one another and correlate with all the neatness of those picture puzzles that are the despair and delight of childhood.

No other English novelist can equal Collins in this respect. To find his Peer we must turn to Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey. And the author of "The Moonstone" proves superior to the creator of M. Lecocq in the manipulation of his characters. Perhaps no other quality of Collins as a writer excited more admiration among his brother craftsmen than this technical skill. Dickens (despite his amazingly wrong-headed estimate of "The Moonstone") was so impressed by it that the influence of Collins (for many years contributor to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*) may be traced in all his later work from

"Bleak House" to "Edwin Drood." Indeed, not only the methods of Collins, but little tricks of manner, can be detected in "Our Mutual Friend."

It is somewhat remarkable that while Collins, in common with most contemporary novelists, responded to the influence of Dickens, no other writer of the time so insistently modified Dickens' methods, as did his friend and sometime collaborator, Wilkie Collins. Collins' influence may be traced in two, at least, of Anthony Trollope's novels, and I should not be surprised to hear that "Felix Holt" and "Desperate Remedies" owe something to the author of "The Woman in White." But no contemporary could touch him in his own line. Yet, were his technical cleverness the only quality of Collins' work as a literary artist, one might still admire it, but rather after the fashion in which one admires an adroit juggler. Not only, however, is there much more than mechanical ingenuity in his work, but the technical excellence is the least considerable factor. And this leads me to the second point—his *subtle sense of dramatic effect*.

In common with two at least of his contemporaries, Dickens and Reade, Collins' conception of the novel was that of a written drama.

The essence of drama is conflict—a clash of opposing forces. Both Dickens and Reade painted this dynamic aspect of life, with strong, insistent colours, throwing into vivid contrast the high and low lights. In sheer descriptive power both novelists—though in somewhat different ways—were greatly superior to Collins.

Yet of the three, Collins yielded least to the tendency to confuse mere theatricalism with dramatic effect.

The secret of Collins' power lay not in mere description, but in suggestion. Despite the compelling interest which holds the reader of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," and "Armada," the briefest examination will show that this interest is due less to the vivid depiction of dramatic incidents, than to the artful suggestion of some impending fate.



"Don't leave me without a word."

From "The New Magdalen," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

As a matter of fact, both "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone" are, for sensational stories, distinctly deficient in incidental interest. The burning of the vestry in the former, and the discovery of the murdered Ablewhite in the latter, are among the few genuine incidental thrills. And both of these occur at the close of the story. How different from the succession of stirring scenes in "Hard Cash" or "Foul Play."

Wilkie Collins excites us not by what he tells us, but by what he does not tell us. He creates an atmosphere of fateful drama, and then keeps us on the tip-toe of expectancy for the crisis which arrives, in most cases, quite late in the story -- and occasionally, never at all! Thus his method is subtle and allusive, never simple and straight forward.

He sets his stage as carefully as Dumas, but not as a frame for vigorous melodrama. The hot summer evening; the timid fugitive figure of Anne Catherick; the sense of unrest in Mr. Farleigh's home; the hints of some villainy behind the well bred conventionality of the Baronet, grip the imagination as no mere violent sensationalism would do. For a story-teller who relies upon plot rather than on character for his interest, it is remarkable with what economy he husbands his sensational effects. With the ordinary stock in trade of the sensational writer he will have little to do.

Murder looms seldom in his stories; of fighting there is next to nothing; hair-breadth escapes interest him but slightly; and out of the way occurrences are few and far between. Eschewing these things on the one hand, and the psychological interest of the character novel on the other, it is surely a signal testimony to his power as a literary artist that he should hold us with such unmistakable enthrallment. He is a master of dramatic *innuendo*; the Sterne of sensationalism. He can thrill you more by the posting of a letter, than most of his school can by a lurid murder.

A third characteristic remains to be noted: *the faculty for pictorial suggestion.*

Wilkie Collins was the son of a painter—he exhibited in 1849 a landscape of his own at the Royal Academy, and always retained a fine critical appreciation of the painter's art. The mastery of the technique of more than one art usually leads the artist to borrow from a sister art in dealing with a specific art form. Thus many of Rossetti's poems are Pre-Raphaelite pictures painted in words. William Morris's verse has the spacious diffused beauty of his tapestries; and the architectural quality of Mr. Hardy's prose has often been noted.

It may be objected that every novelist with the sense of dramatic effect indulges in pictorial suggestion. In a sense, that is true, just as every novelist treats Nature as a stage-property. But there is a profound difference between the scenic effects of the ordinary novelist where, to quote Oscar Wilde's amusing gibe, the story-teller "lightens the evening sky into violent chromolithographic effects," for purposes of rhetorical flourish, and the scenic effects of a writer like Collins where scenic effects are no mere background but an integral part of the story. Thus the supernatural element in "Armada" revolves round a series of dream pictures; and even a sunset on the Norfolk Broads, and the slanting rain of a passing storm are organic elements in the plot. The most



Wilkie Collins.

"The Novelist who invented sensation,"
Nativity Fan for Feb. 4, 1875, by permission of the proprietors.

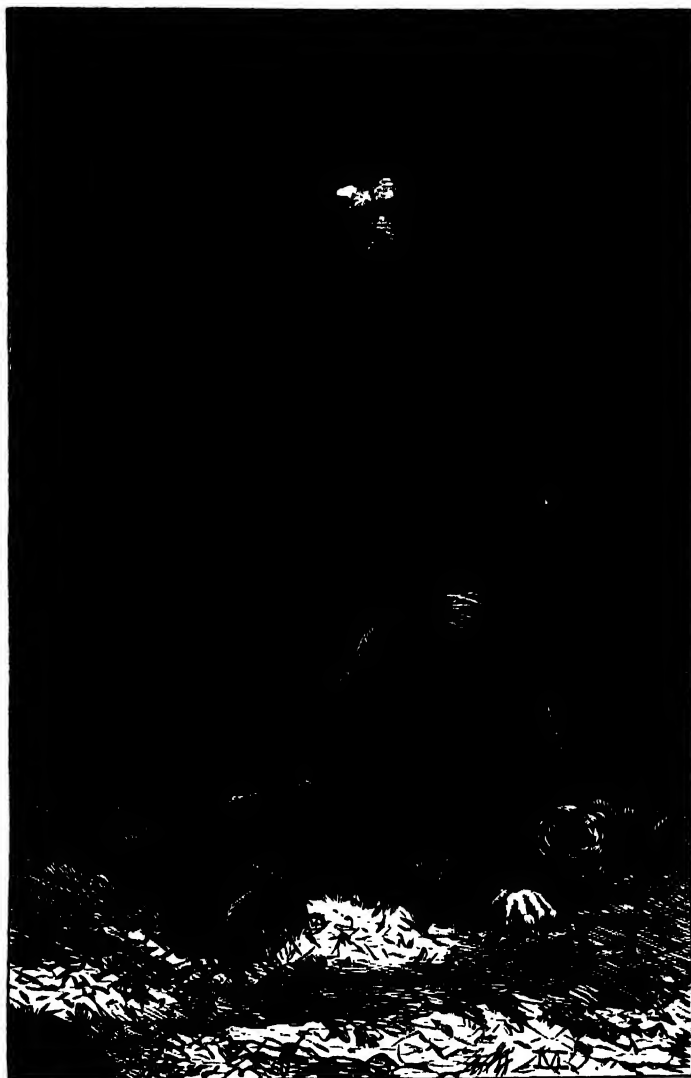
dramatic scene in "No Name," where the heroine, Magdalen, meditates suicide, is presented in pictorial form -- and peculiarly vivid pictorial form.

"She removed the cork, and lifted the bottle to her mouth.

"At the first cold touch of the glass on her lips, her strong young life leapt up in her leaping blood, and fought with the whole frenzy of its loathing against the close terror of Death."

* * * * *

"Her cheeks flushed deep; her breath came thick and



"I shifted my hold to the back of his neck."

From "Basil," by Wilkie Collins.

fast. With the poison still in her hand, with the sense that she might faint in another moment, she made for the window, and threw back the curtain that covered it.

"The new day had risen. The broad grey dawn flowed in on her, over the quiet eastern sea.



"Frank cast the dice."

From "The Frozen Deep," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

"She saw the waters, heaving large and silent in the misty calm; she felt the fresh breath of the morning flutter cool on her face. Her strength returned; her mind cleared a little. . . . She resolved to end the struggle by setting her life or death on the hazard of a chance.



"Lucilla tries her sight."

From "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

"On what chance?"

"The sea showed it to her. Dimly distinguishable through the mist, she saw a little fleet of coasting vessels slowly drifting towards the house, all following the same direction with the favouring set of the tide. In half-an-hour—perhaps in less—the fleet would have passed her window. The hands of her watch pointed to four o'clock. She seated herself close at the side of the window, with her back towards the quarter from which the vessels were drifting down on her with the poison placed on the window-sill, and the watch on her lap. For one half-hour to come, she determined to wait there, and count the vessels as they went by. If, in that time, an even number passed her—the sign given should be a sign to live. If the uneven number prevailed—the end should be death.

"With that final resolution, she rested her head against the window, and waited for the ships to pass.

* * * * *

"Nineteen minutes; and five ships. Twenty minutes. Twenty-one, two, three—and no sixth vessel. Twenty-four, and the sixth came by. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and the next uneven number—the fatal seven—glided into view. Two minutes to the end of the half-hour. And seven ships.

"Twenty-nine, and nothing followed in the wake of the seventh ship. The minute-hand of the watch moved on half-way to thirty—and still the white heaving sea was a misty blank. Without moving her head from the window, she took the poison in one hand, and raised the watch in the other. As the quick seconds counted each other out, her eyes, as quick as they, looked from the watch to the sea, from the sea to the watch—looked for the last time at the sea—and saw the EIGHTH ship.

"She never moved; she never spoke. The death of



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Wilkie Collins.

thought, the death of feeling, seemed to have come to her already. She put back the poison mechanically on the ledge of the window; and watched, as in a dream, the ship gliding smoothly on its silent way—gliding till it melted dimly into shadow—gliding till it was lost in the mist.

* * * * *

"Her eyes closed, and her head fell back. When the sense of life returned to her, the morning sun was warm on her face—the blue heaven looked down on her—and the sea was a sea of gold."

The crucial situation in that fine short story, "A Terribly Strange Bed," is lifted out of ordinary melodrama into artistic significance by the brooding intensity of its pictorial effects. What a masterly touch is the suggestion of those disappearing feathers!

Scarcely inferior in its visualizing power and pictorial quality is the eerie bedroom scene in the "Dream Woman." Collins made quite a speciality of his bedroom studies and of "night nerves." Many of his novels are nocturnes; and just as Hawthorne loved the "brown twilight" for the weaving of his fantasies, so did Collins seem to find in the lamplight and shadows plenary inspiration.

But whatever the subject, rarely does Collins fail to paint his scene without the telling economy of the genuine artist. This for instance from "The Woman in White":

"A white fog hung over the lake. The dense brown line of the trees on the opposite bank appeared above it like a dwarf forest floating in the sky. The sandy ground, shelving downwards from where we sat was lost mysteriously in the outward layers of the fog."

In quite another vein is this little etching of Castletown in the Isle of Man:

"In the central solitudes of the city, there was a squat grey building called 'the castle'; also a memorial pillar dedicated to one Governor Smelt, with a flat top for a statue, and no statue standing on it; also a barrack, holding the half company of soldiers allotted to the island, and exhibiting one spirit-broken sentry at its lonely door. The prevalent colour of the town was faint grey. The few shops

(Enter Phoebe)
Phoebe, Martin!
Martin, Phoebe here now!—It wanted but that to make the trial complete!
Phoebe, Martin, I have heard all.
Martin, (Aghast.) All?
Phoebe, All that passed between my father and you.—What is this dreadful secret that threatens to separate us?—Oh, Martin! are you really true to me still?
Martin, True in my heart of hearts—never truer, Phoebe, than at this moment.
Phoebe, Then trust me with the secret! Whatever it is, I will take all the risk of telling it to my father.
Martin, (Hide, and moving from her toward the table.) Trust her with it! Soil her pure heart with that foul secret?—Oh, never! never!
Phoebe, You turn away! Won't you tell me?—Have you decided to tell my father? let me know that, at least—our time is short—in less than half an hour the boat will put off for shore.—Martin! all that we two have to hope for in this world is at stake. Have you decided?—Yes? or No?

Facsimile of a page of the manuscript of "The Lighthouse," by Wilkie Collins.

(In the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.)

open were parted at frequent intervals by other shops closed and deserted in despair. The weary lounging of boatmen on shore was trebly weary here; the youth of the district smoked together in speechless depression under the lee of a dead wall; the ragged children said mechanically, 'Give us a penny,' and before the charitable hand could search the merciful pocket, lapsed away again in misanthropic doubt of the human nature they addressed."—(From "Armada")

The sketch is not unworthy of Dickens.

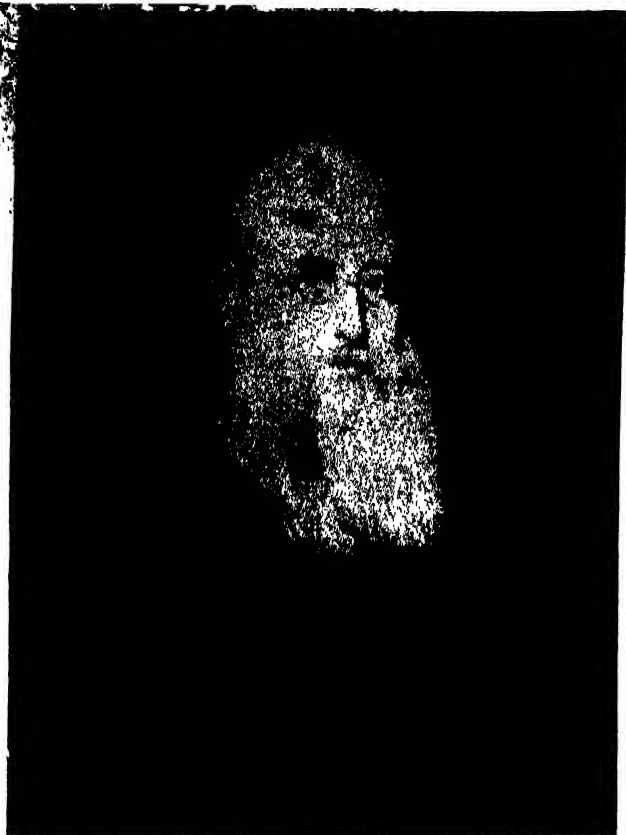
And undoubtedly, it was through this pictorial power that Collins was able to make so many of his characters vivid and striking—no easy matter in a form of fiction where the characters exist for the story, and not the story for the characters, as in the novels of Meredith and Hardy.

How clear cut and distinctive is the personality of Fosco. He is worthy of Thackeray's Art, and for cleverness and *esprit* deserves to rank with Becky Sharp. "Two of a trade never agree," otherwise one might have been tempted to mate them!

Nor was the Count an isolated success. Lydia Gwilt is a singularly fresh version of the adventuress, considering she was invented at a time when green-eyed Becky was all the rage. In depicting her as in less ambitious studies such as the old scoundrel, Captain Wragge, the unscrupulous mother in "Jezebel's Daughter," or the sinister embodiment of "The Dream Woman," the same avoidance of the conventional and obvious is observed by means of the vivid pictorial touch.

Critics complain of Collins' characters that they are mere embodiments of tricks and mannerisms. "They are recognisable chiefly by their externals," said one critic, "they have no inner life." Well, who demigoes of it? This must of necessity be so where characters exist for the story and not the story for the characters. In characterisation of this kind, how is it possible to give colour and form without the externalising process? The crucial point is not whether they are psychologically complete, but whether as they stand, they are *alive*.

On the whole, I should unhesitatingly say: Yes. The old House Steward with his touching confidence in "Robinson Crusoe," as a prophetic book, the brilliant sketches of the lawyers Pedgilt, the easy-going, genial,



Wilkie Collins.

After the painting by Rudolph Lehmann.
Photograph by special permission from the original in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

though commonplace Allan Armada, Marion Halcombe and Magdalen Vanstone, are not easily forgotten. Dickens externalized, but few nowadays would deny vitality to his characterisations. Collins lacked, of course, the amazing inventiveness of his friend: but he had a good share of his power to actualize a character with a few touches. And, considering the complicated plots with which he dealt, the wonder is that he was able to touch so many figures into life and significance.

And here limitations of space remind me that this apologia for Collins must draw to a close. Sufficient has perhaps been said to draw attention to a writer of fiction greatly under-rated at the present day. At his best he had no small measure of Poe's power to kindle the

emotions of horror and suspense. And if he lacked the supreme artistic eclecticism of Poe, neither had he that tendency to sear rather than stimulate the imagination of the reader. Despite his insistent interest in pathological types, there is a wholesome sanity about his outlook, and something of the man's own sensitive and kindly nature expresses itself in everything he wrote.

"He was," says Mr. Watts Dunton, who knew him very well, "the sweetest-tempered literary man I have ever met, without a spark of envy in his nature and modest to a degree."

Finally, let me add this notable tribute from our greatest living novelist to whom lately I addressed a query on the subject. Mr. Thomas Hardy, after a brief and pleasant reference to the man himself, writes thus: "He probably stands first, in England, as a constructor of novels of complicated action, that depend for their interest on the incidents themselves and not on character. Yet while he was writing he was scandalously ridiculed by the same critical papers that twenty years afterwards praised second rate imitations of his methods. . . ."

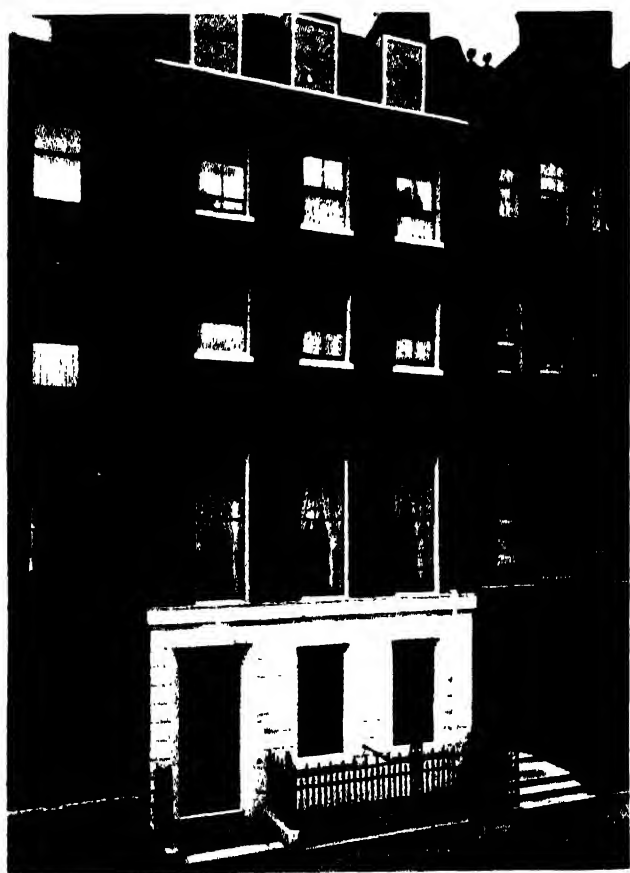
Certainly, not the least tribute to Collins' powers is to be found in the countless imitations his writings have evoked. One has only to compare the best contemporary work of this kind with the work of Collins, to realise that, whatever his limitations may have been, he was, along his own lines, a vital and original force in English fiction.

HEROES OF ARMAGEDDON.

BY WALTER SICHEL.

THIS title might well snit Pitt and Napoleon, for the Book of Revelation's divine battlefield, after the seventh vial was poured out, furnishes no inapt emblem of the later chapters in the Book of Revolution. And Armageddon is, if it may so be styled, the pet hobby of Professor Holland Rose. He surveys the ground from every standpoint, over and over again, minutely and exactly. He scrutinises the antagonists, nor does zeal outrun judgment, or colour over-disturb outline. He is eminently "sound," acting up to Lucian's advice in his "Way to write History" that the grandeur of a subject need not startle the hearer, and that, at times, it may be "best for the spirit to go a-horseback and the expression to run beside on foot, holding on to the saddle, so as not to be outstripped." In the subject there still is romance and poetry, though we have had the "Life of Napoleon," the "William Pitt and National Revival," the "William Pitt and the Great War"—each of them a new contribution, all most informing in their ways. And now we get his "Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters" also compelling and informing. Its way, to be sure, is occasionally rather devious, for "British Rule in Corsica," though unique in its bearings both personal and political, offers a sidelight only on Armageddon. "Pitt and Relief of the Poor," too, interesting as it is respecting a problem from which Armageddon detained Pitt, applies with more point to modern junctures and the old experiment of a

* "Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters." By Professor Holland Rose. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)



82, Wimpole Street,

Where Wilkie Collins died, 23rd Sept., 1889.

"minimum wage." In the main, however, much new light is shed, though Pitt is more illuminated than Napoleon, perhaps because more of unworn material is to hand, and also because, perhaps, Napoleon is so subtle and elusive. The thick volume divides itself into "Essays" and "Letters." Of the former, five concern Napoleon, while six deal with Pitt. Among the latter none are Napoleon's, though among the "Essays" one treats of England's arch-anti-Jacobin. Psychology is not Professor Rose's forte, and though Napoleon's temperament enters into "Did Napoleon intend to invade England" as in 1804, with every allowance for the colossal gambler's demoralising bluff, Professor Rose maintains that he did—it does not specially enter into "Napoleon's conception of the Battle of Waterloo," or even the interesting review of "General Marbot and his Memoirs," while "The True Significance of Trafalgar" can scarcely be held to involve temperament at all.

In the "Invasion" Essay, the author does find clues in one of the true Corsican's earliest pronouncements on the art of war: "He who stays in his entrenchments is beaten. Experience and Theory are at one on this point"; in his passion for taking the initiative in war; and in his dramatic *mot* to Latouche-Tréville: "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world." The episode of Napoleon's visit of triumph to Boulogne, ere Pitt's renewed activity and the unexpected coalition backing it had marred Bonaparte's plans is not very familiar. Professor Rose thus graphically depicts it: "... Along the street re-named 'Rue Impériale' were erected twelve triumphal arches, named after his chief victories; and further on was a portico leading to a Temple of Immortality. On reaching the quay an obelisk confronted him bearing an inscription which bade him vindicate the liberty of the seas, soon to be assured by the avenging thunderbolts flying forth from that estuary. . . . He urged the adoption of all possible measures for bringing up the flotilla from the Western ports, . . . and we may not unreasonably assign to the last part of this sojourn at or near Boulogne the order for the construction of the famous medal showing him as Hercules strangling a merman. The legend is as follows: 'Descente en Angleterre: trappée à Londres, 1804.' The fact that all possible copies of this medal were afterwards destroyed affords additional proof that he had at one time cherished the confident expectation of dictating terms of peace at London." The "Marbot" review, with its interesting analysis and exposure of the gasconades in the Memoirs, the disquisitions on Trafalgar, with the paradox that its influence was restricted to the Mediterranean, the very able summary of the tragedy of errors on one side and the coincidences of luck on the other, that would seem to have decided Waterloo, are unusual themes handled with insight and penetration. But the most living of these Napoleonicisms is the "Interview with Napoleon in Elba," reprinted from the rare account by Major Vivian of his conversations with the Emperor in the January

of 1815. Scenes and words stand out with Boswellian distinctness, and the past rises from the dead in dramatic moments. Here is the chief actor's first appearance: "... We found him standing by the fire, at the further end of a room adjoining the ante-chamber, and into which he had come on being informed of our arrival. This room was about the size of that we had left, and was fitted up with old yellow furniture, brought, as we understood, from the palace of his sister at Piombino. On our entrance he advances towards us, and we took our stations with our backs against a table that stood between the windows. Whilst he was advancing he began the conversation: 'Quel uniforme est celui que vous portez?' 'Celui de la milice.' 'De quel Comté?' 'De Cornouailles.' 'C'est un pays bien montagneux?' 'Oui, assez.' 'De quel hauteur sont les montagnes, comme celles-ci?' ... " And then from the militia uniform (shade of Gibbon!) and these Cornish "mountains" the conversation springs off to the great continental roads which were the arteries of his system, to the Simplon and the Tessino Bridge, to the ramparts of Vienna and their substituted gardens at Frankfort, to the "Congress," to Blücher ("A brave man, but not a great general"), to the domineering instincts of the Canton of Berne ("There is no yoke so severe as that of a people"), to the Pope ("Who was always sacrificing his conscience to some miserable little piece of policy"), to the Americans who, being now

"une nation de marchands" wanted a ten years' war to give them "a noblesse" and make them a nation, to—wonder of wonders!—an alliance between England and France, which this miracle of an enemy declared ought to take place—"pourquoi pas? le monde est assez grand"—adding: "There was a man, Fox, who could have effected it, but unfortunately he is dead," to Naples and the "magnificent Lazzarone," to the Julian Alps—and the "low bow" with which this master of sentences, as of services, "retired."

About the master of Parliament and the incarnation of Great Britain there is much enlightenment, especially in the later letters. That Pitt was a great statesman and a commanding, a delivering presence no one can doubt. That he was deemed a great orator in a generation of greatness is certain, though it may be doubted whether his oratory was ever supreme, or whether one of his sentences ever told on the public as did Sheridan's (blamed in connection with its object) regarding the Quiberon disaster: "Englishmen, it is true, have not shed their blood, but the honour of England has bled at every pore." But that he was a brilliant letter-writer or in any way a literary genius may, despite Professor Rose's Ciceronian citations, be flatly denied. The citations from Pitt form the best evidence to the contrary. Polish, classical balance, lucidity, intellectual distinction are usually present. Calmness, too, is a characteristic, and we learn from a striking episode



"He stopped at the place
he had fixed on."

— From "Hide and Seek," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)



"Sister Rose."

From "After Dark," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

(about Sir John Moore) in this volume how much Pitt disliked "the language of passion." Mentally he was a Grenville, nor did he ever resemble his father's less northern nature. He was self-complacent, as well as self-contained. Often, indeed, he inclined to platitude, as some of these letters attest, and many even of the speeches. His prim fluency (if the phrase may be pardoned) could be fatal, and it was Sheridan who once said of him that his brain was set in motion by the wagging of his tongue, as a clock is by the pendulum. Nor are his rhythms musical. Music is the soul of oratory, and this alone would justify scepticism anent his claims to the oratorical crown. Oratory should be the poetry of prose, or the prose of poetry. In Pitt it was neither; he lacked the sacred fire, and he was most deficient in imagination. His real afflatus was his patriotism, and character inspired that enthusiasm. In will and concentration dedicated to duty, in tenacity of action, he was superb. His best speeches are a fine character finely expressed, and he was always great on great occasions. The majesty was his, but not the graces, and we cannot but smile when Professor Rose instances a weak and ill-scanned couplet of *tu-quoque* as a specimen of "sprightly repartee" * and adduces an early and somewhat stilted rebuke to Burke as a proof that "he could vie with his opponent in wealth of imagination and grace of diction." † Not long before, he reproved the young Sheridan (an interlude which escapes these pages) and evoked the famous retort about the "angry boy," which stuck as only real wit can stick to the assailant all his life. As for the letter-writing, often interesting, always pertinent from the themes, it would be better, I submit, to say straight out, that from any literary standard Pitt was no letter-writer at all ‡. If he did not write poetically, however, none could write more practically than Pitt. There are admirable instances of his retorts both "courteous and crushing." And there is the very triumph of firmness combined with tact in the long epistle of November, 1794 (p. 230), in which the first Minister, in effect, disillusioned the King as to his favourite son's military talents. "Nobody has ever written down anyone an ass with greater gentleness, point and caution than Pitt" here writes down the Duke of York. And George the Third was a real power to be reckoned with. He was a King indeed, who advised, as well as consulted,

* Professor Rose, remarking that Pitt's sallies were reserved for his private circle, cites the following case of his giving "fancy the rein" in public:

Fox, in December, 1782, had ironically quoted against Pitt a rather poor *distich*:

"You've done a noble turn in nature's spite;

For though you think you're wrong, I'm sure you're right" which Pitt thus parodied:

"The praise he gives us in his nature's spite;

He wishes we were wrong, but clearly sees we're right." Would either of these be accepted now by the Editor of *Punch*?

† "I rise, therefore, to bring back the House to sobriety and seriousness, and to tell them that this is neither a fit time nor a proper subject for the exhibition of a gaudy fancy, or the wanton blandishments of theatrical enchantment. It is your duty and business to break the magician's wand, to dispel the cloud, beautiful as it is, which has been thrown over our heads, and to consider solemnly and gravely the very perilous situation of the country."

‡ The letters of his boyhood are rather pompous and priggish. Take this short sentence (p. 95) as an example: "Papa's annotation is *inimitably charming*." Among his later effusions is one to Bishop Tomline about Mr. Trimmer's and Mr. Lancaster's schemes for education, which is the acme of a style parodied by Dickens in the person of "Sir Barnet Skottles."

his Ministers. One of his sentences about the Ireland of 1785 will not be out of place now. Adverting to "a final settlement between the two Kingdoms," he writes: "... The justice of Ireland contributing to the general expense of the Empire, when by this measure (*i.e.*, Pitt's Commercial Proposition) she is to be greatly enriched, and whatever she gains appears to be at the expense of Britain, cannot be denied." And on the Earl of Fitzwilliam's conduct in Ireland of 1795—an episode where Pitt has been here most ably vindicated and Fitzwilliam has been shown to have contradicted his previous knowledge of the Cabinet's decision—"I cannot conclude," says the monarch straight out, "without expressing that the subject is one beyond the decision of any Cabinet of Ministers." If the Constitution meant anything it always meant that there were limits, and notwithstanding his honest and narrow obstinacy, George understood those limits perfectly well. He might spell as imperfectly as he spoke, and often thought, he might (did he mind Hannah Lightfoot?) call Quakers "Quackers," but he was perfectly well aware when statesmanship left off and quackery began. The new letters here first presented comprise, too, some fascinating ones from Burke to Windham, at a time when the former was nearing the close of his life and, as he feared, of Great Britain's glory. In one of these he says of Jacobinism what may well be said of its great-grandchild, Socialism—though now with less moderation and fewer exceptions: "The body of the people is untainted in all ranks, and is by far the most sound in the humblest of all. *But there is no rank or class into which the evil of Jacobinism has not penetrated, and that disseminated contagion is infinitely more mischievous than if it had seized upon the whole of any one description, for then the whole of some other would be enabled to act with union, energy, and vigour against it.* . . . They will produce other Bills, the children not of their strength, but of their weakness, and will multiply like those feeble animals who increase in proportion to their insignificance."

From each syllable of Pitt's correspondence, from every trace of action here revealed and investigated—his native and uncompromising honesty of purpose; his inherited hatred of corruption, his robust, if sometimes timid, commonsense; his uncommon courage, emerge. There is no space here to illustrate the behind-scenes, instances which Professor Rose has unearthed in his hero's justification concerning both the recall of Fitzwilliam and the Quiberon Expedition. The latter discloses a real drama, rendered with a power on which Professor Rose is to be congratulated. The summary of the brief British rule in Corsica well deserves perusal, aptly characterising the pattern Whig, Elliot, Moore's nascent impulsiveness, and the crossed, calculating, ill-starred Paoli. Pitt does not figure at his best in these transactions; and throughout them as throughout the Fitzwilliam *imbroglio*, the Duke of Portland's obstinate and blundering coldness is manifest. Perhaps the best-written of all these essays, if we may be allowed to say so, is that on "Pitt and Relief of the Poor." A soul is put into the figures. Pitt believed that "trade, industry, and barter will always find their own level," yet in November, 1796—that year of distress—he brought forward a "Poor Bill" providing in certain cases for a small allowance for children whose

father or widowed mother was entitled to poor relief, further empowering advances to buy a cow to maintain a family, enabling parish schools of industry to be founded with opportunities for employment, and for the conversion into such schools of the workhouses. More than all it contemplated the nucleus of an insurance scheme, supported partly by contributions and partly by the rates. The Speenhamland experiment of a minimum wage, and the "slipshod philanthropy," which Pitt "abetted" are also discussed, while John Harriott's scheme for Old Age Pensions will be new to most. Every one refusing to subscribe (though contribution was not compulsory) was to wear a badge with the word "Drone" upon it. Harriott evidently had some sense of humour.

Pitt among the philanthropists!—and he certainly had the abolition of slavery at heart—there was nothing that Pitt was not capable of mastering and adapting from emancipation to repression. And if his prosecutions were branded as tyranny, so much treason then stalked abroad that his action was provoked, largely welcomed, and frequently warranted. There are seasons when "freedom of speech" is incompatible with freedom itself, and for loyal freedom Pitt always stood.

Once let freedom escape from discipline and loyalty, and she becomes a robber of the road calling on thriit and order to stand and deliver; while the black mask of grand causes only adds hypocrisy to the felonies that disgrace her, and veils the guilt inseparable from her gaze

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.



90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

1st January 1887

I desire that my friend
and literary representative,
Mr. A. P. Watt, of 2 Paternoster
Square, may act as my
literary executor, and that
his advice may be accepted
as representing my literary
interests and wishes, in regard
to the copyright of my books
which may remain to be sold
after my death, by my other
executors.

Wilkie Collins

Facsimile of letter attached
to the will of Wilkie Collins.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. A. P. Watt, Collins' literary executor.

I. A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original sonnet.

II. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best pen-and-ink caricature of any well known living author.

IV. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V. A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—This Ballad Competition has met with an even larger response than last month's Lyric Competition, but the average merit of the poems sent in has not been so high. Some of the

ballads are simply bad ; some start admirably but soon weaken and fall to pieces. After full and careful consideration we have decided to divide the PRIZE this month and are sending HALF A GUINEA to Mrs. H. SHARLAND, of 3, Overton Road, Bristol, and HALF A GUINEA to Mr. E. W. HIGGS, of 33, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, N E., for the following :

LEGEND OF THE FIRST ROSE

The fields dipped down from Bethlehem,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
And there, in the low green sweep of them,
She stood like a frightened dove

The people howled for the sacrifice,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
She had done great sin—she must pay the price,
Oh! shelter the trembling dove.

And now for the stake and the kindling wood!
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Alone in her close white garb she stood,
O fluttering heart of the dove!

"All night I wept, and all day I prayed"
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
"Some sign from heaven for a guiltless maid,"
O spotless breast of the dove!

The sun burns yellow as beaten brass,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
The fierce heat scorches the trembling grass,
And mocks at the helpless dove.

Then strike the flints! Let the fire burn high!
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
'Tis thus that Justice bids sinners die,
O quivering flesh of the dove!

The quick fire curled up its tongues of flame,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Then stayed and glowed in a ruddy shame
By the fluttering heart of the dove.

For there where the faggot pile had been—
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Fair rose trees bloomed with the maid between,
As pure as a flawless dove.

Red buds for shame, and white buds for 'tith,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Amidst, sweet rose in her lovely youth,
She stood like a frightened dove.

ROSE E. SHARLAND

BEFORE SEDGEMOOR.

Two hours afore the dawn
Oor capten zays to we
"Rize oop you men o' Zummerzet
P'repare to yollow me!"

No zound of bugle blown,
The whispered words wor vew,
Arl zilently us gathered round
King Moonmouth's banner blue

Ah! manny a gallant lad
As ztood along o' me,
Vor thik blue banner zpilt hes blood,
Or ved the gallas dree.

Zaid Parson: 'Let us pray,'
An' kneeled 'un on the zod,
Whiles he en zimple words an' vew
Commended we to God.

"Oh Lord, us do be wik
The zons o' Beelial ztrong,
Ztrengthun each arm thik day to vight,
Help us to right the wrong"

Oor guns wor urd wi' rust,
An' urd wi' rust each zwoord;
Us trusted not in carnal thengs,
But rather in the Lord.



Captain Wragge meets Miss Garth.

"No Name," by Wilkie Collins (W. Collins, Sons & Co. Illustrated Pocket Classics.)

Then vorward wor the word
Zays Capten "Yollow me",
Us had no year by day or dark
A yollowin' of he

Now as us traped along,
Zaid Urchett Thorne to me
'O'm longing vor the dawn,"' in zaid,
"'I will be the last," zays he

Bevore us in the dark
A zudden goonzhot came,
An' in a twink the darkness broke
An' vlated, a hell o' vlamme

There ran a dreadful cry
"Oh God, us be betrayed",
But us wor Zummerzet an' zo
In death wor undizmayed

E. W. HIGGS.

Next in order of merit come the BALLADS of G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Ada E. Mann (Rhyl), Jean Wilson (Chippenhams), and there is good work also in those received from Miss P. M. McCleverty (London, S.W.), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), Miss J. M. Pym (Oxford), Ethel Philp (Edinburgh), W. J. Campbell (Edinburgh), Mary B. Gillespie (Denny), Marjorie G. Alexander (London, W.C.), Maud J. Findlay (Brighton), Eveline E. He (Plumstead Common), Leith Gordon (Birmingham), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), W. G. Priest (Norwich), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), R. B. Ince (London, N.W.), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Edwin Walters (London,

S.E.), H. Elrington (Monkstown), John Nisbet (Edinburgh), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Robert White, Junior (Edinburgh), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Thomas Brown (Glasgow), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Fred Horsley (Hull), Geraldine Tatlow (Chippenhams), Theodore Maynard (West Hampstead), I. Jackson (Greenock), E. Herbert Jones (Liverpool), Augustus Muir (Edinburgh), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), Mark Anderson (Menstrie), Neil Ramsay (Coatbridge), E. Howard (Putney), Ivan Adair (Rathmines), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), C. G. Taylor (Heswall), Miss S. Poultny (Ulverston), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), C. L. P. (Edgbaston),



'She opened an invisible side door in the wall.'

From "The Law and the Lady," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)



"A male human being who wrote little poems in her praise."

From "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

Ernest A. Kersten (Thornton Heath), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Violet D. Dean (Bromley), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), E. J. Martin, Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Tarry (Richmond), Eleanor Gray (Whitby), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), C. H. Whitby (Yeovil), Dorothea Anderson (Dumfries), John I. Leckie (Spennymoor), Mary Hughes (Banbury), M. A. Newman (Badingham), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Annie Clarke (High Wycombe), Mrs. E. K. Marshall (Merton Park), Albert Morrison (Glasgow), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), O. J. Connolly (Brockley), J. Ewing, Rev. Archibald J. Ashley (Cannock), Miss H. Winter (Dublin), J. Charles King (West Hampstead), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Evelyn Grace Lalonde (Bath), C. H. Chambers (Glossop), F. E. Briggs (Crown Hill), A. J. Briggs (Crown Hill), Lilian King (Dalhousie), R. H. Evans (Constantinople).

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. WILFRID M. APPLEBY, of 19, Pleasant Road, Southend-on-Sea, for the following :

CHANGE IN THE VILLAGE. By GEORGE BOURNE. (Duckworth.)

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*.

We also select for printing :

THE SIGN. By MRS. ROMILLY FEDDEN. (Macmillan & Co.).

"He put his thumb unto his nose,
And spread his fingers out."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(Ellen Webster, 6, Warrington Road, Ipswich.)

LITTLE INCIDENTS. BY FREDERICK WATSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little cheque
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(Marjorie W. Bostock, 52, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill,
S.E.).

THE SHADOW OF POWER. BY PAUL BERTRAM.
(John Lane.)

"A rod
To check the erring!"
WORDSWORTH, *Ode to Duty*.

(H. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road,
Brighton.)

THINGS THAT MATTER. BY L. CHIOZZA MONFY.
(Methuen & Co.).

"We may live without friends—we may live without books
But civilised man cannot live without cooks."

OWEN MEREDITH, *Laud*.

(Miss M. Morton-Smith, Chin-wang-tao,
N. China.)

COMMONERS' RIGHTS. BY C. SMEDLEY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"'Bother it!' I may
Occasionally say"

W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*

(Charles Powell, "Dovedale," Victoria Park,
Manchester.)

HAVOC. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"He vaulted from the pulpit, like a tiger from his den
They say it was a lovely sight to see him floor his men
Right and left, and left and right; straight and true and
hard,

Till the Ebenezer Chapel was more like a knacker's yard!"
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Bondy's Sermon*

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby,
S. Wales.)



"Is that the road to London?"

"The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. (W. Collins, Sons & Co.'s
Illustrated Pocket Classics).

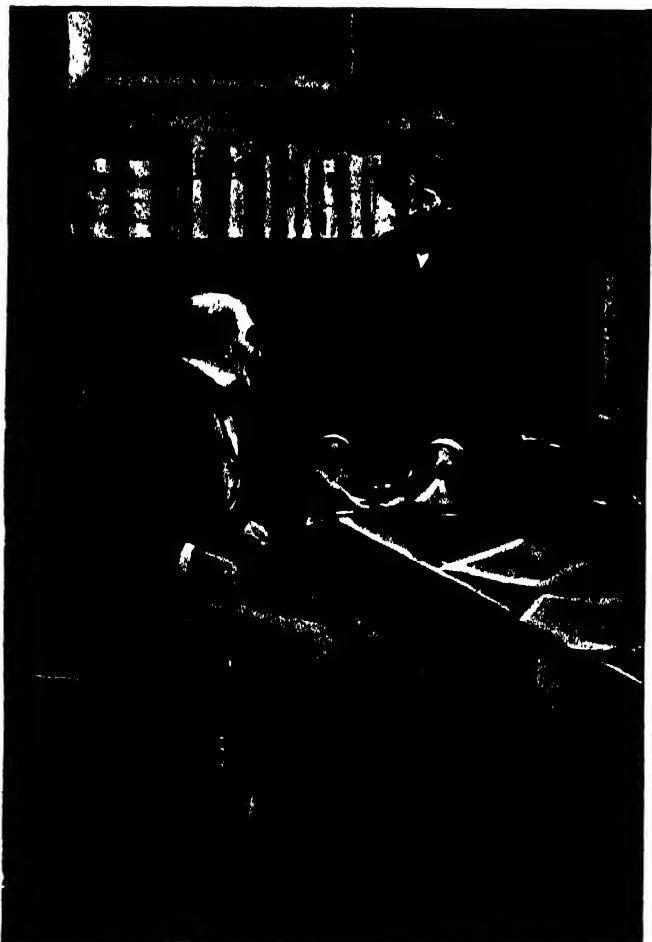
III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best account of how a woman has acted chivalrously towards another woman or a man is awarded to the Rev. EDWIN C. LANSDOWN, of The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E., for the following:

In a Perthshire monastery, James I. of Scotland had retired to his apartment with his Queen and a few attendants. Armed men approached. The ladies instantly endeavoured to secure the door, but found the bolts had been previously removed. Lady Catherine Douglas chivalrously thrust her arm through the ironwork to make a bolt, while James escaped by lifting a board in the floor. The delicate arm was soon broken by the pressure of the soldiers, but this brave act would doubtless have saved the king's life, had he not prematurely disclosed his hiding place before his foes had left the monastery.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. JOHN F. HARRIS, of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the following:

THE CENTAUR. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.
(Macmillan.)

Like Poe, Mr. Blackwood is a writer of "things on the margin." His is a mind wonderfully adapted to clarify into words the most subtle psychic experiences. His newest tale is founded on the theory of Fechner, that the earth throws off certain cosmic beings, emanations from herself. With its central figure, Terence O'Malley, the primitive being unspoiled by modernity, and its insistence on the necessity of escaping the complexities of civilisation, this book should undoubtedly be read in the Spring. Although it is somewhat pagan in conception, we follow absorbed the adventure of O'Malley until the "inner catastrophe" occurs.



"Excuse my asking one question."

From "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins. (W. Collins, Sons & Co.'s
Illustrated Pocket Classics).

Other good reviews received are :

HERSELF. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

For the atmosphere of this delightful story, the writer has caught the charm of Paris, the elusive pathos of Ireland and the sweetness of English gardens in summer. Herein move Harrie Clench, who "collected people," and Pat, her cousin, a beloved vagabond. And in the background waits the solid figure of Geoffry Horn, journalist and friend in need. We have to take Harrie's word for it that Horn is *collectable*; for he is the one merely worthy man in a group of really human people, whose adventures are set forth in a pleasantly elliptical and altogether charming fashion.

(Hester Marshall, 83, Philbeach Gardens,
Earl's Court, S.W.)

IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM. By DEMETIA VAKA.
(Constable.)

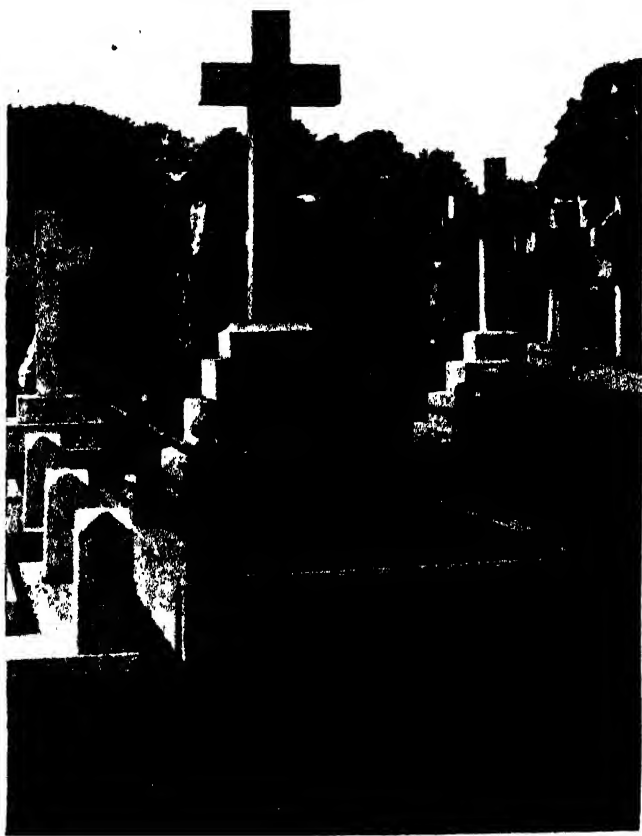
An interesting story about European and Asiatic life in Turkey. There are two plots—one concerned with the "Young Turks" movement to free their country from a despotic rule, the other is the love affair of Orkan Effendi, one of the "Young Turks," and Millicent Grey, an American girl. The girl's brave struggle to overcome her love for this man, which she realises must result in unhappiness to both, is sympathetically told. Her adventure in the Sultan's palace, her escape, and the death of Niko, a young Greek who tried to rescue her, keep the attention riveted on this book.

(Mary Kingdom, Gilston Park, Harlow, Essex.)

IN COTTON WOOL. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson.)

This book, though inferior in intellectual restraint to the previous novel, "Mrs. Thompson," shows Mr. Maxwell's well-known merits: his genuine interest in moral issues, his gifts of description and characterisation. It is a powerful study of a man's gradual deterioration, and of two women whom he sacrifices to himself. Some element of conviction is wanting. Perhaps there is a certain lack of poetry in Mr. Maxwell. Perhaps he depends too much on wealth of detail, and describes what ought to be revealed. But the book is interesting throughout, and has throughout a meaning and a moral.

(Elizabeth F. Stevenson, 24, Brandling Park,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.)



Grave of Wilkie Collins
at Kensal Green.

THE PATRICIAN. By JOHN GALSWORTHY.
(Heinemann.)

Curiously triumphing over his own defects, Mr. Galsworthy over-describes his characters, not letting them wholly describe themselves by speech and action, yet succeeds in making them live. One remembers that June lived, although absolutely dumb, in his "Man of Property." He splits an infinitive whenever he feels disposed to split one, yet achieves distinction and beauty in his style. He deals in the blanks of life, yet leaves his readers without an uncomfortable sense of depression. He draws characters who provoke antagonism, yet makes them awaken sympathy. "The Patrician" is a great book, and the best he has done.

(Mrs. H. H. Penrose, Deepcut Bungalow,
Frimley Green, Surrey.)

THE INVIOLEABLE SANCTUARY. By GEORGE A.
BIRMINGHAM. (Nelson.)

It is long since we came across such a refreshing story. Frank Mannix the hero of the Lower Sixth is in great danger of becoming an unbearable prig when Fortune sends him to Ireland during the holidays, and his cousin Priscilla succeeds in transforming him into a normal schoolboy. Priscilla is a charming creation, and her skill with a boat is a revelation to Frank. Miss Rutherford is alive and adds to the enjoyment of the tale, while the Irish quayside characters and the German spies who turn out to be an eloping couple cause excitement to the very end.

(Marie R. Brown, 233, W. Regent Street, Glasgow.)

SOME REMINISCENCES. By JOSEPH CONRAD.
(F. Eveleigh Nash.)

This book is Conrad's real voice, and the original, "That reminds me" construction is felicitously allied to its spirit. Romance is the sun round which his star revolves. He has those immemorial qualities which are the laurels of the great artist; the tolerance, the detachment, the sincerity, and, for crowning glory, that sympathy which gives life to the bare bones and naked structure of genius. He is our contemporary heir to Stevenson's charm, the royal dispenser of past favours; and, when you hear his voice, pitched in such friendly accents, you can't give criticisms, only gratitude. You are the "gentle reader."

(Beatrice Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Sybil Waller (Boscombe), Margaret Edwards (Salisbury), Miss Van der Pant (Ashted), Mrs. Fortescue (Worcester), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Maude Dale (Stretford), Albert Harrison (York), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Elsie Bird (Hinner), Margery Wilkins (Worcester), Geraldine Payne & Galloway (Thirsk), H. Elrington (Monkstown), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), R. B. Ince (London, N.W.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Nina Coppinger (Wimbledon), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth), Alexander E. McGill, Junior (Glasgow), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Mrs. Severs (Scarboro'), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Margery Colman (London, W.), A. Gordon-Fletcher (Birmingham), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), James Brenton (Tottenham), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Miss E. K. White (Ravenscourt Park), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Maurice A. McDermott (Abingdon), M. E. A. Phipps (York), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Isa M. Jackson (Glasgow), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), F. E. Briggs (Crown Hill), X. Y. Z. (Cambridge).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO
"THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. R. G. Ken,
of 1, Zion Road, Rathgar, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

THE CENTENARY OF JOHN FORSTER.

BY BERRIC TWIDE.

TO nine out of every ten of the people one meets nowadays, John Forster—save and except that he was the biographer of his friend, Charles Dickens—is absolutely an unknown quantity.

of like reputation, were friends whom he especially delighted to honour, and who honoured him in return. As a dramatic critic his honesty, as also his judgment, were above reproach, his conclusions, so far as I know

and have been able to discover, never having been impugned, his theatrical friends always recognizing that with him "duty" meant "truth," even if the telling of the latter involved disapproval or censure. It may be—I am inclined to think it really was—that the one great reason why Dickens and Forster each so appreciated and—yes loved the other, was this same presence of, and devotion to the dramatic in their respective natures. We know how, and in what large measure, the novelist possessed the instinct in question, that Forster had it also is, as I have said, likewise true. What more natural, then, that it should have contributed to strengthen and super-cement the already strong bond existing between the two men? Many there were who, misunderstanding the man, too hastily, and certainly unjustly,



John Forster's Library, Palae Gate House, Kensington.

From the drawing (now in the Forster Library, V. & A. Museum) by John Watkins, made shortly after Forster's death. Photographed by special permission of Sir Cecil Smith (Director).

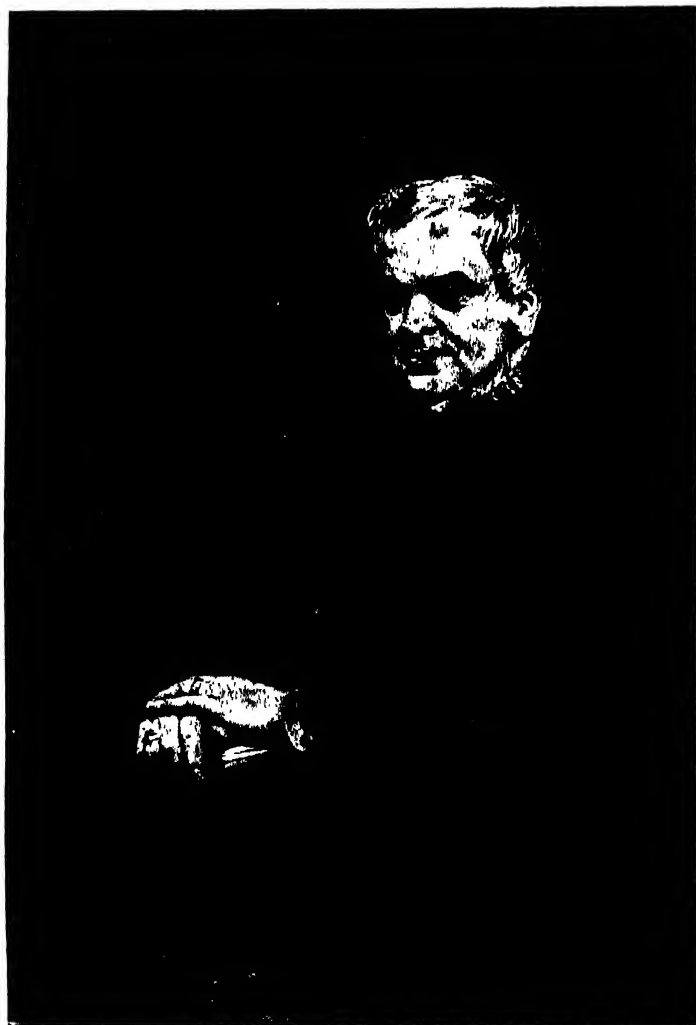
And this is the more extraordinary when it is seriously considered who and what the man, John Forster, really was, and that his literary life-work was very far from being of the ephemeral sort, the thing of a day only, to be to-morrow forgotten.

His "Lives of the Men of the Commonwealth," for example, would alone serve to mark out their author as being head and shoulders above the crowd as a keen historical student, with a special bent towards the great social and political change-time of the seventeenth century. Born at Newcastle on the 2nd of April, 1812 (barely two months after his famous friend-to-be, Charles Dickens), Forster may be said to have literally come into the world with his "gift" in both hands.

There is not a scrap of evidence procurable anywhere that he derived from either of his parents any advantage or hereditary influence which might have served him in the particular walk of life he was destined eventually to follow.

A born essayist, he, as a lad, proved, on more than one occasion, the power of the instinct that was in him. Like all true literary souls, his dramatic insight was as clear as it was undeniable. He knew, too, the value of it, and as a consequence, invariably regarded his work, and all things connected with it, from a dramatic point of view. In his case, the theatre was not merely a relaxation, it was a sheer necessity for the well-being of his intellectual existence. And, truly, there were theatrical giants in those days, with whom the very greatest and most famous of them—he was on the closest terms of intimacy.

Macready, Kean, Harley, and a whole legion of others



John Forster.

From the engraving by C. H. Jeens.



Facsimile of title page of Robert Browning's first book with his inscription to Forster.

From Forster Library, Victoria and Albert Museum. Photographed by special permission of Sir Cecil Smith (Director).

labelled Forster as being harsh, hard, uncouth, without feeling or capacity for affection. Never was a greater mistake made. Although we boys regarded him somewhat in the light of a "roaring lion" (by the way, we also in, I suppose, contradistinction to his "bigness," dubbed him, amongst ourselves, the "mouse," a distinctly unpardonable contraction, be it explained, of hippopotamus). We, or at least I, came to acknowledge, before his death, that he really had a heart, and that a large one. It was his peculiar misfortune to be judged by his husk, which required duly cracking before the kernel could be adequately appreciated. It was his manner, in fact, and his manner only, which was responsible for much of the adverse criticism which now, in my own old age, I am free to confess was altogether undeserved.

All things considered, I suggest that this year, 1912, the centenary of his birth, is a peculiarly appropriate time in which to tell, in necessarily brief fashion, the story of John Forster, historian, essayist, biographer, journalist, and *man*, for the benefit of those who have little or no knowledge of him—as the man he, in truth, really was—the clever writer of books, which undoubtedly are destined to live; the true and loyal friend (as Browning called him), which I, for one, knew him only too well to have been. Browning's affectionate regard

for Forster was in degree second only to that of Dickens, as is proved by letters and inscriptive notes innumerable in the poet's handwriting, while there was this additional reason for it, in the deep sense of gratitude Browning always expressed for Forster's loyal faith in him, when nearly all the world doubted. Witness that touching inscription on the frontispiece of his original MS. of "Paracelsus," his gift to his friend, and which is now the "pearl of great price" among the priceless treasures of the Forster collection. In estimating the truly astonishing amount of work—literary work—Forster contrived to turn out during his none too lengthy career (he was but sixty-four when he died), it must never be forgotten that, up to the date of his marriage to Mrs. Colburn, the widow of Henry Colburn, the publisher, and an old and tried friend, he was not by any means a rich man. Thirty years of age when called to the Bar in 1842, his literary and journalistic life up to that event was a time of stress and struggle. As editor of the *Daily News*, and literary editor of the *Examiner*, things certainly improved with him. But journalism was not his first love, and it was not long before he finally, for all practical purposes, severed his connection with the Fourth Estate in order that he might devote the whole of his time and thoughts to the insistent call of literature. In 1855, thus may be said to have taken place, after nine years' sole and absolute editorial control over the *Examiner*, he having succeeded Albany Fonblanque in the Chair in 1847. His "Life of Goldsmith," undoubtedly his greatest biographical achievement,

appeared in 1848. But with his marriage came enhanced means, and the opportunity for leisure for his literary work. This was his "golden time," and though he did not live to realise all his hopes and ambitions, he succeeded in effecting much, without which the world of letters would be poor indeed. That death should have found him in the midst of his "Swift" labours is, if anything, a greater loss to posterity than it would have been a disappointment to himself. "Finished, and yet unfinished!" is the common cry of literary genius; infinitely sad, no matter how we regard it. The curse of Art, is, in its way, akin to the curse of Adam, and John Forster was to know no exemption. Had he been spared to see the completion of his "Swift," who knows? it might have tempered the bitterness of death; might have meant perfect soul-satisfaction.

It will doubtless be noticed that I have said very little about Forster's connection with Dickens, or made any, except the inevitable, allusion to the "Life." I have refrained for two amongst other reasons.

In the first place, I do not personally look upon the biography of his friend as by any means Forster's best literary achievement. When the book first appeared, the general opinion was that it was disappointing; too self-conscious; too much Forster, and too little Dickens. I must confess that I strongly incline to this opinion.

One junior member of his family (long since gone over to the great majority), even went so far as to say that it was "too full of the great big I." That, of course, was an extreme, and exceedingly foolish expression of opinion, but, though crude—savage almost, it, in a sense, hit the mark. My second reason for keeping Dickens out of the picture is because Forster is so largely associated, exclusively I may almost say, especially

in these days, with the novelist; my great desire being to persuade people to believe, if I may, that John Forster's claim to a place on the literary roll of fame, and in the estimation of his countrymen, as a great writer worthy the name, rests on something higher, better, and more enduring than that with which his name is more or less popularly connected.

New Books.

RECENT HISTORY.

When King James, the Sapient and Sext, as he is commonly called on the other side of the Tweed, succeeded to the throne of England, he promulgated a decree annihilating the term Border. The Border, which had so long been the symbol and excuse for every kind of lawlessness, was to be henceforth as though it had never existed. Something resembling order was, as a matter of fact, with the aid of "Jeddart law," more or less rapidly established in Liddesdale, the country of the Armstrongs, and other disturbed districts. That was in 1603. In spite of all James's efforts, however, the Border continues to exist; it is no mere geographical abstraction like the North or South Pole, it marks an historical principle, and it is in fact nowhere more apparent than in the field of written history. England, it has been well said, in spite of its numerous and opulent possessions has never attained to one of Scotland's most priceless inheritances as a distinct country—namely, the rapture of having recovered its lost independence. That has proved an endowment which has coloured the Scottish point of view ever since. English patriotism has never had a patriot saint of flesh and blood quite like Wallace and Bruce. Alfred, though he has inspired poets and epic writers, has always lacked actuality, and is, besides, the hero of Wessex rather than of England as a whole. Walthof and Hereward are pale and bloodless abstractions—embarrassed phantoms—beyond the power of resuscitation by literary genius, however pronounced. Similarly, England lacks a religious hero to compare with John Knox, and even in literature our greatest names are somehow deficient in national actuality. You might, of course, pit the massive figure of Doctor Johnson against Scott and Burns, but our very greatest figures in literature are somehow beyond the sphere of enlistment into any kind of territorial militia. George Meredith in a way is one of the most patriotic, he frequently strikes the heroic lyre, but you could hardly cite him as a champion of distinctively English civilisation, or even of British nationality, still less Empire. Scotland, then, has preserved its own view of, and way of regarding, the history of our diminutive island. It has never frankly or for long acquiesced in the historical generalisations, however conspicuous for moderation or politeness, of the predominant partner; it has accepted historical formulas like other free gifts from the Saxon with an unmistakable reserve. The question of homage has been assumed often enough by the south—never accepted or even tolerated by the north. English historians have not often obtained the freedom of the northern kingdom. It is remarkable, perhaps, how little they have used Scottish history in illustration of their own.

The Scottish antiquaries, on the other hand, from their vantage-ground of superior knowledge of Scots topography, genealogy and local tradition, have generally viewed English incursions into their territory with a profound mistrust and an only slightly humorous suspicion. Their semi-legendary mediæval and legal history are interesting, but obscure and difficult to aliens. The constitutional and economic sides of Scottish historiography are relatively unattractive. Every-

thing has been rather inclined to favour the monopoly which our northern neighbours have set up. And yet, up to the present, with the exception of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," it can hardly be said that North Britain has ever risen to the opportunity of providing the southrons with a satisfactory story of Scotland. The dearth of text-books at once interesting, well written, scholarly and abreast with the modern point of view, has tended to justify the southern indifference to the value of a Scottish commentary and reflex upon their own annals. The reproach, however, if reproach it be, to modern Scots historians, is clearly destined to be removed at short notice; for, as a consequence, it may be of the scholastic prizes recently offered in the form of Chairs of Scottish History at various northern universities, there has been a regular landfall of Scottish history during the past few months. Some very able books have been issued, far exceeding in synthetic power any popular Scottish histories of the past, and if Scotland does not yet possess a J. R. Green to compress its history into a single volume of a vivacity admitted to be the equivalent of that of a first-class romance, the defect is not attributable now as it has been in the past to the lack of either enterprise or industry on the part of its historians.

The two standard Scottish histories of recent years have, of course, been those of Mr. Andrew Lang and Professor Hume Brown. Mr. Lang¹ has now condensed his vast knowledge of the subject into a short birds-eye view in one compact volume, the most readable of its size in relation to this subject which we have yet encountered. It is admirably written, and though rather elliptical here and there in dealing with subjects unfamiliar to English readers, it is specially attractive by reason of its concise details of Scottish institutions, such as the estates, the heads of the Articles and the like. It is, in the main, singularly free from the obscurity due to the ultra-allusiveness and difficult quotations and references which so frequently impair the usefulness, if they do not actually mar the artistic effect of his bigger book. Professor Hume Brown's work² has always been recognised as an almost indispensable narrative outline, clear, scholarly, and organised with the most severe economy of space consistent with accurate statement. Its faults have been, I think, widely recognised also as a certain defect of historical glamour and warmth, a timidity in generalisation and a plentiful lack of picturesqueness—a dryness, in short, inconsistent with the enthusiastic vision that allures the student to subjects outside the regular schedule of "forced labour." His book, however, certainly appears to the greatest possible advantage in the present edition where its production is greatly enhanced by the provision of excellent illustrations, while the text has been revised, amended, and richly supplemented by a continuation of the narrative down to the present time. To the southern eye,

¹ A Short History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

² "History of Scotland." By Hume Brown. 3 vols. 30s. net. (Camb. Univ. Press.)

it will be confessed, the history of Scotland since the Union really became operative (after 1745), is mainly statistical. This erroneous idea will be corrected by reference to Professor Hume Brown's third volume. It will be noticed, however, in justification of the English point of view, that in the case of the two very well written and interesting bids that have been made to emulate J. R. Green quite recently by Dr. Macmillan and Mr. Robert Rait, one ends practically with the '45, the other concludes rather abruptly with Sir Walter Scott.

Though the printing of the portraits is very inferior to that in the case of Professor Hume Brown's history, Mr. Rait's volume¹ of 312 pages is nevertheless attractively illustrated. The first chapters dealing with the blending of the races in Scotland, and the influence of Queen Margaret, seem to us to supply the clearest and most lucid short account of these remote happenings available. Some of the later portions appear, in comparison, a little more hurried, but the book, as a whole, is a model of lucid exposition and production, and its very moderate price must win it a very large circle of appreciative readers. Recent investigators have claimed that Margaret was daughter of Agatha and grand-daughter of a Hungarian king, and the evidence has recently been marshalled in a very learned paper, the substance of which was given before the Royal Historical Society by Dr. Felbermann. Mr. Rait is an original investigator of Stuart history, especially during the seventeenth century. Dr. Donald Macmillan's work² gives more the impression of a compilation from already well-ascertained and accessible sources. As a compilation it is highly skilled work, it avoids dullness and pedantic detail with marked success, and gives some good social pictures. A composite picture like this of Highland manners previous to the rebellion of 1745 would gain credibility by a reference to authorities. Would Doctor Johnson, one wonders, have confirmed the following account:

"The houses of the cottars were nothing more than huts. A little patch of ground here and there might be cultivated. The woman did most of the labour. The cattle and sheep reared were of the poorest quality. At Falkirk and Creiff trysts droves of black Highland cattle might be seen. They fetched anything from ten to forty shillings each. The sheep were diminutive and poor; they were kept under shelter in winter from fear of dying from the weather, and it was only by accident, about the middle of the century, that the discovery was made that they thrived better in the open. The turf in the neighbourhood, and even round the doors, was used for building and roofing the huts, so that a stranger in Sutherlandshire was forced to remark that the 'Highlanders made their houses of grass and fed their cattle on stone.' When short of food, the clansmen bled the cattle, boiled the blood, and mixed it with oatmeal, and so made a hearty repast. Instead of clipping the sheep, the wool was frequently pulled off their backs, and then spun and weaved for use."

An extremely valuable addition to economic history is supplied by Professor Gonner's carefully compiled work on "Common Land and Inclosure."³ This traces the history of the movement from champain or open land to inclosure during upwards of four centuries. The use of a Common now is regarded mainly from the point of view of recreation, but in early times the Common right was an essential part of agriculture. So long as arable land was absolutely pre-eminent, and the system of culture adopted was simple and uniform, the Common system worked well. The present work is mainly concerned with the change that came over these conditions, it explains how the change was effected and explains how, from an economic point of view purely, the change was often beneficial. The human and national aspects of the problem are treated in Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's interesting book about the peasantry in the

eighteenth century. The present work supplies the economic, agricultural, and legal supplement and, to a certain extent, justification.

Among standard works in history reissued during the past few years, a high place belongs by prescription to Erskine May's "Constitutional History of England"⁴ from 1760 to 1860. The original work was, it is believed, to a limited extent put in commission, chapters or parts of chapters having been committed to some of Lord Farnborough's colleagues in the House of Commons. The process has now been continued by Mr. Francis Holland, who has carried the exposition down to 1911 upon similar lines to those originally designed. He has thus written of Parliamentary Reform since the Reform Bill, with some brief remarks on modern developments, such as the Woman's Suffrage Agitation; he has given a capital narrative of party alternations since the first premiership of Disraeli; he has dealt with the evolution of the Home Rule movement in its later manifestations under the consulship of Mr. Parnell, together with local government, education, civil service reform, and the fruition of the Colonial Commonwealths, concluding with a slightly disproportionate but wholly judicious account of the Parliament Bill of last year. It is impossible to make a quite satisfactory book of Erskine May, owing to the polished evasiveness of its style, but Mr. Holland's attempt at least deserves success.

Among biographical additions to historical literature, the most interesting that we have encountered of late deal with the sixteenth century. An unpretentious narrative of the striking career of Jeanne d'Albret,⁵ mother of Henri IV., by Mr. P. F. W. Ryan, is well written and illustrated. It supplies a master key to many of the lives of this period and will be found attractive by the general reader, while, as a genealogical link between Valois and Bourbon, it is invaluable to those who have not access to the larger works by De Ruble and others. Miss Freer's book of thirty or forty years ago on this subject is now at a big premium. Mr. F. M. Hueffer in his diverting work on "The Critical Attitude," forms a relentless and scathing estimate of the works by little ladies on naughty queens. Miss Winifred Stephens' new book on Margaret of France⁶ certainly does not come anywhere near this category. It is a most scholarly investigation and study of the career of the patroness of Ronsard, daughter of François I. and wife of Emmanuel Philibert, the effective founder of the present Royal House of Savoy. The production of this monograph, with its admirable bibliographic and other apparatus, outlives Miss Stephens to rank with Miss Jane Stodart and Miss Edith Schell, among the most highly equipped scholars of this very thorny period. Margaret of Austria and Margaret of Angoulême, both contemporaries, have found biographers in plenty. Thus, I believe, is the first attempt in English to portray Margaret of France. Another work of real value to which more than passing reference is impossible, is Mr. A. W. Evans' excellent introduction to and excerpts from the Commentaries of Monluc, extracted from Cotton's translation of 1674, and edited with much judgment and taste for the increasingly popular and deserving Regent Library.⁷ This book of nearly 500 pages, offered at half-a-crown, is a real boon to students and readers interested in the complicated times of the French Wars of Religion.

Of recent specialized work on the later career of Napoleon that has reached us, one volume at least deserves mention for marked ability. M. Albert Espitalier's "Napoleon and King Murat"⁸ affords an unsparing picture of Gioacchino, king of the Lazzaroni. Anything more despicable ultimately than the dashing Murat's vanity and faithlessness, whether

⁴ "May's Constitutional History of England, 1760-1911." Edited with Supplementary Volume by Francis Holland. 3 vols. 12s. 6d. each net. (Longmans.)

⁵ "Queen Jean of Navarre." By P. F. W. Ryan. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

⁶ "Margaret of France." By Winifred Stephens. 15s. net. (Lane.)

⁷ The Commentaries of Monluc. With Introduction by A. W. Evans. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

⁸ "Napoleon and King Murat." By Albert Espitalier. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

¹ "The Making of the Nations: Scotland." By Robert S. Rait. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

² "A Short History of the Scottish People." By D. Macmillan, D.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

³ "Common Land and Inclosure." By Prof. E. C. K. Gonner. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

in regard to his benefactor, the treaty of Bayonne, or his wife Caroline, it would not be easy to imagine. Alternately cringing and sulking, dashing to Paris in eight days and back to Naples in even less, the king is exhibited as possessing far less responsibility and capacity to rule than an average boy-scout. He was a puppet, or should we say victim, of his Bonaparte marriage. The happiness he derived from his elevation was confined to the gratification of his personal vanity. Apart from vanity, selfishness and a blind discontent seem to have predominated—that at least is the impression left by M. Espitalier's pitiless analysis. Admirably translated by Mr. Lewis May, the book only suffers from its high degree of specialisation. Of Murat before Bayonne and between his flight to Cannes and the final catastrophe—not a word.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S POEMS.*

It is not easy to criticise the poems of Mr. John Galsworthy. One remembers the tragic intensity of feeling, the emotional force, the easy power and fine spirit of poetry that glow and live in his dramas and stories, and so cuts the leaves of "Moods, Songs and Doggerels" in the expectation of finding that same spirit singing here in golden cages of metre and rhyme. But though the same spirit is here it does not sing in that captivity so magically as it does in the bracing, free atmosphere of Mr. Galsworthy's prose. Which is, after all, nothing strange or unusual. No great novelist has ever been also a great poet—only one has been even an approximately great poet, and that one is Mr. Thomas Hardy. You cannot serve the Muses adequately in your playtime; unless you devote yourself wholly to them they will not give themselves wholly to you. The great poets rarely had much to say in prose; they put all their thoughts and imaginings into poetic form until that became the natural speech of their minds. Mr. Galsworthy chose the other way of utterance, and when he writes in verse does so with a certain constraint, as one speaks a foreign language; he is a little self-conscious, cannot forget he is writing poetry, and therefore is apt to be a little formal, a little artificial, and unable to let himself go in any rush of careless rapture. His songs do not sing themselves; and though, hammering them into shape, he now and then strikes out a strong and splendid phrase, a noble thought, a glittering fancy, he too often spends his energy in giving commonplace utterance to some ordinary idea, or mars some profound reflection or original image with a prosy line that he would never have allowed to pass in his prose writings.

The longest poem is "A Dream," in which God appears to the dreamer and beckons him to where a lonely tree "with ropes of yew-dark bough was bent," and there commands him:

"O man! Confess thy faith!
The word thou speakest saves or bars,
For here are gallows of thy death."

The dreamer knows he must make a true confession, or

"God would not spare but hang me dead
Within that twine of yew-dark rope."

The perfume and grace of the earth touch him as he stands; he remembers past happiness, and the woman he loves; and in one picturesque, subtly imaginative verse he recalls the beauty of the world as he has known it:

"I marked the pageantry of noon
Once more with gold and music pass;
I saw the silvery, cold moon
Spill her last glamour on the grass;
I hung once more above that stream,
Whose twining waters draw me down
And down from gazing, till I seem
Myself to be that water brown."

Thus passionately in love with life, he nevertheless resolves to confess his unorthodox creed bravely and die:

"And faint I spoke: 'I know my faith
But shadows that required of man;

* "Moods, Songs and Doggerels." By John Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)



By K. Scott.

Mr. John Galsworthy.

From frontispiece in "Moods, Songs and Doggerels" by John Galsworthy (Heinemann).

Yet, O thou God! if only wrath
Of creed I hold, 'tis all I can
For well I know that he is base
Who hides in grey hypocrisy,
And ghb pretends, to save his face,
And says, "I see," who does not see."

With how much more grandeur and dignity Mr. Galsworthy would have clothed that passage in prose, omitting the jarring "to save his face" into which the exigencies of rhyme betrayed him. Then in the setting forth of his creed, the thought is high and spacious enough, but moves in words that are not winged but walk with feet that are fettered, as thus:

"All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own stilly death draws near."

In the end, having spoken out of his heart boldly, the dreamer finds he has nothing to fear; the sinister shadows that threatened him vanish, the night clears, and all is well.

This courage to speak out honestly at all costs, to face the dark facts of life unafraid, is a characteristic note of these poems, and that mingling of large ideas with inadequate expression, and the sudden, intermittent rise into beauty or ringing harmony of phrase are also characteristic of them. Nothing could be more spontaneous, more alive with passionate sincerity than "Errantry," with its

"Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!"

there is music, too, a delicate fancifulness and a deep underflow of suggestion in "The Seeds of Light," and spontaneity again and a right living lyrical joyance in the "Cuckoo Song," where the cuckoo sings on the moor and the bells ring for church in the valley, but

"I'll go worshipping the sun
While the sun will let me."

If some of the poems in the "Doggerels" section are the least satisfactory in the volume, two of them are among the best. "The Devon Sage," is admirable both for its terse, homely philosophy and its cunning use of dialect; and "Rhyme After Rain," is a charmingly fresh and pagan song round the wistful sense of mortality that inspired Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds."

I think if Mr. Galsworthy had been more severe with himself and had left out some dozen or more of very slight bits of verse that have no virtue of thought or treatment to recommend them the total effect of his volume might have been greater, more impressive; as it is, its finer parts are obscured by the intrusion of so many waifs and strays and by the presence of such poems as "Deflowered," with its melodramatic presentment of a world-old tragedy; "The Moon at Dawn," with its strained daring in making the morning moon smile like a harlot; "Hetaira," with its rather cheaply sentimental telling of the woman who gave all her heart to a man, served him, lived for him only:

"Her care was fairy tale that never ends.
And when she died? Ah, would
They praise her? Never!
You see, she was not married to him, Friends!"

You might have made a little sketch of that and got a point or so in prose, without having to finish up with the word "Friends"; but to make points like that is not the way to make poetry.

It is a hateful thing to write anything but praise of Mr. Galsworthy, and I only do so because I have a real admiration of his rare creative power and great gifts as dramatist and novelist, and because, rightly or wrongly, I do feel that in publishing this book he does himself less than justice. But though I do not want the whole of it, there are things in it I am glad to possess, and not least among these is one of his shortest poems, "The Prayer":

"If on a Spring night I went by
And God were standing there,
What is the prayer that I would cry
To Him? This is the prayer.
O Lord of courage grave,
O Master of this night of Spring!
Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask Thee anything!"

Compared with nine-tenths of the new poetry that is issued nowadays, "Moods, Songs and Doggerels," stands out loftily by reason of its individual note, its originality of style, its moments of insight, the authentic feeling and fancy and imagination that are here, but struggle cramped and hampered in strait-jackets of verse; it suffers chiefly by comparison with Mr. Galsworthy's own work in other kinds, for he writes his best poetry when he is supposed to be writing prose.

A. ST. JOHN ARCOCK.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.*

In that entertaining work, *The Schoolmaster*, Mr. A. C. Benson states that "an interesting teacher must have a mind resembling a number of *Tit-Bits*," and though his dictum startles an old-world pedagogue, it is, perhaps, not so wholly paradoxical as it appears. For unless he possesses many odds and ends of miscellaneous knowledge the specialist, however learned in his own department, is apt to become dull, dreary, and uninspiring, and to make the most of life we all need to know much of one thing and a little of many things. The stress and strain of competition drive us remorselessly along a very narrow groove, and we all have delight in occasionally getting outside it. The boy feels

* "Botany: The Modern Study of Plants." By M. C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S.—"Heredity." By J. A. S. Watson, B.Sc.—"Organic Chemistry." By Prof. J. B. Cohen, B.Sc., F.R.S.—"The Principles of Electricity." By Norman R. Campbell, M.A.—"The Science of the Stars." By E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.—"Henri Bergson: The Philosophy of Change." By H. Wildon Carr.—"Roman Catholicism." By H. B. Coxon. With Preface, by Mgr. R. H. Benson.—"Mary Queen of Scots." By E. O'Neill, M.A.—"Women's Suffrage—A Short History of a Great Movement." By M. G. Fawcett, LL.D.—"Shakespeare." By Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.—"Pure Gold—A Choice of Lyrics and Sonnets." By H. C. O'Neill.—"Dante." By A. G. Ferrers Howell. "The People's Books." 6d. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack).

the craving, and amid the routine of study relishes magisterial *Tit-Bits*, and within measure is the better for them. The average man looks for similar snacks and scraps of knowledge set out attractively in the columns of his daily paper. There are many, too, who with a more robust taste are healthily desirous of something more solid and sustaining. They have neither much money nor much leisure, but they want something which they can "read and inwardly digest" without great expenditure of either—a sort of intellectual "quick meal"—and for such "The People's Books" are designed to cater. Here busy workers in many fields have, as it were, gathered up honey, and hungry folk have only "to put forth their hand"—with sixpence in it—and, like Jonathan of old, "their eyes will be enlightened." Or rather, perhaps, such is the praiseworthy purpose of the publishers, but how far they have succeeded in their purpose is a somewhat different question. For in these little books, each of which contains some 80 or 90 pages, compression is carried to its extreme limits, and by a well-known law of letters a writer's difficulties increase, in a sort of geometrical progression, as the space allowed him diminishes. Give him 500 pages and he expatiates at ease; confine him to 100 and he chafes awkwardly against the barriers. And this is especially the case where he is not criticizing facts already known to his readers—for then terseness, though difficult, is at once possible and telling—but has to set out facts of which he must assume that they are almost wholly ignorant, while when those facts are in themselves highly complex, his task requires the highest gifts of intellect, judgment, and expression. To state a great theme shortly in plain words is perhaps the supreme test of mastery as a writer.

To pass, however, any single verdict on the manner in which the present writers have dealt with the difficulties they had to face, would be obviously unfair, because those difficulties have been very unequal. Take, for instance, the admirable study of "Shakespeare." It is "admirable" because Professor Herford is a good critic, and because he is able to be largely critical, so that when he says that in Shakespeare's great tragedies, "the interest always centres in the action and suffering of a man of a great but ill-balanced personality, under the stress of a situation which at once betrays his weakness, reveals his greatness, and thrusts him to his doom," we all, knowing for ourselves Othello, Hamlet, and King Lear, at once recognise the justice of his remarks, while he can say what he has to say sufficiently in a few lines. But turn to "Dante," and the case wholly alters. Here the English reader wants not so much criticism as information, but he will get the former rather than the latter, while the author's interest in Dante's sonnets and "Political Ideals"—on both of which he writes excellently—tempts him to leave only a third of his space for *The Divine Comedy*, which he discusses but does not illustrate, although discussion, when the subject matter is unknown, must obviously be incapable of conveying real knowledge. On the other hand where the subject is well defined, as in the volume on "Roman Catholicism," "Women's Suffrage," and "Mary Queen of Scots," the author has an easy task. In these cases it is possible to be at once clear, concise, and yet sufficiently complete, and all three writers have produced epitomes which fulfil their aim and are of real value. Indeed as *ex parte* statements of their case nothing could be better than the first two volumes, and that on Roman Catholicism is, perhaps, as accurate and succinct an account of Roman doctrine as has ever been published, while it has the striking advantage of being authoritative, and it gives the modern reader almost an uncanny feeling to take up a sixpenny book and find on the first page: "NIHIL OBSTAT, J. H. Strassonaier, S. J. *Censor deputatus*, IMPRIMATUR. Edmond Can. Surmont. *Vic. gen.*" It is rare nowadays to come across a book every word of which is officially certified to be correct.

But apart from a little collection of English poetry which almost justifies its rather ambitious title of "Pure Gold," the remaining volumes, which deal with "The Stars," "Botany," "Electricity," "Heredity," "Organic Chemistry," and "Henri Bergson," equally interest and perplex the critic. Here are six vast themes, and here are six tiny

books, that claim to tell us just what we all want to know about them. It is a large claim, and do they make it good? If they did then the path of knowledge would cease to be rough, and we should almost have levelled "The Hill, Difficulty"; but to understand hard matters must ever be a long and arduous task, and these books perhaps attempt too much. Instead of pointing as it were to the peaks, telling us what may be seen from them, and taking us a few experimental ascents of moderate attainment, they seem to put too heavy a tax somewhat hastily on our strength with the result that we lose heart and flag in our endeavour. A person, for instance, "of average intelligence but no special knowledge" will hardly be prepared, after reading 20 pages on "Organic Chemistry," for such a sentence as this: "A third repetition of the experiment gives a third compound, the liquid *chloroform* or trichloromethane, CHCl_3 , and finally a fourth volume of chlorine will produce *carbon tetrachloride*, or tetrachloromethane, CCl_4 , when the process ceases and no more chlorine is absorbed," although this sentence compared with many which immediately follow is of almost transparent simplicity. Nor, perhaps, will he find it easy to grasp at the very outset of his study of the subject that "the most widely accepted theory of 'Heredity' is the theory of the *continuity of the germ plasm*, the idea of which is that part of the germ plasm contained in the parent egg-cell, is not used up in the construction of the body of the offspring, but is reserved unchanged for the formation of the germ cells of the following generation"; while, when he comes to "The Stars," he will find (p. 20) that the ancients were acquainted with "the general character of the sun's movement, namely, that he not only moved day by day from east to west, as the stars do, *but also had a second motion inclined at an angle to the first, and in the opposite direction*," and that the difficult words here italicised are left almost wholly to his own interpretation. But, surely, to understand any of the three statements thus quoted, without considerable previous training, would need a very alert mind. To the expert who has had such training they are clear, but to the "average" person who has not, they can hardly be so, and it would seem—if a word of advice may be pardoned—that the series suffers from lack of a general editor. The abilities of the various writers are beyond question, and they each provide an excellent summary of their subject, but, like most experts, they hardly take a just measure of "the average intelligence." They estimate it too much by an unconscious reference to their own skill, and for "The People's Books" there is surely need of some one who can judge what "the man in the street" is or is not capable of understanding. The idea of the series is of the best; it contains material of extreme interest—and, indeed, the accounts given of Mendelism by Mr. Watson and of Bergson by Mr. Carr open up new realms of thought—but some of the volumes would certainly gain in value by simplification. The publishers have made a very striking effort to bring great subjects within the purview of the popular mind, and if they have erred in forming too high an opinion of its powers, it is a generous error which the public ought very readily to condone.

T. E. PAGE.

VICTOR HUGO.*

It sometimes happens that the originator of a great literary movement long survives its eclipse and lives on honoured and perhaps apotheosized, into a time which has wholly different ideals from his, and regards as a mere extravagance, when thinking of it at all, the cause with which his name was once associated. Victor Hugo is a case in point. In his old age he was universally recognized as the father, the uncrowned king, of French letters. As his last birthdays came round, as some fresh edition of his works was issued, all the schools paid common tribute to the patriarch's fame, and bowed the knee before a giant of genius and a champion of freedom, who in both aspects

could be deemed typically French. The mere passage of years had made it possible for the violences of his art, the inconsistencies in his opinions and behaviour to be forgotten, and he had sufficiently retired from active politics for a legend, and not an untrue legend, to connect itself with his career. His interventions in public affairs became so rare, and were so nicely calculated, that more and more could he be considered a representative democrat and the mouthpiece of the young Republic, as well as the best of the world's poets. And so in this final phase, enthusiasm, which stopped little short of idolatry, marked the attitude alike of his fellow-craftsmen and of his compatriots towards the author who had gone into exile on a matter of principle, and had denounced despotism with all the fervour of his unequalled rhetoric. Victor Hugo sat as it were in triumph, removed from the range of criticism and exalted to the dignity of a demi-god. But, in point of fact, his was to some extent a false position, and the homage he received was accorded less to the talents and achievements on which he prided himself than to the age and general reputation of the veteran. In one respect no mistake could be made; Hugo was the premier poet of France—nay, of Europe. But in other ways he was the exemplar of an outworn tradition. Long before his own death that burst of romanticism with which his first blaze of popularity synchronised, was exhausted beyond the hope of revival, a Rostand or so notwithstanding. Drama, poetry, fiction had travelled miles away from his aims and conventions, and it is difficult to believe that his most respectful colleagues knew much or could esteem much of his work apart from his lyrics. "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" might be reproduced during this or that hour of Hugo-worship, but they were already virtually on the shelf as stage-classics, their rhetorical exuberance, their sentimentality, their melodrama making little appeal to a public among which the problem-play was in vogue. "Les Misérables" and companion stories might claim their tens of thousands of readers, but the naturalistic novel was even then winning its brief spell of favour, and though a reaction was bound to follow its excesses, that reaction was not to take as its motto any such cry as "Back to Hugo." No, romance as he understood it is dead, and we need not regret that Victor Hugo left no real school behind him. For, entertaining as "Hernani" still is as a piece of literature, by reason of its gusto and its note of youthful defiance, magical as is the fantastic atmosphere of "Notre Dame de Paris," there is no denying that this style of art lends itself to insincerity, exaggeration and the striving after effect, vices only too easily developed. The one side of Hugo's invention which is immune from criticism is just the one which could not be imitated, the side which reveals itself in his exquisite lyrics. Fortunately all through his career he poured these out with inexhaustible profusion. Posterity may ignore some of his romances, it may cease to read his dramas, it may turn away from that section of his verse in which he is inclined to pose and be pontifical, but this Hugo at least, Hugo the *lyrical poet*, will never be allowed to die.

One of the fairest estimates of Hugo, the author, ever published in this country is to be found in a biography which the late Mr. A. F. Davidson just completed, but was not allowed to correct in proof. Fate prevented him from seeing the reward of his labours, but he has left behind him a worthy example of English scholarship. The sound judgment displayed again and again in this appreciation is its most notable feature. If Mr. Davidson had no illusions as to the extravagance of the French romantic movement he is whole-hearted in his esteem of the fecundity of Hugo's imagination, his mastery of the grotesque and the fantastic, his generous humanity and the richness of his more emotional poetry. And while the biographer preserves the balance scrupulously in weighing the merits of the artist he is no less just in his study of the man. He does not make too much of the foibles of the poet's character, but he refuses to ignore them. Especially does he draw attention to the unreliability of the poet in matters of autobiographical detail. Not only did he romance about his birth, creating for himself an aristocratic pedigree, and

* "Victor Hugo: His Life and Work." By A. F. Davidson. 15s. net. (Nash.)

then subsequently apologising for the ancestors he had invented; his trick of inexactitude was carried to much further lengths. It became habitual with him to credit himself with such behaviour and opinions in a crisis as he might have exhibited had he always had the courage of his views or always been consistent. Thus, he belittles his monarchist phase and antedates the growth of his republican sentiments; he attributes to himself heroic attitudes on occasions such as the time of the Commune, and again of the Coup d'Etat, when he was very far from acting the hero. Comparing Hugo's own statements with extant documents, Mr. Davidson is able to convict him frequently of making assertions that are untrue, of manufacturing fine poses for himself, and of covering up his blunders by forgetting them altogether. The poet's career was not all of a piece, nor was his disposition quite so generous and large-hearted as he wished the world to imagine. There was a large element of egoism in him, and he could be petty and envious. As Mr. Davidson points out, he quarrelled with Dumas *père*, merely because the latter was more successful in the theatre than he, and he found it hard as the years went on to mix socially with literary rivals. In the days of "Hernani" his friends were his colleagues, but gradually his circle narrowed down into a little coterie of satellites who listened while the Master talked and read his own works. Of Hugo's friendships and of his relations with women Mr. Davidson writes tactfully and with due restraint. He makes no more of Sainte-Beuve's siege of Mme. Hugo and his repulse than he should make, and he mentions, as it were incidentally, the prolonged *liaison* which existed between the author and the actress, Juliette Drouet. But all these matters--the posturings, the little vanities, the self-absorption and the philanderings of Hugo--his biographer sees in their right perspective, and he never fails to insist that the poet's love of freedom was sincere, his humanitarianism very genuine, his devotion to children absolutely natural, and that even his egoism had the excuse of his preoccupation with noble and disinterested thoughts.

F. G. BETTANY.

CRISPI.*

The "Memoirs" which Signor Palamenghi-Crispi has compiled for the vindication of his uncle's memory do not constitute a biography, but rather lay before us the materials for one. They are, in fact, a collection of documents strung together by a thread of narrative which, though slight, is sufficient for its purpose. Many of them have never before been published, and many were written by Francesco Crispi himself, who thus, as his nephew points out in an Introductory Note, speaks to us from nearly every page. No student of the Italian *Risorgimento*, or of Italian diplomacy during the last quarter of the 19th century, can possibly afford to neglect them.

The first volume deals with the Expedition of the Thousand, and opens with Crispi's flight from Palermo, after the failure of the Revolution of 1848. For more than a decade he trod the "hard road" of exile, in Piedmont, in Malta, in London, and in Paris, earning a scanty livelihood with his pen, and conspiring continually against the Bourbon tyranny. In 1859, he travelled through Sicily, visiting Messina, Catania, Syracuse and Palermo, under the very eyes of the ubiquitous Bourbon police; and, a few months later, he, perhaps more than any other, was instrumental in persuading Garibaldi to take up arms for the liberation of Sicily. We have the testimony of so bitter an enemy as La Farina that Garibaldi himself declared that the Expedition of the Thousand was "largely due" to Crispi.

After the landing at Marsala, Crispi became sole Secretary of State, and, from thenceforward, was always either a

member of the revolutionary Government or at Garibaldi's side. "He overthrew the Bourbon administration by means of his decrees, and, stripping it of that favour it still enjoyed among those whose interests were at stake, organized the new State." The title of *King of Italy* for Victor Emmanuel was first suggested by him; and "to him we also owe the formula, 'the people wish Italy to be One and Indivisible,' which confirmed the solemn obligation to achieve union and sanctioned, not the annexation of one province by another, but the creation of a new State." He remained ever faithful to this principle, and, on the death of Victor Emmanuel "stood his ground against the traditionalists of the House of Savoy, and succeeded in inducing the second King of Italy to assume the title of Humbert the *First*." But, though his abandonment of his republican prejudices was complete and final, he none the less steadfastly resisted Cavour's short-sighted demand for the immediate annexation of Sicily: a demand which, had it been yielded to, would have prevented Garibaldi crossing the Straits of Messina and indefinitely postponed the liberation of Central and Southern Italy. The debt of gratitude which his native Sicily owes him is well nigh as heavy as the debt which she owes to Garibaldi.

Of his subsequent conduct in Naples hard things have been said. Mr. Trevelyan, in his "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy" does not hesitate to characterise his opposition to the plebiscite as 'essentially factious'; but there is much to be said in defence of the motives of that opposition. Crispi had practised as an *avvocato* in Naples, and he knew the Neapolitan character; he can, therefore, hardly have failed to foresee the evils which must follow "the rigid and mechanical application of the Piedmontese laws and administrative system to a state of society very different from that of the sub-Alpine populations", and he, no doubt, felt that the conditions of annexation should be carefully considered. Moreover, he profoundly distrusted Cavour, and, in view of the facts disclosed by the documents before us, we do not see how he could have done otherwise. There was a time when Sir James Hudson and Lord John Russell doubted whether Cavour would "run straight."

If, in the first volume, we see Crispi as conspirator and revolutionist, in the second we see him as diplomatist and statesman, labouring to build up the nation he had helped to create. This task he accomplished mainly through the instrumentality of the Triple Alliance. From the hour of her birth, United Italy was endangered by the hostility of France and, in a lesser degree, by that of Austria. Even after Rome had become the Italian capital, France, though now reduced to a state of impotence, "tolerated the new conditions without accepting them." For years a French man-of-war rode at anchor off Civitavecchia "as a permanent protest and sign of the protectorate France still pretended to exercise over the Holy See." The Republican Government had inherited the traditions of its imperial predecessor, and "instead of seeking to dispel ill-feeling and gain the friendship of the Italians, insulted us, scorned us, and threatened us, thus adding fuel to the fire of hostility."

In 1877, Crispi, now President of the Chamber, was sent on a confidential mission, nominally to open negotiations with the various European governments with regard to the status of Italian citizens abroad and of foreigners in Italy, but really "for the purpose of rendering the friendly relations between Germany and Italy more intimate," and of obtaining "a treaty of alliance which should represent the interests of both countries and provide for all contingencies." For the moment, all that he secured "was a promise of 'eventual alliance in case France should attack'; but he had established confidential relations with Bismarck, and, although the Triple Alliance was not actually concluded till 1882, his mission was fruitful of future gain to Italy.

Unfortunately, however, Crispi's domestic relations served as a handle for the malice of his enemies, and, in 1878, he fell from office with disastrous results. With regard to her foreign policy, Italy became "as changeable as a child at its play," and her consequent isolation subjected her to continual humiliations. At the Berlin Congress her interests

* "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi." Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti from the Documents collected and edited by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Two Vols. 16s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Letters and Recollections of Mazzini." By Mrs. Hamilton King. 8s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

were ignored; the French occupied Tunis and England's invitation to intervene in Egypt was refused. Only after Crispi's return to Office, in 1887, did things change for the better. In April, he became Minister of the Interior in the Depretis Cabinet and, on Depretis' death, in the following July, succeeded him as President of the Council. Thenceforward, the foreign policy of Italy was in competent hands, and her interests were safeguarded with statesmanlike foresight. Had Crispi remained longer in power, the annexation of Tripoli would probably have become a *fait accompli* before the close of the last century. It is certain that, at different epochs, all the great Powers had recognized the superiority of Italian claims in that region: France in 1884 and 1888; Austro-Hungary in 1890, and England in the same year. In July, Lord Salisbury declared that "the interests of Europe demand this occupation that the Mediterranean may be prevented from becoming a French Lake. The only point to be further considered is whether the present moment be the best suited for putting this undertaking into execution."

In the course of his various diplomatic missions, Crispi became acquainted with most of the leading statesmen of the day, and there are a hundred passages we should like to quote. It is curious to read of Lord Salisbury that "he belongs to the type of timid Englishmen," and of Leo XIII. that he was "entirely in the power of a handful of intriguers and agents of Cardinal Monaco's, 'that bumpkin with coarse boots and a cunning head-piece,' who intimidates the Pope with threats of the sufferings of hell." Our space is, however, limited, and we can only assure the reader that in these two bulky volumes there is not a single dull page from the first to the last. They are as interesting as they are instructive.

In his foreword to Mrs. Hamilton King's "Letters and Recollections of Mazzini" Mr. G. M. Trevelyan writes:

"The little volume needs no apology. It is a peculiarly genuine, and personal record of the more intimate side of Mazzini's life during those sad latter years, when his cause was triumphing in the eyes of others, but not in his own; it contains some of his most characteristic letters and a description of his last imprisonment at Gaeta, and of his death at Pisa, by the women who witnessed those closing scenes. Comment of mine would be an impertinence, for it is not an argument but a record."

This is no doubt perfectly true; but we are frank to confess that it seems to us rather a record of the authoress's devotion to Mazzini than of any new facts which will be serviceable to the historian. Mrs. Hamilton King's letters are almost as numerous as those of her hero, and no mediæval nun, kneeling in adoration before the shrine of her patron saint, ever poured out her soul in words of stronger yearning:

"I think of you when I pray, and when the sun shines; and I shall think of you when I die, and after that I shall see you. You have made God's ways clear to me through your voice. You have supported my faith, and kept me from despair so often; you do not know all you have done for my soul; and doubtless for many other souls whose blessing follows you through Eternity. May God bless you for ever, great Prophet and Martyr!"

So she wrote, in 1863, before she had even seen the object of her devotion, and, when at last she met him some nine months later, her marriage had, as she tells us, "in a manner placed a barrier between Mazzini and myself, only removed by his death." Almost speechless with admiration she "could only utter a few words of devotion and thankfulness"; but Mr. King was equal to the occasion, and "sustained the conversation," while his wife and Mazzini "gazed at one another." He had, we are informed, "a peculiar gift of being able to talk fluently about anything and to anyone without having the slightest acquaintance with either." We wish that we could have heard more of Mr. King. To live continually in an atmosphere of red-hot enthusiasm is an exhausting experience. Mr. King's occasional appearance is a relief.



The Salute.

After the painting by William van de Velde the younger From "Individuality and Art" by Herbert E. A. Furst (Macmillan).

INDIVIDUALITY AND ART.*

One wants to praise Mr. Furst's fresh and fiery little book—but one must begin with some cold-blooded abuse of it. There are books which are vicious because they slip dangerous doctrines into the mind as smoothly and slyly as a conjuror. The special wickedness of this one is the ostentatious way it trumpets and flaunts a wholesome truism. Its base is the purest of platitudes—the honest axiom, agreeable to us all nowadays, that a picture, no less than a thunderstorm—or a field or a fountain pen or a battleship—is the one product of infinite forces, the logical link in a chain, a bright cross-section of an endless ray; and that Turner's hand (for instance) when it painted "The Fighting Temeraire" was being guided by the hands of dead masters and swayed by countless current forces and doing nothing more, *au fond*, than intercept the ray, catch it on a canvas, let it dapple it with bright stains: that "The Fighting Temeraire," in fact, like everything else in life, is only a precipitate of the past. Now this, of course, is a good and a sound law, and one it is thoroughly salutary to realise: not, to be sure, because it affects the Turner in the least or alters its value by a ha'porth, but simply because it is itself a kind of kindling picture. Vividly projected, switched suddenly upon a page, it would make something as stirring as the "Temeraire" itself. And that, I feel pretty certain, was Mr. Furst's first fine intention. He would take this single canvas of Turner's and enumerate all the forces which converged there. Starting from the brilliant patch their meeting makes on that wall in Trafalgar Square, he would work out and out, through Space and through Time, along these pouring beams, breasting the stream of evolution, till he climbed to the last inscrutable source. He would stem, first of all, the purely technical tributaries, run up the pictorial pedigree: van de Velde, Claude Lorrain, Tassi, Paul Bril: testing his progress as he went by taking sample cross-sections, showing us those premature pictures—Claude's "Seaport" and van de Velde's cloudy naval "Salute"—which are really "The Temeraire" in embryo,

* "Individuality and Art." By Herbert E. A. Furst. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the "Temeraire" some stages further back. Next, he would search out the plot in the chapters of accidents which brought Turner and his subject together on that ripe August evening near Greenwich, "with the summer sun setting astern of the flagship in the north-north-west." That would lead him far afield, through wars and inventions, steam-tugs, Acts of Parliament, and white-bait suppers. The queer chemistry of Turner's blood would follow the allotment of its constituents—so much to mother, grandmother, misty forebears—so much to "Puggy Booth's" taproom life. And the chemistry of his colours would come too, the endless causes which collected them; and the very shape of the two ships in the picture would have to be traced to their origins—back through Armadas, through endless reversed modulations, till it reached that aboriginal skin-coracle which was really their tightly-twisted blind bud. There would be nothing coldly scientific or destructive about this peeling away of cause after cause. It would be a thrilling progress, immensely romantic, immensely reassuring, pressing home, not the individual's impotence, but the royal consequence of his lightest deeds—and converting the "Temeraire," in particular, from an ornament hung on a hook to a focus for eternal forces—slung securely in the centre of a web of widening causes whose ultimate filaments are caught among the stars.

That is the book Mr. Furst meant to write, making us his companions on a happy pilgrimage. But as the main idea worked in his mind it began to ferment; and the fumes made him see blood. It is a way ideas have. Even the mildest text, if you tease it about, will begin to look like a battle-cry; sooner or later the placidest pilgrim begins to feel he is on a tremendous Crusade. So with Mr. Furst. Essentially, I am sure, the very sweetest and most charming of persons, he has chewed this genial proposal of his back and forth until he has worked himself into the belief that he is a ruthless iconoclast, an æsthetic Ishmael—oh, the very devil of a chap. He tears his argument to tatters to make missiles of; he uses the "Temeraire" as a red flag; he flourishes and jeers and pirouettes like a matador. You might think he would have found some difficulty in discovering an adversary—but your really keen crusader can always find an infidel. Mr. Furst imagines two. One is the gentle creature whom he dubs "the infatuated anti-materialist," mocking his "soulfully transcendental transports," and thrusting something he calls a "dissecting-knife" under his diffident nose. The other band is composed of us poor fools of hero-worshippers, the deluded creatures who offer up what he calls "tribute to the individual." He will expose our idols—show us that Turner was, not a master at all, but a servant—and that "The Fighting Temeraire" is "as much to his credit as the rotation of the earth on its axis." Unhappy human nature! The result, of course, will be realised. Inevitably, his anger spoils his aim, blurs his sight; inevitably, the moment he begins to use it for cut-and-thrust work that dissecting-knife of his loses its beautifully cold, clear, scientific edge. One instance. Carried coolly out to its logical end, this process of stripping away all the influences that formed him would in one sense destroy Turner altogether, but it would not in the least demolish his magnificence. He would become an ambassador, a symbol for vast powers—a kind of arbitrary hieroglyph, if you like, which we use to indicate the point of intersection of endless impersonal forces; but none the less to be worshipped—indeed all the more: for now when we bow the knee to him we are really paying homage, through their representative, to those universal powers. But it is just these obeisances that Mr. Furst has pledged himself to deride, and from this final dissolution of Turner the private party he is therefore compelled to shrink. He has got to keep a melancholy shred of him to fling contemptuously down among us hero-worshippers with a terrible "That's all your Turner truly was." And so we actually find him, dissecting-knife and all, engaged in the comically sentimental and anti-scientific task of dividing the honours between J.M.W.T. and the forces that produced him. He gives Turner credit for something he calls "instinct" and decides that we may properly praise him for "his manner of

suppressing facts": failing utterly to see—or rather forced to avoid seeing—that these "instincts," these "suppressions," are just as much a mere inheritance as his borrowed tricks or traceable knowledge.

But there! To hit a man violently, without warning or excuse, is, after all, one way of making him see stars; and regarded as dephlegmatising influence—not as a work of science, that is, but as a piece of art—the value of Mr. Furst's outburst is real. There are touches of real strength in it, too, touches even of beauty, phrases of fire; these ought not to be forgotten. And humanly one of the main results of our irritated denial of the heresy of his notion, our eager assertion that we are every bit as unconventional and ruthless as he is, and more so—is to make us immensely zealous supporters of his idea. Which, no doubt, is exactly what Mr. Furst most desires.

DIXON SCOTT.

STIRRING TIMES.*

Although the first eighteen years of her existence were spent in something of the solitary dignity of the great House on the West Indian island of Nevis, yet that the times of Julia France were really stirring times is abundantly proved before the reader reaches the close of this really fascinating study of modern life. We are too ready to assume that stirring times belong to some period that looms heroic through the distorting mist of history, or to the dateless days of old romance, but here, by one of the keenest and clearest intellects expressing themselves in fiction, we may recognise that we have been living, are still living, in stirring times, for the time of Julia France is the time of many who will delightedly read her story and who are resentful of the fact that they are coming to be regarded as middle aged! It is, indeed, a remarkably clever study of present day life that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has given us, especially clever in its presentation of women, it may be said, for she is least genial in her selection of masculine types. There may be degenerates of a maniacal tendency, such as Harold France, in the families of our old aristocracy, there may be newly rich men of the city as objectionable as James William Jones, who marries the daughter of an impoverished peer that he may get into Society, but somehow the reader feels that the author has chosen more exaggerated types of men than she has of women in developing the thesis which she has selected. That her characters, engaging or repellent, are presented with a kind of remorseless faithfulness is only what Mrs. Atherton has taught us to expect in her novels. Julia herself is introduced to us as an innocent child who has been brought up on the island of Nevis by a domineering old mother who, guided by astrology, has learned as she thinks exactly what the girl's fate is to be. Thus when Lieutenant France, presumptive heir to a dukedom, appears and is at once impressed with Julia, Mrs. Edis loses no time in bringing about the fulfilment of the first stage of the girl's foretold progress to greatness. There is a hurried marriage; France goes off with his ship and Julia is sent to the care of a worldly aunt in London to await the husband of whom she knows but little, and whom she likes not at all. France is a man of over forty, a roué, a gambler, a drinker, and—to the observant—with hints of the coming event of insanity. In London, and at the Duke of Kingsborough's castle, Julia develops rapidly; circumstances seem to work towards her taking her place as wife of the heir to a dukedom—and had the heir been a shade better that might have been her fate—instead, however, she awakens, or is rudely awakened, to a sense of her position, and at length while agreeing—for a friend's sake—to appear as France's wife, to continue living in his house, she only does so with a pistol ever within reach. The pistol scene is a trifle theatrical, and yet, given the characters concerned, and the situation that has arisen, it is not unreal so.

* "Julia France and Her Times: A Novel." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)

The times of Julia France bring us up to the Suffragette demonstrations of recent years, and the heroine—victim of a mother's ambition, of a man's selfishness and pride and of effete laws—bears a very prominent part in the movement. Whether as an innocent child, an avidly learning woman, as leader in a great cause, as friend, or as lover she is always possessed of an irresistible charm, and long and bitter as is the road she travels from the hasty marriage in Nevis, the reader would have felt something of a hurt if Mrs. Atherton had not taken her story to a more or less conventionally happy ending. But if Julia France fascinates us—as she fascinated people as widely different as Harold France, Nigel Herbert and Dan Tay—it is not only by the story, but by her thoughtful and illuminating treatment of some of the serious problems of modern life that the author at once attracts and holds us. The novel is indeed a big piece of work, one that may incidentally be commended to the thoughtful consideration of all Anti-Suffragists, as well as Suffragists, though some of the latter may think that Julia should not have accepted happiness with one out of sympathy with her cause, but in making her do so the author has only subtly stressed the fact that woman would be not less a woman for being a better citizen. The story of Julia France is a book that deserves to rank with the best works of fiction of the day, one that can be but inadequately discussed in a short review.

WALTER JERROLD.

CHARLES LAMB.*

"'Elia' did not reach a second edition in Lamb's lifetime," Mr. E. V. Lucas reminds us in this latest, amplest and most satisfying edition of Elia's works—"that is to say, during a period of twelve years—although the editions into which it has passed between his death and the present day are legion." In his lifetime, Lamb was overshadowed and rather patronised by many of his friends; Southey, for example, would have scouted the bare suggestion that a day could ever come when Elia as a personality or as an author would rank above himself; but ever since he passed out of life Lamb's popularity as an author has been surely and steadily increasing and his unique and delightful personality has been growing upon us until at length we know him more intimately, have a vividder idea of him, and are probably more really interested in him than in any of his great contemporaries. He is alive to us as Johnson is, and as Coleridge and Wordsworth are not; and this is because he was not only so quaint and lovable and utterly human a creature in himself that there is a perennial pleasure in reading whatever of fact anyone has to tell us about him, but because he has in the most literal sense put himself into everything he has written. His essays are not merely an utterance of his individual opinions and idiosyncrasies; he puts into them also sketches and stories of his relatives and friends; fashions them out of recollections of his childhood and youth, out of the joys and sorrows and odd events of his past, and the casual, everyday incidents of his present. George Dyer calls to see him, and going away walks short-sightedly into the New River, and one of his most whimsical essays grows out of that; a friend goes abroad, and you have "Distant Correspondents"; he recovers from an illness and writes "The Convalescent"; he is pensioned off from the India House and one of the best of his papers, "The Superannuated Man," is the result. If nobody had told us a word about him we could have gathered all the necessary material for a full biography from his essays and letters.

Johnson has a life apart from his writings, but the best life of Lamb is bound up with what he wrote, and yet to know him perfectly you must read, too, the anecdotes and odds and ends of information about him that many others

have added to what he has told us of himself. And he has never had a more painstaking, more conscientious, more understanding editor than Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas's edition of Lamb's works originally appeared in seven more expensive volumes, and is now re-issued in six at five shillings each. This new issue has been "revised and amended and arranged in more companionable shape. Some new matter is included; some doubtful matter has been removed; and the notes, although occasionally enriched, have been reduced in number and often condensed." These copious, concise notes at the end of each book make an ideal concordance; they are a biographical dictionary of all the people Lamb refers to; some of them are essays in little on the underlying truths that Lamb has handled fantastically in several of his dissertations; all of them are interesting and essential for they do add something to our knowledge of Lamb, or his circle, or the world that he lived in. This cheaper edition, too, has the advantage of being the right size for the pocket; it is well printed, very tastefully bound and each volume has a frontispiece portrait. Three volumes are now ready, and when the sixth is out one has a pious hope that Messrs. Methuen may be moved to round off their enterprise with a re-issue of Mr. Lucas's admirable "Life of of Lamb" in the same cheap and attractive form.

S. J.

"HUMAN, WARIOUS."

It is very pleasant to find Mr. Balfour among the optimists, but we doubt if he was quite justified in describing modern fiction as gloomy and deeply tinged with pessimism. Such a description certainly applies to many new novels, as it applied to many old ones, and will apply to many yet to be written, until the world becomes perfect and tomorrow is no longer unsure. It is profitable for us that even in our fiction we should look upon life as it is, and not too complacently close our eyes on all but the sunny side of it. All our most popular novelists—those who sell by the hundred thousand—are unfailingly optimistic and see to it that virtue invariably triumphs and the end is a happy one, and for the rest you could count the pessimists among them on the fingers of your two hands, but the optimists are too numerous to be so readily numbered.

Apart from other considerations, it is not good for a man to go through life ignoring everything that may trouble him and make him sad. You have the evil effects of such a selfish course of living admirably illustrated both in "In Cotton Wool,"¹ and in "Blinds Down."² Mr. W. B. Maxwell presents you in Leonard Calcraft with a man who is, at the outset, despite his little vanities, a charming and likeable personality. He is a strong, healthy, handsome, nearly middle-aged idler, taking infinite care of himself, sensitively shrinking from the ugly facts of existence and whatever might endanger his comfort or disturb his emotions, devotedly attached to his invalid father, walking daily by the side of his bath-chair up and down the parade of a little seaside town, highly respected, looked to for advice by men younger and older than himself, popular with the ladies, but averse from the responsibilities of marriage, anxious to stand well in everybody's opinions, but secretly thankful that the pleadings of his father enable him to pose as a dutiful, self-sacrificing son when he refrains from rejoining the Yeomanry and going out to the Boer War. He is a wonderful blend of the conventional gentleman and the absolute cad. Mr. Maxwell draws him mercilessly, with insight and a subtle skill in psychology that go far to make this the most brilliant of his books. Lenny sacrifices even the woman he loves to his own comfort and selfish pleasure; on the eve of marriage with a rich, infatuated young widow, he runs away, fearing that marriage and a change of habits at his time of life may be unwise and dangerous to his health, and in the end, for all his watchful care of himself and his avoidance of the stony

* "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. I.: Miscellaneous Prose. Vol. II.: Essays and Last Essays of Elia. Vol. III.: Children's Books. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

¹ "In Cotton Wool." By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
² "Blinds Down." By H. A. Vachell. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

ways of the world he degenerates into a condition that is tragically pitiful. The art of this story and the tonic quality of its philosophy are finer and more moral things than any mere short-sighted cheerfulness.

Mr. H. A. Vachell reads you a similar lesson in "Blinds Down." His sketches of mid-Victorian life and character are very subtly and delicately finished work. Here it is two elderly spinsters, the Misses Mauleverer, who live wrapped in cotton wool, so resolute to see nothing evil or nasty around them that they always keep the blinds down over their southern windows that overlook Hog Lane, the slummy corner of their country town. They have the upbringing of their half-sister, Rosetta, a lively, pretty girl much younger than themselves, who finds their narrow outlook and prim conventions sometimes amusing and nearly always irksome, but because she loves them, obeys them, with occasional revolts. They will not discuss nor allow her to discuss any but the most decent, agreeable topics of human concern; they try to close her eyes as they close their own against whatever might shock or offend them; and what is the outcome of this scrupulous turning away from all but pleasant truths? Loving Rosetta passionately as they do, they nevertheless make wreck and ruin of her life, and a day comes when she returns to them, and, to keep them from leading her daughter into a loveless but highly respectable marriage, tells them plainly how, having kept her in ignorance of the hard facts, the sorrows and dangers of existence, they had sent her out into a world where those hard facts and sorrows and dangers had to be faced and her ignorance was no protection to her, and that if in her training they had thought more of large realities and less of petty proprieties she might have been happy now instead of miserable. Before you decide that literature should be always cheerful, you would do well to look around you a little, and to read these books.

Which is not to deny that one may be both cheerful and truthful. Mrs. Wemyss achieves that unity in "A Lost Interest"¹—a cleverly developed witty comedy that runs lightly now and then along the edge of tragedy, but never slips over. Violet Egerton, a charming young married lady, almost as winsomely innocent as Mr. Vachell's Rosetta, attracts the admiration of a personable, middle-aged Cabinet Minister. He contrives to dispatch her husband on a lengthy foreign mission, and in his absence sets himself to enliven the loneliness of little Mrs. Egerton. He is a born philanderer. So long as she shrinks from him, half-afraid, he is keen in the pursuit, but as soon as she is glad to see him and begins to find pleasure in his company he loses interest in her. His interest thus revives, slackens and revives again, and at last it is only the intervention of the kindly, worldly-wise old Lady Blatherwaite that, covering the complacent Minister with ridicule, snatches the flattered, fluttered little wife back into safety in time. It is a capital story, punctuated with good epigrams, and alive with shrewd comments on modern society.

This problem of the wife and the other man is dealt with in widely differing and more sombre ways in "Between Two Stools,"² in "Wings of Desire," and in "The Dewpond." In these cases the trouble arises not from the mere absence of the husband, but because the wife has ceased to love him. Miss Rhoda Broughton handles the theme with a freshness and vigor that are amazing when you look back on her long record of achievement and note the date of her first book. One does not hesitate to place this as the best of her many novels; the style is easy, concise, interesting, and the characterisation clear-cut and true, and the story of the patient wife, mated to a man who has for ten years been paralysed and has, by his harshness and brutalities of speech, worn down her compassion and forfeited her affection; watched by a precocious daughter and fearful of being betrayed by her;

drifting into love with her husband's close friend, whom she had disliked until after her husband perversely compelled her to tolerate him—all this is unfolded with sympathetic understanding and a ripe narrative skill. Both she and the man are too inherently honourable to do more than own their love of each other, and to feel secretly ashamed of the knowledge that they are waiting wearily for her husband to die. For his own sake she even sends her lover away from her, at length, and nearly drives him into marrying one of the least sophisticated, most oddly charming girls we have met in recent fiction, but fate is kinder to them after all than they had intended to be to themselves.

There is a good rascally romance of a hidden treasure hunt in "Wings of Desire,"³ but this only serves to lend a little additional colour and a spice of adventure to a story whose main interest gathers about Sara Bellew, her extraordinary father, her emancipated sister, her husband, Archer, the great novelist, and Captain Billy Knivett, the quiet, large-minded man who understands her and loves her, keeps a doggedly faithful guardianship over her, and is always ready to spend himself in her service. She has all her life been in subservience, first to her father, a genial, eccentric domestic tyrant, and now to both him and her husband, for he shares their household; and she is fretting with all the modern woman's impatience of restraint, reaching out vainly after freedom and a larger life. She had been ambitious of a musical career, but marriage has put a stop to that; she has no children; and her husband has so often given her cause for jealousy that she has grown indifferent to him. A bitter resentment against woman's being "bound by the tyranny of bygone centuries to the vile service of sex" sounds intermittently through this poignantly human story, that lays bare the weaknesses of mankind and of womankind frankly, but with a right artistic reticence of phrase and keen imaginative sympathy.

Once again in "The Dewpond"⁴ there is the woman unhappily married and meeting when it is too late the man who should have been her husband, but the story is so entirely different in method, in style, in its types of character, that it is as utterly unlike the other three that revolve round this central idea as any story well could be. The wife here might have lived resignedly in decorous respectability to the end of her days, but for one casual, petulant act of hers that chanced to have an unseen witness. Out of this trivial incident Mr. Charles Marriott ingeniously, plausibly, draws a chain of little happenings which links on naturally at last to his final catastrophe—if catastrophe that can be called which makes two people happy and leaves the third too priggishly self-centred to be really miserable. Its very slightness is part of the plot's cleverness; you are interested in the book mainly because its varied characters are in themselves abundantly interesting, and because it is written with delightfully deft touches of fancy, and an airy, slightly cynical humour.

But if, like Mr. Balfour, you prefer novels that will cheer you, you cannot do better than get "The Family Living,"⁵ "A Bachelor's Comedy,"⁶ and "The Inviolable Sanctuary."⁷ The two first are concerned with clerical life, and the third is written by a clergyman. Mr. Lacon Watson's humour has a saturnine streak in it and sharpens now and then into satire, but it is as urbane as it is shrewd. The follies of mankind do not exasperate him—they amuse him, and though he shoots them smartly as they fly his arrows are not poisoned. He knows the life of the country parson and the schoolmaster from the inside, and he traces his irresolute, self-distrustful hero, Algernon Ridley, through those careers with realistic forcefulness and a quiet whimsicality that is, delightfully entertaining. Algernon asserts

¹ "Wings of Desire." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

² "The Dewpond." By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

³ "The Family Living." By E. H. Lacon Watson. 6s. (John Murray.)

⁴ "A Bachelor's Comedy." By E. H. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

⁵ "The Inviolable Sanctuary." By George A. Birmingham. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

¹ "A Lost Interest." By Mrs. George Wemyss. 6s. (Constable.)

² "Between Two Stools." By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

himself sufficiently to have a love affair of his own, and to get splashed by a scandal; and on the death of his father he thankfully throws over the family living and goes seeking adventure abroad, but the pull of early associations lures him back, and after all he not only succeeds to his father's vicarage, but marries the very girl his father had chosen for him.

Mrs. Buckrose's bachelor is a young vicar of a country parish, who suffers under the name of Andrew, because when people get friendly with him they have an instinctive aptness to wound his dignity by calling him Andy. His comedy is the best of good fun, played out amongst a motley collection of quaint parishioners, and gradually taking into its scope a very pretty love affair, that has its moments of anxiety and hints of heartbreak, but is more often in the sun than the shadow, and has never a memory of any shadow left upon it at the close.

The spirit of comedy presides over Mr. George A. Birmingham's pages also, and makes occasional excursions into the realm of farce. A runaway honeymoon couple, hiding among some small islands in remote wilds of Ireland, are suspected of being German spies. It was a little unkind of Mr. Birmingham to make the bridegroom, a clergyman, such a laughable nincompoop; but Priscilla would make amends for more than that. Priscilla is not the bride; she is a fascinating, tomboyish flapper, who looks after her cousin Frank Mannix, a self-important public schoolboy, when he comes north on a holiday, and soon snubs and crushes all the starchy pride out of him and reduces him to a state of almost primeval savagery. Boating among the islands, they sight the tent of the honeymoon couple, put them down at once as German spies and proceed to dog them, and keep a troublesome watch upon

them; till the bride's father coming in pursuit is the guest of Priscilla's parent, and directly she learns the truth her sympathies go out to the fugitives—she constitutes herself their protector with the result that she considerably increases their discomforts in her anxiety for their safety, but shapes their fortunes to a highly satisfactory finish all the same. Its breezy, rollicking, irresponsible humour is simply irresistible. If it is a cheerful book you are after, here it certainly is; there is nothing serious anywhere about it except its title, and even that is not serious when you know what it means.

GHOSTS OF THE WELLS.*

This book should have been got up in dainty form for the pocket of those who to-day seek the salubrious air of Tunbridge Wells, where they can be far from the madding crowd and recall the memories of the past as well as satisfy the soul with the vision of the blue distances. The author does not stay to enlarge on the picturesque in landscape; but he has provided us with a book that is something to dip into at one's leisure, and is as companionable as it is essentially unpretentious. He repeats himself, as gossips have a way of doing, but his repetitions are not of the nature of the things to be resented.

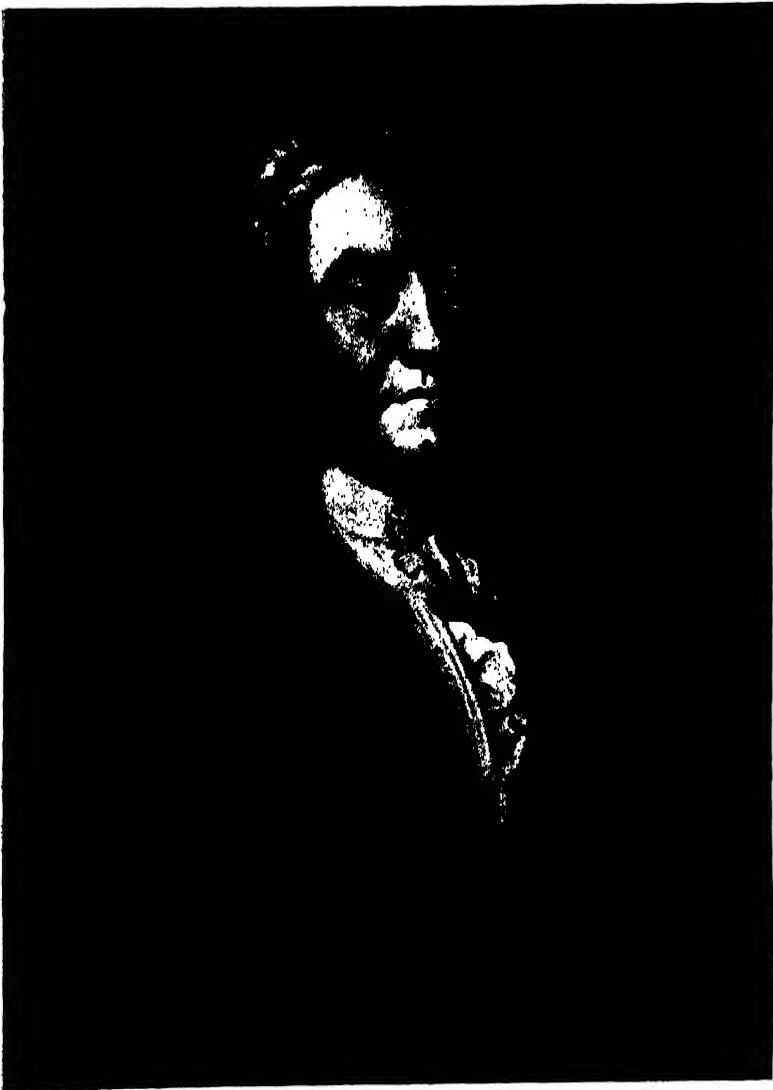
With its three hundred years of history, Tunbridge Wells provides a splendid topic for the gossip; but apart from the pages of Thackeray and Meredith, old rhymes, old letters and memoirs, Mr. Melville is on virtually new ground. He has been anticipated by only two historians—Thomas Benge Burr, in 1766, and Paul Amsinck, in 1810. The references in Waller and Congreve are not particularly important, though they are not forgotten.

The Royal patronage of the place, by Henrietta Maria and Catherine of Braganza, was, perhaps, more useful than particularly interesting. One is much more attracted by the stories of Richard Cumberland and Beau Nash, of both of whom Mr. Melville finds much to say and says it well. Gramont (or should we not say Gramont's brother-in-law?) provides the first description of the Wells, which the Duc de Cominges declared should be called "The Wells of Scandal." Defoe, to whom Mr. Melville is specially indebted, entered a warm defence of the ladies in this connection. He found the men much more to blame than the fair sex; and if, as Mr. Melville says, in the century in which the Wells enjoyed its greatest period of prosperity, "gallantry flourished in inverse ratio to athletics," this may possibly placate some of the critics of our contemporary wicket and goal, especially when it is remembered how the gallantry was accompanied by reckless gaming.

Mr. Melville has drawn largely on the correspondence of Lady Jane Coke, Mrs. "Bluestocking" Montagu, Dr. Arbuthnot, John Gay, Gilbert West, Samuel Richardson, and the autobiographies of Madame D'Arblay and Richard Cumberland. One of the best of his liberal supply of anecdotes is about Nash and the equally autocratic Sarah Jennings. There is a very interesting passage about the early residents moving their houses about from one spot to another. This sounds rather like an anticipation of transatlantic enterprise; and even when we gather that the houses in question were built on wheels or sledges, we are not altogether disappointed of a modern parallel, because the object in view was to evade taxation.

In taking us down to the Wells, Mr. Melville devotes some space to the touting for custom by

* "Society at Royal Tunbridge Wells in the Eighteenth Century—and After." By Lewis Melville. Illustrated from rare prints and portraits in the collection of A. M. Broadley. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)



Richard Nash, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath and Tunbridge Wells.

From "Society at Tunbridge Wells" by Lewis Melville (Eveleigh Nash).

tradesmen who met the travellers en route. This practice was in force on the Epsom as well as on the Tunbridge road. There are some doggerel verses, of which the following lines form a part :

"Now this, please your *Honour*, is what we call *Tooting*,
A Trick in your Custom to get the first Footing."

These lines suggest a dreadful thought about a certain Scottish custom. But this by the way. Mr. Melville seems to think that the suburb of Tooting derived its name from the practice alluded to by his rhymester. But Tooting is described in the Domesday Book as "Totinges," and in olden times a family resident there were known as the Totingas. Among other gossip notes one may include the references to the way in which Dissent seems to have settled in Tunbridge in advance of the Establishment, which leads Mr. Melville to remark, when writing about the three hills in the vicinity of the Wells, that the third hill was called Mount Pleasant "perhaps to emphasise the fact that it had no connection with Dissent." Another point in passing may be mentioned: Defoe's statement that at the Wells "few drink physically," meaning medicinally.

In a sense Tunbridge Wells has had its day, together with Epsom and Bath; but it will always have its admirers—(unless in time a coal seam is discovered there), and Mr. Melville's most readable volume will surely add to their number.

W. F. A.

RUTHERFORD AND SON.*

"Rutherford and Son" is an impressive play made out of an evening and morning in the life of a north country manufacturer's family. Old Rutherford, owner of the works, gave his son John a year at Harrow to make him a gentleman, but John, like his elder sister Janet and elder brother Dick, the parson, is a repressed, sullen rebel against his father. John has made a discovery which will save the business from decline, but he refuses to give it up without a price, not seeing the necessity of putting everything into "Rutherford's." He has been a failure himself, marrying "common," and forced to come and live at home with his wife and baby. Dick, the parson, has decided to give up the parish because he can do nothing with a population which is entirely under his tyrannical father and the ideal of "Rutherford's." Janet is getting on for forty, and endures life because she has a love affair with Rutherford's right-hand man, a workman named Martin. Martin is John's confidant in his discovery. Old Rutherford hears the story of Janet and Martin just after a row with John over the giving up of the discovery. He sends for Martin, who is so overcome by the power of Rutherford and "Rutherford's" and perhaps by a fear that he is suspected with Janet, that he gives up the secret of the process, or promises to on the following morning. In the morning Martin gives up the secret and is dismissed for his pains. Martin dismissed, the old man sends for Janet, and, betraying her into a confession, tells her she must go next day and never come back. John is wild at Martin's unfaithfulness, and goes off with all he can find in his father's till, leaving his wife and child to follow when he has made a position for himself. Martin and Janet, and, perhaps, a baby, have to be off to begin life away from "Rutherford's." John's wife has little reason to expect John to do any good, so she makes a bargain with Rutherford:

"You're alone now and getting old, with no one to come after you. When you die Rutherford's will be sold—somebody 'll buy it and give it a new name perhaps, and no one will ever

remember that you made it. That'll be the end of all your work. Just—nothing. You've thought of that. I've seen you thinking of it as I've sat by and watched you. . . . From you I can get what I want for my boy. . . . I want to undo the wrong we've done him, John and I. . . . You can give me all this—you've got the power. Right or wrong, you've got the power. . . . That's the bargain. Give me what I ask, and in return I'll give you him."

The child also is to become part of "Rutherford's." Old Rutherford is satisfied. As for the wife:

"And there'll be a woman" she says slowly, "living in the house, year after year, with the fells closed round her. She'll sit and sew at the window, see the furnace flare in the dark; lock up, and give you the keys at night."

Rarely does the author allow herself so much explicit poetry. It is a bleak, northern play, almost saved from sordidness by its bleakness, and so simple and free from waste and exaggeration as to attain on the whole, as well as in many of the parts, a lyrical intensity—a lyrical intensity equal to that of Mr. Edward Garnett's "Breaking Point," but co-operating with a greater depth and richness.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Novel Notes.

QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The French Revolution has furnished matter for many romances, but rarely for one of more stirring and varied interest or more charm than fill the romance that is unfolded in the pages of "Queen of the Guarded Mounts." Mr. John Oxenham has not taken the usual way of giving you pictures of the lurid doings in and around Paris during the reign of the Terror; he introduces you to a little party of fugitive aristocrats who come over to England and are drawn to finding a haven of refuge on St. Michael's Mount off the Cornish coast because of its resemblance to Mont St. Michel on the shore of Brittany, where their ancestral home had been. This little party consists of the Marquis de St. Aubin, his daughter Renée and his son Michel, and it is not long before the chief interest of the story centres on the delightful Renée. The Marquis and his son return to Brittany to play leading parts in a rising for the restoration of the Bourbons, and mainly through the mean duplicity and weakness of their exiled king all their loyal efforts are frustrated, and when their followers are in hiding and they in prison in that Mont St. Michel that had formerly been their home, Renée and certain of her English friends follow them out to Brittany in the hope of rescuing them. Meanwhile, on the English St. Michael's Mount, where she and her father and brother had won the hearts alike of the rugged fisher folk and the admirable little great persons of the village, Renée herself had found two lovers, who prove the manliest and most generous of men in their rivalry. The sketches of Cornish fishermen and Breton peasantry are very vividly realised, and we meet among these people many sturdily likeable and quaintly humorous personalities. The characterisation throughout is, indeed, excellent; the story bristles with adventure and dramatic incident, and is cunningly threaded with one of the most glamorously interesting of love idylls. The descriptions of the country round about the two Mounts are minutely and graphically picturesque, and the sixteen photographic illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book. "Queen of the Guarded Mounts" is a fresh and cleverly written novel that will enhance Mr. Oxenham's reputation with the general reader and is certain to enjoy as lasting a local popularity in the neighbourhoods of the French and English Mounts as "Lorna Doone" does in the Doone country.

* "Rutherford and Son": A Play in Three Acts. By Githa Sowerby. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)



Photo by Lawson Taylor

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.

THE NIGHT LAND. By W. Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

You may say that in "The Night Land" Mr. Hope Hodgson's reach exceeds his grasp, that his story in some of its details is obscure and difficult to follow, that he tells it in a quaint, archaic language that does not make for easy reading, but at least you cannot say he has not aimed at doing a big thing. He has set himself to unfold a love tale that is not bounded by the limits of a lifetime, but continues and is renewed again at last in a strange dream-life after many centuries. His hero is a man of two hundred years ago who loses the woman he loves not long after she is married to him; in utter grief and despair all his thoughts go yearning after her—they carry him far on down the ages yet to be, and he seeks her and cries out for her through new and newer phases of existence until, at length, in a miraculous trance state he finds himself at the close of some million of years living in the latter days of the world when the powers of evil have grown so potent, so aggressive, so almost all-conquering that the survivors of the human race are gathered for self-defence into one enormous pyramid, building their city tier above tier within it, and on every hand all around this Last Redoubt stretches the Night Land, inhabited by primeval, material giants and loathsome monsters and sinister, dreadful immaterial things of the spirit world that have power over the souls of mortals. Here, in this place of refuge, that man of two hundred years ago is continually sending his eager thoughts out across the grim wastes of the Night Land in search of the woman he had loved and lost; and a time comes when out of the vast and unknown darkness her thoughts answer him, and after some broken fashion they are able to communicate with each other. Suddenly this communication fails; he tries in vain to renew it; and fearful that she may have set out across that fiend-haunted dayless wilderness to find him, he takes all due precautions, arms and fits himself for his enterprise, quits the shelter of the Pyramid and begins to make his way in the direction whence he believes she may be coming. From this point onwards the story grows

rapidly in power and interest. Whatever Mr. Hodgson lacks it is not imagination, and his description of that fearsome journey by trackless ways and through perils undreamt of before, and of the meeting of those two lovers, and the adventures, by turns grim, terrible, charmingly idyllic, through which they passed together give him scope for painting some of the most eerie, wildly horrible and pleasantly dainty pictures that have ever come from his pen. We shall not attempt to give any full outline of Mr. Hodgson's romance—it runs to nearly six hundred pages and is crowded with incident and alive with inner significances and undercurrents of meaning. You may read it as a cloudy and elusive allegory, if you have a liking for that form of literature, but in its allegorical aspect it is not simple enough, it needs too much explaining, and you will do better perhaps to read it simply as a dawningly imaginative love story, and as such you will find it a very original and sufficiently remarkable book.

THE GOLIGHTLYS: FATHER AND SON. By Laurence North. 6s. (Secker.)

"The Golightlys" is a brilliant and a disappointing book, which could only have been written by a singularly able man. It is witty, it is in many ways profoundly true, and it is certainly a book that is capable of giving very keen enjoyment to all who care for good things. The character of Potiphar Golightly stands out clear as a cameo, seen unerringly by a mind that is both penetrating and rich in experience; and there is here to be gathered, more surely than has been possible in stories which have more steadfastly laboured to present it, a distinct impression of the journalistic world. Through the intrigues that provide the main interest, one may catch little gleams of personal histories, which fall into their due place, and give the book a great air of real doings and comprehensive knowledge. There are vivid and unusual pictures of undergraduate life at Oxford; the impressions one gets of every person in the story are unhesitating, full of suggestion and knowledge; and the book is, in the highest sense, entertaining. But it lacks momentum. It is Thackerayan in this as in other respects, indescribably scattered, so that although one actually perceives the design, and appreciates the subtlety of the mind that could so deliberately project a story which just catches these various lives at the point of contact, one's final impression is of the author's capacity. It is the supreme test of a novel that the author's ability should not be apparent.

IN THE VORTEX. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Take a young artist of Puritan upbringing and somewhat plastic character, shake him up, and put him in Montmartre—the capital of Bohemia—and what will happen? Pretty much, we imagine, what happens in "In the Vortex." He will be shocked at first, but afterwards his conduct will lack the restraint of even his more level-headed and worldly-wise companions. This is the case with Elbert Glynn, who finds the contrast between Primrose, Pennsylvania, and Paris too much for his stability. He deceives his mother with stories of his brilliant success, consumes a large quantity of absinthe, and gets entangled with his model, Jeanette. As it happens, the last of his faults turns out to be the making of him, for Jeanette's love is perfectly sincere, and it outlasts some very trying experiences. To tell the truth, the attractive model is far too good for Glynn, who is rather a backboneless person and may be accounted singularly lucky in his love affair. Mr. Clive Holland knows his Bohemia very thoroughly, and he contrives to put a good deal of its glitter and fascination into this long and entirely readable book, which is particularly noteworthy for numerous excellent studies of character. "In the Vortex" is a clever and very likeable piece of work, and well deserves the popularity which is certain to come to it.

THE FEN DOGS. By Stephen Foreman. 6s. (John Long.)

It is a surprising thing, when one thinks of it, that the period of the Peninsular War has been so little used by our novelists. For in its singular mixture of chivalry and savagery, there has been no historical drama since to equal it. The sound instinct which has led Mr. Stephen Foreman to this subject in "The Fen Dogs," has resulted in a tale of very unusual interest and undoubted ability. The Fen Dogs are two Lincolnshire soldiers, who deserted from Moore's army during the retreat on Corunna. The one recovered his manhood and rejoined his comrades, and found on his return to England that his baser brother-in-arms had betrayed the girl who had inspired his own resolution. An exciting story centres round the deterioration of the deserter, over whom a cloud of suspicion begins to gather, and who, from moral weakness, is ultimately led to murder. Condemned to death, the murderer makes use of an ancient statute and claims his right to trial by combat, a challenge eagerly accepted by his erstwhile comrade. We have said enough to show that the plot proceeds on novel and enthralling lines. It is only fair to add that it is well-managed to the last, and that the characterisation is no whit inferior to the management of the plot. It is a pleasure to say that the book is one of the best-planned and most skilfully wrought books of the season.

VIEWS AND VAGABONDS. By R. Macaulay. 6s. (Murray.)

Nearly all the qualities that go to make a successful novel are to be found in this book. The writing is uniformly of a very high standard, and there is abundance of shrewd wit, natural dialogue, and faithful characterisation. And yet it may be doubted if the book be entirely successful in its subtle and somewhat ambitious intention, to wit, a mordant satire of idealism. Benjie Bunter, after a brilliant degree at Cambridge, threw in his lot with the "working classes," setting up first as a blacksmith and then as a carpenter. As no half-measures ever sufficed for the unhumorous Benjie, he married Louie Robinson, a mill hand, whose brother 'Arry was a weak-chested spouter of socialism. In the end, Benjie is dragged down to the drab level of the Robinson family, supporting by his industry a tribe of somewhat disreputable relatives, including his new-found father, Captain Prittie, an ancient and thirsty mariner. A second group of characters is drawn from Benjie's aristocratic relatives on his mother's side, who represent the matter-of-fact point of view, with the exception of a couple of amateur idealists who stop short of Benjie's thoroughness. But the real contrast to Benjie, the man of views, is supplied by Betty and Tommy Crevequer, two joyous vagabonds who have no philosophy beyond gathering rosebuds while they may. Neither the idealists nor the vagabonds are very convincing, the latter, particularly, suggesting Dickensian exaggeration. Miss Macaulay's gifts are seen to much better advantage in her brilliant handling of the minor characters, such as the entirely fatuous Lady Lettice, and the pathetic figure of the unsatisfied Louie, and her unspeakably common parents. It is a clever book a little over-laboured.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W. L. George. 6s. (Constable.)

There is a fresh spontaneity about this tale of French family life which successfully invests an old theme with new interest. Mr. George's plot is simplicity itself. He takes two typical middle-class Parisian families, and shows us to what lengths parental authority can be exerted in order to discourage or encourage, as the case may be, a match between the respective son and daughter. As the Bernay parents are not more than mildly acquiescent in the love of their daughter Suzanne for Henri Duvernoy, it is, of course, necessary for the purposes of the story that Henri should be a faint-hearted lover, fearful to marry against his parent's wishes a girl who has not an adequate *dol*. And so we watch with something almost of satisfaction the various forms of tyrannous pressure that are put upon Henri—all, be it said, with the best intentions—till

at last even he is driven into rebellion, and goes boldly to claim the patient girl who has so long waited for him. Mr. George has considerable facility in the delineation of character. His people are living individuals, each with a distinct personality of his own, and they are handled by him with no little literary skill. It is obvious in every page that Mr. George has an intimate acquaintance with the life he is describing, and, in fact, one can detect at times a phrase or two which indicate that the author was thinking in French rather than in English when he was writing this story.

THE COMMON TOUCH. By Austin Philips. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mr. Austin Philips is now fairly well known as a writer of short stories, and in this, his first novel, he displays an uncommon amount of talent for the larger and different kind of work. Not only is the tale well told and illustrated with quite a remarkable gift for swift and brilliant character study, but it is inspired by an idea, fiercely and passionately expressed, which will kindle the sympathies of a large body of the public. Mr. Philips stands up savagely for the so-called Philistines, against the school of advanced thought once led by Grant Allen, but now directed by a novelist of high genius and a playwright of satirical wit. With a fine skill in staging his dramatic exposure of the vice and folly that masquerade under a certain kind of artistic socialism, Mr. Philips sets his story in the post office of a small provincial English town. So we get a rich background of amusing types of small townfolk, all possessing the common touch so distressing to persons lifted up on the last and most fashionable movements of modern thought. A decent girl, wearing the latest thing in art dresses and the newest fancies in intellectual revolt, arrives from London to work behind the counter of the post office. She is a very advanced young lady, who thinks that a new era for mankind opened when Nora banged the door on "The Doll's House." To the horror of her London friends, this child of light begins to find some of the provincial Philistines companionable and interesting, and the Philistines get to like her, and make an effort to save her from ruin by endowing her with the common touch of sanity. There is a moving struggle for the soul of the girl, in the telling of which the author gets in all he wants to say about the characters of some of the leaders of the present revolutionary movement in our literature. His views are strong, and very strongly stated; but he has cleared the air in a way that no other writer has done.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT. By Frances Hammond. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

A girl, charming of manner, with a face "as dainty and exquisite as a Greuze picture," an heiress—and a hunchback, such is the central character of Miss Frances Hammond's story. Her physical deformity, magnified by the natural sensitiveness of her mind was the "fly in the ointment" of Theodora Hope's life. Tragic and pitiful are the disillusionments that result from her craving for that higher love of a man for a woman that pays no regard to bodily infirmity, and the effect of these experiences on the heroine's character are worked out with skilful analysis. Sombre as it is in its main aspect, the book has no lack of animation and the dialogue is often witty and vivacious. The minor characters are well-drawn, and if the authoress is a trifle melodramatic on occasion it will doubtless be imputed to her for righteousness by lovers of the strong meat of fiction. The psychological side of the novel, in fact, is subordinated to its action in the external world. From the treachery and malice of secret enemies, the faithlessness of a weak-kneed lover, the loss by death of loyal friends, Theo Hope emerges at last, purified by suffering, and comes into her spiritual inheritance, saved in spite of herself from the warping of character that threatened her more than once in the course of a life of bitterness.

A SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE. By Margaret Legge. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

We take this to be a first novel, at least, we confess to no previous knowledge of the author's work, and therefore, it is not to be judged harshly. Against the altogether unconvincing "plot" of the story, and the glaring improbabilities that occasionally confront the reader, may be placed some considerable powers of observation, a sympathetic attitude towards mankind, an entirely creditable restraint that keeps writer and reader out of the dirt, and a good sense that will not permit any unnecessary tragedy. More than that, it is a readable book—this "Semi-Detached Marriage"—it is not without touches of humour, and it improves as it goes on. That Janet with such a mother, and such a husband, should have developed into a brave and sensible woman, strong and self-reliant, is the real right thing. That Dick Hadow could only be made tolerable by the destruction of his pride is equally good. Nevertheless, we cannot share Janet's admiration for Dick's literary dreamings. It is to be hoped he dropped that kind of writing after the reconciliation, for it won't do at all. We rejoice at the discomfiture of Hilary Curtiss and Mrs. Willersby, at the happiness of Marcia—a fine character—and Sir Reginald, and are impressed far more by the suffering of Evie than by the death of Gerald. For, whereas Gerald's death is not necessary to the story, there are many Evie Pennythwaites of wasted lives in country places. We may reasonably look for better things to come from the pen of Margaret Legge.

THE SIGNAL AND OTHER STORIES. By W. M. Garshin. 6s. (Duckworth & Co.)

Wsewold Michailovich Garshin is known to Russian literature as the author of some twenty short stories the bulk of which are contained in the volume before us. The translator, Captain Rowland Smith of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, has done his work well, although we imagine the volume has lost something in translation from a language so complex as Russian. The stories are various in type, but each gives an illuminating glimpse of life as seen through the sensitive, melancholy Slavonic temperament. The opening story, "The Signal," tells in graphic fashion a tragic episode in the life of a linesman on a Russian railway, and in "Four Days" Garshin draws on his experiences in the Russo-Turkish war, and describes the sensations of a wounded soldier overlooked by the ambulance corps. "Coward" is another war story full of the elemental stuff of life. "The Frog who Travelled," a fable, reminiscent of Hans Andersen, is not new to us; possibly some version of this story has been given in English before. Garshin sees life more subjectively than Gorky, but the racial affinity between the two writers is clearly visible. And although Garshin's work is at times slight in texture it is so distinctively national that it will prove a welcome addition to the representative literature of Russia as translated into our tongue.

WAR AND THE WOMAN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Max Pemberton's latest novel, while no less successful as a story than any of its predecessors, has a serious purpose behind it. It advocates nothing less than a scheme for the Federation of Europe, which shall ensure the benefits of universal peace. It may be noted here that "the scheme has obtained favour at the Courts of the Continent and is warmly approved by many in this country, who realise how inseparably the Peace question is allied to that of the national finance." Commerce, we are told, is the key. "When I can throw down the commercial bias, I can cast out war," are the words put into the mouth of the leading (fictional) advocate of the scheme. And again we are told that "the day when any European nation disarmed for reasons of sentimentality would be the last day of its freedom. We must deal with facts as they are; we cannot run ahead of the great company of men, for assuredly we shall fail if we do." It must not be supposed, however, that because "War and the Woman" is a novel with a purpose,

it is not also pre-eminently a readable book. Lovers of the bustling tales at which Mr. Max Pemberton is an expert will find plenty of material for excitement in its pages, while an effective love-interest serves as the link between the book's purpose and its plot. John Faber is the "big man" of the book—an American millionaire who has made his money by the manufacture of rifles and the impedimenta of war. Of war in the abstract he approves, he regards it as human nature. But a taste of its horrors, experienced during some Albanian fighting, of which Mr. Pemberton supplies several graphic descriptions, helps him to change his mind. The other compelling factor in the metamorphosis of Faber is Gabrielle Sylvestre, the daughter of a Congregationalist minister, who has distinguished himself in the Peace movement. The reader must discover for himself the ingenious manner in which the author contrives a properly happy ending to a dramatic story, to which labour troubles, rumours of the invasion of England, and the freezing of the North Sea contribute their quota. And he will be well rewarded, for "War and the Woman" is one of the best books that Mr. Pemberton has ever written.

JACQUINE OF THE HUT. By E. Gallienne Robin. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

As a setting for such a picturesque romance as this it would be hard to find a more ideally romantic place than the Island of Sark. On that wildest and loveliest of the Channel Islands, in the later years of the eighteenth century, Jacquine lived with her undesirable father in an isolated hut on a hillside. Secretly she has grown to love Ricart de Carteret, but she is a poor fisherman's daughter and Ricart is of the old aristocracy of the Island; she follows him jealously of a night, thinking he goes "to meet some girl," and lights upon the fact that he is one of the leaders of a thriving gang of smugglers. He discovers her spying on him; and is angry till she confesses her reason for doing so and simply reveals that she loves him. He is rough with her, tells her with brutal frankness it is not likely that one of his standing can have much to do with one of hers, but when he is satisfied that she has no thought of betraying him he bids her lend a hand at rolling and lifting casks in the cavern where he is hiding them, and she is glad so to serve him. How this love affair, so strangely begun, develops, and brings sadness and humiliation and despair to Jacquine, and in the end happiness, are matters to be read of in the book itself, which wonderfully captures the atmosphere of the Island and pictures the lives of its people. It is a delightfully human story, full of colour and adventure, and written with that easy charm of style that is one of the best gifts in the story-teller's armoury.

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND. By Corra Harris. 6s. (Constable.)

Eve's first husband was a negligible quantity as he died early; her second was Adam West, editor of the Booneville *Banner*, Congressman, and eventually Governor of Tennessee. The story is slight, but that is more than balanced by its homely humour, its apt American way of putting thoughts and feelings into words, mixed up with philosophical axioms, intended to reveal the inner reasons for emotions. Adam is an attractive man, often liable to drink too much, yet so charmingly boyish that Eve never could resist the temptation to believe him when he would swear never to take another drop as long as he lived. For two years Adam has another wife in Washington, while Eve is bringing up the family at Booneville, and Eve, finding this out, thinks it better "to bankrupt her husband than to economise so much that he can afford extravagances for another woman," so she runs up bills for several thousand dollars. The whole story is an amusing record of the way in which Eve surmounts difficulties in her life with a husband whom she loves. The author generalises somewhat too much upon the assumed moral difference between men and women; thus: "a man's moral nature is very nearly a fiction anyhow"; "there is something in every man to which no good woman appeals"; and again, "being a good

woman does not pay, except in goodness." This is not only a clever story, but a very human and cheerful one, which might furnish solace and words of wisdom to many a perplexed young wife.

THE COST OF IT. By Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The hero and heroine are so high-spirited that we read this story with unusual interest; and they are both so fearless and so impulsive that quite a series of little shocks pleasantly reward us. Thus the orphaned little Clare Thorold tells her unsympathetic aunt, in borrowed language, that she is "a devilish bad-tempered slut," and Henry Mostyn, learning that for nineteen years his mother of mixed French and Creole extraction—has been deserted by her husband and left in the island of Montserrat, tells his father that he is an unnatural blackguard and cad, after which he leaves the ancestral home for the life of a sugar-planter with his mother. The exigencies of story-telling demand that these two fiery young creatures should meet and claim affinity, and later comes the consideration of the cost of it, with which Miss Mordaunt mingles a further consideration as to the cost of producing human life. The pictures of Montserrat and its inhabitants are vivid, while the emotional and adventurous incidents are highly persuasive of the importance of finishing the story once it is begun. Clare gets terror into her soul lest in her child the far-back taint should reappear, a terror which surrounds the birth with extra horrors for all around her. It is possible that the attempts so prevalent in recent years among the anti-feminists to belittle woman are resulting in the desire on the part of sympathisers with the other point of view to show woman at the height of her endurance and courage, for several recent novels have dealt with child-birth, generally so decorously avoided.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE. By Margaret Bohme. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 6s. (Appleton.)

Readers in search of a story will be well advised to pass over "The Department Store," which is a very long and deadly serious piece of work, of considerable value in some respects, but with no spark of amusement for the frivolous reader. A more serious matter, however, lies in the fact that, while it interests, it does not win the reader's sympathies. Possibly the responsibility for this rests with the translator (who, however, seems to us to have fulfilled her duties with much success); more probably it may be attributed to the enormous number of characters introduced by the author, and their confusing abundance of action. As soon as one realises that the action of the book is entirely inchoate and disconnected and that it is intended to bear only upon the development of character—that, in fact, there is no plot or story whatever—Miss Böhmé's novel will produce the impression that she intends. "The Department Store" is simply a very generous slice of life as it is lived in modern Berlin; any one of its numerous sets of characters has very little to do with any other set; and the whole book has been planned in accordance with as vivid and as life-like a presentment as possible. Depressing at times, as are all realistic novels, "The Department Store" affords ample material for reflection, and no reader can entirely miss its import or fail to be impressed by its author's patience and industry.

The Bookman's Table.

DRAKE IN CALIFORNIA. By Herman Scheffauer. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher.)

THE MASQUE OF THE ELEMENTS. By Herman Scheffauer. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

There is a certain stately music and breadth of vision, a cloudy, darkling sense of mystery and height and spaciousness in the series of songs that make up "The Masque of the Elements"; there are subtly imaginative descriptive touches, sombre or rapturous dreamings over the endless drama of life and death and rebirth as sun, moon, earth, the four elements personified, and the spirit of chaos pass in

glorious pageantry across the limitless stage of Time and Space. And if of these two books we prefer "Drake in California" it is because here Mr. Scheffauer comes right down to earth and is vigorously and poignantly human; he is no longer singing among the stars about cosmic forces and the miracles of matter and spirit, but his song is all of man in the flesh and the good hard, common life he lives on the homely earth. For sheer grimness and force of imagination "The Ballad of the Battlefield" is worthy of Kipling, but it sings the horror and the misery of battle instead of its glory; there is a fitting bluntness and breezy strength, too, in "Drake in California," and vividness and pathos, and an inherent story-telling gift in "The Ballad of the Friar"; and the muscular, sinewy, clinching vigor and swiftness of movement of "The Viking's Death Song" grip and thrill you like the sound of a great voice singing. The work in these two volumes covers a wide range of thought and feeling and proves that Mr. Scheffauer has the root of the matter in him. If he fulfils the promise that is in these poems he will go far.

ON THE BACKWATERS OF THE NILE: STUDIES OF SOME CHILD RACES OF CENTRAL AFRICA. By the Rev. A. L. Kitching, M.A. With 57 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

There is a jollity about Mr. Kitching's book which is peculiarly attractive, and adds very largely to its readability without in any way detracting from its more solid qualities. It is also very much unlike the usual record of missionary experience. The author has had the good fortune—from the point of view of the writer of books—to have been stationed in out-of-the-way parts of Uganda, and he has come into daily contact with some of its lesser known peoples. His book is divided into two sections, the first and shorter descriptive of his life and experiences in Uganda, and the second to a study of the social life, dress, food, pastimes, and so forth of several of the native tribes. This latter portion of the book is possessed of an obvious value, which is increased by the humour and facility of the author's writing. There are many illustrations from photographs reproduced from Mr. Kitching's negatives.

CHIEFS AND CITIES OF CENTRAL AFRICA. By Olive Macleod. With 151 Illustrations from Photographs, 61 in the Text from Drawings, and 3 Maps. 10s. net. (Blackwood.)

Miss Macleod's beautifully-produced volume is a pleasant and chatty record of a very interesting journey. Starting from Forcados, on one of the mouths of the Niger, she and her companions, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Talbot, travelled through Nigeria and the German Kamerun into the Chad Territory of French Equatorial Africa, whence they returned to Kano and Lagos by a circuitous route down the River Logono and across Lake Chad—which last, of course, is practically unexplored territory. The greater part of this lengthy journey was made by river, but the writer and her friends were on shore sufficiently often to make an elaborate collection of botanical specimens and many other curios, which have been presented to the British Museum, while a couple of lion cubs were brought safely from the Chad region to the London Zoological Gardens. Miss Macleod shows a pleasant sense of humour in her accounts of the dealings of her party with the natives, of which the story of the Jéggara, or Sultan, of Gulfei, near Lake Chad, may be taken as typical. "He came in and sat with us, attended by one courtier only, who acted as interpreter. We craved permission to visit the palace, which the Jéggara granted readily; but still he sat on, conversation flagged, so in default of anything else to say we offered him the hospitality of tea, as an offer of spirit might, we thought, be taken as an insult by one professing the Mahommedan faith. Instantly he rose and took his leave, and Mastaba told us he had been frightened and had said to his companion, 'Why do the English wish to kill me? Why do they offer me grass?'" Admirers of travel books—and, indeed, the reading-public generally—will find plenty to interest and amuse them in the pages of "Chiefs and Cities of Central Africa." The illustrations are also well worthy of attention.



Fulani Musician.

From "Chiefs and Cities of Central Africa" by Olive Macleod.
(Blackwood.)

THE SETTING SUN. By "Anonymous" 1s 6d net (Murray)

Among the scanty list of poets who are published now by Mr. Murray we remember very well Sir Ronald Ross who, a year or two ago, presented us with twins: the one a scientific monument, the other--which alone the present writer may appreciate--a slender and delightful book of poems. It is not a secret that he is the author of "The Setting Sun," a most vivacious satire and, since Byron's day, more interesting in its way than any which has come from Albemarle Street. Yet more than Byron, it resembles "Hudibras," which is to say that there is unavoidable monotony in metre. But the non-scientific writings of a great scientist allure us all, and when the author speaks of his discoveries the interest is really breathless. As to the transmission and the subsequent cure of malaria, which the Italians tried to claim the honour of discovering:

"One mission theirs, to find the stuff
And all's not much, nor much enough
With talon'd hands and shaggy hair
Each struggles in his burrow there,
His head is bury'd subterrene,
Only his jerking heels are seen.
It haply fortune one consoles,
The rest run shrieking from their holes,
Snatch at the prize and fighting round it
Declare each one 'twas he who found it."

"My loss no longer I repine;
I have my humble fig and vine;
Content--my robbers sit in state,
Content--'twas I who made them great."

Sir Ronald's poem makes upon you the impression that it was composed from dawn to dusk of a wet Sunday in a country house and, to all appearance, it afforded great diversion to its author. Near the end, when he has flung his arrows at a multitude of frauds and solemn frauds and follies, as, for instance, national sloth:

"Because our fathers, victories won,
Think that our day will ne'er be done;
Because the ocean is our wall,
Forget that Watts has made it small;
Engross'd in getting nobly fat,
Detest the drummer's rattattat;
From arms allow our youth to shrink,
But let them slink and drink and sink."

He deprecates his own attempt to wear the singing robes,

for in Athene's service he has less to win, says he, and less to try:

"No heights allure, no depths appal;
Tho' less the triumph, less the fall
Here in her deep and dusky dell
The silent cypress groweth well.
Along the lawns of level grass
The tinkling streamlets pause and pass
Piercean, nor thy Hippocrene
More bubbling beauteous to the scene
To their low notes the nightingale
Enlargeth her long-linked wail
Of tongue-deprived Philomel,
What time the lone star looms his light
Upon the purple brows of night,
And fragrant pine odours embark
Within the deep-endymion'd dark,
Like memory's In her high eyes
No passion shakes the still surmise,
The tho't awakens, the man dies

"Who never dies no tears embalm,
In tho't, like death, eternal calm

"I follow her The Ages lapse,
And passing sigh one word Perhaps

THE FUTURE OF POETRY. An Essay by F. P. B. Osmaston 2s 6d net (Elkin Mathews)

After paying some little attention to that dispute about the functions and future of poetry in which Shelley broke a lance with Peacock, Mr. Osmaston proceeds to express his own views on the subject by making an examination of Matthew Arnold's essay on the Study of Poetry, an essay which he attacks as being "essentially a criticism of form rather than content." He complains that while Arnold makes frequent reference to Aristotle's profound observation that poetry possesses truth that is more philosophical and of a greater seriousness than history, he mistranslates *φιλοσοφώτερον* in rendering it as "higher truth," that he makes no attempt to define in what this "higher truth" really consists, and that he merely contents himself with citing examples of poetry in which the quality of supreme excellence indubitably appears. Affirming then that while "in the supreme effort of poetry, as in all other works of art, form and content are indissolubly fused together," Mr. Osmaston goes on to claim that despite this, "neither technique, execution, nor expression is the same thing as the fullness of the content," and he goes to Shelley and then to Wordsworth to discover what this "fullness of content," what this profounder truth really is. "According to Shelley," says the essayist, "poetry is a movement of the soul of man as a whole, as itself an ideal Unity, into a yet more complete and comprehensive Unity, within which all reality subsists." This ideal the poet expresses in many ways, as the Unseen Power of several poems, as the Intellectual Beauty of the Hymn, as the Vision of "Alastor," as "That Light whose smile kindles the Universe." And this same "visionary power," this soul of Love and social communion which unites all the children of men and "steals from earth to man, and man to earth," is precisely the "fountain-light," the deeps of the poet's own soul-life itself, which, Mr. Osmaston rightly says, "gives the touch of sublimity, or at least, the spiritual atmosphere to Wordsworth's simplest poems." At this point we must with regret take leave of Mr. Osmaston's most suggestive essay, merely remarking that while the Shelleyan and Wordsworthian "fullness of content" thus expressed will give the clue to much of the "profounder truth" to be found in the poetry of Vaughan, Traherne, Blake, and Rossetti, it contains far too strong a mystical and theosophical tincture to be safely used as the touchstone of such great poetry as, say that of Milton on the religious, or of Browning on the secular plane. In conclusion we should like to congratulate the essayist on the ease and success with which he attacks and crushes that deadly heresy to which John Davidson died a martyr, "that the poet of our present day-time or night-time should accept without reserve the eye of the man of science and should pull off from his poetry all assumption, assertion or hypothesis" that cannot find shelter under the latest and craziest theories of the cosmogony. Most heartily do we recommend Mr. Osmaston's little volume to all lovers of poetry.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

We have met the name of Mr. Gilbert Thomas from time to time in various periodicals, and always at the foot of something it has given us pleasure to read. Some of these scattered poems he has now gathered into his first book, *Birds of Passage*, (2s. 6d. net), but most of the lyrics and sonnets in this dainty volume are new to us. In a day when so many of our poets are going out after bizarre or sordid themes and setting the Muses to bedraggle their garments in very ordinary mud, it is good to come upon a restful, thoughtful little book such as this, that opens the magic door for us into that old world of the spirit that is "full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing." A note of sincerity runs through all Mr. Thomas's verses; he has no affectations, no ambition to be merely startling, but is one who simply looks into his heart and writes—writes of his own emotions, ideals, aspirations, sings of the commonplace life about him with an insight and a sympathy that enable him to see the soul of beauty that dwells within it all. It is a gracious, charming little book that should make many friends who will look with interest to see Mr. Thomas fulfil the happy promise of this his earliest work.

MR. T. N. FOULIS.

We have received from Mr. T. N. Foulis the first four volumes in the *Maxims of Life* series (6d. and 1s. net each) compiled and arranged by Alfred H. Hyatt. These charmingly produced booklets contain views and experiences of life gathered from the writings of Napoleon, Madame de Sevigne, La Rochefoucauld and George Sand. Mr. Hyatt has made and arranged his selections admirably, and each little volume is beautifully illustrated by Frederick Carter with decorative sketches in colour and in black and white.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

From its opening scene where, in an Italian graveyard, on a beautiful Eastern morning, the young Duca di Fiorestanni places wreaths upon the tombs of his relatives, and spares one wreath for the lovely drowned, American lady he remembered as a child, Miss Edith MacVane's novel, *Tarantella* (6s.) moves forward on lines which, if familiar, are generally very charming in their blending of American and Italian natures and views. The heroine of this story is the daughter of the drowned lady; the hero is the young Duke who as a child had endeavoured to save her mother. But Cynthia Godfrey is already married when she meets the young Italian—married to a rich but undesirable American—and the course of true love does not run smoothly. To mingle with Cynthia's life comes Cherubina, the young Sicilian wife of the gardener, Tonino, a wildly passionate and jealous girl; and quick tragedy mingles at times with the soft charm of Italy. The story is well and attractively written.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mr. F. Inglis Powell has a satisfying knowledge of the strange superstitions and beliefs of the Indian peasant, which he puts to excellent account in *The Snake* (6s.), a story of the occult. But the book will be read rather for its drama than for its contributions to folk-lore, for the author contrives a strong and exciting plot, at the same time presenting a character of more than ordinary interest in Diana Kaye, who makes a highly efficient villainess. The book is one that can be recommended only to those with fairly strong nerves, but the genuine lover of the horror-story should be pleased with it.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

There are some gruesome moments in *The Radium Terrors* (2s. net), but on the whole Mr. Albert Dorington is hardly in his best form. Nevertheless the story of the inception and failure of Dr. Tsarka's brilliant scheme for making money out of a guileless and defenceless public is well worth reading, and the book contains a detective of a kind quite new to fiction, but, perhaps, not uncommon in real life. The book will give you some pleasant thrills, but it is never quite convincing.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Mr. Harold Owen has written a book named *Woman Adrift* (6s.), with a sub-title "The Menace of Suffragism." So all readers may know fairly well what to expect as to the author's views. But though Mr. Owen has taken the narrow view where the subject of the women-who-must-work-because-they-have-no-one-to-work-for-them is concerned, accusing them of wresting the labour field from men, he is very wise in exposing many of the wrong and exaggerated utterances of the extremists on the suffrage question. Many persons object to the talk of woman's unfair competition, in the labour world, for as long as men are to be found measuring

off yards of ribbon in drapers' shops, and filling such like feminine posts, the cry of "Tu quoque!" is allowable. But this volume is one to be read by suffragists and anti-suffragists, for it should bring reason and sanity to both points of view.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* has been issued in many forms, but we know of no more sumptuous edition of it than this that has just been issued by Mr. Werner Laurie (12s. 6d. net). None of the numerous poetical anthologies that have appeared in the last four decades have succeeded in ousting Palgrave's from its pride of place as the finest anthology of songs and lyrics in the English language. Palgrave was himself a poet, as well as a sensitive and discriminating critic of poetry, and in making his selection he had the high advantage of Tennyson's judgment and advice, and it is not surprising that the result of his labours has satisfied the taste of several generations of readers and arrived at a popularity beyond that of any other book of its kind. This latest edition of it makes a large and handsomely bound volume that is enriched with pictures in colour beautifully reproduced from paintings by Maxfield Parrish.



"Thou shalt at one glance behold
The daisy and the marigold,
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge row primrose that hath burst."—*Keats*.
Reduced reproduction from a colour illustration by Maxfield Parrish
in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." (Werner Laurie.)

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mr. Louis Calvert is an excellent actor. The most jovial and unctuous of Falstaffs, the most inimitably complacent of Broadbents. How finely he played a kind of Angelo part in Mr. Eugene Walter's striking drama "Paid in Full!" Pity it is, therefore, that having got a bee in his bonnet to the point of thinking Hamlet mad he should have rashly published his notes on the subject in *An Actor's Hamlet* (2s. 6d. net). Some of these notes are quite interesting, and a few are really luminous; but many of them seem written not so much because they embody points which struck their author as valuable, as because he hoped by stressing them to bolster up his particular thesis. It is, indeed, astonishing to find an actor of Mr. Calvert's ability assisting to revive one of the most pestilent of Shakespearean heresies. The whole point of Hamlet's character, as depicted by Shakespeare, consists in the delicate equipoise of mentality whereby the Prince, feigning madness the better to achieve his ends, and hovering in sympathy perilously near the verge of distraction, yet manages, thanks to his histrionic sense, his capacity for getting outside himself, never to upset the balance of his reason. Sometimes, through over-acting his part, Hamlet utters wild and whirling words; but this is merely the vent he makes use of to work off his own nervous excitement. None of his big speeches, properly considered, convey the least hint of a mind disordered.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The August Bookman will contain a special article on A. J. Balfour as a Man of Letters, by James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.

We live so rapidly that it seems quite a long time ago since Mr. Edward Booth won his first success with "The Cliff End." He has lately completed a new novel, which Mr. Edward Arnold will publish, and for the background of it has gone to Yorkshire, the scene being principally laid at a popular seaside resort which is thinly disguised under the name of Spaforth.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a little volume on "The Loss of the Titanic: Its Story and Its Lesson," by Lawrence Beesley, who is one of the survivors from that unprecedented disaster. Mr. Beesley relates the story of the wreck, and deals with its psychology, the way the crowd encountered fear, the general after effect of the experience on those

who were rescued, and the superstitious beliefs commonly entertained by seafarers and the world at large.

Messrs. Cassell have a great record as pioneers of the cheap reprint, and we congratulate them on the success of their latest venture in that kind. Their well-known series, "The People's Library," was started four years ago and already over two million copies have been sold, in celebration of which achievement they have just issued a fourteen-page booklet that contains a biographical dictionary of authors whose works are included in the series.

Mr. George Edgar, who is well-known as a contributor to periodical literature, has written a novel of the prize ring days of a hundred years ago. The book is called "The Blue Bird's-Eye," and will be published this month by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

Most of us could name off-hand half-a-dozen ingenious men of letters who have turned their hands to the solving of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood," but how many of us remember the sequel to that story which was written by Elizabeth Newton (Gillan Vase) and published more than thirty years ago? Among the growing number of those who are wrestling with the problem

that Dickens left us, Mrs. Newton has her place with the pioneers. She had been reading the novel in the monthly parts, as they appeared, and was so keenly interested in it that when Dickens died, leaving the tale half told, a friend of hers proposed jestingly that she should finish it herself. At first she laughed at the notion, but it remained with her, and presently she began to attempt the task. "Then," she says, "I felt obliged to go on; I could not stop; I was obsessed with it, and, encouraged by the sympathy of my father and my friend, I wrote on to the end. I am no spiritualist, but really it often seemed to me as if I were only the amanuensis of some one else who dictated. Several chapters, and those the best, were written straight on end without the alteration of a single word."

Mrs. Newton is emphatically opposed to the theory that Edwin Drood was murdered. To attempt any outline of the elaborate and ingenious plot of her sequel is impossible here, and those interested should contrive to get hold of her out-of-print book "A Great Mystery Solved." In this she shows how Jasper, after drugging Edwin's wine, attempted to strangle him with "that great black scarf" of his, the two being alone at night in the churchyard. He has already obtained the key to Mr. Sapsea's vault, having taken it from Durdles, whose liquor he had drugged, whilst he and Durdles rambled

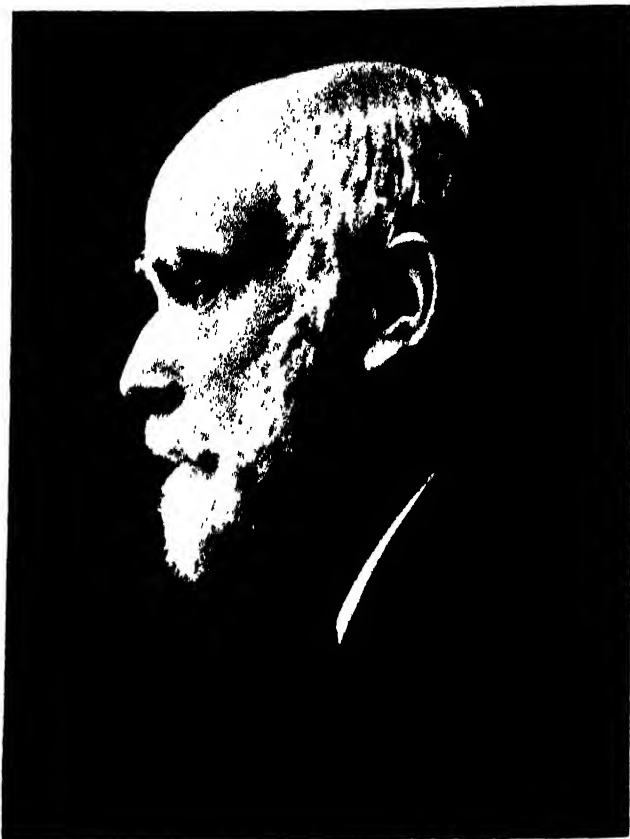


Photo by E. O. Hoppl.

Sir Sidney Colvin,

who has been Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum since 1884, and has just retired.

about the Cathedral the night before, Jasper being curious, as Dickens readers will remember, to view from the Cathedral tower the effect of moonlight shining on the monuments; and having secured the key, he had left Durdles in a drugged sleep whilst he entered the Sapsea vault, removed the body of Mrs. Sapsea from her coffin and carried it in a sack to the mound of slacked lime to which Durdles had already called his attention. He then substitutes Edwin's body for hers in the coffin. "Everyone remembers," says Mrs. Newton, "how Jasper in his opium visions says 'I never saw *that* before. What a poor, mean, miserable thing it is' *That* was Mrs. Sapsea's body."

But Edwin was only partially strangled. The scarf round his neck loosens; he revives; gets out of the coffin; replaces the lid and staggers from the vault. He knows that Jasper meant to murder him, and thinks of Rosa, and realises what were Jasper's motives. Before dawn he has left Cloisterham behind, and Mrs. Newton's story follows his life in London, takes up the thread of Mr. Tartar's love for Rosa, and of Jasper's resolute pursuit of her. Durdles, on his habitual "tapping" rambles, discovers one day that the coffin of Mrs. Sapsea is empty, and Mr. Sapsea is involved in considerable scandal and disquiet as a consequence, and when the coffin is opened "nothing is in it but a ring-case containing a row of diamonds and rubies—one link in the



Photo by E. O. Hoppl.

The late Mr. Richard Middleton,

whose two posthumous volumes (Fisher Unwin) are reviewed on page 171

chain forging 'and gifted with invincible force to hold and drag.' " Finally, on the eve of discovery, Jasper is forcing his unwelcome attentions on Rosa when she screams, and footsteps are heard approaching. If he cannot keep her alive he will keep her dead, so clasps her and leaps with her into the river. The footsteps were those of Mr. Crisparkle and Mr. Tartar coming to her rescue, but they were too late, and it is Edwin Drood who, from a point lower down the river, jumps in to the rescue and, with the help of two detectives on their way to arrest Jasper, brings Rosa safely ashore. Much has necessarily been omitted from all this, for Mrs. Newton has duly followed the fortunes also of Helena Landless, and has shown us Edwin in disguise serving as clerk to Mr. Grewgious in the stead of Bazzard, who has come into his



Sir G. T. Hutchinson.

dead father's money and given himself wholly over to the writing of tragedies; and she now proceeds to relate Jasper's miserable ending and to draw the chequered love affair of Edwin and Rosa to the right Dickensian conclusion. "I have heard it suggested," says Mrs. Newton, "that Datchery was Helena Landless disguised. I cannot imagine this. . . . I have also heard others say that Datchery was Bazzard. But surely Bazzard was, and must ever remain, a born fool."

There is a series of amusing literary caricatures in Mr. Starr Wood's new Summer Annual entitled "Our Rising Authors," the cleverest of which are, perhaps, the representation or misrepresentation of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. James Barr and Mr. Arnold Bennett.



Mrs. Elizabeth Newton.

Sir George Thompson Hutchinson, who is the second publisher to receive the honour of knighthood in the last three years, is head of the firm of Hutchinson & Co., and managing director of the old-established



Photo by Judith Fletcher, Sydney. **Miss Dorothea Mackellar,** whose novel (written in collaboration with Miss Ruth Bedford), "The Little Blue Devil" (Alston Rivers) is reviewed on page 180.



Miss Ethel Kidson,

whose successful novel, "Herringfleet," has been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

publishing house of Hurst and Blackett. Sir George served his apprenticeship to Alexander Strahan, a publisher of two or three generations ago whose name is on the first editions of many famous books. The firm of Hutchinson & Co. was founded in 1887, and has long since taken its place among the leading London houses of the trade. Sir George has travelled much, and his work in research has been recognised by a Fellowship of the Royal Geographical Society. Several of the serials issued by his firm such as "The Living Races of Mankind," and "The Living Animals of the World," have been edited by Sir George Hutchinson himself, and have met with remarkable success not only in this country but, in translations, all over Europe.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has completed a sort of companion volume to his "Romance and Reality," which Mr. Grant Richards will publish this month. The book is called "All Manner of Folk," and contains essays on such subjects as "The Self-Sufficient," "Masters of Nonsense," "Concerning Personality," and studies of Synge, Walt Whitman, Max Beerbohm, Richard Jefferies, Edward Carpenter, William Morris, Thoreau, Edgar Allen Poe and H. M. Hyndman. It is illustrated with portraits and caricatures by Joseph Simpson, Gordon Craig, Lovat Fraser, and J. B. Yeats.

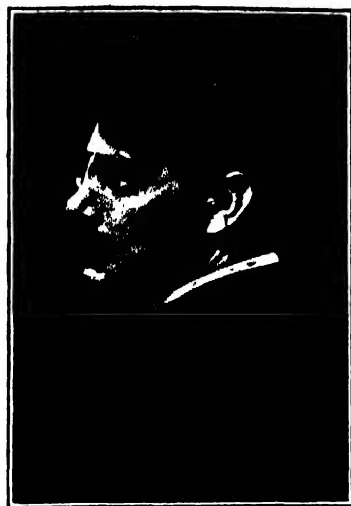
The newest of new publishers is Mr. Herbert Jenkins, who was for over ten years manager to Mr. John Lane. Mr. Jenkins has unusual qualifications for success in his enterprise, for he is expert on both the literary and commercial sides of his profession, and moreover is himself an author and a successful author too. His "Life of George Borrow," published last spring by Mr. John Murray, met with unanimous commendation from the critics and is already in its second edition. He has contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, *Blackwood's*, *The Fortnightly*, *The National*, *The Outlook*, and other magazines and journals, and has done excellent work as a Blake enthusiast, in which capacity he discovered the State Papers relating to the poet's trial for High Treason, and located his long undiscoverable grave in Bunhill Fields Burial Ground. The new firm will be known as Herbert Jenkins, Limited, and associated with Mr. Jenkins are Sir George Chubb, Bart. (Chairman), and Mr. Alex. W. Hill, M.A., son of Dr. Alex. Hill, sometime Master of Downing, Chairman of Gilton, and President of the National Home Reading Union. We hope it was a good omen that Mr. Jenkins received his first possible client on the afternoon of the very day on which the announcement of his beginning appeared in the papers. An eager gentleman came into his office with a manuscript, mentioned he



Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

had just read an interview with the new publisher in the newspaper, and added "So I rushed round. I'm an American, and I wanted to be in early."

There is a delightful humour and freshness in Mr. E. R. Lipsett's novel, "Didy"; its characters are so carelessly natural and such an air of easy reality pervades it all that one suspects a good deal of it has its roots in personal experience. Mr. Lipsett spent a short time at Heidelberg, but says he took little away from it except pleasant memories of his fellow-students. Then his lot was cast in the South of Ireland where he had to earn his living and, after long striving, secured two journalistic posts which together yielded him a weekly income of less than



Mr. E. R. Lipsett.

Author of "Didy" (Duckworth).

two pounds. In 1903 he published under another name "Father Clancy," a novel of Irish life; and after working for some time as a free-lance journalist in Dublin went to America in 1907, and was hailed by editors and public as a writer of real character and no mere reporter. But it is not easy to get him to talk about the Americans, though he places it to their credit that they do treat as a brother the stranger within their gates. There is a quaintly whimsical Irish journalist in "Didy," and he goes to America; but the main interest of the book gathers about its masterful but charming heroine, Didy herself, who has gone to America ahead of him, and ahead of another man who is perhaps more important to the story.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

MISS BRADDON: THE WRITER AND HER WORK.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIVE HOLLAND

MISS MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON (known in private life as Mrs. John Maxwell) is a Londoner by birth, and comes of an old Cornish family, one member of which sat for Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth; another—Lawrance Braddon—distinguished himself in the reign of Charles II., very much, unfortunately, to the detriment of his relatives and successors, by becoming involved in one of the many political intrigues of the time, and in consequence suffering the forfeiture of his estate. But it must be admitted that a study of the history and pedigree of the Braddon family shows that they were chiefly law-abiding, quiet country folk, content to live in comfort and in the respect of their fellows and neighbours on their estates in that far off western portion of England known as the Duchy of Cornwall. It was certainly not until the generation of the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" that any member of the family succeeded in making, or perhaps even sought to make, the name known to the general public: nor does there seem to have been any considerable tendency in the direction of literary pursuits either in the stock from which the young girl who was to win fame as a novelist came or in the environment in which she was brought up, although, it is true, her mother was an unusually cultivated woman, possessed of a fine critical taste, and able to express her views in articles, contributed to the magazines and periodicals of the day, and in essays. Her father was a writer also, but almost entirely upon sporting subjects to which he was devoted, and her cousin, John Delane, the famous editor of *The Times*, was as powerful an influence in his age with his pen as he was in his autocratic rule of the "Thunderer." Miss Braddon's only brother, Sir Edward Coventry Braddon, might possibly have attained to some distinction in the world of letters had not the realm of action claimed him for its own. He had a successful career in India, settled in Tasmania, was Premier of the colony during two governments, and afterwards represented it in England for some years

in the capacity of Agent-General. During a long and busy life he published a couple of books which at least serve to show that he was not without some literary gifts.

A fresh novel by Miss Braddon is still looked forward to with deep interest, not only by those who have read her books with pleasure since she first began to weave the long series of fascinating works of fiction that appear in "Who's Who" and publishers' catalogues under her name, but by those whose memory of her work may only go back a comparatively few years. But it is difficult, nevertheless, for the present generation of novel readers to appreciate the sway that this most popular of all mid-Victorian novelists held over her public for many years from the date of the publication of "Lady Audley's Secret," more than fifty years ago.

By many critics Miss Braddon, in common with the late Wilkie Collins, is held to have founded a more or less distinct school of sensational fiction. By the use of the word "sensational" we do not, however, intend to imply that the sensationalism of the veteran writer under notice, and that of her equally well-known *confrère*, the late Wilkie Collins, has anything in common with the

sensational rubbish which now pours from the printing press almost every day throughout the year.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Miss Braddon revived the mysterious and sensational element in fiction which had its origin in "The Castle of Otranto" and other similar works. But, be this as it may, whether as a founder or as a reviver of a school, Miss Braddon has for a period of nearly fifty years held a place in English fiction to which no other writer has succeeded in attaining.

There is a somewhat trite and familiar saying, "a poet is born not made." And so far as Miss Braddon is concerned we need only substitute the word "novelist" for "poet" to produce an axiom which in her case was undoubtedly correct.



From a photograph taken about twenty years ago, and now first published.

In a recent conversation with her she told us that although her memory is still wonderfully fresh, notwithstanding her seventy-four years, she could not now recall the time when she was not writing. Almost as a child in the nursery she began to write fiction; and when in short frocks at school she used to astonish her schoolfellows by the energy and completeness with which she covered all the sheets of her copy-books, not always, be it remarked, with the moral maxims with which they were headed, but far oftener, indeed, with the beginnings of hair-raising and exciting romances to which her vivid imagination gave birth. Long before she was out of her teens she had essayed, she told us, "nearly every kind of original composition, novels, plays, poems, and history." But she confesses that during this early and experimental period of her apprenticeship to literature she found that it was much more easy to commence a good story than to finish it; and although in note-books and on odd scraps of paper there still remain in her possession a multitude of ideas, plots, studies, and notes for stories, a good deal of this material has never been, and probably never will be, used.

Like many another writer destined to become distinguished by a world-wide fame, Miss Braddon's first joy of seeing herself in print was given her by the editor of a local paper, and it was in the *Beverley Recorder*, then recently founded and we are pleased to note still existing, that her first published effort appeared. To her great delight a little song, in the measure of the seventeenth century, was accepted, and printed in what is commonly



The front of Lichfield House,
Miss Braddon's home at Richmond.

known as "The Poet's Corner." Two of the verses run :-

"All joys on earth have we,
All fears on earth we see,
All cares on earth there be
But never rest

"Youth comes, the all-believing,
Hope comes, the all-deceiving,
Death comes, sad hearts bereaving
Yet comes not rest"

In this ~~we~~ catch an echo of the pessimism supposed to be the bane of all young poets, but which happily for her readers' enjoyment did not develop with the years nor find a place in the fascinating stories which the young writer was afterwards destined to weave for the delight of so many readers.

This little poem in the local paper was very soon afterwards followed by Miss Braddon's first book, a volume of poems entitled "*Garibaldi*," now, we fancy, forgotten, and certainly long out of print, although at the time of its appearance the poems received many favourable Press notices.

How Miss Braddon became a novelist and not a poet will be of undoubted interest to many readers. It happened in this way. An enterprising Yorkshire printer, getting into touch with her, offered a commission to write a serial story, which in her girlish eyes appeared indeed a dazzling prospect. For she was not only to appear week by week as an authoress, but was to be paid for her story. We fancy that many less enterprising and daring young writers would have been choked off from the enterprise



Lichfield House. View of the drawing-room through the small sitting-room, in the latter of which are some fine china and interesting pictures.



Miss Braddon and Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

From a photograph taken at Battle, September, 1911.

by the demands of the contract, which stipulated, amongst other things, that she should write a serial novel "combining the humour of Dickens with the plot and construction of G. P. R. Reynolds," who just then was one of the most popular and frankly sensational novelists of the time. For the accomplishment of this, we should imagine somewhat difficult task, the said printer was to pay the said author the magnificent sum of £10!

Miss Braddon, who must truly have had "ink in her veins" and an astonishing amount of courage in her heart, immediately set to work upon her task, and in the course of a very short time produced the first few instalments of a story called "Three Times Dead," a title which could not possibly fail, we should think, to arouse the interest of the reading public of that day. All was not, however, smooth sailing for our coming novelist. Unfortunately, the whole enterprise collapsed, the printer went into bankruptcy, and the promise of £10 which had lured the future novelist away from poetry into prose never materialized. "Three Times Dead" ceased running after a few instalments, and for many years was not re-issued, although it ultimately appeared in a cheap edition under the new title of "The Trail of the Serpent."

Miss Braddon's initial experience of novel writing was curiously enough almost repeated by the fate which befel her second and much more famous story, "Lady Audley's Secret," first published in 1862. Written when quite a young girl, this story, which may almost be said to have founded a school of English fiction, and is not only world famous but probably Miss Braddon's best selling book after a period of so many years since its first publication, commenced to run in a periodical called "Robin

Goodfellow." This unfortunately came to an end after the twelfth number, and the story, Miss Braddon told us, would probably have remained in its fragmentary stage and never have been completed but for a very warmly appreciative letter she received from J. B. Buckstone, a brilliant actor and play writer in the early sixties of the last century, who wrote saying how greatly he had been impressed by the story, and how deeply he regretted its interruption. Buckstone entreated the author to finish the novel, which he said he considered to be of striking interest and admirably suited for stage purposes. This welcome approval from so competent a critic naturally fired the young writer's ambition, and she took up the thread of the story once more. It was continued in another magazine, and whilst running there attracted the notice of the Brothers Tinsley, a recently founded and very enterprising firm of publishers, who, keenly on the look-out to secure new and powerful writers, made Miss Braddon a proposal to

publish it, in the three volume form then popular, at the earliest possible date. The offer was accepted, and the final volume was written at high speed against time in order that the book might be printed and published before its conclusion in serial form.

On the day after publication Miss Braddon received a visit from the late Lionel Brough. At this period Mr. Brough, not yet an actor, was interested in the firm of Tinsleys, representing the literary or intellectual element, while the brothers Tinsley supplied the business acumen; and he had come to call upon the young authoress to convey the pleasant intelligence that within twenty-four hours of publication "Lady Audley's Secret" had proved a startling success. A week afterwards all the world and his wife were reading or talking about the book; and edition after edition was called for in such rapid succession that it was impossible to print and bind fast enough to satisfy the unprecedented demand.



Miss Braddon's writing desk.

It is very difficult, of course, accurately to standardize the measure of a book's fame, because standards are always varying, and it is quite possible that nowadays no novel could create quite such a sensation in the widely extended world of readers of fiction that "Lady Audley's Secret" did fifty years ago. But when one comes to apply the test of continued popularity one may very fairly claim for it that "Lady Audley's Secret" is one of those books, comparatively few in number, which have earned a prominent place in English literature.

From the time of its first issue down to the present day it has passed through countless editions, so many, indeed, that I doubt if anyone has ever troubled to count them. Certainly Miss Braddon has never done so. And, of course, the numbers of pirated editions sold in America swell the huge total of known and authorized editions of the book. It can be obtained in all forms and at all prices, and the present generation seem to read it with almost as great pleasure as did their fathers, and even grandfathers, before them.

"Lady Audley's Secret" was, not unnaturally—for Miss Braddon always was a rapid and tireless worker—followed in quick succession by "Henry Dunbar," "Eleanor's Victory," and "Aurora Floyd." In each case the authoress had the pleasure of knowing that her hold upon her immense public was being strengthened as well as maintained.

A very interesting tribute as to the popularity, not alone of "Lady Audley's Secret," but of other of Miss Braddon's works, comes from that great stylist and brilliant writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, who in a hitherto unpublished letter to Miss Braddon from his Samoan home at Vailima, writes: "I remember reading 'Lady Audley's Secret' when I was fifteen, and I wish my days to be bound each to each by Miss Braddon's novels. Apparently I am not alone in this opinion. I have been over by far the greater part of the Pacific. When a ship comes in the local trader or traders are always on the look out for new novels. In a small way the schooner plays the part of a circulating library. But there is one book, I am sorry to be obliged to inform you, which is a mere drug in the market in the Pacific. 'Oh no, I have that already,' is the cry—and the book is 'Aurora Floyd.' After all, it is something to be out and away greater



A portion of the back of Lichfield House, which is practically hidden and shaded by fine horse-chestnut trees.

and more popular than Scott, Shakespeare, Homer, in the South Seas, and to that you have attained."

Astounding as the fact may seem when one remembers that nearly all Miss Braddon's novels are upon what a publisher once described as "generous" lines, that is to say of considerably above the average length, she has published more than seventy others since "Aurora Floyd" first saw the light. And even criticism of that somewhat supercilious type which once dealt rather severely with her work has at length nothing but praise for it. Truly Miss Braddon can be said to be an instance of an author who, although attaining a great vogue in a remarkably short time, not only has held her position but also has never stood still. She has certainly never become egotistical or self-satisfied, nor has she ever



The Old Georgian Orangery at the end of the Long Walk, Lichfield House.

ceased to strive, not only to do the best that is in her, but in a new book to excel the last.

A well-known critic says of her last novel, "The Green Curtain": "It is so fresh and strong that it is almost impossible to believe that it is not written by the hand of youth; but, of course, of a youth singularly gifted in its grip of craftsmanship, and with a perfection of style. Indeed, it is only in these things that one can detect the practised hand trained by long years of toil."

There are many readers who have more than a moderate acquaintance with her numerous other works who have declared that this last book of hers is equal to those written during the period which human judgment ascribes to the prime of life. Should Miss Braddon not publish another novel, which those who know her and have loved her work sincerely trust will not be the case, this last book will remain a splendid finish and a final indication of the great gifts as a weaver of stories, coupled with indomitable industry and perseverance, with which she has been endowed. But happily there is no reason for fearing that "The Green Curtain" will be the last. The veteran novelist, our readers will learn with delight, is in excellent health, and is at present engaged upon two new books. She is for the moment undecided which she will complete first!

Miss Braddon has, we think—with "Who's Who" and what we fancy is a fairly complete list of her books before us—been unusually successful in the choice of her titles. She has almost without exception selected some striking sequence of words where she has not contented herself merely with calling the book after one of its characters. What better titles, indeed, could you have than "Birds of Prey," "Run to Earth," "Dead Sea Fruit," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Hostages to Fortune," "Dead Men's Shoes," "The Cloven Foot," "Phantom Fortune," "The Day Will Come," "Thou Art the Man!" "Rough Justice," "The Rose of Life," "During Her Majesty's Pleasure," and "Beyond These Voices"? All of them indicate a faculty for selecting the right word, which is more than half the battle in fixing upon a title for a novel, or indeed any other book.

In response to a question as to how she manages to invent her plots, which form so important a factor in the success of her books, Miss Braddon said: "It is in those brooding hours, described by Tyndall when 'Thought sits waiting and Fancy holds the door,' that the plots of my stories build themselves most readily. When the plot of my tale has been decided, I carry it about

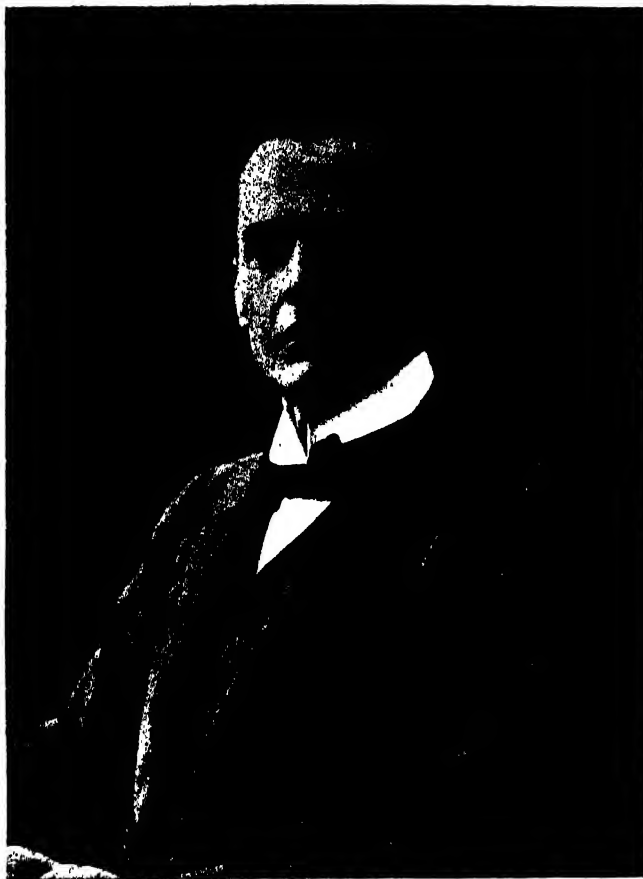


Photo by Arbus & Bernardi.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

The son of Mrs. John Maxwell (Miss Braddon).

with me, in the shape of portable mental luggage, for a long time. Adding to it, shaping it, rounding it off, improving it, and reconsidering it as opportunity occurs. Then comes the pen and paper stage - note-making and so on - and then it is time seriously to tackle the task and write the book itself, which I always do with my own hand. I have no preferences where I write and no particular time for writing."

Unlike many literary celebrities of the late Victorian period and present day, Miss Braddon has no love for publicity. Indeed, she has a perfect horror of being honored, and when in former years passing considerable periods of time, as she did, on the Continent, at fashionable resorts and in the large hotels, the discovery of who she was almost invariably led to a burning desire on her part

to flee the place forthwith. She has for the same reason never consented to the publication of her photograph, although this decision on her part has, we know from personal experience, been a matter for great regret upon the part of many thousands of her readers, who are constantly writing to well-known photographers in the hope that they may have "taken" Miss Braddon, and have copies for sale; as well as applying to the authoress herself for autograph portraits. We were therefore fortunate in being able to persuade her to grant permission for the publication of the excellent photo, which was taken about twenty years ago.

In addition to the astonishing industry and mental energy which has produced upwards of seventy long novels - as a matter of fact there are some seventy-three, still in constant demand and in print at the present time, selling in every sort of edition and in all countries of the English-speaking race—Miss Braddon has written many stories, which were published as serials anonymously, and not a few verses and essays in newspapers, including contributions to "Punch" during the period it was edited by her old friend the late Sir Francis Burnand, and to "The World" while it was under the control of another old and valued friend, the late Edmund Yates. She has also written several dramas, comedies, and a blank verse play. One of them, "The Missing Witness," a melodrama played very successfully in the English provinces and the United States, is probably well known to many older readers. She is also the anonymous author of quite a number of the farces which were popular in the sixties and seventies of the last century. The serial story which she wrote in French for the Paris "Figaro" some years ago has, we believe, never been translated or re-published in English. All the work we have mentioned

was for many years also her publisher. Of books there are plenty, as one would naturally expect, covering a wide field marked by a catholicity of taste which Miss Braddon's weight of years has neither dulled nor restricted. Silver, porcelain, *bibelots* long in the possession of the Braddon or Maxwell families or acquired on one or other of the many Continental journeys in which Miss Braddon formerly delighted; delicate miniatures, and beautiful china, placing a veritable temptation to crime in the way of connoisseurs and collectors, are found in the spacious Georgian drawing-room.

Regarding the other rooms, perhaps the smoking-room is to those who are fond of books the most interesting. For here, in a beautiful old bureau, are stored many of the original MSS. of Miss Braddon's novels, bound in crimson leather.

On the first floor is situated the authoress' own study (and favourite "den"), the walls of which are surrounded by bookcases from floor to ceiling, and every table, and let us add most of the chairs, are encumbered by books and papers, giving a homely touch to the room, where comfort and not pretension reigns.

Miss Braddon has been happy indeed in her homes. Annesley Bank, near Lyndhurst, Hampshire, which was at one time her country house, was given up by her some few years ago with great regret, because she recognized that she was not any longer able to ride and hunt as she had constantly done since a girl, and that it was unlikely she would be able to spend very much time in the New Forest district, beautiful descriptions of which appear in several of her novels, notably "Asphodel" and "Vixen." In the old house at Richmond, where more than half of her life has been spent, and where of late years she has produced the novels that have been

so constant a source of pleasure to the great reading public throughout the world, she now chiefly lives; except for occasional absences at Bexhill-on-Sea or Brighton, which are both favourite places of resort with her, owing to their life, brightness, and bracing air.

Miss Braddon, notwithstanding the enormous amount of her literary output, which, as we have stated already, commenced when she was quite a young girl and is still continuing, has been a great reader. She has always endeavoured to keep herself abreast of the progressive thought of the time, and though she puts down as her favourite recreations gardening, travelling, and music, reading still claims a great portion of her spare time.

Concerning this love of reading, Miss Braddon said to us, with a smile: "I can quite truthfully say that from the time I was able to read a story without having to whisper the words as I read them books have been my chief delight. To my mother, indeed, I owe my introduction at a very early age to the great world of imaginative literature. She was a woman possessed of a cultivated mind, a keen wit, and a natural taste for what was best in the literature of the time, as well as being a devoted student of Shakespeare and Scott. One of my earliest and still vivid recollections of literary things is the talk I used to hear in my cousin's, John Delaine's, drawing-room concerning a publication in a yellow paper cover which was the latest number of a new novel by a new writer who was exciting a great deal of attention at the time. That book was Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' and by the time 'Pendennis' appeared I was able to share my mother's enthusiasm for his keen, fresh humour, which, much as our natural bent made us appreciate it, we never praised to the depreciation of my first favourite, his great contemporary, Charles Dickens."



The Scene of "Lady Audley's Secret."

A sketch by Herbert Jennings from the original painting by S. Duncan.

But although acquainted with most of the English writers of her own time—a reading period now extending well over sixty years—Miss Braddon says: "I have read a good deal of French, and it was my old friend, George Augustus Sala, a man of wide cultivation and a splendid critic, who introduced me, as it were, to French literature. He first got me to read Honoré de Balzac, of whose books ever since that time I have been a close and delighted student. I have read most of Dumas' historical novels, chiefly for recreation, but I have been often astonished to discover how much more accurate he really is in his treatment of French history than English readers usually credit him with. Of course, as is only natural, when he crosses the Channel his historical blunders are neither few nor insignificant. But this may also be said of most modern French writers, and of English ones when dealing with French historical subjects, though perhaps not to quite so great an extent. "Of course," Miss Braddon continued, "I delighted in the work of Flaubert, Alphonse Daudet, and Guy de Maupassant. Who did not do so? But since their death I have found German, Italian, and Spanish novels more attractive than contemporary French fiction, although I have read occasionally a novel by the younger Daudet, and always with great interest those of Marcelle Tinayre, Edgard Rod, and Claude

Farrère. I have also read most of Zola's books at one time or another; and although, of course, I admit that they are disfigured by many faults of taste from an English point of view, I must at the same time confess that I have found them intensely interesting and have always recognized the great power behind his pen. Except for the splendid work of Tolstoy, I cannot pretend to be an ardent admirer of the Russian school of fiction."

In criticisms of several very famous contemporary writers whose books are boomed both by themselves and by their publishers in the most ingenious fashion, Miss Braddon showed a generosity which is not always discoverable in the estimates made by one novelist of the work of other writers of fiction. But throughout the pleasant talks we have from time to time enjoyed with the veteran author nothing, indeed, was more noticeable than her great generosity in appreciating good work, whether in music, art, or literature; of all three of which departments of human activity she seemed to have a wide, up-to-date, and sympathetic knowledge.

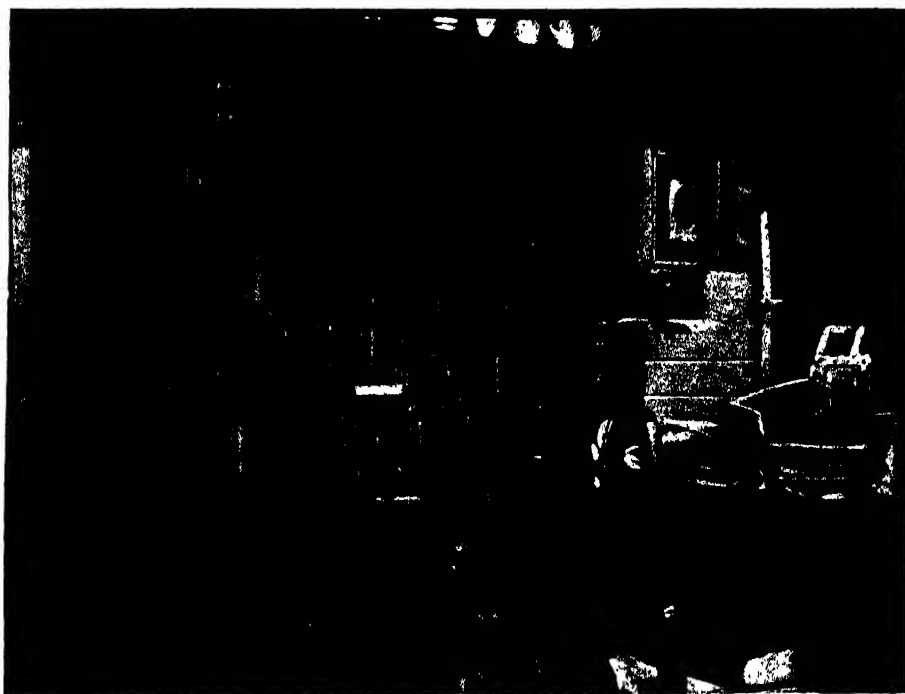
Her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, and his charming wife live with her at Lichfield House, and in her affection for her grandchildren one obtains an insight into the great love she has for children generally, and, indeed, for all other more or less helpless things.

"I delight in children," she said to us. "They keep one young long past the time when one might reasonably expect to be feeling old." And a pleasant smile lighted up her face as she spoke. "Is not to watch the young mind open and develop one of the most fascinating studies for anyone conceivable? I have always had a great affection for children and animals."

This love of animals, it will be remembered by many readers, was also a distinguishing characteristic of Ouida, one of Miss Braddon's contemporaries, who died but a year or two ago.

With regard to modern English fiction Miss Braddon had much to say that was both interesting and illuminative, although there is not space to touch upon this

subject in the present article. But her admiration for the great Wessex novelist, Thomas Hardy, we must mention. "I have a great admiration for the genius of Thomas Hardy," said Miss Braddon. "I have had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions, and I have read his books again and again. 'Far From the Mad-ding Crowd' is one of my



A corner of the book-lined study in which Miss Braddon works. The window overlooks the beautiful garden.

favourites, and I admire immensely 'Tess,' too, although with many another reader I deeply regret the tragic end of that splendid creature. I can, of course, see the greatness of 'Jude the Obscure' as a profound study of human nature and development, but it is all the more painful to read this study of melancholy lives because the author has made them real by his great power, and intensity of purpose. To my mind, both 'Tess' and 'Jude' are heart-breaking books."

With regard to the advice Miss Braddon would give to young authors—and who, indeed, is in a position to give it better?—we have only room for a short synopsis. She said: "If I had any advice to give to young writers it would be, 'Wait till some incident in real life suggests the subject of a story, and when you have let it grow and shape itself in your mind tell your story, and tell it in the best language and in the simplest manner possible. Indeed, I do not know that I could give better advice if I were to talk for quite a long while.'"

Of Miss Braddon's favourites amongst her own books we have gathered during our chats with her on literary topics, that they are "Lady Audley's Secret," "Asphodel," "Vixen," and the historical romances, "London Pride," "Mohawks," and "The Infidel."

"But," said Miss Braddon, "the fact of it is, I am interested in every new book that I write, and it is as difficult to mention favourites amongst literary, as it is unwise to do amongst human, children."

It is not to be wondered at that in the long and full life Miss Braddon has lived she has met many interesting and celebrated people. Concerning these and her circle of friends and acquaintances during the last fifty years, which has included many distinguished in art, letters, science, and music, Miss Braddon said, amongst other things:

"I several times met Robert Browning, by whose personality I was always greatly charmed; and I have been a devoted reader of his poetry, more devoted perhaps after his death than I was during his life. Tennyson, unfortunately, I never met. I should have indeed liked to do so, for I have loved him from the day I read 'The Idylls of the King,' when the little green cloth volume was first published, and when I was young enough to fall in love with Lancelot and weep over the wasted love of Elaine."

In her reminiscences of friends who have gone, Miss Braddon spoke of Charles Reade as "one of the kindest of men, with a heart open as the day to melting charity, stopping at no effort to help the wronged and the oppressed. A delightful companion and ever at his best in conversation where his hearers were fit and few."

Her great contemporary, Wilkie Collins, who passed away now many years ago, she knew quite well. But she never met either Dickens or Thackeray, and has many regrets that she did not do so, as they may be very truly called her literary heroes.

* * * * *

When one has left Lichfield House after a talk with its gracious owner, one is tempted always to ask oneself "what is the general impression left upon one's mind by the personality of a writer whose fame is truly world-wide, and whose charm of manner takes one back into the days when culture was not a garment but rather an evidence of a sweet soul and a well-stored mind?" Let us in conclusion of this article try to epitomise our impressions. First there comes to one's recollection undoubtedly the picture of a charming old lady, with nearly white hair, dressed quietly and with the taste which bespeaks the artistic mind and the means to clothe oneself as one would and should be clothed. Secondly there remains the echo of a gentle voice, with patches of brighter tones in it as some topic of more than usual interest comes up, and engages her attention. Further, there is the underlying feeling that the environment in which Miss Braddon lives is just that which she herself could wish. And lastly there is the abiding and delightful memory of intercourse with one who has known the best of many years, whose interest in the world and its happenings is not even yet flagging, and who is still capable of enjoying the sunshine and meeting the shadows of life with a brave, undismayed, and gracious heart.

ROBERTSON SMITH.*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR JAMES DENNEY, D.D.

ROBERTSON SMITH has been fortunate in his biographers. He was above all things, they tell us, a man of many friends; and their record of his life, while it has the candid and objective character which he himself would have approved, is marked by affectionate loyalty to his memory. The most interesting parts of it are the beginning and the end—the three-and-twenty years of his home and university life, and the thirteen years which followed his deposition from the Aberdeen Chair. In both the interest is painful, almost tragic. Smith was never at school, and though his home life had joys of its own, its intensity, austerity, and concentration on study, which, when he passed to the university was intensified by an unhealthy ambition, itself fostered from home, was not the life for a delicate child. He distinguished himself in all the ordinary studies, but mainly in those which require accurate knowledge; and when we hear of his assisting the Professor of Physics in Edinburgh and applying for the Chair of Mathematics in Glasgow, we are reminded of another great Orientalist, Renan, who regretted that he had given his life to the petty historical sciences instead of following his early bent and natural gift for the great

sciences of nature. Smith became a minister, but never had a charge. At twenty-four he was Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College in Aberdeen, and about 250 pages of the biography are devoted to the 'case' which was carried on while he filled this post. As a narrative this can never be superseded; it is accurate, supported by references, and intelligible at every point. It is, perhaps, as impartial as any narrative could be of a case in which the narrator had taken a side at the time. There must always be tension between ideas and institutions, because ideas can put up with anything but inconsistency, while institutions must provide for ideas which more or less hold each other in check. They must embody truth and give it free play, yet they represent education also, which means that there is a right and a wrong way of initiating the mind into truth, and even that all the truth is not yet to be told to everyone. The Smith case was a classical instance of the collision of these interests, and it is too much to expect that men temperamentally different will ever exactly agree about the actors in it. Some of those whose names and doings are registered here might well have been forgotten. If there were venerable obscurantists on one side, there were complacent prigs on the other, and there is always Pharisaism on both. The main interest centres round Smith and Rainy, but the ethical questions it raises are not

* "The Life of William Robertson Smith." By John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. (15s. net.) "Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith." By John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. 10s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

settled when we say that Smith was fighting for the truth. One may be on Smith's side, yet feel it quite impossible to say that Rainy was fighting against the truth. In his own view he was fighting for the truth and for something else—the unity and the peace of the Church. The one really objectionable expression in the biography is that which the authors use in describing the effect, for Rainy and his supporters, of their failure when they first tried to get rid of Smith by administrative process: "they had sold their birth-right and had been cheated out of the mess of pottage." There was no "mess of pottage" in question, and such language would be injurious as well as insulting if it were not inept. It is quite clear that the whole business took Rainy by surprise and that he had no control of the movements in the Church. He was in no sense the protagonist on one side as Smith was on the other: if we are to use the language of the ancient stage, he interposed rather as a *deus ex machina* to cut a knot that he did not know how to untie and to save the real protagonists from destroying the Church between them. The volume of Essays and Lectures which accompanies the biography is a valuable supplement, enabling us to appreciate the religious and theological views of Smith during his Aberdeen years. In criticism he was at first mainly influenced by Ewald; in theology, while he was always in contact with the Reformation at first hand, he was influenced especially by Rothe and Ritschl. Perhaps lectures a generation old should hardly be published unless there is something very original in them; new as they were to Scotland at the time, the various studies of the doctrine of Scripture here accumulated are not essentially new, and the style is heavy and even verbose. It is rather astonishing to hear Smith speak of "clearness" as the characteristic of Ritschl's lectures; one would rather say that the incurable opaqueness of Ritschl's writings has in some of these papers infected so clear and trenchant a mind as Smith himself. With his removal to Cambridge came "the final and most brilliant phase"



Professor William Robertson Smith.

From a posthumous portrait by Sir George Reid, R.S.A., now in the Free Church College, Aberdeen.

From 'The Life of William Robertson Smith,' by John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. (A. & C. Black)

of Smith's life. It was here he wrote his "Burnett Lectures," and became one of the founders of the new science of comparative religion. His biographers seem to be astonished that he found it possible to write "The Religion of the Semites" and at the same time to hold to his old orthodox idea of the uniqueness of the Old Testament as the record of a divine revelation. To the present writer it does not seem incredible. Smith's view of the Old Testament was to him self-evident, and so it is to all who share it. If a man says there is anything in the world like the Old Testament for religious power and value, let him produce it. Smith was surely entitled to say that it had not yet been produced. The last years of his life, with their incredible intellectual

achievements, are ennobled by the suffering under which all his work had now to be done. He once met Mark Pattison, and did not like him, but only the historian of Scaliger and Casaubon and Huet could have done justice to a scholarship like his. He knew everything, one is inclined to say that could be learned by assault or by application; his range of exact knowledge would seem fabulous if it were not so well attested. His legend grew up about him in his lifetime, but it was not more wonderful than the truth. What his biographers leave obscure is whether there was an inner side to his mind—whether he had learned the things which do not come by application or assault but by absorption, and which are only given through time and patience. He conquered friends as he conquered knowledge, but though his conversational powers are celebrated, no memorable word of his conversation is preserved, no aphorism with the flavour of experience or personality in it. He could have lectured to Beethoven on the structure and function of every instrument in the orchestra, and if he had met him he would probably have done so; but what this book does not tell us is whether he had any music in his soul. In any case he was one of the most vivid and amazing persons of his time, and well merited this fine memorial.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original rondeau.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best comment in four or six lines of verse on Dr. Johnson's dictum that "no one but a block-head ever wrote except for money."
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

- I.—We anticipated a large response to this offer of a PRIZE for the best original sonnet, but nothing so large as it has met with. Among the numerous papers sent in are several poor sonnets, a few that are not sonnets at all, and quite a considerable number that are very good. After careful consideration we have decided to divide the prize and award HALF A GUINEA to Miss D. M. KIRMODE, of 118, Balliam Park Road, S.W., and HALF A GUINEA to Mr. ROGER QUIN, care of Mr. A. Shearer, of 202, Gallowgate, Glasgow, for the following:

COMMERCE.

I saw the heavens full of whirling wheels,
And day as foul as night, and night grown red
With worse than sunset light—the sullen dread
Of ceaseless fires that drove gigantic reels
And shafts and bands. And slowly, as one feels
A nightmare fear, my shrinking eyes were led
Past this huge terror, to the black bent head
And body of man, who prays to it and kneels.

And yet I knew (as one knows heaven *must* be),
That somewhere there were stars and birds and trees,
Moonlight and dawn, and fragrance in each breeze,
And circling all the sea's fierce chastity.
I knelt—I too—and prayed in that foul night:
"O God! give back to this blind fool, his sight."

D. M. KIRMODE.

TO A SKYLARK—

SINGING ABOVE BARNHILL POORHOUSE, GLASGOW.

(BY AN INMATE.)

What blast of Fate, melodious mocker, say,
Has blown thee *here*—in airy spendthrift glee,
Wasting thy wealth of liquid ecstasy
On hearts too cold to kindle at thy lay?
Thou sing'st of Hope above Hope's grave. Away!
Flee this dark "Hall of Ebbs" through whose aisles
Frail phantoms totter, or, with senile smiles,
Rake the spent ashes of dead yesterday!

Flung from Fate's boiling tumult, bruised and sore;
Sick with the shame of what I have become,
My wistful gaze follows thy flight afar.
As some late reveller when the rout is o'er,
Pauses in his uncertain steps for home,
With blear'd eyes blinking at the morning star.

ROGER QUIN.

Of the many other good sonnets that have been received we print the following:

THE STUDY OF POETRY

Like that fair statue, kissed to life of old;
At love's first touch transformed to human grace,
So now to day stands one with pure pale face
'Midst all the clanging din, the greed for gold,
And the crowds, glancing, find her beauty cold.
Yet, as they hurry to the market-place,
The vision haunts them—brings back for a space
Old dreams which now—lost—shattered—they behold.
Only a few perhaps shall pause and stay;
But they, returning, linger day by day;
Hearts that with passionate love are all a-tune,
For them she flushes to a warm new birth,
And, shedding a rose-glamour o'er the earth,
Dwells ever with them making winter June.

(Anne C. Reay, Langley House, Old Dover Road, Canterbury.)

LOVE.

So fondly do I love thee, dear, so great
And mighty is my love, that if God willed
That every seat but *one* in Heav'n were filled
And thou and I stood there before the gate
Kneeling with heads bowed low to learn our fate,
And He the King of Kings should bid us choose
The one to enter in, the other lose
For ever midst the turmoil and the hate
Of Hell, his soul then, dear, that seat should be
Thine own, and I without one thought of pain
For what I lost through all Eternity
Would never deem my sacrifice in vain
Since it had made thee understand and see
How great my love—without one hope of gain
(Ada E. Mann, Lorna Fane, 30, East Parade, Rhyll.)

THREEFOLD MYSTERY.

Into the passionate mystery of thy heart
O Rose immaculate, I peer, and sigh
For who can tell me, Sister, what thou art,
Child of the dread Unknown, whose child am I?
By what perplexed, unhappy ways forlorn
Lost we the white hills of Eternity
What beatific, far, supernal morn
Drenched thy sweet body with auroral dye?
And thou, Consummate Rose of all the year,
Thou, Summer, deathless Queen, who still shalt glow
When o'er my head the guardian grasses blow,
Whisper but one rich word of mystic cheer;
Unveiled but once, O Lady, ere I go
What never mortal man may tell nor hear.
(V. Cameron Turnbull, 110, Guilford Street, W.C.)

SERO TE AMARI.

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of
thine eyes with a stroke"—EZEKIEL XXIV. 16.
Too late I knew I loved her, and that she
Was all my eyes desired, and even more.
Things grievous to her heart, that I deplore,
When she was daily by my side to see,
I did and left undone. Had I been kind
I should have mourned her loss, and in a while
Have dried mine eyes, to do so with a smile
Without remorse in every glance behind.
But taken from me by a sudden stroke—
Too late! Too late! became my bitter cry
As all that might have been within me woke
To wring my heart strings; till the day I die
This thought must be the burden of my lot:
I might have made her happy and—did not.
(Thomas Lanfear, 19, Weighton Road, S.E.)

As when one wanders in some hallowed scene,
 Afraid to break the silent sanctity
 With spoken word, lest there perchance should be
 Raised up discordant echoes where had been
 Sweet whispering silence: so have I well seen
 That it were vain to break the melody
 Of our glad friendship, which has meant to me
 Far more perhaps than you would have it mean.

And I have kept sweet silence, well content
 To love in secret under friendship's guise;
 To loiter in the presence of your eyes,
 And do your bidding—that were sacrament
 Too precious to endanger with a word
 Which I might wish unsaid, and you—unheard.

(L. Boothroya, Holmleigh, Batley.)

FOR A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

For all these flowers so fresh and country sweet,
 Accept the thanks of one who may not know
 Just how the roses round your cottage grow,
 Just how your fields are bright with marguerite.
 Thanks once again! And now let me entreat
 Next time you send but one, one that will show
 In its own bloom a garden all ablow,
 And raise my spirits from the eternal street.
 Yes, come yourself, and bring not only all
 The glow and freshness of a countryside;
 For being lovely thou wilt bring to me,
 Chained to a weary oar unmusical,
 A breath of all romance: of Greece defied
 And lovers' deeds in days of chivalry.

(George A. C. Mackinlay, 9, Burnbank Gardens,
 Glasgow.)

A PAGAN'S TESTAMENT.

When these tired eyes are closed in that long sleep
 Which is the deepest and the last of all,
 Shroud not my limbs with purple funeral pall,
 Nor mock my rest with vainest prayers, nor weep.
 But take my ashes where the sunshine plays
 In dewy meadows splashed with gold and white,
 And there, when stars peep from black pools at night,
 Let the wind scatter them. And on the days
 You wander by those meadow pools again,
 Think of me as I then shall be, a part
 Of earth—naught else. And if you see the red
 Of western skies, or feel the clean soft rain,
 Or smell the flowers I loved, then let your heart
 Beat fast for me, and I shall not be dead.

(Thomas Moulton, 23, Salisbury Drive, Sedgley Park,
 Prestwich, near Manchester.)

EVENING.

(WHITEGATE, CO. CORK, OCTOBER, 1911.)

Still they toil on, fulfilling the day's work,
 The ploughman and his tired horses, twain,
 While, circling round, the clam'rous seamews lurk,
 Or search fresh furrowed earth in greed of gain—
 High on the hill the horses rest at last,
 And silhouetted 'gainst the evening sky
 I see their heads bent low, with mien downcast
 Their weary master, silent, standing by.
 Afar the distant waters, burnished gold
 Gleam in the radiance of the setting sun—
 The autumn-tinted vale grows grey and cold,
 The toiler's work is o'er, the day is done.
 The seamews one by one are taking flight,
 I, too, turn home as evening fades to night.

(Hilda Mary Dowden, Rockdale, Orwell Road,
 Rathgar, Dublin.)

We also specially commend the sonnets (many of which are equal in merit to these eight we have found room to print) sent in by Margaret Critchley (Batley), Florence Bagster (Kendal), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss K. Royds (West Hampstead), W. D. Cocker (Glasgow), Ethel M. Cooke (Norwich), Vivien Ford (Clifton), Marion Burd (Llanfair), Lilian Hyde (Wem), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), A. Ernest Smith (Leytonstone), W. G. Priest (Norwich), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (West Hampstead), Mrs. Doris Dean (Bromley), Helen A. Cole (Newtownards), Horace M. Walker (Beeston), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), Mrs. Mackintosh Jowitt (Boscombe), Miss F. Parr (Clifton), Frank Fielding (Blackley), Annie

Haupton (St. Helens), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), P. H. Morton (Chingford), M. A. Mügge (Waltham Cross), M. A. P. Price (Aston), Julia M. C. Waltenberg (Leeds), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Violet D. Dean (Bromley), Kate Lee (Harrow), Mrs. Fortescue (Worcester), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Francis Clifton (West Streatham), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), F. E. Briggs (Crown Hill), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Ellen Beatrice Watts (Penistone), E. N. Overell (Maidenhead), Edmund Howard (Putney), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Olive Turpin (Southport), Herbert Hodder (Kingston-on-Thames), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), Edith M. Glaister (Waterford), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), Jean M. G. Alexander (Regent's Park), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Ernest A. Kerstein (Thornton Heath), "Mayfly" (Yorkshire), Joseph Barrow (Morpeth), Ernest Challenger (Nottingham), Mrs. C. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), Janet Macaulay (Rugby), Theodore Maynard (London, W.), Rev. Archibald J. Ashley (Cannock), Mark Anderson (Menstrie), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Mrs. A. R. Keighley (New Brighton), Miss W. D. (Manchester), Kenneth Greenwood (Leeds), James Thompson (Aberdeen), Rosa Waugh (Penarth), E. M. Dale (Crouch Hill), Eva Ridley (Hove), Tom Sefton (Bolton), W. Gregory Harris (Taunton), L. M. Burland (Harlesden), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), A. V. Waller (Sunderland), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), Edith M. Glaister (Waterford), C. M. J. Jones (York), Maude Collett (Cheltenham), G. Heathcote (Orlestone), Doris M. Tuthill (Oldham), A. J. Parkes (Hull), A. G. McDougall (London, S.W.), H. Elrington (Monkstown), G. Pickering (Hull), Margaret Clive Hildyard (St. John's Wood), John I. Ieckie (Spennymoor), Miss D. Macaulay (Manchester), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (South Woodford), Mabel A. Molyneux (St. Albans), John W. Shanks (Aberdeen), Miss C. Sharp (Tunbridge Wells), A. Elliott (Willington), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Kate Bedford (Brighouse), Mona Garrod Turner (Southwold), W. Tempest (Haswell), Evelyn Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), Mrs. H. Sharland (Bristol), Maud M. Stawell (Shrewsbury), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Miss D. M. E. Gardom (Redhill), John F. Dyson (Redcar), J. W. James (Cardigan), Berwick Sayers (Croydon), Mildred Emerson (Barnard Castle), Frederic Hudd (Bromley), A. W. Robertson (Newcastle), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Mary E. Pearce (Cheltenham), Thomas Hutchinson (Morpeth), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Margaret F. Barron (S. Tottenham), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Max Plowman (Enfield), Miss E. M. Adams (Salop), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), M. J. Porcher (Oxford), C. Eric Staddon (Luton), Margaret Latham (Reigate), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Mary G. Gillespie (Denny), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), Frederic Lois (Plaistow), A. G. McDougall (London, S.W.), L. Golding (Manchester), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), Wilfrid G. Axton (Woodchurch), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), Ralph Gardner (Harlesden), Harold Howe (Leeds), Beatrice Fielden (London, W.), Kate Hickson (Leicester), Ernest A. Carr (Tonbridge), Stevens (Benyon), A. J. Thompson (Worthing), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Daisy Melling (Wigan), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Herbert G. Cooper (Glasgow), A. E. Tomlinson (Middlesbrough), H. R. King (Streatham), S. H. Skaife (Forest Gate), Albert Morrison (Glasgow), J. Matthews (Guernsey), Edyth S. Beves, Whiteley Lumb (Halifax), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), H. Faure (London, N.W.), Mrs. E. H. Marshall (Merton Park), Helga L. S. Ferguson (Usk), Leonard B. Wood (Bowdon), Charles G. Graves (Leamington), Robert White (Edinburgh), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Edward Bradburn (Manchester), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), A. E. Turner (West Kensington), H. M. Cresswell

Payne (St. Austell), Ethel Margaret Odell (Forest Gate), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), J. Evelyn Ball (Ferndown), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), J. Drummond R. Monfries (Helensburgh), Lawrence Tarr (East Ham), Norman Davidge Gullick (Chulmleigh), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Julia Wallenberg (Leeds), Miss A. K. Barlow (Blackheath), Eric Taylor Cook (Camden Road, N.W.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. ERNEST A. CARR, of 12, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, for the following:

THE FAMILY LIVING. BY E. H. LACON WATSON. (John Murray.)

"If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."
WORDSWORTH, *We are Seven*.

We also print:

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN.
BY WILLIAM WATSON. (John Lane.)

"You have waked me too soon, I must
slumber again."
ISAAC WATTS, *The Sluggard*.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor,
Queen's Road, Basingstoke.)

THE COST OF IT. BY ELEANOR MORDAUNT. (Heinemann & Co.)

"The fly that sips treacle is lost in the
sweets."

GAY, *The Beggar's Opera*.

(Mrs. A. Morton Smith, Chin-
wangtao, N. China.)

BLINDS DOWN. BY H. A. VACHELL.
(Smith, Elder.)

"I was about to notice, had you not
prevented me."

BROWNING, *King Victor and
King Charles*.

(Juliette Samson, Floretta, 108,
Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, W.)

NO NAME. BY WILKIE COLLINS.

"He answered to 'Hi!' or any loud cry."
LAWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark*.

(Isabel Butchart, Elliscales, Dalton-in-Furness.)

THE DEPARTMENT STORE. BY MARGARETE BOEME.
(Appleton.)

"One mission theirs—to find the stuff;
And all's not much, nor much enough."

ANONYMOUS, *The Setting Sun*.

(George Stanton, 47, Kirkdale Road, South Wigston,
Leicester.)

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS. BY RHODA BROUGHTON.
(Stanley Paul.)

"The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew."

GOLDSMITH, *The Hunch of Venison*.

(Margaret C. Hildyard, 8, Queen's Road, St. John's
Wood, N.W.)

III.—Easily first in favour with our caricaturists is G. K. Chesterton; next him in order of popularity come G. Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Rudyard Kipling, A. E. W. Mason, and William de Morgan. We award the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS to Mr. S. COHEN, of The University, Leeds, for his caricature of Mr. Chesterton, which we reproduce on this page. The best of the other caricatures received are those by A. Cameron Shore (Croydon), May Hughes (Banbury), Henry G. Dowling (Portsmouth), Geraldine Payne Galloway (Thirsk), Tom Sefton (Bolton), A. Bird (Tooting), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), G. Major (Cardiff), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), H.



G. K. Chesterton.

A caricature drawn by S. Cohen.

Kelly (Barrow-in-Furness), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

THE NIGHT LAND. BY W. HOPE HODGSON.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

In these days of so much hastily written literature and of so many questionable novels, this tale is as a pearl of great price. It has been written carefully, but lovingly, and it should be read, not by those in search of an hour's distraction, but by those who are willing to pause often, to think, to marvel and to admire. Sometimes we are reminded of Kipling, and yet often the style more strongly resembles Maurice Hewlett's. In a language surely of his own invention, Mr. Hodgson gives us the most touching, exquisite spirit romance that has ever been written.

Among the best of the other reviews sent in are:

CARNIVAL. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

To review "Carnival" in a few words is as impossible as to confine the sea within the limits of a pool. There is a largeness of scope, a superabundance of detail, a vitality, a richness of vocabulary and phraseology in this story of a London ballet-dancer's life, that defies condensation. The reader follows with unflagging sympathy and interest Jenny's chequered career, from her inauspicious birth in Hagworth Street, Islington, through the vicissitudes of her professional and family life, her love affairs, friendships, and marriage, to her premature death in Cornwall. The whole is a wonderful kaleidoscope of ever-shifting pictures.

(Kate Lee, 52, Butler Road, Harrow.)

THE JUSTICE OF THE DUKE. BY RAFAEL SABATINI.
(Stanley Paul & Co.).

No one is more conversant with the life of Cæsar Borgia than Mr. Rafael Sabatini. Cæsar Borgia was full of contradictions—ruthless and merciful—swift in action but full of philosophy—cunning in statecraft, yet entirely unconventional in military matters. The various incidents in his life are portrayed with sharpness and accuracy, and the novel is not only thrilling reading but of real historical value. Every chapter has its dramatic incident, but the best of all is the scene where Cæsar wins the love of Guido's daughter, extracts from her her own plans, and then casts her aside.

(D. E. Grant, "Lynton," Lightwoods Hill,
Smethwick, Staffs.)

BLINDS DOWN. BY H. A. VACHELL. (Smith, Elder.)

"Blinds Down" is typical of the attitude that many of us voluntarily maintain towards the seamy side of life, ignoring the fact that to close one's eyes to conditions is not to nullify those conditions, and also that the voluntary withdrawal of oneself from any section of life is to stultify and weaken the individual. The tragedy contained in the above story runs the lives and wrecks the happiness of the innocent, as well as of the guilty, and the writer shows in a forcible fashion how irreparable is the harm wrought by so unnatural a mode of existence!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY. BY PERCEVAL
GIBBON (Dent.)

Mr. Gibbon has enriched fiction with a great character in Miss Gregory. Few heroines of fifty have power to charm the *blasé* reader of to-day, but this remarkable woman does from first to last. She is a modern Betsy Trotwood, with a taste for exploring out-of-the-way corners of the earth—such as West Africa and Russia. The descriptions of foreign life and manners are perfect, and such as we would expect from one who has been a war correspondent. The book is real literature, and full of interest.

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby, S. Wales.)

JOHN CHRISTOPHER. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN,
from the French of ROMAIN ROLLAND. (Heinemann.)

It is morbid, unpleasant, almost dull, yet so clever that it compels one to go on reading it. But as one follows the hero through his hard-fought musical career, and many love affairs, despising his unlovable faults, yet admiring much in a character where the artistic temperament beats its wings against solid German fortitude, one sickens of the unveiled detail, the picture becomes ugly, repellent, although still uncomfortably fascinating, one longs for a smothering dab of sunshine splashed in by an impressionist! The translation should attract attention, so admirably has Mr. Cannan preserved the intensely French spirit of the original.

(Gladys Evelyn Warren, 65, Springfield Road,
St. John's Wood, N.W.)

We also highly commend the reviews received from Mary Kingdon (Harlow), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Leo Delicati (Bristol), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Margy Colman, Alexander McGill (Glasgow), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Geraldine Payne Gallwey (Thirsk), Daisy Melling (Wigan), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), Ernest E. Reynolds (Clapham Common), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Doris Hudson (Hull), X.Y.Z. (Cambridge), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), M. A. McDermott (Abingdon), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), George Stanton (Leicester), Flora Thompson (Bournemouth), E. V. Overell (Maidenhead), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), Miss Chamberlain (Llandudno), Norah Strahan (Earl's Court).

THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to the Rev. J. A. S. WILSON, *care of* Mr. HARDY, 41, Sutton Place, Edinburgh.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

(1712-1778.)

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

EVERY year has its own importance in modifying the current of human lives and human destinies; but some years surpass others in conspicuity, notably, it seems to us, the year twelve. In 1612 we lost a popular prince and heir to the throne, whose survival would probably have given our island history a wholly different bent. In the autumn of 1812 began the Moscow campaign. The end of June, 1712, witnessed the birth of J. J. Rousseau. There may be writers in the modern world whose books have had, or are destined to have, more influence than those of Rousseau. Those of Tolstoi, for instance, may come in time to influence more people. Napoleon regarded Rousseau as the most indispensable link in the chain of happenings that led to the Revolution. There are mediæval historians who trace everything in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to the influence of the Crusades. So in the nineteenth century there are evolutionists who see Rousseau behind every bush, colouring every cloud, precipitating every insurrection. Without going so far as this, it seems to be well within the mark to say that among the book-motors of modern times those known as "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*," "*L'Émile*," and "*Le Contrat Social*," have proved three of the most potent.

In the great century of the Middle Ages (the thirteenth), and again in parts of the seventeenth and eighteenth, France undoubtedly took the lead in human affairs. Its leadership in the thought and letters of the later period was due almost exclusively to two men, neither of them of very exceptional knowledge or powers of

thought, but both of them very exceptional writers. They raised the level of literature to a higher power among the arts than it had ever occupied before. Hence their pre-eminent interest to all bookmen.

Of these two men, Voltaire and Rousseau, the second was only half a Frenchman. Five generations of Rousseaus had lived as French settlers by Lake Lemán, and there Jean Jacques was born, on June 28th, 1712. His Genevose origin showed itself in his speech and his style, in his Republicanism, in his substratum of religion, originally Protestant, and in his dislike of the grandeur of great states. Voltaire, in one of his English letters, said that Geneva was a frog which puffed itself out to look like an ox. "*Elle est le Gilles d'Angleterre*." English influence profoundly affected Rousseau's literature, but it had no very immediate effect upon his life. He was born, he tells us, "*infirm et malade*. Je coûtai la vie à ma mère, et ma naissance fut le premier de mes malheurs." His father was one of those illusive and unstable sentimentalists which the pen of a Meredith would be required adequately to depict. A long family accumulation of credit for industry, integrity and solvency was by him apparently dissipated. This best of fathers, as he is described, had the dislike of encumbrance peculiar to men of his type, and practically deserted his son, who was apprenticed by an uncle to a brutally coarse and direct engraver in Geneva. Fear of punishment led him to abscond from his native city at fifteen, after which for several years he led a half-roguish, half-innocent rambling existence of the *Gil Blas* variety.



Jean Jacques Rousseau.

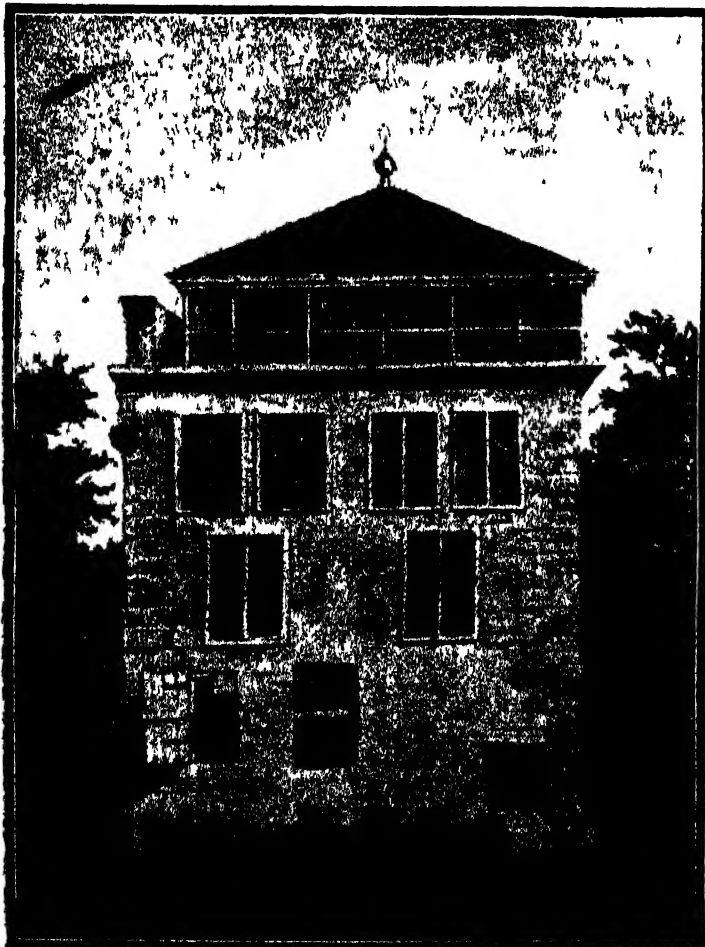
After the painting by Ramsay.

He was a lackey for a time, and his chief commercial asset seems to have been his conversion to Catholicism. It was this which, in 1728, procured his first introduction to the household of that extraordinary fellow-convert, whose influence proved one of the paramount circumstances of his life. Françoise-Louise de la Tour, born at Vevey, in March, 1699, became, in 1713, Madame de Warens. Thirteen years later she abandoned her husband (who was in difficulties) and her religion (which did not pay), and became a kind of paid information agent to the king of Savoy. She was a thoroughly modern woman—clever, charming, adaptable, unprincipled. She looked upon chastity as an old-fashioned prejudice, modesty as a mere maxim of social police, discretion as the rain-proof necessary to avert the scoffs of the vulgar. She was prepared to make the gift of herself as tranquilly and serenely as a kind woman does of her labour when she bustles about to get a tired man a cup of tea. Why, indeed, refuse one's friends a favour which had in her eyes no real importance whatever, except in so far as it might enhance their attachment. All those who pleased her and served her were privileged, her chief favours being shared between Rousseau, who served as her secretary, and Anet, a botanizing gardener and factotum. The intimacy between "Mamma," as she was called, and "Petit" (Rousseau) lasted intermittently until 1741. Yet his sojourn at Les Charmettes—which must ever be approached by the man of feeling as a shrine of reverential pilgrimage—was broken pretty frequently by Bohemian wanderings afoot; and no one has ever thrown over the aimless road-faring of adolescence and inexperience a more seductive and idyllic charm.



After a painting by Latour

Rousseau.



The house at Geneva in which Rousseau was born (1712).

The *confessions* which enshrine this part of the story are composed of two elements. The first is the syrupy, but poisonous, cup which idealizes the romance of Rousseau and his "Maman." It is all seen through a magic glass which falsifies everything, and is the work essentially of an erotomaniac, shy, morbid and perverse. The other contains wine of an honourable vintage, and illustrates a most important truth—the necessity for a healthy man to renew periodically the material (and animal) side of his nature. This has been adopted almost universally as part of the holiday philosophy of the brain-workers of our own time. Hitherto Rousseau had been an optimist; he still saw things in a haze of tender blue, and in spite of his vagabondage knew very little about human nature. His books were generated largely by the sharp contrast between this imaginary world, the beauty and harmony of which was greatly increased by a very gradual process of reminiscence, and the crowded world of real men into which he was gradually introduced after the transference of his head-quarters from Chambéry to Paris. The first part of his life is bathed in an atmosphere of idyllic vision, the second is submerged in an increasingly dense and atrabilious fog. The works which made him famous are produced by the interaction of the two points of view. Most of his ideas are implicit in his first discourse upon the inequality of men: Man is naturally good, men in the mass irremediably bad. The raw material is sound,

the finished product rotten. The idea is largely the old theological one of a primitive Paradise from which man has fallen in the process of becoming social; an idea based partly on reason and partly on sentiment. The sentiment common to all is inherent in the remembrance of a happy, thoughtless and innocent childhood, irrespective of the reflection that a happy infancy is one of the greatest benefits of society, the dearly-bought result of centuries of social action which have secured a measure of security for the weak and defenceless. The rational element is the outcome of the perennial unrest of man. Ignoring the horrors of a perpetual immobility, we are all apt to feel that the misfortunes of man have been largely brought about by his inveterate craving for change.

We rashly infer that the best course for each of us would have been to remain as far as possible as we were, and that it is the mad desire for progress which has been at the root of half humanity's sufferings. This is the fundamental idea of Rousseau—a romantic hypothesis in flat contradiction to the whole teaching of history, for it is based upon the untenable supposition that man is everywhere born free. But the story of man's early innocence and contentment is as unsubstantial as a fairy tale. All that we can learn by observation of ants is that they live invariably in ant

hills; of bees, that they live in hives; and of men, that they live and must always live in society. Man lives in a gregarious state as naturally as a fish lives in water, and if it is true that God made the country and man made the town, it is equally true that God made the cavern and man made the home.

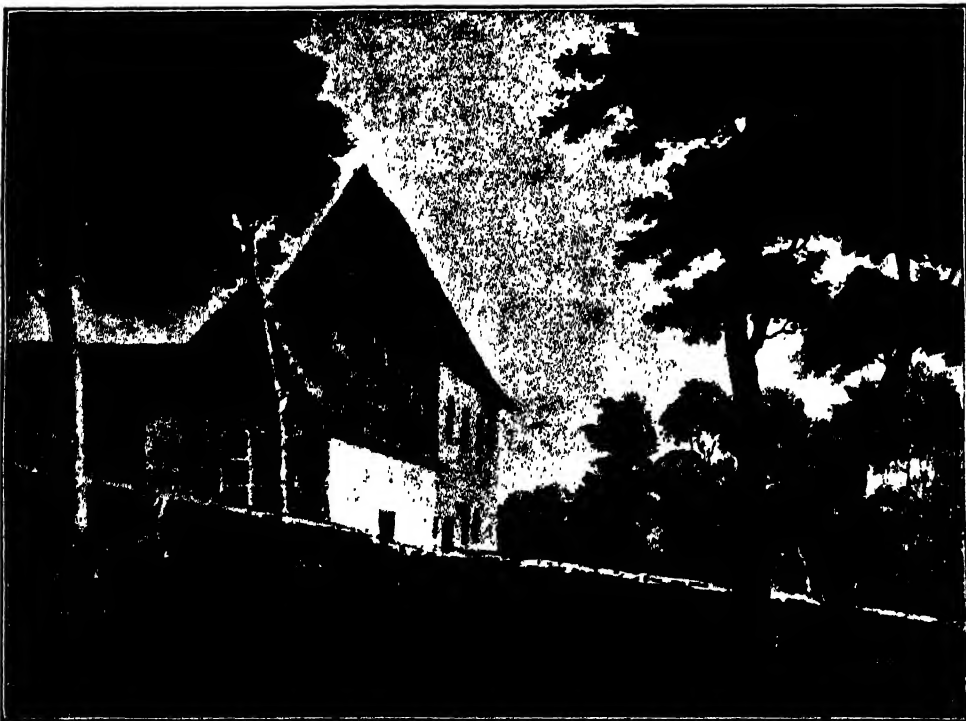


Madame de Warens.

book against the human race. I begin to long to walk upon all fours." The essay, despite its philosophic form, is the first of the Rousseau romances, all his books were really romances, and in verve, originality and creative, imaginative quality many consider it the freshest and the sincerest, if not the most eloquent.

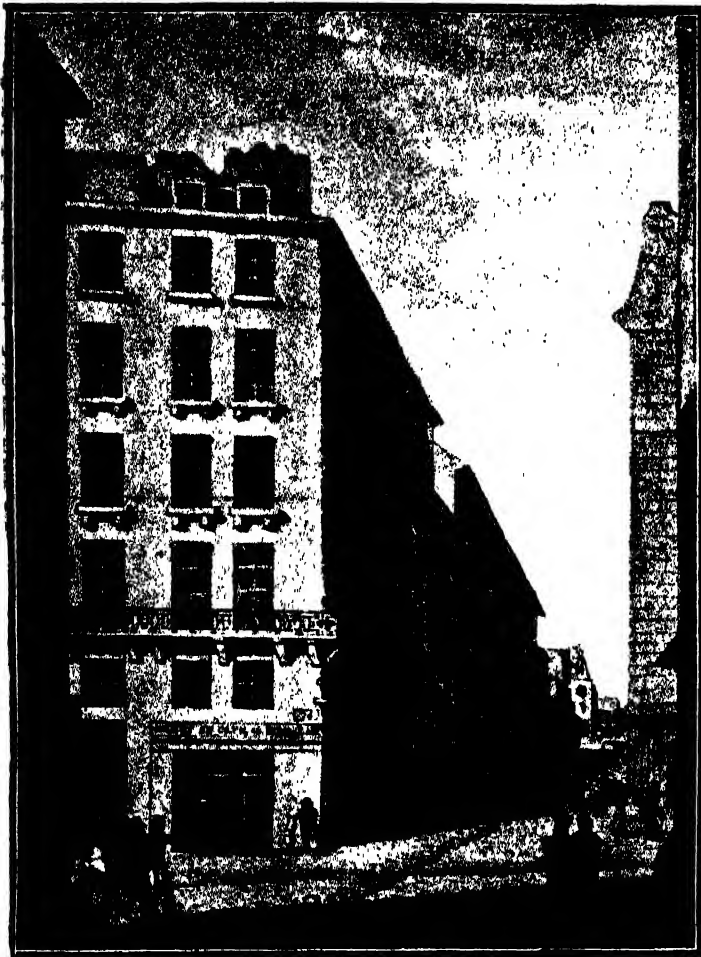
The story of the inception of his prize essay of 1749 is told with as much circumstance as if it were the dawn of some new gospel to mankind. Its success made Rousseau the reigning lion in the brilliantly artificial Parisian society of that day. People became wildly

curious to see this strange being who wrote with such eloquence and daring originality, who sought no one, and who begged only to be allowed to live his own life with the boarding-house servant who had supplanted "Maman" in his affections. Women tried the most daring ruses to get him to dinner. He tried to offend



The house of Madame de Warens, near Chambéry.

Les Charmettes.



Rousseau's house in the
Rue Platrière, Paris.

them by adopting the most boorish behaviour. But this only added to their delight. His social success was intensified by the success of his opera, "Le Devin du Village," and the *manie* for Rousseau was stimulated to an enormous extent by the appearance of his one ostensible romance, "La Nouvelle Héloïse," the mid-summer night's dream of a poor *précepteur*—a worthy successor of "Pamela" and pioneer of "Le Disciple." In the romance of "Julie" we are taught the folly of resisting Nature in affairs of the heart. In "Émile" Rousseau seeks to reduce the science of rearing offspring into harmony with the promptings of a like spontaneous instinct.

Rousseau frequenting the salons of the *grandes dames*, Rousseau composing operas, Rousseau the hermit, Rousseau in England, Rousseau, first the acolyte and then the abomination of the philosophers, becomes more and more an impossible knot to unravel. The complexity of his life reminds us how impossible it is to summarize even an outline into a small compass. Two momentary glimpses must suffice. In 1756 he revisited Chambéry in company with his mistress-wife Thérèse. Poor Mamma! His heart was broken at the sight of her. The only bit of jewellery that was left to her—a little ring—she took from her finger and put on that of Thérèse, who at once returned it, kissing the noble hand and watering it with her tears. "Ah, that was the moment for me to liquidate the debt I owed her. I ought to have left all to follow her, to share her fate, whatsoever it might be. Alas, I did nothing. . . . I sighed, lamented, but did not follow her. Of all the remorse. . . ." Eight years later Mamma died in a hovel. Thérèse, the coarse, the unfaithful, the evil

genius of Rousseau's last years, survived until 1801. The philosopher remained poor, a music-copier, and yet a dependent until the end. In 1778 he moved eleven miles from Paris—to Ermenonville. There he died mysteriously on July 2nd in that same year. His ashes were moved to the Pantheon in 1791, to be scattered later, like those of Wyclif, to all quarters of the earth.

We must now turn to the most controversial, if not the most seminal, of all Rousseau's mental issue. The "Contrat Social" is Rousseau's Protestant book; it agrees badly and imperfectly with the rhythm of his other works. Emancipation from the chains of society is his great principle. But there is no such cure for civilization here. Far from enfranchising man from the yoke of social invention, he renders his servitude closer and harder to bear. He had Protestant Geneva and its Spartan ordinances in mind throughout; and yet it was in France, and not in Geneva, that the "Contrat Social"—in some respects the most important of his works—attained its full extent of power and influence. In the next generation it became the Pentateuch of the Constituents and the Koran of the Jacobins. Visionary as it is, the antithesis of the English ideal of liberty, slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent, and obnoxious in every way to the Burkean conception of historical continuity, the "Contrat" is rightly described as one of the most curious and interesting books in existence. Historically an anacoluthon, logically full of gaping flaws, its eloquence and cogency still challenge and even convince.



The house at Ermenonville
in which Rousseau died.

Originally born free, men have been reduced to slavery—everywhere. The remedy was not, as might be deduced from his other books, in a patriarchal form of Government, but in a sovereign democracy. To rescue themselves from the ills of wealth and culture men must form themselves into one sovereign people. The people cannot discard their sovereignty. They cannot delegate it to representatives—as the English do. In England the only time of freedom is when—if we suppose universal suffrage—the people are in the elective crisis and are doing their one sovereign act.

In order to escape the bondage to Nature men may mortgage some of their natural rights and accept partial bondage to society, in which each will is free only in so far as it is a part of the general will, influencing all, and being influenced by all. This will in any particular case is found in the will of the majority. Of course this social freedom, according to Rousseau, is not an equivalent for natural freedom, which should be preserved wherever it is possible; but it is the next best thing. Only care must be taken that it does not, as at present, degenerate into tyranny on the one hand and slavery on the other. Though the authority of the sovereign is absolute, inalienable, indivisible, and the source of all laws, yet, since the execution of the laws must be entrusted by law to a part of the sovereign, there is always danger that this part, though possessing no independent authority, will either use the laws for its own benefit or act contrary to the laws, and thus enslave the other part. When this happens the Social Contract is broken, and the parties to it return to the State of Nature, free from all authority, but free at the same time to make a fresh contract.

There is little in Rousseau's "Social Contract" that is absolutely new. He borrowed from Hobbes the true conception of authority, and from Locke the true conception of the ultimate seat and original of authority, and of the two together he made the great image of the sovereign people. Strike the crowned head from that monstrous figure, which is the frontispiece of the "Leviathan," and you have a frontispiece that will serve excellently for the "Social Contract." The idea of the natural pact is borrowed from Spinoza; the idea of the inalienability of popular rights from the Protestant philosopher Althusen's "Politica"; the notion of fraternity from Languet, and that of citizenship again from Spinoza. It is not what Rousseau said that is original, but his way of saying it. The others had accumulated a heap of dry faggots. It was Rousseau that set fire to them and made them dangerous. His analysis is by no means perspicuous. The state of nature and natural rights were unhistorical and

preposterous conceptions. He was quite unable to distinguish intelligibly between the general will and the common will. Just as Hobbes tended to confuse personal with juristic sovereignty, so Rousseau tended to confound supreme coercive force with *la volonté générale*, which is something quite different from it. He tries in vain to reduce a moral ideal to the limits of a legal formula. He dangles before our eyes the picture of a perfect people, freely determined to action by an enlightened reason. When we look closer we see nothing but the grinding tyranny of a many-headed monster. The value of an ideal consists in the possibility of approximating to it. Burke's ideal of a "rational freedom" is better than Rousseau's because it lies within the scope of human endeavour, and is congruous with the constitution of human nature. Rousseau did not take notice of human nature except to condemn it; yet he

dreamed of puddling this vile material into the image of a Holy Commonwealth. The Lycurgus necessary to mould the plastic puppet man into the form of such a commonwealth was to be found eventually only in the extremely dubious form of Napoleon, a native of that little island state which Rousseau predicted was one day to astonish the world.

A few words remain to be said about his style, character and influence. His pretensions in the matter of style were not excessive; he admitted freely that it didn't matter to him whether a sentence was good French or sound idiom. The object of writing, as of speaking, was to be understood, and the writer who was intelligible had gained his end. If, in addition, he were lucid, so much the better. "Be clear, therefore, and make everyone who knows French understand you. That is the rule, and if in the process you should commit a hundred barbarisms,

no matter; you have written well. I go further and maintain," he adds, "that sometimes you will need to commit a few grammatical mistakes in order to be better understood. To be perspicuous and not either a pedant or a purist, that is your true object!" Despite this candour, which pervaded everything that he wrote, Rousseau is still regarded as one of the great masters of French style. He is not a martinet, either in order or arrangement, but as a master of the flowing and oratorical style he has had few rivals or none. There is an innate harmony between the flow of his rhythm and the development of his ideas—development of his ideas, there is the secret. Few, indeed, have approached him in this mysterious power of wringing the last ounce of meaning out of a philosophical hypothesis. His rose-tinted clouds are perfect, and nothing in prose poetry could very well surpass the exquisite beauty of



Rousseau.

From the bust by Houde

the sentimental reveries with which he concludes the last of his romances—those imaginative "Confessions."

"How strange that a man of such exquisite notions
Should have sent his poor brats to the Foundling,
my dear."

So wrote Tom Moore, who satirised better than he sang. The case of Rousseau is somewhat on a par with that of poor Yorick and other notorious prose poets and sentimentalists who botanised upon their mother's graves. Rousseau was a sentimentalist *in excelsis*, and his character, though ably defended, can never be satisfactorily cleared of cruel inconsistencies. The best extenuation, after all, is that his mental and physical abnormalities rendered him to some extent, at any rate, morally irresponsible. The fascination of his manner and the seduction of his style rendered his influence dangerously irresistible. The ideal portraiture of his Savoyard vicar made his influence upon religion hardly less potent and pervasive than his philosophic example, of which we have already spoken. In art, and especially in literature, his influence has been almost illimitable. He is the master painter of the picturesque, the Corot of rural sentiment. Of the taste for nature and simple life he is likewise the Arch-evangel. His followers and disciples in French literature alone are legion.

Among French writers alone his influence may be discerned in Bernandi de Saint-Pierre, Mme. de Staël,

Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Montalembert, Saintine, De Maistre, Michelet, De Musset, George Sand, Souvestre, De Sénancour, Renan, Bourget, Pouvillon, Coppée, Amiel, Loti. Goethe in his sentimental and Wertherian period was simply steeped in Rousseau, and the same applies to Schiller, Kotzebue, the early German novelists and particularly to Heyse. In England we begin to see the effect of Rousseau very clearly in Cowper, then in Shelley and Keats, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Longfellow and Emerson. Wordsworth is saturated in Rousseau's nature philosophy and reproduces many of his master's errors about the heaven of infancy and the natural state of innocent man. Tolstoi is deeply immersed. He proceeds, it is true, from a mere historical starting point. Man as an agriculturist is his natural man. And he reaches a different goal, the subversion of organised violence which man is deluded into regarding as a safety guard. But for much of the route he follows Rousseau unreservedly. And Rousseau intrudes into modern politics almost hourly. A few days ago a fierce attack was made on him in the French Chamber by an academician, Maurice Barrès, and Rousseau was vehemently defended by a minister from the instant charge of political incendiarism. Only yesterday as I was returning home I heard a lady socialist appeal to her audience with the well-worn maxim: "Man is born free and yet everywhere we see him in chains."

New Books.

STEVENSON.*

The third five-volume instalment of the Swanston edition of Stevenson's works is now in the hands of the subscribers, and includes three of his most characteristic novels, the whole of his poems with seventeen additional pieces not in most editions, and all the plays, written in collaboration with W. E. Henley.

"Deacon Brodie," "Admiral Guinea," "Beau Austin," and "Macaire" have never been successful either from the box-office point of view or in the estimate of the dramatic critics, and the passage of time, which, sooner with prose drama than with any other kind of literature, makes the fashion of the work antique or obsolete, renders it more unlikely, every year, that any of the plays in question can be revived with even moderate popular success. The technique of the dramatist since these plays were written has been altered all in the direction of realism; soliloquies and asides are now supposed to be intolerable, though it only wants a dramatist of genius to restore those old conventions to the importance and acceptance which they once enjoyed; but not by reason of this is the actor-manager indifferent to the plays of Stevenson and Henley. There

are purely personal considerations why he will always choose another "Macaire" than this—considerations of vanity and diplomacy; but beyond that, he discerns certain elemental qualities in the plays which in any age would militate against their acceptance on the stage however they may charm in private reading.

With Stevenson, however it may have been with Henley, the mood in which the work was done was inimical to dramatic success. Plays, no more than poems, should be written in fun, as a pleasant literary sport for the leisure hours of gentlemen with the more serious affairs of life for the moment in suspense, and there is every evidence that it was in the same gay irresponsible spirit in which he made Davos Platz wood-cuts that Stevenson gambolled with Thalia. That merry and illuminating essay entitled "A Penny Play, Twopence coloured," gives the clue to Stevenson's attitude to the drama; he was the child of Skelt, and his notion of a play, to the end, appears to have been "Three-fingered Jack," or "Jack Sheppard," touched up with genuine literary style, the characters robust, and coloured with crimson lake, the speeches orotund and rhetorical, the period thrown far enough back to obviate any chance of the audience finding out that action and speech were of no real age or clime but simply Skeltary. The plays, in short, were written with the tongue in the cheek, and no mixed audience will stand that. As literary excursions they may be read repeatedly with pleasure;

* "Catriona," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Wrecker," "A Child's Garden of Verses," etc., "Deacon Brodie," etc. Vols. XI. to XV. 6s. net each. The Swanston Edition of the Works of R. L. Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus.)

particularly for their banter, but it is to the sophisticated they appeal; on the stage the brilliance of their writing fails to make up for their inability to rouse emotion. It was the verdict of a quarter of a century ago; it is the verdict of to-day, when the plays are sometimes presented by a repertory company.

Henley unquestionably provided most of the staying power for both collaborators; he was hopeful that there might be money in them long after Stevenson had come to look on them with indifference or disdain. Of "Deacon Brodie," when produced in 1884, Stevenson wrote that it was "d——d bad." In the following year he wrote significantly to Henley: "Do you think you are right to send 'Macaire,' and 'The Admiral,' about? Not a copy have I sent, nor, (speaking for myself, personally,) do I want sent. The re-perusal of 'The Admiral,' by the way, was a sore blow; eh, God, man! it's a low, black, dirty, blackguard piece, vomitable in many parts, simply vomitable; Pew is in places a reproach to both art and man. What I mean is that I believe in playing dark with second and third rate work; 'Macaire,' is a piece of job work hurriedly bockled." These were views, by the way, emphatically anticipated by his father; they greatly exaggerated the defects of the plays, but with this reservation, father and son were right.

Yet, oddly enough, the spirit of a paper game, with which Stevenson set about play-writing, only to discover that the grown-up world takes its plays seriously, in no way impairs the effect of "A Child's Garden of Verses," also composed in sportive hours the sportive hours, as it happened, of an author at the time experiencing the mingled joys of hemorrhage, sciatica, and ophthalmia. Though the gentle ironist peeps out sometimes in these nursery recollections, and the deliberate artist always, there is never any mood of insincerity; all is bathed in the spirit of a man in whom the thought of his past years did "breed perpetual benediction," in whom the innocence of any childhood was a thing to reverence, at all events to treat with tenderness. It was by "A Child's Garden of Verses" he made his first impression as a poet, and it will probably be found to maintain his poetical reputation longer than any of its successors, for this particular song-sequence is unique in English verse, and the thing essayed can never conceivably be better done. There is, of course, much in "Underwoods," and "Songs of Travel," that delights maturer moods more lastingly; "Home no Home to me," "In the Highlands, in the country places," "Blows the Wind to-day," "The House Beautiful," and almost all the Scots pieces, strike a note peculiarly Stevensonian and

beautiful. In the "Additional Poems," given in Vol. XIV. I miss one anonymously published under Henley's editing, when a prize was offered for the identification of its author:

"We found Him tuff as in the Dells of May
The Dreaming Dandel finds the earliest Flower:
Thoughtlets we wandered in the Evening Hour:
Amlets and pleaded we went on Random Way
In the foot-haunted City, in the Night,
Among the alternate Lamps we went and came
Till, like a humorous Thunderbolt, that Name,
The hated Name of BRASH, assailed our Sight.
We faw, we paused, we entered, looking Gm.
His Wrath, like a huge Breaker on the Beach,
Broke militant forth—He on the Counter beat
In his infantile Fury; and his Feet
Danced Impotent Wrath upon the Floor within,
Still as we fled we heard his Idiot Screech."

"Catriona," and "The Master of Ballantrae," I referred to in a former notice of the Swanston Edition. "The Wrecker," which, with "The Ebb Tide," brought Stevenson first to the attention of many sadly imperipient readers who had never previously found him up to their standard of sensationalism, was probably the most extensively sold of all his larger books. It was the first novel in which he wrote of characters and conditions of life contemporary with himself, so qualifying what Mr. Lang—of all men!—seems to regard as his one deficiency. No modern novel of adventure has a more auspicious opening; the Prologue breathes a tropical and magic air, but that key is not sustained, and though one reads "The Wrecker," again for the sake of Captain Nares, and Loudon Dodd, and the fascinating Jim Pinkerton, one feels that the story could have been told as well and less amorphously by many other practitioners of the police novel.

NEIL MUNRO.

LAST ESSAYS OF A BOOKMAN.*

Bismarck is reported to have said that in diplomacy it is the business of the diplomatist to be diplomatic. The late Churton Collins acted consistently on the maxim that in criticism it is the business of the critic to be critical, and it would be paying poor respect to his memory to ignore his principle when his own work happens to be concerned.

I am sure, too, that he would have been among the first to raise the voice of protest (I have in fact a suspicion that he did raise it) against the rapidly spreading practice of indiscriminate posthumous publication, which as a rule neither enhances the reputation of the dead writer nor adds anything of substantial value to contemporary literature. With the frankness which he himself would have approved and from the point of view which I believe would have been his own, I therefore venture to question the wisdom

* "The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins." Edited by L. C. Collins. 6s. net. (Dent.)



The back Verandah at Vallima.

From The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson, Swanston Edition (Chatto & Windus).

of this volume of essays. I can appreciate to the full the personal feelings by which its issue was prompted. But if the actual quality of its contents be alone considered, the judgment must be that it falls short of the high standard the writer himself taught us to expect and demand.

This is perfectly natural, since, as Mr. Collins' prefatory note tells us, most of these essays were delivered by his father in the form of lectures. As lectures they doubtless served their purpose and served it admirably. But the conditions of the popular lecture are, or should be, different from those of the printed essay, and it seldom happens that work prepared expressly for one object stands quite satisfactorily the test of the other. In the popular lecture, for instance, there is ample justification for familiar facts, trite observations, and ephemeral details for which the printed essay affords no proper place. Having regard to their original aims, one does not complain that the lecture on Tennyson in this collection is little more than a string of well-worn commonplaces, that on Johnson a slight biographical sketch filled out with stock anecdotes and quotations, that on the Shakespearean Theatres a mere compilation. We can well understand that these pleasantly written papers must have been full of entertainment and stimulus to those who had the opportunity of listening to them. But as essays in a volume, to be read and pondered over, they are bound to seem thin and disappointing.

While, however, this criticism bears upon the volume as a whole, there are divisions of it in respect of which qualification is called for. Here and there, leaving the beaten highways of literary history, the writer strikes out into by-paths of his own choosing, and when he does so, he rarely fails to find something interesting by the way. By far the most suggestive essays in this book are those which institute comparisons between Browning and three great thinkers of the past—one English, one French, and one German—who are seldom named in connection with him: Butler, Montaigne, and Lessing. In the discussion of the Christianity of Lessing and Browning, in particular, a line of inquiry is opened up which will be new to many readers and must prove attractive to all. I have myself often been impressed by the close parallelism in thought between "The Education of the Human Race," with its logically developed thesis of progressive revelation, and "A Death in the Desert," with its mystical rendering of the same fundamental idea. It is this parallelism which Churton Collins is mainly concerned to draw out. He shows that in meeting the rationalistic attacks, in the one case of Reimarus, in the other of Strauss and his school, these two exponents of a purely spiritual conception of religion took up the same position and adopted the same method of defence; both contending that "the truth of Christianity is independent of its historical proof"; both maintaining that though its dogmatic accretions may pass away, its living power is permanent and universal. He also lays stress upon another important point of resemblance between the German humanist and the English poet. Browning, as we all know, was fond of emphasising the incompleteness of all higher truth. In so doing, he was only re-stating in his own language one of the cardinal principles of Lessing's philosophy. Churton Collins does not undertake to decide whether or not Browning was directly indebted to Lessing, though, always rather prone to discover borrowings, he clearly inclines to the conclusion that he was. But he suggests that in any event, "all which is worth serious consideration in his argument is what he has in common with Lessing."

I may add that some of these essays are incidentally interesting, because they give us glimpses of the personality of the writer and of his ideas about literature and life. I have described the essay on Tennyson as little more than a string of well-worn commonplaces; but an individual note is struck in the sentence in which the critic pauses to give surprisingly high praise, not to the poet's art or style, but to his "political teaching"—"It is," he declares, "as sound sentimentally as it is sound in simple reason." His testimony to the spiritual potency of Browning's work is also memorable: "To how many of us has Browning

sent new life-blood pulsing into old truths; for how many of us has he rekindled lights that were becoming dim, and taught us to understand and feel what Christianity *really means*." I do not quote these words because there is anything novel in the thought conveyed. The same idea has been expressed in general terms over and over again. I quote them because obviously they are not an outsider's generalisation, but a bit of personal experience, and in a matter of this kind, every bit of personal experience counts. Most of all perhaps are we interested in the critic's attitude towards Wordsworth—always a touchstone of something more than a man's mere taste in poetry. He unhesitatingly treats him as a great teacher; asserts that we have never done justice to him "because we have not taken him seriously enough"; places him as complement and antithesis beside Shakespeare; proclaims him first in rank in his own order of poetry—the poetry of "essence and spirit." The essay may tell us little that is new about Wordsworth. It tells us much about the writer.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

WILLIAM WATSON AND THE THEATRE.*

A play which has not yet been acted has a reviewer at a disadvantage. If he is to do his duty, he has to consider, above all other qualities, its merit on the stage. To do this he must make an effort of imagination which is not called for by any other form of literature. If he is dealing with an author whose earlier plays have been performed in the theatre, his imagination has the aid of his memory. For the dramatic quality is probably repeated. One knows, for instance, pretty well what was dramatic and what undramatic in the plays of Mr. Yeats which one has seen; and one can use this knowledge in judging the unplayed page. With a poet's first play, however, the task is harder. This quality and that can be named as good or bad for the theatre, but that does not exhaust the matter. The dramatic is so elusive a spirit, so much more dependent on the author's personality than on such external things as structure, dialogue and so on, that one can never be sure what play will be interesting on the stage until one has seen it there. Yet structure, language and other technical points are all, in the case of a first play, on which imagination has to work.

"The Heralds of the Dawn" is Mr. Watson's first play and must therefore be judged with deference. It certainly *looks* as if it would not act very well. Eight short scenes, involving four changes of setting, would probably commend the piece to few managers. But managers are treated lightly nowadays, so we need not trouble too much about them. This construction, however, can be criticised on more serious grounds. It breaks the play up too much, gives it a choppy effect. One has not the time to become interested. And when we talk about dramatic quality and the sense of the theatre and so on, we merely mean the capacity for keeping an audience interested. Now one cannot be interested in a story which does not develop: not, that is, in the theatre, and only in the armchair when the story is quite short. But "The Heralds of the Dawn" does not develop. The motive of the play is a moral one. So far so good. Audiences are usually more interested in morals than in art, and the hyper-æsthetic critic, who refused to consider Mr. Watson in his moral side, would encounter much chaste beauty but would miss the main significance of his work. The plot of "The Heralds of the Dawn" is briefly this. Volmar, general of the forces of Idonea, conquers his country's enemy, but, during the campaign, seduces the daughter of a hunter, Abbo of the Woods. Volmar returns in triumph, but, in the midst of the festivities in his honour, Abbo kills him. He is naturally condemned to death, but is saved by the intercession of

* "The Heralds of the Dawn." A Play, by William Watson. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Hesperus, Crown Prince of Idonea. Clotaire, the old King, father of Hesperus, abdicates in his son's favour and takes poison. All this is doubtful morality and still more doubtful politics, but Mr. Watson is doing no more than uphold what Americans call the Unwritten Law. The time of the play is "the morrow of antiquity," and it symbolises the passing of tyranny, represented by Clotaire and Volmar, and the advent of liberty, represented by Hesperus. This is a promising theme, but it is spoilt by unskilful treatment, by the absence of that development which makes a play interesting. Abbo, for instance, appears for a moment in the first scene, and we are allowed to forget all about him before we see him again. A love affair of Hesperus's is touched on but not worked out; a cedar, the health of which is bound up with that of the royal house, would be significant if introduced as a recurrent motive or symbol, but loses all effect by being used once and dropped; the machinations of the demagogue Brasidas are peculiarly spasmodic and futile. In short, the play is scrappy.

There is one quality, however, which might save it on the stage, as it undoubtedly saves it for the reader. Mr. Watson is a skilled epigrammatist, in the sense that Martial rather than Melcager was an epigrammatist. This gift stands him in good stead here. His dialogue is excellent, terse and full of felicities. Most modern blank verse plays are as dull to read as to hear. Mr. Watson's play is certainly not dull to read. It might, therefore, being neither long nor long-winded, keep us interested in the theatre by sheer dexterity of dialogue. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker have shown us how many sins good dialogue can cover.

To read "The Heralds of the Dawn" is, at any rate, a pleasure, and not only because it contains such verse as:

"Brasidas, they whose judgment guides this realm
Allow you a large liberty of speech;
Allow to them some liberty of silence.
In statecraft there are things that cannot be
As public as a peepshow at a fair.
The council chamber of a King is secret,
Even as the heart and inwards of thy body
Are secret. To uncover their hid workings
Were to destroy thee, body and heart and all."

Like all Mr. Watson's work, "The Heralds of the Dawn" has lofty purpose, austerity, distinction. There are worse qualities than these in literature.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

GOETHE.*

The simultaneous appearance of these two handsome and portly volumes, dealing with Goethe, his life, work and influence, just at this present moment, when no particular anniversary or other occasion has befallen to bring their subject more than usually to mind is, one supposes, a mere negligible coincidence. The books are welcome, inasmuch as they will set their readers once more exploring and canvassing the mind and personality of Goethe and the vast mass of written matter—or much of it—in which they found expression. Mr. McCabe's book will hardly succeed in banishing from the public memory some former studies of his subject, notably that of George Lewes. It has the virtues he has given us the right to look for in his work; it is well-documented, thorough, thoughtful, and

* "Goethe: The Man and His Character." By Joseph McCabe. With Portraits. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"Goethe and His Women Friends." By Mary Caroline Crawford. With 76 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



The Goethehaus in Frankfurt.

From "Goethe," by Joseph McCabe (Eveleigh Nash)

not unilluminated by flashes of understanding and insight. But it has no markedly novel reading of Goethe's character to offer to us, and its perusal will leave most readers with pretty much the same opinion they held of him before they first opened his pages. Some of Mr. McCabe's critical judgments will indurate rather than alter the views they are intended to affect. His statement, for instance, that "Werther" is Goethe's greatest work will surely come upon most readers of this generation with something of a shock. That "Werther" is a little book of considerable literary power and charm few will deny; that it might, even had it been Goethe's one production, still have held its place in the public memory, may be conceded, but to exalt it over the best parts of "Faust," over such work as either of the Prologues, the Song of the Earth-Spirit, Margaret's Prayer, or the best of the Walpurgis scene, surely smacks of the insanity of eulogy.

Miss Crawford has discharged her more restricted task, of showing Goethe in his relations with the interminable string of women who succeeded each other in his affections, well also. The theme becomes monotonous by very force of variety, and leaves a slight sense of nausea on the normal palate, but that is no fault of Miss Crawford, and the book is as pleasantly written as any such record could be.

Goethe's place in the literary hierarchy is, one may suppose, tolerably fixed and certain by now. He owes it, as is right and just, to what is best and finest amid the huge and hugely diversified mass of his literary remains, which sets him fairly among the great writers of all time. And yet, in reviewing that mass in its entirety, it is possible at moments to ask whether its creator was, after all, of the race of indubitable, authentic, God-born poets; whether he was not rather merely a man of wonderful cleverness, marvellous industry, and vast will-power, a brilliant

plodder, a genius not born, but made? Perhaps there is no man who ever held a pen between whose best and whose worst work there is a greater or more impassable gap—not even William Wordsworth. Such a doubt receives, at least, collateral support from the tawdry theatrical fashion in which, while still a young boy, he decided "to seek God in his works, and in the good old Bible fashion to build an altar to Him!" For this purpose he selected some types, such as ores and other natural productions, and arranged them in symbolical order on the elevations of a music stand. On the apex was to be a flame typical of the soul's aspiration, and for this a pastille did duty. Sunrise was awaited with impatience. The glittering of the house tops gave signal; he applied a burning-glass to the pastille, and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years old, alone in his bedroom! Fancy Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Heine, or Coleridge, fancy even Victor Hugo, with all the flamboyant tinsel which mingled and jarred with the fine gold of his temperament, either playing such a trick or recording it of himself! To the English reader it infallibly recalls an intentionally bombastic incident in the first book of the "Dunciad," and also another scene in which a small boy reared an altar unto the Lord in the vast solitude of the African veldt. Miss Olive Schreiner's Waldo does not develop into a world-poet, a companion of princes, and a literary and social Jupiter, but the pitiful little mutton-chop melting on the twelve small stones was surely a more savoury sacrifice than Goethe's pastille.

Goethe's pinchbeck antic with his pastille, kept in mind as a key to the character of the being who played it, becomes dreadfully symbolical of much, a revealing light, a key to unlock the inmost recesses of his soul. His character was abnormal, and abnormal on the poor and shabby side, as was, for instance, his treatment of his mother. That she was a good mother, that she was exceptionally fond of her brilliant and wayward offspring, that she exulted in his growing fame, that the sad solitude of her last years was sweetened by the knowledge that he walked on even terms with earth's greatest, that he was the chosen intimate and adviser of a reigning prince, that he was caressed and flattered by the Conqueror of Europe, is made pathetically clear on every occasion whenever her name emerges among the records of his life. Yet Goethe lived for three-and-thirty years within little more than a hundred miles of her—he in Weimar and she in his native Frankfurt—and visited her only six times. He poured out volumes of cardiphonic drivel on his sweethearts and mistresses, his letters to the mother who would have given her life to save him from a headache would make scarcely a moderate-sized pamphlet. On p. 220 of her book Miss Crawford quotes a few sentences in a letter written by the proud and sad old woman to Fritz von Stein, a little boy who lived in Goethe's *entourage*:

"Since you are constantly with my son and know more about him than anyone else, how would it be if you were to keep a little diary, and send it to me every month? It need not, indeed, give you much trouble—only something in this way: 'Yesterday Goethe was at the play; in the evening invited out. To-day we had company,' and so on. In this way I should live as it were among you, should rejoice in your joys, and absence would lose much of its unpleasantness."

Fritz acted on the suggestion, and, as a result, Frau Aja heard much more than she had previously done of her son's everyday life.

These were the years in which Goethe was "developing himself," "building his soul-pyramid," and all the rest of it. The same ground-note of low selfishness runs through all his amours. He toyed with the souls of a long succession of women, inspiring passions he never had the faintest intention of gratifying, either by marriage, which was contrary to his "ideal," or in a more questionable fashion, which, as the ladies were mostly of respectable connections, might have brought unpleasant consequences to disturb his Olympian calm.

A great man? Yes—with reservations. A good man? No—with little reservation of any kind. By his fruits shall we know him. Goethe's intellectual offspring of any

account are easily numbered and easily appraised. They were Carlyle, with his hero-worship and his intellectual brutalitarianism, which the world tentatively nibbled at and soon rejected, and Nietzsche, with his mock-philosophy of sublimated caddishness, which the world, for the most and better part, has ignored altogether.

HENRY MURRAY.

THE WORKS OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.*

One rises from the reading of these two volumes with the feeling that the end of Richard Middleton came all too soon; that his passage under the stars finished at too early an hour; that his nine and twenty years were but so much promise; and that full achievement lay just beyond the short Night he did not fear but rather sought. One feels that; and yet the feeling may be but a will o' the wisp to lead us astray; very likely it is. Must we consider the man and his work? Must we sever the work from the man? It is not given to all to know the singer, but the first man met in the street may judge the song.

I am, for the moment, concerned with Richard Middleton's song; and I confess that I find it of a monotony which may be divine, but which is—there can be no denial—wearisome. He had many rhythms—he sought variety as he sought pleasure, avidly—but the song was the same, the substance and stuff of it were ever the same: he did not sing dreams, he sang of dreams he had had. The casual reader will say at once: "Richard Middleton was a dreamer." That is just what he was not; he was a man who *said* he had had dreams, but if dreams he had he kept them jealously to himself, and the hungry of the earth want more from their poets than a disdainful or a pitiful:

"I have seen God: but, hush! I may not speak."

And so, because Richard Middleton does not tell his dream, we are minded to fit him with Mr. Arthur Symonds' estimate of that other strange departed sprite, Ernest Dowson: "He was not a dreamer; destiny passes by the dreamer, sparing him because he clamours for many things. He was a child, clamouring for so many things, all impossible."

In the intervals of "clamouring for so many things," Richard Middleton sang some fine things, things quite pure and exquisite. Almost perfect is this "Nocturne":

"When Sleep puts on the cloak of Death,
And in the city masquerades,
Earth's tired children fight for breath,
And they who sought the dreamy glades
Fall panting on the road, and lie
Like clods beneath the sombre sky.

"But when Death comes like gentle sleep,
And takes our children to her breast,
Our weary eyes forbear to weep—
It is so very good to rest
Quietly in the dreamy corn
Until the breaking of the morn."

Almost perfect, I said; almost, but not quite; for here, twice in two stanzas, do we encounter Middleton's King Charles' head—dreamy, which, with dreams, dreaming, dreamful, was his obsession. The word, one imagines, had an uncanny fascination for him.

This "Nocturne" and "The Song of the King's Minstrel," by their simplicity and directness, are worthy of a place in any anthology. In both these there is the true singing-stuff, elemental and inevitable. But on most occasions Middleton sang a more sophisticated strain, and once or twice he passed the bounds of current decency, as in the lines "To C.M.," where he would be Peeping Tom, spying on the mysteries of the alcove, and in "After

* "Poems and Songs." By Richard Middleton. Introduction by Henry Savage; "The Ghost Ship and Other Stories." Introduction by Arthur Machen. 5s. net each. (Fisher Unwin.)

Love" with its "Let there be lust between us two." Of course, all that was mere braggadocio, the bantam bounce of the late 'nineties that would shock at any price the Puritan fresh from Cowper and Tennyson. And so many of us took it for bravery! Middleton, I feel, would have sacrificed these two pieces, and perhaps also "The Rebel" and the "Epithalamium." The piety of friends has preserved them. The same piety has given us an introduction to the "Poems and Songs" by Mr. Henry Savage, of which the conclusion may be quoted:

"Of his genius I am not using words idly when I say that it is of that rare quality which will sooner or later ensure him a recognised position in the front rank of English poets. Those who are not moved by the beauty of the poetry in this volume may find beauty elsewhere and had better seek it elsewhere. There is that in it beyond the reach of mere criticism. It is of the substance which lives."

Mr. Savage has the fervid courage of the devoted friend; but, honestly, I find that Richard Middleton's songs are Richard Middleton's most discreet and most trustworthy champions.

The prose volume, "The Ghost Ship" (introduced worthily and soberly by Mr. Arthur Machen), is truly remarkable. It would be remarkable in any year, not only for its manner but for its matter. In quality, in fineness as in substantiality, it is far above "Poems and Songs"; and just as Middleton found himself, before the end, "drawn towards young children and people who are simple and kindly and not too clever," so it may be conceived that he was also being drawn away from the easy artificialities and affectations of prosody, and towards the more austere beauties of prose. Certainly, in prose he has done fine things. "The Ghost Ship" is greatly imagined—humour, pathos, fantasy, poetry, and cunning earthly philosophy—of these is it mimitably made. I feel that it is a masterpiece. And surely there was never a more sincere, a more poignant bit of self-revelation than "The Great Man": every man who has been called to letters must see himself in this faithful mirror. And for all that "The Coffin Merchant" may owe something to Poe and Stevenson and Ambrose Bierce, and "The Soul of a Policeman" a little to Anatole France; these two sketches are gripping things, eloquent in their almost bald diction, beautiful in their spare lines. Richard Middleton's prose has nerve and vigour that his verse lacks and it has a style that should preserve it long against moth and rust. It is a prose that needs no apologist. It, and not his verse, will make live the name of this hunter after beauty, who gave up the chase ere it was full noon.

W. A. MacKENZIE

MR. BEGBIE ON THE Y.M.C.A.*

In one of his essays, Mr. Russell Lowell tells how an American church was being burned down, and how an anxious farmer rushed up to the scene, gasping: "Huz the bell fell yit?" His one interest in the fire was to hear the clang and crash of the bell, as the tower collapsed. Mr. Begbie appears to have been reproached by some critics of his earlier books upon religious conversion, for encouraging tastes like that of the breathless rustic at the fire. He now takes up his pen to show that "conversion is a quite common experience among ordinary men; is very often nothing more than a secret turning of the face towards God; a private decision to live a new life; a personal and wholly tranquil choice of the soul for Christ as its Master and Saviour. No

* "The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

priest appears to be necessary, the excitements of the revivalist preacher are absent; in the privacy of its own soul, the spirit turns from evil and faces towards God." In these pages there is no fall of the bell, to satisfy the craving for sensationalism. The book is a study of the work done by the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Begbie tells once more the story of its inception by Sir George Williams; gives several instances of men who have been helped by it to live clean and Christian lives in London; and pleads with characteristic vigour for the support of its new operations in the metropolis. One of the chapters is devoted to a sketch of the Rev. John McNeill, though Mr. Begbie does not mention him by name. Elsewhere, the views of Mr. Virgo are expounded at some length. But the bulk of the book is occupied with life-stories of clerks, barristers, and business men, who have been indebted to the Y.M.C.A. The author admits it has been more difficult to collect materials for this sort of book than for his earlier studies in a lower social stratum. Perhaps that is one reason why there is more of Mr. Begbie, and of Mr. Begbie's preaching, in these pages than in the previous volumes. However, the book is telling in its own way. By far the most interesting study is that of "A soul in the street"; it handles a phase of morbidity due to the unreal conditions of life in a huge city like London, but it is quite off the lines of the conventional religious experience, and it has the notes of a grey, twisted reality.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THE ROYAL MIRACLE.*

We all know that, as a matter of hard fact, Charles II. was one of the least deserving of monarchs and of men, but he was such a genial, gracious, likable ne'er-do-weel, and so much of picturesque incident and romantic sentiment were mingled with the record of his dissolute living that he has taken his permanent place among our gallant, glamorous heroes of song and story. We ought to be sorry that the Roundheads did not capture him when he escaped after Worcester fight, but we are not, and the tale of the adventures through which the Royal fugitive passed, how he was hidden and helped by loyal friends, how narrowly he missed being discovered again and again, makes a page or two of history as vivid and exciting reading as if they were pages of imaginative romance.

It is that thrilling phase of the King's career that has

* The "Royal Miracle" By A. M. Broadley. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul)

SECT. II.

The Nativity of Prince Charles.

I have seen several Nativities, that have been reported to be this Princely Native's true one. But one more especially what all our London Astrologers religiously confirm is the right. Which was the time of his birth to be, in the year of our Lord 1630. May the 29. 30. P. M. or afternoon. Now we know there can be but one Truth; and if this be it, I would willingly demand what directions those are (by such a correction) should signify these accidents following, which have already hapned unto him? I cannot (by the best of my skill) discover any, and am therefore apt to suspect the verity thereof.

1. Aged 9 years, broke his Arm, and disfigure in body.
2. Aged 10 years, a slight fever, and spile of the Jaundies.
3. Aged 12 years, the measles, left London &c.
4. Aged 16 years, went to France, had a scarles fever.
5. Aged 20 years, Crowned in Scotland.
6. Aged 21 years, warred at Worcester.

By the time given, before-mentioned, there is but one of these accidents that can have a direction to signify it; and that is the Crowning of him in Scotland; and that's the Midheaven to the ☿ of ♌; but



CHARLES II.
Crowned King of Scotland
January 2, 1651

From the portrait in John Gadbury's "Nativity of the late King Charles" (1659) in the possession of Mr. Broadley.

Charles II. in 1651.

From "The Royal Miracle," by A. M. Broadley (Stanley Paul).

furnished matter for this handsome book of Mr. A. M. Broadley's. Never before has the story been told in such minute detail nor so authoritatively. For long past Mr. Broadley has been collecting contemporary pamphlets, letters and documents relating to Charles's wanderings from September 3rd, 1651, to October 15th; and in September last year he took a party of friends on a motor-car pilgrimage from Worcester to Brighton, visiting on the way every remaining house at which Charles stayed, every place in which he lay in hiding, until, by devious courses, he reached the coast and was able to take ship for France. The most wonderful and momentous incident of his flight was probably what is known as "the miraculous divergence," which occurred on September 23rd, 1651, when the King and his handful of followers were fleeing along the Dorchester Road. Lord Wilmot rejoined them near the first milestone on that road with news that more troops were advancing on Bridport from Dorchester, probably with the object of intercepting the fugitives. "The ready wit of Charles stood him in good stead. He at once said that nothing else would save them, but taking the first turning to the left and doubling back to Trent, where their presence had not been as yet suspected. A few minutes later they turned into Lee Lane, and had not long been hidden by its high and leafy hedges when they heard the clatter of the Roundheads' cavalry riding swiftly towards Bridport." This almost casual turning aside not a minute too soon spared the King from capture and took him on the road that led to safety.

In a full and scholarly historical introduction Mr. Broadley treats at large of the flight of the King and the literature that has grown up around it; touches on some of its chief episodes, and has much of interest to say concerning those who aided the King in his extremity, and the identification of His Majesty's hiding-places. He follows this by printing several rare tracts, letters, broadsides and old ballads, all having to do with the King's adventures, and in a series of appendices includes papers read before the members of his last year's pilgrimage concerning Charles's escape from Worcester; the expenses incurred by him in Worcester, as shown by the municipal accounts; a narrative of his sojourn at Brightelmstone, whilst he waited for an opportunity to embark; an itinerary of the flight; the story of the famous motor-car pilgrimage; a careful bibliography; and other supplementary matter. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits and facsimiles, engravings and maps. Within its limits it is a contribution to history so conscientiously and exhaustively written that it is never likely to be superseded; much in the volume is now published for the first time, and one can only congratulate Mr. Broadley upon the knowledge and patient research with which he has accomplished his task, and the ability with which he has marshalled his facts and arranged his documents so as to make the whole record as supremely interesting as it is exact and reliable.

WITH NAPOLEON AT S. HELENA.*

Of writing many books about Napoleon there is no end, and Mr. Watson has achieved a work of length, substance and ingenuity about one of the very least of those who crossed for a moment the orbit of the great man. Piontkowski told the modest truth when he said of himself "I am but a pigmy," but he showed such real devotion to his hero by following him to Elba and S. Helena that he is now rewarded, more than sixty years after his death, by a short volume devoted nominally at least to himself. We say nominally, because in this book Mr. Watson is really wrestling with the shade of Sir Hudson Lowe, and striking some doughty blows in the much-laboured controversy as to the treatment of Napoleon in his last exile. There is no cold

impartiality about Mr. Watson, no anxious balancing of judgment; he is the Emperor's man, and after careful study of the Lowe Papers, is clearly convinced that the governor treated his prisoner with unnecessary harshness and incivility. It is generally agreed that Lowe was deficient in tact, but his enemies show little appreciation of his responsibilities and difficulties. Napoleon had escaped once before, at a cost to Europe of many thousand lives. He was always hoping to arouse sympathy in the English Parliament where the Opposition were ready to plead his cause, if by so doing they could damage the Government. His "court" at Longwood was difficult to rule and caused equal trouble to himself and to Lowe. In one essential at least the English Governor showed generosity by raising Napoleon's allowances for his establishment from £8,000 to £12,000 per annum. This useful amelioration was forgotten in what Montholon described to Basil Jackson as the policy of Longwood, the policy of pouring into England pamphlets of grievances "chiefly levelled at the governor as the head and fount of all that was amiss." Mr. Watson has himself an amusing note on the use made of certain Jews in S. Helena in the secret transmission of letters to Europe. He constructs for his readers this picture of Piontkowski:

"Bright-eyed, loose-lipped, gentle-mannered, simple-minded, receptive, romantic, susceptible, swayed up or down by the moment's impulse, and moved to smiles or tears with equal facility—a curious compound of the Slav's fanaticism, the Teuton's Schwärmeri, the Frenchman's vanity, the Oriental's resignation, and the Athenian's gossip-mongering—not a trace of the Roman about him. Withal an amiable and affectionate nature."

Piontkowski was at S. Helena from December 29th, 1815, to October 19th, 1816, when he was deported from the island by order of Bathurst and Lowe, partly because in his signed declaration he had abused the island and its climate, and partly because he had attempted to persuade a young English officer to carry information to Europe. Mr. Watson publishes from the Wilson papers letters written by the Pole after his return to England, in which he describes the life at Longwood. The most interesting portions of these deal with Napoleon himself:

"No man can be more abstemious than he: it is his practice to rise from table with appetite still left, and he drinks only about a quarter of a bottle of claret, mixed with water, at a meal; after dinner he has a small glass of wine of Constantia with the dessert. . . . Napoleon always rides the same horse, which he is very fond of, and caresses and calls his 'faithful,' and he is amused when the horse knows him from afar. . . . He spends the whole day in reading, writing, or dictating the memoirs of his life. The suite assembles at 6 p.m. in the saloon, when the Emperor often speaks of his youth, of which he can recall the minutest circumstances. Even in those days the King of Corsica (Paoli) said: 'Napoleon, you are a man out of Plutarch.'"

Those who are attracted by medical details will find a long and minute account of the Emperor's last illness and death in a note by Mr. Watson. In fact the most valuable portion of the book is in the notes and disquisitions, the vivacious and rather fierce little character sketches, and the "spade-work" which has produced appendices containing facts which may at some future time prove of decisive importance in historical controversy.

Mr. Watson is of the school of writers who are determined that their style shall never be dull, and sometimes the determination is so obvious as to be rather depressing. He will use a phrase like "We must return to our wethers." His writing is virile, he coins words and phrases, (for example, "she had no friends on a cruminal basis") and is a notable polyglot; but he is also at times slangy, allusive and topical, and sometimes tortures our poor mother tongue. When he is dealing with other writers upon S. Helena he becomes a very Dervish of criticism. Forsyth particularly excites him: "licensed fosterling of Themis that he is, he clutches at the scales and claps them on to your eyes!" M. Masson receives a stately compliment, and some severe blows, particularly for his innuendoes against the wife of Piontkowski. Mr. Watson finishes his account of that lady's life during her husband's absence in this triumphant exclamation—"might every grass widow give so clear an account of her late movements when her lord and master comes clattering home from abroad!"

WALFORD D. GREEN.

* "A Polish Exile with Napoleon." Embodying the Letters of Captain Piontkowski to General Sir Robert Wilson and many Documents from the Lowe Papers, Colonial Office Records, Wilson Manuscripts, Capel Loft Correspondence, and French and Genevese Archives hitherto unpublished. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. 12s. 6d. net. (Harper.)

AN INJURED QUEEN.*

Though much has been written about the wrongs and sorrows of Queen Caroline, and she has her place, of course, in all the histories of her time, during the last ninety years only two books have been devoted exclusively to the surprising, rather sordid, very baffling story of her unhappy life. The first was written by an Italian professor; and here in these two handsome volumes of Mr. Melville's, we have the second. Whether Caroline was guilty of anything worse than careless talking and indiscreet behaviour it is impossible to say with certainty; Mr. Melville inclines to give her the benefit of the doubt—for there is a doubt, and a large one; but even if her guilt were sure, after reading Mr. Melville's vivid, sympathetic study of her character, and the whole story of her sufferings, one's blame is swallowed up in pity. Whatever her faults, she was amiable, kindly; her very carelessness and guileless outspokenness were continually delivering her into the hands of her enemies; she was surrounded by treacherous friends who were eager to curry favour with the Prince, her husband, by exaggerating and betraying her smallest follies and bearing false witness against her. And for the Prince himself, the fourth George, that "first gentleman in Europe," nothing in his discreditable career so utterly discredits him as his mean, boorish and heartless treatment of the woman he had married. Mr. Melville has done his work carefully and well; his pictures of the life of the period, and of its leading personalities are admirably drawn; he has laid all reliable authorities under contribution and been enabled, moreover, to enrich his book with some hitherto unpublished documents. He has handled his material with a narrative skill that makes "An Injured Queen," apart from its historical value, a romance of most poignant human interest.

EIGHT NEW NOVELS.

Whatever else may be lacking in modern fiction it is neither literary ability nor variety. During this month I have read to speak only of novels one can recommend with some enthusiasm "Wintering Hay,"¹ Mr. John Trevena's sombre but powerful Dartmoor romance, with its atmosphere of grim tragedy and vividly imagined narrative of disastrous passion; "The Considine Luck,"² a delightfully idyllic love story, that runs a chequered course and by the way gives occasion for some very ably realised pictures of Irish life and the drollery, tenderness, pride and fine simplicities of Irish character; Mr. Charles McEvoy's exhilaratingly fresh and clever comedy of a chivalrous elopement,³ which ends in a fashion that disillusion and shocks you with surprise, though it is the absolutely fitting end for it; "Branston Heath,"⁴ which will please you if you are a good democrat by its high idealism and the profound sincerity of conviction with which it handles the land laws and the terrible problems of modern poverty; "Love's Pilgrimage,"⁵ that is somewhat reminiscent of the anonymous "Diary of Arthur Stirling," with which Mr. Upton Sinclair practically started his literary career, but the later story shows what remarkable progress he has made in the mastery of his art. A real passion burns in his love episodes; he touches on the most delicate mysteries of life with a true spiritual insight; and if his minute presentment of the character of a man of genius sometimes irritates you this is not to say that the picture is not amazingly true. You may or may not sympathise with Mr. Sinclair's fierce attacks on our social conventions, but you can scarcely fail to be taken with the beauty and originality of his story.

* "An Injured Queen: Caroline of Brunswick." By Lewis Melville. 2 Vols. 24s. (Hutchinson.)

¹ "Wintering Hay." By John Trevena. 6s. (Constable.)

² "The Considine Luck." By H. A. Hinkson. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

³ "Brass Faces." By Charles McEvoy. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

⁴ "Branston Heath." By C. Reginald Enock. 6s. (Dent.)

⁵ "Love's Pilgrimage." By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (Heinemann.)



Queen Caroline with her daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

From an engraving after R. Cosway

From "An Injured Queen," by Louis Melville (Hutchinson).

"Out of the Wreck I Rise," "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," and "Halcyone," have nothing in common with each other except that each is, I think, the best book its author has yet given us. Plots never count for so much in Miss Harraden's novels as her indefinable charm of style, and the rare gift she has of creating character and atmosphere. Her study of the temperament of that little great man Adrian Steel,⁶ is a subtle and admirable piece of work. Crudely speaking, Adrian is dishonest and dishonourable; when, as a dramatic agent, he has cheated his clients out of huge sums of money and is on the verge of discovery and disaster, he does not dream of confiding in his neglected wife, but turns for advice and help to two women whom he had loved and tired of and thrown over years ago. One is a widow now and devoted to social work; the other, morose, level-headed, rather unscrupulous, carries on business in Soho as a dealer in antique jewellery. Both of them still cherish his memory, and when he comes back to them, they forgive him at once, and their love of him and jealousy of each other flame up again, and they are ready to sacrifice themselves and go any lengths to serve him and save him from ruin.

"Halcyone,"⁷ is as far removed as anything could be from those witty, smart society novels that have placed Mrs. Elinor Glyn among our most popular novelists. Wise beyond her years, with the heart of a child, the soul of a mystic, and looking on life always with fearless and innocent eyes, Halcyone, both as girl and as woman, is the strangest, most lovable and delightful of heroines, and this story of her life and of the coming of love into it is clothed in a dream-like beauty and intensely alive with interest. It

⁶ "Out of the Wreck I Rise." By Beatrice Harraden. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

⁷ "Halcyone." By Elinor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)

is no small thing to say that "The Adventures of Miss Gregory" is a better book than "Souls in Bondage," but in the quiet strength of its workmanship, its tense dramatic force, and the sense of effortless ease with which it is written I think it goes beyond that memorable earlier volume. Miss Gregory is "one of those disconcerting women who combine a mannish charm with an entirely feminine strength of personality," and she travels about the world, an understanding, observant, purposeful creature, seeking material for a book she is writing, and always ready to intervene in the affairs of others and help any who are in need of it. Her twelve adventures cover a wide range of experience, and are related with great skill and imaginative force. Picturesque, vivid, crowded with incident, "The Adventures of Miss Gregory" are at once good literature and intensely interesting reading; outside the pages of Kipling, we have had no short stories of recent years that equal them in their constructive art, their knowledge of humanity, and the brilliant imaginative quality of their writing.

S. J.

TWO POETS.*

"The Clouds," like Mr. Doughty's last book, "The Cliffs," has been written under the very solemn belief that Britain is to be successfully invaded by Germany. Like "The Cliffs," the new book depicts what Mr. Doughty expects to take place unless we have a strong, perpetual Conservative Government, hundreds of Dreadnoughts, Super-Dreadnoughts, Ultra-Dreadnoughts, conscription, pills to purge democracy, and so on. I have not the least idea whether Mr. Doughty is a false prophet, and, if so, whether the War Office or the Admiralty is aware of his existence, but I hope that thousands of patriots, Conservatives, and Germanophobes, will buy his book when they hear that he blows the last trump of patriotism. Only thus does it seem still possible that Mr. Doughty's poetry might be discovered. Nor would it be a false alarm. For Mr. Doughty is probably the most completely patriotic of English poets. His epic poem, "The Dawn in Britain," treats this island as sacred, and the birth of the idea of British nationality as a holy and mighty thing, and the poem is worthy of the conception. It is no wonder, then, that fear for his country should move him with a religious emotion, a holy wrath, a prophetic pity and dread. Already, in "The Cliffs," he has shown that his conviction has not spoilt his poetry, though it has led it into strange places, far away from Brennus and Caractacus, among German acroplanists and newsboys calling "Piper!" He is a patriot as not even Wordsworth or Milton was, as, perhaps, no Englishman of his class has been since Elizabeth's time. When he speaks we understand that "The Faerie Queene" is not mere poetry. For him Britain is an abode of spirits, men, elves, birds and flowers, which are all children of the divine idea of Britain. He has spoken with the "Muse of Britain." She has answered him, and has, in fact, inspired this book by giving him a vision of what is to come.

The book is a narrative broken up in a not wholly satisfactory way by dialogue, merely to avoid oblique narration. Since only a tiny sacred band has bought "The Cliffs," it is useless to compare "The Clouds" with it. "The Clouds" opens with an indignant lament over this "negligent isle," warning it that never yet has an invader been repulsed from it. A perfectly distinct description follows of the "Muses' Garden," where Cædmon and Chaucer and Spenser dwell. Spenser is the English poet most venerated by Mr. Doughty, and as is natural, this book of "The Muses' Garden" is very Spenserean in language and feeling, but with touches of a sublimity and activity which were beyond

that poet. The Muse shows him Britain invaded, and gives him the power to follow "from day to day, with eye and ear" some one among the sufferers. Presently the scene narrows to a workman's family driven by German fire out of their town, and now sitting in a field round a fire of sticks, bidding farewell to one Carpenter, their "gentleman lodger." Him it is that Mr. Doughty is permitted to follow in his long walk homewards from the burned town, up through Ely, Stamford and Dove Dale, and then, finding his mother fled from the invaders, into Wales. The intruding dialogue, good in itself, makes the progress of the narrative uneasy, but granting Mr. Doughty—as the Muse has done—his style and his vision, there is no other fault. Carpenter's journey is through country not much directly afflicted by the invasion, but at every road and at every village he sees hunger, anxiety, sometimes despair, much confusion and dark uncertainty. Now and then a soldier or a sailor brings bad news. At inns and waysides men share news and views. Thus, through Carpenter and those whom he meets, a various and lively picture of the fighting and the effects of it is given. Several of the characters are drawn with some care and always with a manly archaic charm—a publican, a magistrate, a pedlar, a parson, a preacher, several officers, and a councillor gipsying on the banks of the Dove. Now and then companies of soldiers cross his path:

"Erect, alert, the young men hardily pass."

Some of the fields are trodden bare, but the book lacks no loveliness of Nature.

"Leap glad-eyed children hither, gathering posies;
Sweet violet, cicely, dainty ladies' smocks,
With jacinth, medleyed in the thicket grass. . ."

When the angler in the Dove talks of Izaak Walton and sings a song between a herdgroom and a milkmaid—

"Thine eyes ben two cornflower; they ben so blue"

—it is hard to remember that we are in a country at the edge of famine and destruction, and harder to realise that we are in the twentieth century, where

"Each party outbiddeth other in the State;
That sinks or swims, but through the greedy vote,
Of blind, vindictive, Mafeking populace"

In any case, it is a century where the League of Patriots have "Patria" brodered on their caps by women's hands, and a Welsh bard speaks as in the morning of the world, albeit his fairies are as certainly not Welsh as they are certainly good, but not so good as the English fairies in "The Cliffs."

The book ends inconclusively:

"The rest untold, no living tongue can speak."

The war is not at an end: "Britain begins, in airman-ship, to excel," and has some success by sea. Perhaps the trumpet note has waked to some purpose "virtue, manhood, fortitude of idle Britain," or the patriot Bard could bear no more of the horror. The end is not unsatisfactory. Even in a paraphrase the poem would justify itself as an imaginative forecast. The majestic, steady spirit of the poet makes it something altogether beautiful, in which the prophetic, the realistic and the idyllic are combined. The dignity and sweetness are Spenser's as well as Mr. Doughty's, the sublimity and homeliness are his own, and peculiarly his own. At the same time, I hope that he is tired of airships and invasions.

Mr. Clinton Scollard has written fifty amorous epigrams, and seven or eight times he has succeeded so well that the writing—and the reading—of the others has not been wasted. If I give two examples I shall make it clear at once to a reader of any experience what Mr. Scollard's merits and limitations are. The twelfth is:

"A wondrous book is El Koran,
A book the loving Faithful prize;
Its treasured pages show to man
An open path to Paradise."

"I con the words of El Koran,
Yet when I look within her eyes,
Somehow I deem that I can scan
A nearer path to Paradise."

* "The Adventures of Miss Gregory." By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Dent.)

* "The Clouds." By Charles M. Doughty. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

"Songs of a Syrian Lover." By Clinton Scollard. 1s 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The twenty-fourth is :

"All the wonder Nebo's summit shows,
All the flawless crown of Hermon's snows,

"All the vernal bloom of Gennesar,
All the bubbling springs of Kerf Hawar,

"All of Omar's mosque, its glow and grace,
What are they if I only see her face!"

A clear, pointed thought neatly and briefly expressed in rhyme is not poetry, but is always a justification for verse. Sometimes it can reflect, as it were, poetry itself, as in the forty-fifth of these :

"As I go up, as I go down,
From khan to khan, from town to town,
I meet with names of old renown
I envy not the mighty dead;
Enough for me if, o'er my head,
He was her lover!—it be said."

Outside of Landor, such epigrams are not easy to find, and inside they are not always better. But fifty is enough unless Mr. Scollard has other impersonations within his range. As a Syrian lover he is charming, though I know nothing of Syria.

EDWARD THOMAS.

IN FORBIDDEN CHINA.*

It is not from many books of travel that the reader rises with the wish that there were more. This is decidedly the feeling produced by the account of the D'Ollone Mission in 1906-1909 through China, Tibet and Mongolia. One regrets parting from the brave Frenchman, with his child-like longing to do something no one has done before, always most naïvely expressed, so that one's heart aches with his when he had at last reached San-tao-ho, with temples "rivalling those of Ellora," "a marvellous phantasmagoria," "fantastic vision," etc., and running through a bundle of journals finds an account of them by M. Chavannes, his predecessor by six months. It must have somewhat mitigated his disappointment that M. Chavannes was a Frenchman, but it never seems to have occurred to him that there might be other predecessors of whom he had not happened to hear. In Lolo-land, which apparently gives its name to the book, he never refers to Mr. Pollard, the English missionary friend of the Lolos. There is only a footnote about Colonel Davies, whose admirable map of this whole region, prepared for our War Office, would make it possible to follow the author in his divagations from the regular roads through the district. With the miserable attempt at a map issued with this volume, even to one knowing the country tolerably familiarly, it has been impossible to ascertain the whereabouts of the mission's wanderings. This has been made no easier by the peculiarities of the translation. It is just as strange in an English book to write of "the Yunnan," "the Szechuan," as it would be to write of "the Yorkshire," "the Middlesex," and, though we do call one river the Red River just as the French do, what they call the Blue River is known by us as the Yangtse. There are also several sentences intelligible only if one thinks what a word for word translation into French would mean.

These defects do not, however, spoil the breezy delight with which the Vicomte describes the dangers he encountered by travelling routes generally considered too disagreeable. In the end he enumerates his gains.

"Two thousand photographs of types, costumes, monuments, and characteristic landscapes; more than 200 complete anthropological mensurations; 46 vocabularies of non-Chinese dialects; 4 dictionaries of native characters previously unknown or undeciphered; 32 Lolo manuscripts; 225 inscriptions relating to historical events, in Chinese, Sanscrit, Tibetan, Mongol, Manchu,

* "In Forbidden China." By Vicomte D'Ollone. Translated from the French of the Second Edition by Bernard Miall. 15s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"China As It Really Is." By a resident in Peking. 2s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Arabic, and Lolo; the almost unique and undiscoverable monographs of forty-two cities; numerous weapons, utensils, examples of pottery, currency, paintings, and finally an abundant harvest of observations. The whole mass of our documents could not be presented in less than seven volumes."

One wonders a little what the French word translated "undiscoverable" was, but this is a goodly mass to have brought back, and it will be particularly interesting to learn what has been ascertained about those most delightful Si Fan, or Western barbarians, whose young men appeared as modest and gentlemanly as they certainly were beautiful. And this leads to another ungracious comment. The Vicomte himself regrets that some of the, as he says, very fine-looking men, they met, do not look well in their photographs. They certainly do not. It is unfortunate travellers will persist in photographing men unaccustomed to cameras, therefore with their mouths open and their foreheads all in furrows, and with the further drawback as a rule of having the scorching sun full upon their faces, a position becoming to no man, and then palm off these photographs upon us as showing types. But the book is a charming record of adventurous travel with some distinctly purple patches towards the end describing the Dalai Lama and his retinue, when the author had the singular good luck to travel with his very motley and picturesque following on their memorable journey to Peking. This is indeed, perhaps, the most interesting portion of a very agreeable book which does not leave us much the wiser, all the author's researches being kept for less popular volumes. Why are not books of this kind given to boys instead of the blood and thunder imaginations on which they are now so fed up, that their overstimulated fancy seems afterwards unequal to anything but tit-bits and cricket scores?

"China As It Really Is" does not err on the side of giving too much information (201 short pages on Europe as it really is could not tell us very much), but if there is a demand for a light volume about the largest country in the world, the home of a quarter of the human races, this is a very well printed volume on excellent paper. There are twenty-two chapters; that on "Honesty, Commercial and Private" occupies two and a half pages, and in it we find this rather remarkable paragraph:

"The final appeal in China is always to public opinion; in England, to the mere letter of the law. Honesty is the best policy for all in China. In England honesty is the best policy—for dull people only. The astute financier and company promoter, whose cleverness in skirting the law has enabled him to amass a fortune, is by no means a rarity in England: he could not exist in China."

During four years of absence from China rumours have reached me that Chinese business morals have already been greatly deteriorated by intercourse with Europeans, it is comforting to hear that this is not really so. The author seems not to have mixed in Chinese family life, he is certainly quite wrong in attributing so little influence to women, who are the dread of every foreigner attempting to buy land in China, and of whom Chinese men have always struck me as curiously afraid. With regard to a great many other big subjects he, however, seems as accurate as it is possible to be in such small compass, for did not "Chinese Characteristics" Smith once say, "It is impossible to open one's mouth to say the truth about China without telling a lie at the same time." Little girls did not, however, have their feet bandaged in their first or second years. As a portly official once said to me across the dinner-table, "The paw little things must have two years to run." It is about men's matters the author is best informed—the Law, and the causes that led to the revolution; but is it not significant that it is China he is writing about, and he has to devote two chapters to Etiquette? We alas! have not much to write about in England with the School Board training the nation, yet manners in a nation's life play the same part as oil in machinery, and without them there must be ever increasing friction.

MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

JOHN BUCHAN'S STORIES.*

One feels, in beginning to write of this book, that one should in the first place fill a pipe. The stories are by no means such as tell themselves in smoke-rooms only, but the various supposed narrators and the characters have got a habit of postponing their remarks until their pipes are filled. From this you will be able to deduce, a little roughly, what is Mr. Buchan's entertainment, and yet he does not portray the merely stolid hero. In the "Kings of Orion," for instance, we are told of Tommy Lascelles who misgoverned Deira, for his heart was in remote Bokhara and was threatening the walls of Samarkand. All this, however, was applied in time of trouble, very picturesquely, to assuage Deira. Everything turns out extremely well, but in this tale we have an illustration of imperfect methods. The short story is a thing so difficult to compass, it has rules as inexorable as the sonnet's; and to have red herrings on the path is quite taboo. We here are introduced to Thirlstone and another sportsman who have met in several tight places and are now in a small inn somewhere in Scotland for the fishing. Enter the landlord who announces that one Captain Wiston is expected. Thirlstone wants to leave, at all events he lets his pipe go out, because the Captain in '99 had behaved very badly; in fact the *somebody else* which inhabits each of us had come to the surface: "when the kings were driven out of Orion, they were sent to this planet and given each his habitation in some mortal soul." This leads Thirlstone to tell the excellent yarn of Tommy, but the point is that the dark allusions to Wiston, of whom we hear no more, should not have been made. That is the inferiority of English as compared with French short stories; the best of our neighbours do not allow anything to be lost in the smoke. And Mr. Buchan deserves to be talked of in the same room as the best of short-story writers. He can lead up to a dramatic point with great artistry, he can make his story one artistic whole, as for instance in "The Lennian," which is perhaps the most interesting of this collection. The local colour is not obtrusively laid on and the whole conception is unusual and attractive. Mr. Buchan deals more frequently with his own native land, the Border, and he is no less pre-occupied with what may happen on the borderland of matter and spirit. "Leithen stopped to refill his pipe," and the resulting story holds us to the end; but more interesting is the South African tale entitled "The Grove of Ashtaroth." Tremendous deeds are done, there is no time for smoking, that is to say, when the story gets up to the climax. Before that: "I was disinclined for dinner, so I had a cutlet in the library and sat smoking till my tongue ached." In this tale the descriptions of tropical nature and sub-tropical human nature are exceedingly well done, and there is much elusive beauty. Nor do these attributes exhaust Mr. Buchan, for in "A Lucid Interval" he shows a very pretty power of satire which Liberals will be the first to enjoy. These stories have nearly all been printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, so that a certain high standard of workmanship, research and a genial attitude will not be far to seek. And they are interesting to such an extent that now and then your pipe will go out. The interspersed poems are very well done, though they were not written, perhaps, because they had to be; there is more mystery and beauty, as a rule, in the stories. And one of the finest stories is the first: "The Company of the Marjolaine," which is supposed to be told in a series of letters by a gentleman making the Grand Tour of Europe. The point of view is exactly caught and altogether apart from the extraordinary old man, *de jure* King of England, and the emissaries who came to the Tre Croci to offer him the American crown, this is a story you cannot afford to miss. Mr. Buchan in print is a good companion; no less good he must be, one supposes, in the flesh when he is stalking, fishing, looking at some Border scenery or smoking in some Border inn.

H. B.

* "The Moon Endureth." By John Buchan. 6s. (Blackwood.)

A SAILOR POET.*

Somehow or other the sea that beats upon our shores has given little of its savour to the poetic literature of our race. We have had quite a large number of prose writers with imaginations stirred by the wonders of the deep, but very few of our poets have been sailormen. There was a chance of our poetry being enriched with something new and strange when Thomas Lodge took to seafaring; but the mind of the Elizabethan poet turned landward, and with the waves breaking over the ship and wetting the paper as he wrote, he composed the pretty idyll of forest life that Shakespeare adapted into "As You Like It." Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—the work of a landsman—has more of the magic of the sea in it than anything written since the far-off age when the old Anglo-Saxon poets gazed in wondering terror at the "whale's path," down which their people were rowing to the conquest of England.

An old Isle of Wight pilot said of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" that it was the work of a man who had only seen the sea from the shore. That is the point of view from which most of the poets of our island race have written about seafaring life. Byron is still our most vivid poet of the sea, though Swinburne has some magnificent marine pictures—Turneresque effects of foam and light and thunder-cloud. It is long since an actual sailorman tried to sing of the things he felt and saw in his hard, rough and adventurous career. Prose yarns there are in plenty, some of them beautifully and subtly told, but few sailors have had a veritable gift for verse. This is why Mr. J. E. Patterson's "The Lure of the Sea" is remarkable. It is informed with the knowledge won by years of actual experience of sea life in all parts of the world. And this knowledge flashes out in little touches of life that none but a sailor could use. Here is a fine character sketch:

"The host—
A man of lumbering middle, big of voice
And oath, his face a dipping sun, and limbs
Like toughened spars—had spent the most of life
"Twixt heaven and changing seas; whereof he told,
At times, such tales as few believed."

No landsman could have done that. The fact that the man is a character in a classic poem in which Pluto figures in a villainous rôle, does not detract from the merits of the work. Mr. Patterson says in his preface that during a spell of vagabondage along the coasts of Greece, he fell asleep one afternoon on the shore, and dreamt that some ancient pirates beached their galley on the spot, and offered up a sacrifice. Out of this dream he has made a strange tale of sailor life in the *Ægean* two thousand years ago. The pirates pass by an altar to Pluto, and mock at the idea of worshipping a god with no power at sea. Unfortunately, Pluto hears them, and, disguised as a seaman, joins the crew, and tries to wreck the galley. He induces some mermaids to tempt the pirates to ruin, but the men are so drunk that they do not hear the weird songs of the sea-sprites. Then a tempest rises, and though the sirens sing on, the pirates are too hard at work to listen to them. But when the wind lulls, and the men are resting after their toil, a mermaid sings them to sleep, while Pluto steers the galley on to the rocks.

Into this wild, curious and original fairy tale, Mr. Patterson pours much of the living and actual romance of seafaring life. Sometimes we get a jolly chanty, from the boatswain of the pirates' galley, about a voyage to Britain where he saw a mermaid and was wrecked. It is this chanty that brings about the final disaster, for the boatswain's yarn was not founded on fact, and, as every sailor knows, a man who falsely boasts of having heard a mermaid sing, hears one the next time he goes to sea, and dies. At other times we have a chorus of a classic sort, such as that beginning:

"God of yonder rolling seas,
(Swing the offering altar-high!)
God of calm and full-sail breeze,
Hear thy seamen cry."

* "The Lure of the Sea." By J. E. Patterson. 5s net. (Heinemann.)

Quite in another vein is the grim modern ballad of the "Ocean Kite," that occurs among the shorter verses at the end of the volume :

"Royals in and staysails fast,
Up she stood like fair renown!
Bows into it, on she passed,
Making tracks for Hoogli's town.
Sixteen knots an hour—her proud fleet's prouder flower—
A-running of her casting down."

At the price of two men's lives, the skipper made Calcutta with two days to spare. We want more ballads of sea life from Mr. Patterson. E. W.

HOMES OF GREAT LONDONERS.*

It would easily be possible to make a book of this kind very doleful, and the writers are not far to seek who would have moralized us out of patience. On the one hand we would be invited to consider how these famous houses in too many instances decline on evil days, whereas the moralizer would have pointed out to us that where the genius has all



From "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London" (Dent)

too often been neglected it is hardly decent to regard his habitation. We are prone to look upon that side of literary people which has no concern with literature; we may not have perused the novels of Miss Blank, but we are glad to read the morbid chronicler who tells us that she lives in Essex and is honorary captain of a fire-brigade. We may be so far interested in the lady, after learning of her ways and her accomplishments, that we proceed to take up one of her romances. This is certainly a step to recommend, for we shall either put her and her works behind us evermore, we shall resist the further blandishments of chroniclers who yearn to tell us what the damsel most affects in motor-cars, in marmalades and men; or we shall find that, after all, her books delight us, and we shall be anxious to learn more of her who wrote them. Mr. Adcock does not deal with writers of to-day, he deals with writers and with artists who are living and who, many of them, will continue to survive so long as England lives. Of course they were but seldom prosperous, as ironmasters would define prosperity, and yet it does not follow that their earthly dwelling was not such

as they preferred. In any case the spirit of the dweller and the spirit of the place will have had their communion with each other—and in speaking of such sensitive inhabitants one may put stress on that phenomenon—the house will help us to our understanding of the man. In Mr. Adcock's treatment of the subject there is something very human. Those whom he celebrates are people who inhabited, happily or otherwise, their London houses, but were by no means indifferent to their surroundings. And the point of view is not that of the labourer who shouted to his mate a strong opinion as to Carlyle's sanity when he beheld the old man at his door behaving in a certain way to an Italian organ-grinder. It is good to have these glorious men and women thus described as householders and lodgers; who can tell when all these houses which remain with us will be taken to the other side of the Atlantic? We are not the kind of people—I need scarcely say—who read such books as this because we merely want to pry into the great man's privacy, as I have shown above we are philosophers, the subject being a more difficult, a more momentous *sartor resartus*. Yet there is a good deal to be said for those who have no higher purpose than to read a book of anecdotes. The illustrations are not so idealised, so fitted out with scrolls and flourishes as has become the habit of some architectural artists. It appears to me that Mr. Frederick Adcock has adhered as closely to the truth as has his brother, when he might have followed certain bad, though picturesque, examples, whose appropriateness one would never call in question if it were to illustrate a "Two to Nowhere," or some other of this writer's fairy volumes. Those who live away from London will especially appreciate these clever pictures, which convey the truth and nothing but the truth. No doubt that can be said of most of the exhibits in the architectural room of the Academy, but they do not attract, and certainly these illustrations do. As we read this present book, whose information is so curious and so charming, we shall take more pride in London. The Americans, of course, will be encountered in the motor chais-à-bancs, with one eye on this book, another on the famous houses.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

LADY SHELLEY'S DIARY.*

"The Diary of Lady Shelley," which has just been issued under the able editorship of her grandson, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, is a book to be thankful for. It is entirely unpretentious, but the personal charm of the author is reflected throughout the volume, not a page of which the most hardened person in the art of skipping would wish to leave unread. The book, which is edited and annotated with admirable discretion, contains a short autobiography of Lady Shelley's earlier years, and carries the diary down to March, 1817; but we hope, from what Mr. Edgcumbe says in his preface, that he may be encouraged to give us further portions of his grandmother's diary. The varied nature of its contents may be gathered from some of the editor's remarks :

"We are brought quite naturally into the intimate society of the Empress Marie Louise, the Countess of Albany, Metternich, Canova, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Brougham, and many others well known to fame. In these pages the facile pen of a brilliant woman inspired by unquenchable enthusiasm has given us a fresh and faithful picture of Society in the reign of George III."

Frances Lady Shelley, the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Winckley, of Preston, a wealthy Lancashire landowner, was born in 1787, and survived until 1870. She was only six years old when she lost her father, and long before his death he had become disgusted with the factories that were rising in the neighbourhood of Preston. "Proud Preston," as it was called, because it was the winter residence of the nobility and the county families. An anecdote illustrating his grand sense of dignity is quoted by his daughter. One morning on going to the fishmonger as

* "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London." By A. St. John Adcock. With 72 Illustrations by Frederick Adcock. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

* "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817." Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

usual to select his fish for dinner, he found himself forestalled in the purchase of the finest turbot by a Mr. Horrocks, a cotton-spinner. Mr. Winckley thereupon pronounced Preston no longer a fit place for the residence of a gentleman, and in a towering passion he left his old house never again to return. Mrs. Thomas Winckley was a beautiful but rather worldly woman, who had made a previous marriage. She was in turns impetuously devoted to, or singularly neglectful of, her child; she was fond of dress, cards and other pleasures, and after Mr. Winckley's death she married again.

Frances Winckley grew up a very beautiful and high-spirited girl, and her natural gifts, no less than her fortune, attracted many *prétendants*. She confesses to coquetting a good deal, and she even went so far as to accept the hand of a middle-aged widower; but no sooner had she consented to be his wife than she repented, and gave him his *congé*, which he received with such fury that made her realize she had had a most providential escape.

Matchmakers, however, were busy on her account, and they had determined to marry her off to Sir John Shelley, a fascinating rake, a votary of the Turi and card-table, and seventeen years her senior, whom she describes at her first meeting as "a distinguished-looking young man, with powder covering a rather bald head of hair." He was sixth baronet of the senior creation, and of course only distantly related to the poet, who does not appear in Lady Shelley's story in the present volume. At first there seemed little likelihood of anything coming of the affair, for Sir John did not show much interest in the girl, and she, like a well brought up young person, declared that "it was not possible for me to confess an attachment to a man who had not proposed to marry me. I would not allow myself to feel any deep affection for one who, after all, might only be amusing himself at my expense." Moreover, her half-brother, who acted as her guardian, so far from favouring the suit, on account of the baronet's reputation refused to visit him or ask him to his house. But all these difficulties were at length surmounted, and Frances Winckley became Lady Shelley at the age of twenty. She refers to Sir John as her warm-hearted husband, and gives several instances of his generosity; but she is also frank in describing his peccadillos. It speaks much for her innate goodness of heart when we learn that she succeeded in managing this wild creature, to whom she was so much devoted; her task, however, could hardly have been a sinecure. Many weary nights she passed in waiting for his return while he was squandering his money at the whist-table, where sometimes he contrived to lose thousands at a sitting and often prolonged his play until daylight.

The most interesting portion of "Lady Shelley's Diary" is probably that which describes her friendship with the Duke of Wellington. He was far from insensible to the charm of a pretty woman, and he paid her marked attention from the first. Her admiration for the Duke was very sincere, and, as Mr. Edgumbe says, her portrait of him "in 1815, as he appeared in private life, is an especially valuable contribution to our knowledge of that great man, of whom in his private capacity so little has been written."

Lady Shelley first met the Duke in 1814, after his return from Spain, when he was being fêted and dined everywhere; she describes his manner as formal, and at a first introduction very imposing. But none of his victories and honours had succeeded in turning his brain, and "he retained," she adds, "that simplicity of character and manner which is still his distinguishing excellence." Immediately after the battle of Waterloo the Shelleys visited France, where they renewed their acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington in Paris. On their arrival Sir John went at once to call on the Duke, and within half an hour he returned to call on Lady Shelley, who in describing the meeting says:

"Even in those days Wellington, in London, was treated almost as a sovereign prince. His conversations conferred distinction, his wish was law. And yet what were his former triumphs by comparison with Waterloo? Here was a man, in the very midst of his camp, only a fortnight after that battle, walking unattended from his palace to call upon me the moment that he heard of my

arrival in Paris! Wellington entered the room looking as simple and unobtrusive as usual. I must admit that my enthusiasm for this great soldier was so great that I could not utter one word; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I restrained my tears."

Lady Shelley saw a good deal of the Duke, and even rode his famous charger "Copenhagen." She has preserved many of Wellington's sayings, but space will not allow me to quote more than the following examples: In speaking of the losses at Waterloo the Duke said, "I hope to God that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that next to a battle lost the greatest misery is a battle gained."

Wellington, like Napoleon, believed that he was specially protected by Providence, but he also said "It is experience that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost." Wellington related that, just before Waterloo, he was making the above observation to Lord Uxbridge, who soon after was hit by a ball. The Duke added: "It must have passed over me, or my horse. But the finger of God was upon me!"

ROGER INGPEN.

Novel Notes.

THE LITTLE BLUE DEVIL. By Dorothea Mackellar and Ruth Bedford. 6s. (Alston Rivers)

Tony, the "little Blue Devil," so named from one of Kipling's delightful ballads, is a much more credible creation than Antome-Hugues-Phillipe-Stc.-Croix, Lord Trent, facing death in the Australian desert so that his cousin Pamela, as yet an unknown quantity to him, may enjoy the title and estates that rightly belong to him. Motherless, and the outcast son of an original ruffian of a father who leaves him to shift for himself in Paris when he is but ten years old, he becomes by turns cabin-boy on a French fruit-boat, boots at a hotel in Cairo, victim of the Legree-like manager of a New Zealand sheep station, cattle-drover in Australia, tramp, sailor, taxi-driver, engineer, and what-not in various parts of the globe; and we follow his adventures with the interest that attaches to all stories of unconventional vagabondage, especially as they are described with a knowledge of the world and of men and women. His struggles against the odds are depicted with vigour and humour: the born fighter develops before our eyes. When he comes under the influence of Allison, the sweet-natured child-wife of a Philadelphia professor of Greek, we touch with him the shores of old romance. We admire him also during his brief "fling" in London, to which he devotes his hard-won savings. But when he learns by chance of his real identity and runs away into the unknown again, and Pamela, in a sense, follows suit, the many arms of coincidence are stretched like nothing so much as the trade routes on a commercial map of the world. After Pamela has gone through adventures in California as painful in their way as her cousin's in New Zealand, the two meet again unexpectedly in Brisbane, and all ends happily. The style of the book is original and the humour is both mordant and kindly; and no one who takes it up is likely to put it aside unfinished.

A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Any serious reader of fiction when he closes this book will watch with keen interest for Mr. Beresford's next novel. Mr. Beresford can invent a story interesting throughout,

though never exciting or sensational, the plot in fact being always subordinate to the character development of the *dramatis personæ*. His style has distinction, to which his ironic (though never bitter) humour gives an agreeable flavour. He appears to understand and to have a certain liking for all his characters. The reader will admit that he is suprisingly broad-minded, though he has a few obvious prejudices. Only once has he any bitterness which he seems to share with his hero, Jacob Stahl, against his successful elder brother Em, in every other instance he makes out some sort of a case for the actions and motives of his characters. In these days when most people are content with a small achievement Mr. Beresford is to be congratulated because he has not feared to attempt something big and because success has crowned his attempt. "A Candidate for Truth," is Vol. II. of a Trilogy of which Vol. I. "The Early History" of Jacob Stahl was published last year. But Vol. II. ends at the beginning of a new era in Jacob's life, and we are led to hope that after much tribulation, Vol. III. will show that he has at length found himself. "A Candidate for Truth" is complete in itself but most readers will want to read the early history of Jacob. "The Early History" seems to us on the whole the better book of the two, though it contains nothing equal to the sketch of Cecil Barker. Biographies would be much more interesting and life-like if Mr. Beresford's method was adopted by which his hero is shown moving about and living in an actual world, not standing alone on a solitary pedestal; yet (as befits a biography) the hero is always the chief person, the other characters are always fittingly subordinate. Cecil Barker is the most original character in the present volume, and at the same time very true to life. He is in reality an entirely stupid person, having no real power in any direction, he cannot organise, is a poor preacher and makes no pretence to be a thinker or a theologian, yet by his personal magnetism he attracts all sorts of people and makes even clever, good people believe in him absolutely. It is only by actual close contact that those who admire him discover that his self-sacrifice and heroism are merely the manifestation of a relentless and cruel egotism. We should like very much to say something about every character in this book, who have become to us like familiar friends, but space forbids. In conclusion we would advise every one not only to read this volume, but to give it an honoured place on their shelves.

THE GREY TERRACE. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The central figure in Mrs. Reynolds' latest story, which is the best and most convincing she has ever written, is a young doctor, Keith Trent, who goes down to Cornwall to take the place of a friend who is ill. He promptly falls in love with Maisie, who, with her Aunt Charlotte, is staying in the neighbourhood. At a picnic Maisie declares that she could never speak to a man who had killed another. It had happened that just before leaving London Trent saved a woman from a madman's murderous attack. The assailant died, and the young man's conscience was not easy, notwithstanding the assurance of a colleague, Dr. Jeanne Meynell, that death was due to epilepsy. The woman also goes to Cornwall, and sets out to blackmail Trent, who tells Maisie the whole sordid story, and is repulsed. How she learns the true worth of her lover is revealed in later chapters of the book, which is one we can unreservedly recommend. It is a clever story, and the characters are drawn ably and with genuine feeling. Dr. Jeanne is a particularly interesting study, a wholly lovable woman, in the view even of the Rev. Peter, who once regarded her as a "female doctor."

THE HOUSE OF ROBERSHAYE. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"There came into a village in the North Country a man who had a picture in his mind," said Robert Robershaye, "just as I suppose artists have a picture in their minds before they begin to paint. His eyes saw the coal mines

under the hills, and in them the fires for his boiler houses; he saw in the quarries the walls of his big factories, and in the valley where the brooks ran, and over the hills where the carriers muddled along with their strings of horses in bridle paths and through rough lanes, he saw streets and roads and houses filled by his operatives. Look at an artist now! He stops at canvas and colours. Our grandfather used the valleys and the hills for his picture, he conquered space and made it a road for water, called labourers and operatives round him, and turned the scattered hamlet into a swarming village. Out of his energy he became their provider and ruled them as no king nowadays can rule his subjects." Thus spoke Robert Robershaye of the founder of his house. But Ambrose said: "The aim of all this splendid industrial activity was and is no more than the winning of profits for the House of Robershaye. Our fortune was not raised without the sacrifice and maiming of human lives. Cotton spinning was founded and pursued in horrors until Government interference was necessary. Yet the spinning of cotton is really a wonderful thing. I would ask nothing better than to be director of such an industry, with an object really no less than the wide spreading of well-being. But at present the direct consequence of heaping and gathering for oneself is an industrial war of the few, it may be the single man, against the many." Robert and Ambrose were the heirs of Robershaye, and they were divided in their aims. Robert wished to adopt those methods of American millionaires and financiers that were to Ambrose criminal methods of heaping money. Ambrose loved "the strong confident aspiration, 'If we labour in Thy works with the sweat of our brows, Thou wilt make us partakers of Thy Vision and Thy Sabbath.'" Ambrose wins the victory through his death, and this is essential to the idea in the story; while Robert's mind is struck by conviction, as in "The Ring and the Book" the Pope declared Guido Franceschini might be struck by a suddenness of fate; Guido might "see, one instant, and be saved," the truth being flashed out by one blow. This is not the strongest in handling of her books, but perhaps that is because Miss Brooke has chosen to work upon a theme demanding rather the incisiveness of a man's touch than the less robust brushwork of the woman artist. It is unnecessary to say that the book is one to be read with pleasure, because it is well written. It is a book that must stand out also, because it is informed by a fine moral purpose.

THE GOOD GIRL. By Vincent O'Sullivan 6s. (Constable.)

This is a strong and exasperatingly unpleasant story. Paul Vendred, the only son of a Jansenist Catholic mother and a pleasure-loving father, is left on a threshold of manhood with money, a Cambridge education, and the instincts of a gentleman to face the world. Romantic and weak in will, Vendred falls in love with a face at a concert. He hears the lady sing, finds out she is a Mrs. Dover, and in due time makes her acquaintance. Henceforth, Paul Vendred is the victim of Mrs. Dover's charm, and his property is the prey of Mrs. Dover's husband—a swindler, a liar, a blackguardly adventurer—a man as utterly base as his wife is utterly mercenary, easy going, and pitiless. Between them Vendred hasn't a chance. Do what he will, he cannot keep away from Mrs. Dover, and he marries Dover's daughter by an earlier wife rather than be shut out from the stepmother's society. The marriage, of course, was altogether unsuitable, but it turns out better than might have been expected, for Louise loves Paul, and he too, a kindly man, grows fond of her. But in a black moment, Mrs. Dover again overpowers him, and Vendred falls as he had never fallen before. Louise rushes off—not to be found till she is dead in a Paris hospital. Dover is last heard of in South America, and Mrs. Dover, married to a Signor Beleredi, is singing in an operatic company in Milan, when, for the last time, Vendred, living on very restricted means near Siena, meets her. It is all a very sombre, sordid study of certain temperaments, and why it is called "The Good Girl" we cannot imagine.

DENHAM'S. By Alexandra Watson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The story of a boy's experience at a crammer's school near Geneva. When a would-be reader is told that it contains an accident and the death of a boy, he or she may draw back. Matters of this kind become sentimental on the least provocation, in a school-story. Even Paul Dombey palls upon many just men in the company of Dickens' admirers. But Miss Watson has written a vital, fresh study of school-life. The boy who was born to be a painter and was pushed towards the Army by his stupid mother, the girl who dreaded growing up because it meant long skirts, Price the master, and even the German mistress of the establishment, are a delightful company. Miss Watson has mixed fun and seriousness, and her reward of Bella in the end is a pretty touch. The sub-title, "A Web of Life," is rather heavy for the plot, but it is almost justified by the last few chapters, which follow Ronald after he has left school, and round off the story of the principal characters. There is thought in the book, to the verge of sententiousness now and then. Still, the irrepressible spirits of the boys break through, and the total impression is thoroughly healthy.

THE DAMSEL DARK. By Clara Turnbull 6s. (Melrose.)

This clever romance is, we understand, a first novel by a new writer, and narrowly escaped winning first place in Mr. Melrose's recent prize novel competition. Set in the troublous times of Stephen the Usurper, when Christ and his saints were said to be asleep, the story is told by Robin, the Red Earl's fool; and Robin tells his tale with wit and cunning, with sparkling philosophy and rare powers of lyrical expression. All unwilling, the Fool is despatched on his good mule Ogier with a contemptuous message from the Red Earl to his niece, the Lady of Tournoir, with whose fair name that lying wench Rumour has long been busy. "The Damsel Dark! why, she is feared afar, hath, 'tis said, a man's strength, a woman's cunning, and a witch's unholy power." Captivated by the charm of this mysterious sorceress, Robin enters her service, there to learn that his lady is no black witch, but the mirror of chivalry, the enlightened champion of the poor and oppressed, knight of knights, yet woman always with a woman's strength and a woman's weakness. The book is crammed with the joy of adventure; it glows with warmth and colour, and places the author at once among the ranks of those born story-tellers who have but to speak and the great story-loving public is at their feet in a moment.

OH! MY UNCLE: Being some Fun with an Undercurrent. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 3s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

The farcical in fiction is by no means so common that no one on the look-out for diversion should miss so excellent a manifestation of it as is given in Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore's new story. Those matter-of-fact folk who have neither the capacity nor the wish to "see a joke" may perhaps be warned at once to pass on to the next book, for they will find little to approve in "Oh! my Uncle," but all who can delight in fun, who can appreciate a kind of nonsensical drollery (with an undercurrent), who can enjoy a kind of ebullient good spirits enclosed within a book-cover, may be recommended to get hold of the volume, retire to a comfortable chair or a shady nook, and give themselves up to the author's guidance. They will be taken to the Bloomsbury lodgings, and to the well-equipped home of Uncle Daddy, and occasionally into Kensington Gardens or farther afield to Epping and elsewhere, but always they will be in cheerful, light-hearted and fanciful company. The story—for those who want "plot" and action—may be of the thinnest, but the people, Uncle Daddy, the prosperous professor of an unique profession, the imaginative (but a trifle too childish) Lucy, and the nephew Freddie-Fred are engagingly fresh and pleasant company, and their talk and doings are full of fun, while an appeal to the serious side of the reader is to be found in the satiric "undercurrent," which touches upon success and how it is brought about. It may be said that no imitation of Uncle Daddy's methods should be necessary to ensure the success of this book.

THE PRINCE AND BETTY. By P. G. Wodehouse. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In "The Prince and Betty," Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has followed up the jolly success of "Love Among the Chickens" and "A Gentleman of Leisure." The book certainly makes as attractive a piece of light reading as we have come across for a long time, and from the delightful telegram of pages 3 and 4 to the last line its pleasantness and high spirits never fail. An enterprising financier is struck with the possibilities of Mervo, a tiny island in the Mediterranean. He determines to establish a casino on a palatial scale on that unspoiled spot, and his attempt to invest it with the air of romance that his advertising genius tells him is a necessity induces him to force John Maude upon the republican Mervians as their prince. The experiment succeeds for a time, and then Betty and other complications enter upon the scene. The reader may trust Mr. Wodehouse to see his hero the Prince safely out of the dilemma in which he is placed, and it is unnecessary for us to tell more of the plot. The book is written with all the *clan* of Mr. Wodehouse in his best mood, and even the grumpiest reader cannot fail to be amused by it. It is exactly the book for summer weather.

GEORGE WENDERN GAVE A PARTY. By John Inglis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is inevitable that the title of Mr. John Inglis's story should suggest that "barty" of Hans Breitmann's, which has become a household name, and to some readers the title, possibly by mere association of ideas, will also appear to promise a farcical or at least a humorous story. That Mr. Inglis is possessed of some measure of humour is certain, but his story is mainly a romance of deep love and high finance. A dishonest financial transaction forms the appropriately-shady background. A young Australian of means has been induced by a friend of old times of struggle to put a large sum into a certain Syndicate of a speciously attractive but highly speculative nature. This young Australian, George Wendern, lives in a handsome Kensington house, presided over by a lady housekeeper. He is neighboured by and falls in love with a charming young wealthy American. This happens just when a crisis in the Syndicate's affairs is approaching, and when a law case in Australia is down for trial a case the successful outcome of which would mean two hundred thousand pounds in Wendern's favour. The fair American thinks it her duty to accept the offer of an impoverished peer that her money may be of most use in maintaining some of the glories of English tradition. Poor Wendern receives his refusal just as the double crisis in his financial affairs is approaching, and everything combines to indicate a tragic close to the supper party which he had devised as a surprise to his creditors and those whom he chose to regard as such. Fate, of course, steps in conveniently to give an appropriately happy ending. It is a well told, strongly human story, with incidental light on company making which may serve to put some readers on their guard.

The Bookman's Table.

BY THE WAY: VERSES, FRAGMENTS AND NOTES. By William Allingham. Arranged by Helen Allingham. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

One has no right to judge the verses and fragments that are gathered up in these pages—they are not offered as anything more than rough jottings selected from the poet's note-book—the first draft of a poem, a passing fancy, the germ of a lyric, a scrap of scenic description scribbled down in a careless stanza, a couplet, or a dozen tentative lines, and they are interesting only to those who are interested in William Allingham. But among the prose notes that take up more than half the book are many shrewd opinions on social, political and religious problems, and some quaint

bits of literary criticism. Allingham thought Meredith clever, tedious and unreal; Stevenson too elaborate and self-conscious; Whitman, he says, "treats his guests with heaps of uncooked viands; instead of a feast he offers them a larder;" and he thought Fitzgerald's "Omar" not worth thinking twice about—it is "commonplace beyond expression." He was a man of discriminating taste, but had his enthusiasms—chief among them being a fine enthusiasm for Carlyle. Right, or mistaken, their individual outlook, their freshness and downright candour, give his criticisms a savour of their own and a real value.

BEHIND THE NIGHTLIGHT. The By-World of a Child of Three. Described by Joan Maude, and faithfully recorded by Nancy Price. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray)

This is a charmingly quaint little book about the weird and wonderful things that live in that mysterious land that lies on the other side of the nightlight. The land and its inhabitants have been discovered by a remarkable little girl of three—Miss Joan Maude, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude, the well-known actors. There are vivid and concise descriptions of those inhabitants, their habits and peculiarities, and they all have ludicrously appropriate names. Mrs. Maude (Miss Nancy Price) tells us in her preface that she has merely acted as the small author's amanuensis, and has put down everything as nearly as possible in the language of the original. Each animal or elf, she assures us, is entirely the invention of the child's brain, "without suggestion of any kind other than her own imagination." The very young author begins by informing us of the unconventional way in which she made the acquaintance of the Hibbertoo. "He was sitting on the little red stool between me and the night-light, and when I saw him and he saw me we both laughed, and he said 'Hallo!' and I said 'I am pleased you have come.' There had been no party that day—only medicine—and there was nobody in the room except the black fairy who lives on the other side of the nightlight. When we had done laughing—there were all the other people." Then she proceeds to describe in order the most fantastic and astonishing creatures imaginable. The Kiddikee "has yellow silk fur and nineteen legs. He has one ear on one of his legs and one ear on his tail. . . . His teeth are quite green and both his eyes are red. He lives underneath the flower-pot with one caterpillar and two snails, and he always has breakfast in bed on Monday." The majority of these creatures collect various objects. Kiddikee, for instance, specialises in shoes, and the Fritch or Kickmas collects string, corkscrews, elastic and india-rubber. The Gott family "is very interesting and very large." They collect relations and live under the ground. "That's why the flowers come up so quick, for they and the Gott family terrible nasty to live with, and they get away from them as soon as ever they can." Bomblemass is an unfortunate animal that has to tie his legs on with black silk ribbon. He lives in the piece-bag, and is the only one that never grows teeth. Jonket derives his name from his singular manner of coughing. "He collects coughs in a paper bag, but as soon as he's got enough for a new jonk he gets over excited and pops the bag. Then Bomblemass laughs till his legs get loose, and he has to stop to tie them up." These are only a few samples of the many entertaining animals and oddities that go to make this spontaneous and queerly imaginative little volume one of the most original and most amusing nonsense books ever written.

THE REAL CAPTAIN CLEVELAND. By Allan Fea. 8s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

In "The Real Captain Cleveland," Mr. Allan Fea gives some interesting new particulars of the infamous Captain Gow, who, executed in 1725 for piracy and murder on the high seas, was the subject of one of Defoe's many brochures dealing with crime and villainy, and the original of the Captain Cleveland who figures as the repentant villain in Sir Walter Scott's well-known romance. Apparently, Mr.

Fea belongs to the family of Gow's captor, Mr. James Fea, of Clestrain, and it is to the author's credit that he makes no attempt to palliate the rather shabby and underhand devices whereby his forbear managed to secure, and so to bring to the gallows, his old school-mate. Fortunately for the good fame of James Fea, the scoundrel he succeeded in capturing is revealed as the kind of treacherous and bloody-minded desperado on whom chivalry would have been completely wasted, though we cannot but remember that Clestrain, judged by his very cautious and temperate devotion to the cause of Prince Charlie, seems to have been one of those Highlanders whose notions of loyalty were quite sufficiently canny. Mr. Allan Fea can scarcely be expected to write this kind of narrative with the gusto and literary taste that Mr. John Masefield always brings to such a task. But he might avoid such slipshod English as "*Captain Singleton* was never the reckless and murderous ruffian as Gow turned out to be," and "Another youth . . . met two men . . . in a public house . . . and persuaded him to go with them." In this latter sentence Mr. Fea means "and they persuaded him to go with them."

VAGROM MEN. By Alfred F. Story. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

STUDIES IN ARCADY. By R. L. Gales. Second Series. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Alfred Story's sketches of "Vagrom Men" have a delicate, indefinable charm, and are written with a thoughtfulness and quiet grace of style that make them worthy of their place in a series that includes "The Roadmender." One could as easily describe the fragrance of flowers as give any adequate impression of such sketches within the scope of this review. There is nothing in them if you attempt a synopsis, we might summarise the little incidents that make up the stories of "The Almshouse," "The Puppet Show," "The Old Schoolmaster," "The Herb Gatherer," but this would give you no sufficient idea of them, for it is the mood, the manner, the atmosphere of them that matter more than all and you can only have these things by reading the book for yourself and surrendering to its subtle spell. It is a restful little book full of delightfully sympathetic pictures of old-world country life and country people, and charged with the kindly humour and homely pathos of life as it is lived by lowly men and women. We have read its ten chapters with the keenest enjoyment of their gentle philosophy and the sensitive literary art with which they are written. Mr. Gales writes also of the country life and rural folk in his "Studies in Arcady," but he does not touch his scenes and characters with the same magic of poetry; he writes in a more practical vein and less of the light of fancy and imagination plays about his work. He writes realistically, and out of a fulness of knowledge; moreover, he is didactic and has strong opinions on the problems of village life and the social questions of the hour. These he discusses with a force and shrewdness that are eminently suggestive, and whether you agree with him or not he always interests you. There are some admirable dissertations on Folk-lore and Tradition; and on Speech and Language; and in a fourth section of his book a very entertaining collection of essays on a very wide variety of topics.

PIERS PLOWMAN. A Comparison with some earlier and contemporary French allegories. By Dorothy L. Owen. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton for the University of London Press.)

Dorothy L. Owen's comparison of Langland's "Piers Plowman," with some earlier and contemporary French allegories, is a volume scarcely suited to the requirements of the average reader. The man, for instance, who is making his first acquaintance with the "Vision" in the suggestive but necessarily truncated version of the poem which Mr. Arthur Burrell has recently edited for "Everyman's Library," will be apt to find Miss Owen's erudition and exact scholarship a long way beyond his need. And—experts apart—we may say that it is only those who

have dipped into Professor Skeat's Clarendon Press edition or have some knowledge of M. Jusserand's "Observations," and other contributions to the literature of the subject, who are in a position to appreciate the learning and the discrimination that have gone to the making of this latest study of the earliest English "Tract for the Times"—a study, the only fault of which, if fault it be, is a certain something lacking on the interpretative or æsthetic side. The earlier and contemporary French allegories which Miss Owen examines in this, her thesis approved for the London University's degree of Master of Arts, are "Li Romans de Carité," by Barthélemy, Renclus de Moliens (1180-90); "Le Songe d'Enfer," by Raoul de Houdenc (1214); "Le Tournement de l'Antecrist," by Huon de Méry (1235); "La Voie de Paradis," by Rutebeuf (1270-1285); along with the famous "Le Roman de la Rose," which influenced Langland's greater contemporary, Chaucer; De Guileville's "Le Pèlerinage de Vie Humaine" (1330-1355), and two anonymous and undateable short poems, "Salut d'Enfer" and "De Dame Guile," which may have been composed about the same time as Rutebeuf's works. Miss Owen says that, though she has searched the catalogues of many of the monastic libraries, she can find no external evidence that any of these allegories with, of course, the exception of the "Roman de la Rose," was known in England at the time when "Piers Plowman" was composed, and so, after a detailed examination of the purpose of Langland's work as compared with that of the French allegories, of the dream-setting of the various poems, of personification as employed in them, of the use of such commonplaces of allegorical action as the Quest, Jousting and Warfare, and of the exploitation of such allegorical devices and apparatus as the spiritual armour, dwellings, clothing, steeds, "ladder," food, medicaments, cleansing, documents, sermons, church vestments, magic mirror and tree of charity, she comes to this general and rather lame and impotent conclusion—that there was a common stock of allegorical material of which the writer (or writers) of "Piers Plowman" made use, that part of this material was probably supplied to French and English poets independently by the Scriptural and theological commentaries studied at the time, that Langland probably was acquainted with both the "Roman de la Rose" and the "Tournement de l'Antecrist," and possibly with De Guileville's "Pèlerinage de Vie Humaine," and that "Piers Plowman" differs mainly from kindred French poems in revealing in its author a definite and strongly marked personality, and in alone making use of allegory to record this author's mental and spiritual experiences.

PLAYS AND POEMS. By Oliver Goldsmith. Selected with an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe 2s 6d. net. Red Letter Library (Blackie).

Among all the series of reprints, newer and older, we still retain a special liking for the "Red Letter Library." We like the handy pocket size of it; its artistic format; its clear print and good paper, and the pleasant feel of its soft leather binding. The latest addition to its list includes the two delightful comedies of Goldsmith and the rich handful of his poems that will probably outlast "The Vicar," his charming essays, and everything else he has written. Mr. Seccombe's introduction is scholarly in the best way; he is one of the soundest of critics, and writes from a fulness of knowledge, but he has a lightness of touch, an ease and pleasant clarity of style that add to the value of what he has to say, because they make interesting and attractive reading of it. Almost anybody can acquire information, but there is an art in imparting it that is denied to some of the most studious, and this art is Mr. Seccombe's in a particular degree. He gives you here in some thirty pages a concise biography of Goldsmith, a vivid character sketch of the man, an account of his work, and a just and discriminating criticism of the plays and poems included in this volume. It is an ideal preface for a book in such a series; helpful, suggestive and answering the needs of the student no less than of the general reader.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN LANE.

In Portugal, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (7s 6d. net), is a book full of information pleasantly given. It is not exactly picturesque written, but it tells of picturesque facts and scenes, and shows us a hundred things we could never have gleaned from a guide-book. It tells us of the people, their characteristics, the differences between the Portuguese and the Spanish traits—the differences which are, as the author says, eternal. "The thoughtful humaneness of the Portuguese is poles apart from the noble rashness and imprudence of the Spaniard; the Spaniard's restless discontent is replaced in Portugal by what might almost be called a contented melancholy, a 'humorous sadness.' . . . The Portuguese have a quiet dignity, but personalities are less aggressively emphasized than in Spain; they are vain, but they have not the irascible, susceptible pride of the Spaniard; theirs is a more placid variety." Then the chapters, dealing with city, village, country, show us the beauty and brilliance of the sunshine, the heat, the cool depths of shade. And among the distinct charms of the volume is that of the verses and songs, freely rendered into English. It is a collection of varied information gathered by an open-eyed, open-minded writer.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

Mr. Lloyd Williams understands that successful melodrama depends to a great extent upon its villain, and in the figure of Lord Sinthorpe, in his new novel, **In Secret Places** (6s.), he has given us one of the most complete and sinister scoundrels we can remember ever to have met. Until the strain of his behaviour, allied with constant overwork, begins to tell upon his brain, Lord Sinthorpe possesses few of the ordinary—and none at all of the gentler—attributes of humanity. Yet, somehow or other, most readers will find him distinctly an attractive creation. His schemings have a breadth and devilishness that are singularly likeable—in a novel. And, in addition to its villain, "In Secret Places" possesses quite a passable hero and a very pleasant heroine. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd Williams has written an exceptionally readable sensational story. The book is decidedly long, but even the most exacting of readers will admit that the author gives him plenty of incident for his money. He will find also that Mr. Williams has a sense of humour—a pleasant and unusual occurrence in fiction of this type.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

What we are pleased to call "the holiday season" has brought some most appropriate books with it, and one of the best is Mr. William Caine's **Save Us From Our Friends** (6s.). One seems naturally to use a food simile in describing its merits: it is light, it is pleasant, it is easily digested, it tempts the holiday appetite, it is piquant, yet simple and wholesome. It is in truth merely an account of a holiday at a little French seaside place, where a match-making young wife, very much in love with her own husband, tries to settle the matrimonial affairs of her friends, and drives them nearly crazy. The everyday reality of Mr. Caine's style is most entertaining; the dialogue, while being simply natural, is always brisk and amusing; and the cross-purposes at which the sextet play are life-like without being boring. With a good, easy, capable manner of writing, Mr. Caine has made a very slight theme serve him well. No kit-bag should be without it when the summer exodus takes place.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.

Every beginner in the art of public speaking, if he be a man of sufficient sense to be sure he is not a genius, wishes for some trustworthy guide, or guide-book, to put him on the right lines. The guide-book that seems to us to deserve the beginner's attention and faith is **The Art of The Orator**, by Edgar R. Jones, with a Foreword by Mr. Lloyd George (3s. 6d. net.). Mr. Jones is firm on the points of accuracy of language and clearness of statement—an admirable standard. Only a week or so ago Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, was critically reviewing the oratory of the past, and suggesting that rhetoric itself was of the past. For nearly all practical purposes of to-day the assumption is true; until now even the word "oratorical" is largely suggestive of artificiality, and even insincerity. And when it comes to writing books of instruction on this decayed member of the famous group of mediæval "liberal arts," we ever come back to the difficulty enunciated by the author of "Hudibras":—

"For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach only but to name his tools."

The chief merit of Mr. Jones's unpretentious manual is its keeping for the most part to broad general principles. When he comes to details he does not entirely escape the pitfall of confounding the rules regarding the written and the spoken word. In another sense, however, this widens the scope of his appeal, and his book is worthy of the closest study of young writers as well as speakers.

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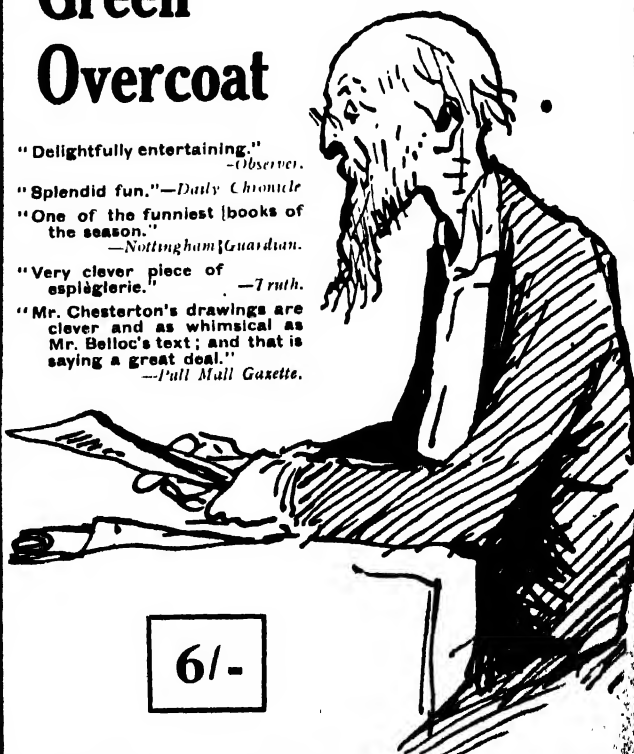
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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The September BOOKMAN will be a special Colonial Number, and will contain an article on the literature of the Colonies and of India. It will deal more especially with the work of living authors, and will be illustrated with numerous portraits.

On another page we announce the result of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Thousand Pound Prize Novel Competition.

Miss Rose Macaulay, the winner of the First Prize of £600 in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition, is the daughter of Mr. G. C. Macaulay, Lecturer in English at Cambridge University, author of the volume on "James

Thomson" in the English Men of Letters series, of a critical study on Francis Beaumont, and editor of many books. Miss Macaulay has been writing stories ever since she was a child; she was brought up partly in Italy, memories of which country play their part in certain of her romances. Her first novel, "Abbot's Verney," was written in 1906, and since then she has published four others, "The Furnace," "The Secret River," "The Valley Captives," and this year "Views and Vagabonds." She began to write "The Lee Shore," the novel that has won the £600 prize, some little while ago, but put it aside when she had done about a third of it and went on with other work. When she saw the £1,000 Novel Competition announced and decided to enter for it, she purposed submitting "Views and Vagabonds," but finding she had still plenty of time to spare altered her mind, took up the unfinished novel, "The Lee Shore," revised what was already written of it, brought it to completion and sent that in instead.

Mr. David Hennessey, winner of the Second Prize in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition, is a well-known Australian author and journalist. He was Organising Secretary

in Sydney for both the Inauguration of the Commonwealth in 1901, and for the Royal Reception in the same year. His prize novel, "An Australian Outlaw," is the first novel he has published since that date, for in these last ten years he has been travelling about the world—spending some little of the time in London—doing miscellaneous journalistic work and collecting materials. Among other books that he has published are "A Lost Identity," "An Australian Bush Track," "Wynnum," and "The Dishonourable"—the two last of which reached a sale of some thirty thousand copies.



Mrs. R. S. Garnett,

whose new novel, "Amor Vincit," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.



Miss D. C. F. Harding,

whose new novel, "Affairs of Men" (Jong Long), is reviewed on page 117.

"Yarns and Talks," is the title of a new collection of essays and tales by Mr. Bart Kennedy that is to be published this autumn by Mr. Stephen Swift.

Mr. Andrew Melrose has just published "The Norse King's Bridal," a new book of translations from the Danish and Old Norse with original ballads, by Miss E. M. Smith-Dampier. Her earlier volume of such ballads and translations attracted much attention and was warmly praised by Mr. Andrew Lang. Miss Smith-Dampier has also written a novel, "Oil of Spikenard," which was very successful with both critics and public.

People are asking "Who is Dan Chaucer?" author of "The Simple Life Limited," whose brilliant new satirical novel, "The New Humpty Dumpty," has just been published by Mr. John Lane. Well, we would like to disclose the secret, but Mr. Dan Chaucer says we must not. He says there is nothing interesting in his personality beyond the fact that he is partial to toast and bananas; and that as for his personal appearance, if you go to Maidstone on a market day and photograph the first farmer you meet, so long as he has not side-whiskers, you will have a pretty accurate portrait of him. Personally,



Photo by Violet K. Blacklock.

Miss E. M. Smith-Dampier,

we should not have described Mr. Chaucer as looking at all like that, but as that is what he thinks he looks like we can only set it down.

Messrs. Longmans have recently published an *Anthology of Welsh poetry done into English verse* by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves. This is the first serious attempt that has been made at an anthology of Welsh verse, old and new, in English verse form, and we hope to have something further to say of it next month.

Mr. G. B. Burgin has a new novel coming out with Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn. It is a story of literary and journalistic life in London, embodying some of Mr. Burgin's personal experiences, and certain well-known living authors have unconsciously sat as models for some of its characters.

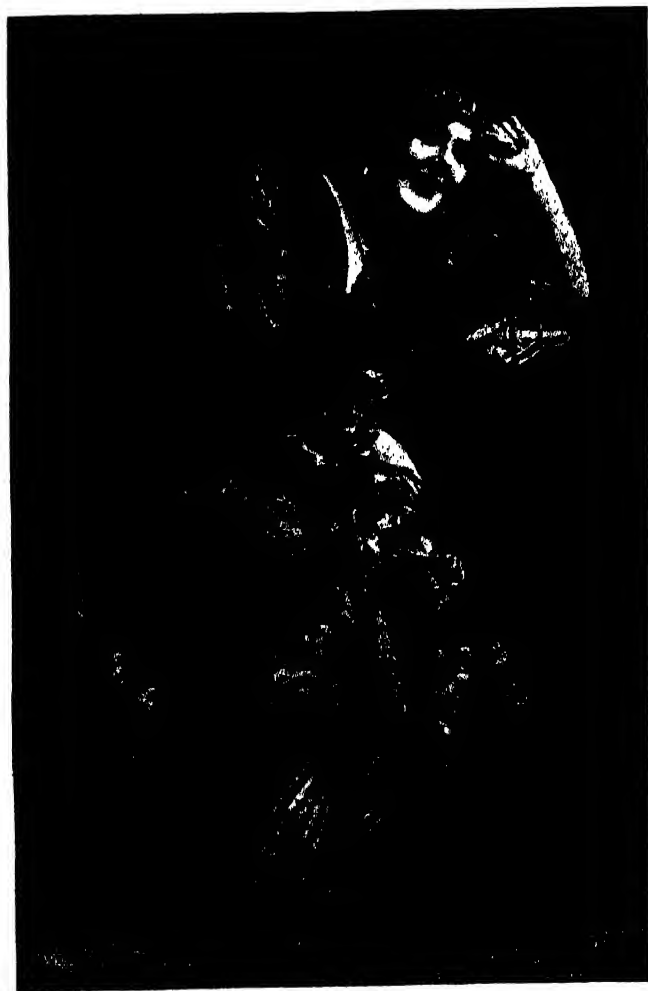
Miss Frances G. Knowles-Foster, who had a considerable success with her first novel, "*Jehanne of the Golden Lips*," has lately published a second, "*The Written Law*," both books being issued by Messrs. Mills & Boon. The first story had for its heroine the famous mediæval Mary Stuart of Naples ;



Photo by Sav. & Co.

Miss Knowles-Foster.

the second is a travel book and an exciting novel in one, and deals with the difficult problem of the marriage of white men with native women as it applies to Burmah. Miss Knowles-Foster has made a very earnest study of this question, and the *Law* she elaborates offers a new solution to it, and has aroused keen interest in political circles in the East. The *Rangoon Gazette* thinks the story may prove "much more effectual for its purpose than a complete file of the Confidential Circulars which the various Chief Secretaries have hitherto sent out."



Miss Beatrice Irwin,

who recently recited selections from her poems, "*The Pagan Trinity*," (John Lane) at Crosby Hall.

In spite of her youth, Miss Knowles-Foster has found time to explore many lands, and has travelled through Europe, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Ceylon and India. When making studies for the Burmese book she went with her mother on a cargo boat a thousand miles up the Irawadi to the Chinese frontier ; and she vehemently repudiates the name of globe-trotter, describing herself as a leisurely world-walker and sailor in search of matters of artistic interest. When on her travels she has had many romantic and stirring adventures and some hair-breadth escapes from violent ends. She always wears a weird, but beautiful, gold and pearl Persian pendant-charm, that was given to her as a talisman against accidents ; and so far it seems to have fulfilled its function very thoroughly. Miss Knowles-Foster's home is in Yorkshire, where her ancestors

have lived for a thousand years, and when she is not roaming abroad in search of "copy" she amuses herself there with her books, is busy writing in her wonderful museum-like room full of curios, or in adding some new language to the five she already speaks. Before the two novels, she wrote when she was sixteen a little historical tale of Mother Shipton, "The Witch of Knaresboro'," and although she protests that this cannot be really considered a book, it continues to have a large local sale. She has also written stories, travel articles, and reviews of history and fiction for the magazines, and occasionally a ballad of old times in the North Countree.

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. Andrew Lang, which took place early in the morning of the



Miss Helen C. Roberts,

whose novel, "Old Brent's Daughter," was recently published by Messrs. Duckworth

21st of last month. We hope to make further reference to Mr. Lang and his work in our next number.

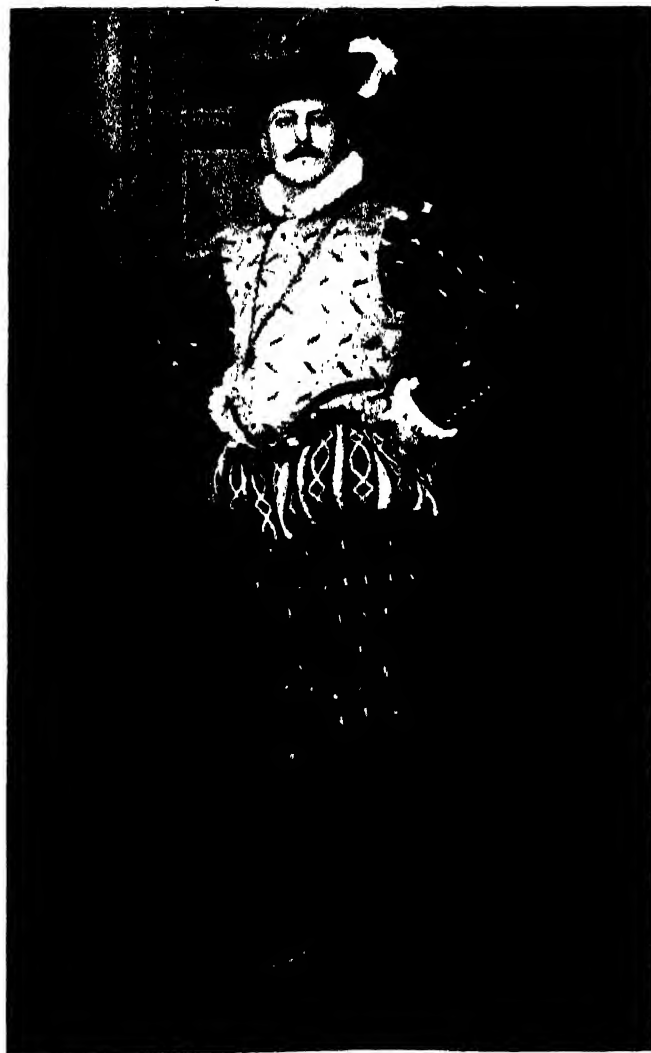
A St. Andrews resident writes and asks us to find space for this "poor tribute to one so much loved":

"The world is a much poorer place to-day by the passing away of Mr. Andrew Lang, and his many friends and admirers are very sorrowful people. His praises are being sung in every form of writing by able pens, and we are told of his great powers, his astonishing versatility, his unceasing work and extraordinary memory. We know them all, but here, in St. Andrews, the 'little city old and grey,' which has delighted to honour him, as he loved and honoured it, we also have known his genuine goodness (his friends speak of his 'heart of gold') and his unfailing kindness for all, especially any smaller brethren treading the path of letters, to whom he could

lend a willing, helping hand. Also his charity and sympathy with bad health and trouble; only conceit, he could not suffer gladly. Now the busy pen is laid aside, the capable brain is at rest forever, and the picturesque, noticeable figure will never again be seen in the quiet



Morice Gerard
(The Rev. John Jessop Teague),
whose new novel, "Orinland Castle," was recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.



Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in the Costume of a Marshal's man at the Elizabeth Triumph, Shakespeare's England, on July 11th.
Mr. Jackson's new book of essays, "All Manner of Folk," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

old streets, on his way to and from the University Library, on most winter afternoons.

"Before these lines are read he will be laid to rest under the shadow of the ruined towers he knew and loved so well, and it will have been the sad privilege of those who prized his friendship as a dear possession to stand in the group of mourners at his grave—mourners in every sense of the word, and sincere sympathizers with his wife and helpmate, whom he leaves behind.

"That group, to be really representative, should contain old and young, for he loved children, and animals too. He has been known to take home stray dogs and cats and feed and house them, and many a copper has been popped into ragged little urchins' hands by the kind-hearted poet-author."

"Broken Ladders," the new novel by Mr. Andrew Soutar that is published by Messrs. Cassell, has a political setting, but is essentially a domestic story, its purpose being to show how deeply a well-bred woman can be made to suffer by a husband of superficial genius—a Labour leader who has risen from the people but lacks the strength of character to



Photo by Pym, Strathnam.

Mr. Andrew Soutar.

eat criticism. Mr. Soutar has travelled a good deal in the Far East, and when he was out there wrote his Indian story, "The Chosen of the Gods;" but it is the domestic tale that appeals to him in particular. His first story was published by Clement

Scott, who wrote him a kindly letter of encouragement, and incidentally advised him that the British reading public has a rooted prejudice in favour of the happy ending, no matter how unreal it may be. That was fifteen years ago, but Mr. Soutar declares that he is as young now as he was then, and that, moreover, he will never grow old, because when he lays down his pen he also lays down his work, and thinks no more of it until he returns to his table. He is not a faddist, he says, in the way of only being able to write in a sealed room; he writes all the better when a noise is going on about him. He has never burnt the midnight oil, frequently goes to bed as early as 8.30, writes only when the spirit moves him, and never after dinner. Whenever writing palls upon him, he turns to ball-punching, boxing, golf, or motoring. Boxing, he confesses, interests him more than any other sport, and if a big contest is taking place at the National Sporting Club he is generally to be found there. Nowadays, Mr. Soutar writes in this country exclusively for the magazines edited by Mr. Newman Flower; but he has a large following in America, where a series of his stories is at present running in *Ainslee's Magazine*.



Joan Maude.

Frontispiece portrait from her book, "Behind the Nightlight" (John Murray), which was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*.

In a scene of remarkable interest and picturesqueness the striking monument which Bohemia has erected to its greatest historian was unveiled at Prague on the 1st of July, the picturesqueness being heightened by the fact that the unveiling was one of the culminating scenes that marked the sixth Universal Sokol Congress organised by the Bohemian Sokol Union. It was only fitting that the honour paid to Francis Palacky should have been tendered in the jubilee year of the Sokols, for the influence of the historian, with his passionate devotion to the national idea, may be traced in the establishing, by Dr. Tyrs, of the first Sokol Society, in 1862. The Sokol movement—at once the most remarkable patriotic, and the most remarkable gymnastic, organisation in the world—has grown until now the Slav Union of Sokol Societies numbers 200,000 members; and there were grouped about the base of Mr. Sucharda's grand piece of sculpture notable representatives of all the Slavic peoples—Bohemian, Moravian, Polish, Croatian, Servian, Russian, Bulgarian, Montenegrin—besides guests from England, France, and elsewhere, while massed around in the square were thousands of Bohemians and others.



Francis Palacky.

The central figure from the Memorial recently unveiled at Prague.

Francis Palacky, whom all had gathered to honour, is an historian little known to the generality of English readers, as his writings are only obtainable in Bohemian or German; it is interesting to learn, however, that he had a thorough knowledge of English, and numbered Gibbon's "Rome" and Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Study and Use of History" among his favourite books. The son of a Moravian schoolmaster, Palacky, who was born in 1798, came, as author of the "History of Bohemia," to be recognised before his death, in 1876, as "the foremost man of his nation." It is not easy, says Count Lutzow, in his

"History of Bohemian Literature," to define the circumstances that rendered the publication of Palacky's monumental work a political event in Bohemia, contributing greatly to the revival of national feeling. These circumstances are briefly indicated as the revelation of a glorious past to a people whose sense of nationality had been almost obliterated by oppression. Palacky revealed, as it were, an inspiring palimpsest, the lesson of which fired his compatriots with the idea that what had been might be again. Those who were present at the unveiling of the magnificent monument, and the celebrations on the banks of the Ultava, can alone realize how inspiring that idea has been.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S £1,000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

First Prize, £600. THE LEE SHORE, by R. MACAULAY.

Second Prize, £400. THE OUTLAW, by DAVID HENNESSEY.

Report of the Adjudicators, MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN, SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, and MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

We award the Two Prizes in Hodder & Stoughton's Prize Novel Competition to Miss R. Macaulay, of Southernwood, Great Shelford, Cambridge, author of "The Lee Shore," and to Mr. David Hennessey, of 97, Bridge Road, Richmond, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, author of "The Outlaw."

"THE LEE SHORE" is above all things an unusual novel. It does not belong to the category of made books manufactured on conventional lines. The author has a real understanding of life and a nameless "something" in her outlook not given to everyone who writes a good



Photo by Gyde, Aberystwyth

Miss R. Macaulay.

Winner of the First Prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's £1000 Prize Novel Competition.

and well-constructed novel. The characterisation is admirable, the characters linger in the memory. Peter, the hero, is most lovable and convincing. In grasp, in meaning, in charm of feeling and expression and in humour "The Lee Shore" is easily first among the Competition Novels. It is sure of many admirers and friends. Miss Beatrice Harraden writes: "In my opinion this book is immeasurably ahead of all the others."

"THE OUTLAW"

is as good an adventure story as has been written for years. It is genuinely interesting and exciting, an excellent, straightforward piece of narrative, told with admirable dramatic force and certainly the best bush-ranger novel since "Robbery Under Arms."

We have no hesitation in saying that the Competition has proved an unqualified success. The interest taken in it has been keen and widespread, and the hundreds of manuscripts submitted have involved an amount of care and labour beyond anything that had been anticipated. MSS. have come not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but from Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other of the Colonies, and from India. It was found necessary to engage a large and competent staff of readers to give every novel received adequate attention; each novel was read by more than one of them, many of the novels were read and fully reported upon by six different readers and, as may be imagined, all this painstaking consideration and sifting of the good from the bad, and the better from the good meant a great deal of conscientious labour extending over more than two months before a selection of all the best



Photo by Fack Studios, Melbourne.

David Hennessey.

Winner of the Second Prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's £1000 Prize Novel Competition.

work was ready to be submitted to a final decision of the three judges.

Not a few among the remaining novels are of high literary merit, and are sure to find their way into print.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

MR. BALFOUR AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Lit.

AS a man of letters? Well, the "English Men of Letters" Series has not a place for Marlowe yet, but it has thrown its line over Hume and Adam Smith. Here is the shred of a precedent, if a precedent is required, for writing an article upon Mr. Balfour which is mainly interested in him from the point of view of literature, not of politics or philosophy. The real difficulty is not precedents but materials. It is more than forty years since Mr. Frederic Harrison turned the searchlight of the *Fortnightly* upon the cleverness and snobbishness of "Lothair." It is seventeen years since he criticised the "Foundations of Belief," but in the later Conservative leader it was philosophic misdeeds and not literary defects which moved him to indignation. As a novel, "Lothair" was witty in itself, and the cause of wit in others. It struck out Bret Harte's brilliant parody as well as Mr. Harrison's article on "The Romance of the Peerage," and although the latter began with the stinging comment that "the literary qualities of the book need detain no man. Premiers not uncommonly write sad stuff; and we should be thankful if the stuff be amusing," the critic's sense of justice led him in the next paragraph to recognize the literary merits of the story before satirising its social and political tone. Mr. Balfour has written several books, but they are not like Disraeli's novels. They are not even about literature. It is almost as difficult to ascertain his literary interests and quality from what he has published as it was for Tariff Reformers and Free Traders during his last Parliament to discover his exact whereabouts on the misty seas of high finance. With this difference, however, that his elusiveness as a man of letters is not tactical; it is due to the fact that his main interests lie, intellectually, in philosophy, from Bacon to Bergson. Only now and then, in some address or casual reference, is it possible for his readers to perceive his literary bearings through the atmosphere of mental distinction which characterizes his pages in Hansard or out of it. He is not a man of letters as Lord Rosebery is, for example, or Lord Morley, or Mr. Wyndham, or Mr. Birrell.

There is an odd illustration of this in the second chapter of "The Foundations of Belief," where he has to discuss the

sources of æsthetic pleasure. He gives literature the go-by and chooses to argue the question from music, "partly because, unlike Architecture, it serves no very obvious purpose, and we are thus absolved from giving any opinion on the relation between beauty and utility; partly because, unlike Painting and Poetry, it has no external reference, and we are thus absolved from giving any opinion on the relation between beauty and truth. Of the inestimable blessings which these peculiarities carry with them, anyone may judge who has ever got bogged in the barren controversies concerning the Beautiful and the Useful, the Real and the Ideal, which fill so large a space in certain classes of æsthetic literature. Great indeed will he feel the advantages to be of dealing with an art whose most characteristic utterances have so little directly to do either with utility or truth." We need not discuss how far this view of music would satisfy recent critics and composers. The point is that the line of argument taken here is not one which would have occurred naturally to a genuine man of letters. He would have risked the bog.

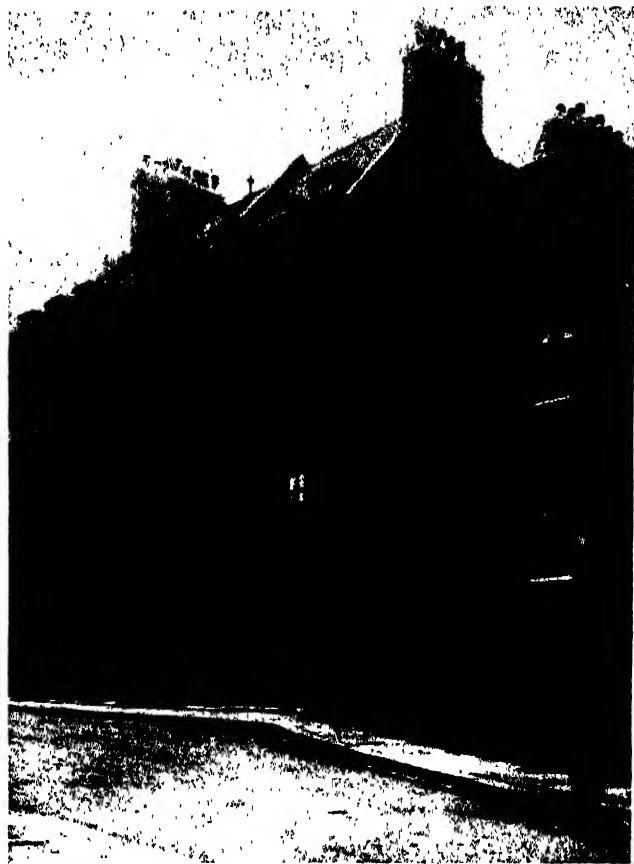
But although literature occupies an incidental place in the output, and even in the interests, of Mr. Balfour, he has, of course, been obliged now and then to define his position to it, as a branch of culture. We can see where he stands in one or two of the controversies which are always with us in the land of books. For example, to take one of the least technical, it is a supreme function of literature, according to Mr. Balfour, to cheer us up. "I do not at all deny, of course, that things sad, sorrow-

ful, tragic, even drab, may be and are susceptible of artistic treatment . . . but for my own part I prefer more cheerful weather. Everything, after all, which is real, is a potential subject of literature as long as it is treated sincerely, as long as it is treated directly; as long as it is an immediate experience, no man has the right to complain of it. But it is not what I ask of literature. What I ask from literature mainly is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in literature something which represents life, which is true, in the highest sense of truth, to what is or



Photo by J. Russell & Sons. The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

is imagined to be true, but which does cheer us." This is a preference in which he has many stout allies. Sir Henry Taylor and Walt Whitman were poles apart in poetry, but they agreed that this was the chief end of verse. Schopenhauer was not a politician who needed refreshment for the intellect after a Commons debate, but he declared acidly that high culture leads us to seek entertainment almost entirely from books and not from human beings. Even Matthew Arnold held the same view—"The life of the people is such that in literature they require joy." The cheerful note has often been in demand, and in these days when History is raising the tariff against Literature and even Fiction tends in various hands to become utilitarian, it is not the hour to cavil at anyone who believes in literature, were it only because he desires a place for bright pieces on her programme. But literature is surely more than a source of refreshment and exhilaration. If you ask that of it, even "mainly," you are apt to associate it with your jaded moments or with some special form which is soothing and amusing rather than notable. Most of us have had times when, like Thackeray, we have "read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. . . . Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares; no remorse about idleness; no visitors; and the 'Woman in White' or the 'Chevalier d'Artagnan' to tell me stories from dawn to night." This is where Mr. Balfour's preferences would land many people, I am afraid, who would not realize, as he does, that fiction is a very minor part of the literature which forms our ozone. And even when we take his preference in a guarded sense, it requires some definition. Where, for example, would Ibsen come in? He does not cheer us. But he is literature because he does something else, which is equally vital. Obviously it would be a mistake to construct a criterion of literary excellence out of books which appeal to you on holiday or in bed or after the day's work has left your brain too tired for any pages that will prod the mind.



**No. 10, Downing Street,
the house always occupied by the Premier.**

"For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

There is a large place in literature for these stories, and they need not be "sad" stuff, in the uncomplimentary sense of Mr. Harrison. Was it not FitzGerald who spent a bright summer morning over Tacitus' account of Nero? Which proves that FitzGerald was a true bookman, and that he knew, like a literary epicure, how to secure the proper relish for sad stories. I was

"lying," he remarks drily, "at full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eying the sun manfully not far off." That would be nearly as comfortable as lying in bed, and yet it is not incompatible with the enjoyment of books which cannot be called "amusing."

But the pleasure-giving qualities of literature have always appealed with curious force to Mr. Balfour. When he went to address the St. Andrews University students, he took the opportunity of crossing swords with Mr. Frederic Harrison on this very point. He refused to deplore what Mr. Harrison had severely called "this sewage



Photo by J. Valentine, Dundee.

**Whittingehame House, Mr. Balfour's
residence at Prestonkirk, N.B.**

out-fall" of modern fiction, and he protested against the Spartan and rather superior discipline which the "Choice of Books" attempts to lay upon the necks of modern readers. "I am deliberately of opinion," he declared, "that it is the pleasures and not the spiritual or temporal profits of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader." Again, the anti-utilitarian spirit of this protest is to be welcomed. "Why should not reading be desultory sometimes? Is there any law against indulgence in a literary saunter? Must you never read a book unless you mean to read every word? He has only half learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and skimming?" Besides pleading for this freedom from the law of serious purpose in reading, Mr. Balfour claimed that books were meant to satisfy the demands of rational curiosity, and that even the desire to know something about any subject—which is usually all that most of us can hope to know, in the majority of cases—is a legitimate motive for reading. The publishers of shilling textbooks to-day were justified years ago by Mr. Balfour. He met by anticipation the charge that little manuals necessarily encouraged a taste for smattering, the charge which Pope voiced in the lines—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Well, a little learning is only dangerous when it does not know it is little. And who was Pope to throw a stone like this?—Pope, who with the most imperfect knowledge of Greek translated Homer, with the most imperfect knowledge of the Elizabethan drama edited Shakespeare, and with the most imperfect knowledge of philosophy wrote the *Essay on Man*."

Literary allusions are rare in Mr. Balfour's pages, even when he is writing upon literature, and one is tempted to infer from this glance at Pope that the author's chief



Photo by Elliott & Fry

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.
(May, 1889.)

period in English literature is the eighteenth century. This is the impression left on my mind by his books. He does admit somewhere that the middle third of the nineteenth century has not much attraction for him; "I turn with pleasure from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley." But I have the feeling, though I cannot bring forward chapter and verse in support of it, that he turns often further back still in English literature, and that his excursions for pleasure in the field of books bring him into the curiously large company of those who haunt the age of Johnson, Swift, Walpole, and Addison. His interest in Berkeley is well-known. It is a philosophical predilection rather than a literary; still, it serves to corroborate the hypothesis which I have just suggested. In that case, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Harrison would be found for once on the same side, interested in an age which, as the latter said, did not do well in verse, though it produced prose which "ever tended to rise into poetry." This is only true of certain sections in the eighteenth century prose. Its



No. 10, Downing Street. Dining Hall known as Pitt's Dining Room.

This is one of the finest apartments in the house. It was built by the great Prime Minister whose name it bears. The table used when the Ministerial dinners take place here is the telescopic one which is seen drawn up against the wall. The room is shown as it was when Mr. Balfour was at Downing Street—he possesses two of the Burne-Jones "Perseus" series, one of which is seen on the wall.



**No. 10, Downing Street.
The room that Mr. Balfour
used as study and music
room.**



**No. 10, Downing Street.
The room in which Cabinet
meetings are frequently
held.**



**No. 10, Downing Street.
The drawing room, or chief
reception room, where
hang portraits of the First
Lords of the Treasury.**

qualities of ease and level wit, at any rate, are those of which we are most reminded in Mr. Balfour's own style, not so much in his two large books on philosophy as in his numerous pamphlets, ranging from music to matter, from politics to religion. Huxley, who knew good English when he saw it, once praised the charm of his style, "which flows like a smooth stream, sparkling with wit and rippling with sarcasms enough to take away any reproach of monotony." He may have won this charm before he turned from Thackeray; but if he did not, it shows distinct affinities with the prose of the great essayists in the eighteenth century.

Upon the whole, however, Mr. Balfour cannot be called a man of letters

in the strict sense of the term, not even in the sense in which that flexible title could be applied to his hero Bishop Berkeley. He has rarely given himself to literary subjects, and when he has handled them it has been with a general or philosophic air. As for literary allusions and quotations, he appears to avoid them almost as much as D'Artagnan fought shy of classical references in conversation; the sound of them meant something other than business to the musketeer, and the philosopher or politician seems able to make his points without their aid; he prefers the unaffected, unadorned style which misses the virtue of suggestiveness but manages to be as lucid as the writer means to

be, or as the subject permits. Mr. Balfour does not often touch on literature, and when he does it is with a



Photo by H. Walter Barnett. The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

going far beyond—I will not say its future capacity, for I do not wish to set bounds to the power of science—but far beyond anything which it can do at present." He added: "The pleasures I derive personally from literary history are biographical." These are characteristic and timely words. Apparently, when Mr. Balfour turns to

detached spirit, as if he were pre-occupied with subjects which are more serious. His style, in this respect, is characteristic of his mental attitude. But it would be ungrateful to close this article without recalling how, in the true vein of a man of letters, he protested the other day, at the Royal Literary Fund dinner, against the tendency to find sociological causes for literature. His speech belonged to those able improvisations which often fail to win credit for their occasional flashes of penetration, just on account of their apparent carelessness of form. In one of these casual flashes he said he was reluctant to see literature treated in too scientific a spirit. "I think that science in dealing with this free progress of the human spirit is really

literature' it is personality which he desires to trace, not any evolution of principles or forces. The latter interest him in philosophy and science, but he is alive to the incalculable fact of individual genius in literature, which is not to be melted down into the sociological currents of an age. This is good philosophy, in spite of Taine and his school, and Mr. Balfour's appreciation of it



No. 10, Downing Street. The Garden, on the site of the Royal Cockpit.

shows that his scientific prepossessions have not warped his sense of what is vital after all and above all in literature.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric. *Note:* Several Colonial readers have written asking us to give more time for sending in papers for this Competition. As we cannot well do that, we announce now that we shall next month and again in the October Number offer further prizes of One Guinea each for the best original Lyric. This will give our Colonial readers the opportunity they ask for.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most appropriate quotation from English literature to be placed on the Memorial of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—Of the large number of Rondeaux sent in for this Competition the majority have been rather disappointing. Some Competitors have sent good verse that bears no resemblance to the Rondeau; some have sent Rondeaux that are not good verse. We publish a few of the best and award the PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to Miss E. F. PARR, of 12, Worcester Terrace, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

RONDEAU

Yea, verily, I loved thee once, Atthis, once long time ago"
SAPPHO

I loved you once, long time ago,
In youth, when gods their gifts bestow,
We two set forth new paths to tread
Towards the sunset's flaming red,
With dancing feet and hearts aglow.

Hushed is the music, soft and low,
Which through our dreams was wont to flow,
In silence now we meet . . . 'tis said
I loved you once!

No more for us the spring winds blow,
On misty hills soft falls the snow,
The trees are bare, the rose is dead,
The spirit of romance has fled . . .
Yet, 'tis a solace, dear, to know
I loved you once.

We select for printing:

RONDEAU.

(SWINBURNE'S MODEL.)

Goodbye, Jehane, from love of you I pray
That never, never, may you feel such pain
As I am feeling now when I must say
Goodbye, Jehane.

Yet, if in years to come you should again
Return to me, though every hair be grey
And my poor broken life be on the wane,

Still shall you and me, as when yesterday
In young-love wise your cheek to mine was laid,
And you shall dream I said to you in play,
"Goodbye, Jehane."

(Norman Davidge Gullick, Wallingbrook School, Chulmleigh, North Devon.)

RONDEAU

My spinning-girl no distaff plies
'Neath her light foot no treadle flies,
But in her sunny garden close
'Mid roses white, herself a rose,
She spins until the daylight dies.

She takes the blue of Summer skies
She knows wherein the magic lies
Of floating cloud, and wind that blows—
My spinning-girl

Each russet leaf, each bud that flies,
Her radiant fancy doth dispose
To deck her spinning-music flows
From her sweet lips With lore lit eyes
She weaves a story, sweet and wise,
My spinning-girl

(A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, 40, Oxford Gardens, Ladbroke Grove, W.)

The Tennis Court, where greenly grows
The grass, as anybody knows,
Is just the place to introduce
A maid and man without excuse,
And there I met—well, call her "Rose"

And through the Summer when we chose,
We often, as you might suppose,
Put to a very proper use
The Tennis Court

The season drew towards a close;
Summer began to take a doze,
And when with racket and the Deuce
We made a temporary truce,
We were another pair of those—
The Tennis Caught.

(M. Thorpe, "Trevone," 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

RONDEAU.

Thou art so fair that all the morning air
Is filled with voices, singing praise of thee;
And only I am silent, for I dare
Not praise thy grace of form and beauty rare,
Lest in the song my hidden heart thou see.

And seeing, trill thy silver laugh of glee
At my long-sheltered love at last laid bare.
For kind of heart thou hast not need to be
Thou art so fair.

How couldst thou have for my poor heart a care,
Who from thy lovers' bows most swiftly flee,
Leaving them, worn and weary, to despair,
Their fullest homage given uselessly
Alas! thy beauty needs no praise of me,
Thou art so fair

(Mona Garrod Turner, Gazebo, Walberswick, Southwold.)

YOU CAME TO ME.

You came to me when skies were grey,
When ev'ry bird had hushed its lay,
Your tender tones, your winsome guise
Made me forget the leaden skies,
And hours bereft of warblings gay

Even fears that made my heart their prey,
Your gentle presence charmed away;
With Love's effulgence in your eyes
You came to me.

"God guard you, dearest, now and aye!"
At night and morn I fondly say
You led me to Love's paradise,
Where hand in hand, more pure and wise,
I walk with you, and bless the day
You came to me.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road South Woodford, N.E.)

And we specially commend the Rondeaus received from D. M. J. James (Huntly), Alice Grant Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Joseph Barrow (Morpeth), Bernard Delorme (Canonbury), Mary Allan (Kilbarchan), R. S. Pollard (Longsight), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Mrs. Bond (Pinner), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St John's Wood), Rose E. Sharland (Bristol), Thomas Hutchinson (Morpeth), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. Cornell (Upper Norwood), M. Thorpe (Cattford), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Theodore Maynard (London, W.), Elizabeth A. Brielby (Hull), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Arthur M. Berry (Luton), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Robert White, Jun. (Edinburgh), Edmund Howard (Putney), E. M. Lindsay (Ealing), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley), G. Pickering (Hull), E. W. Priest (Norwich), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Annie Hampton (St. Helens), Eric Trayler Cook (London,

N.), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), Margery Finch (Portsmouth), Cynthia Wontner (St. Leonards), Violet Pascoe Williams (Blackheath), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Jean Wilson (Cluppensham), Edward Ward (South Shields), Annie C. Reay (Canterbury), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Maude Collett (Wimbledon), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Miss B. Vickery (Bradford), Miss G. Hennings (St. Albans), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), M. A. Molyneux (St. Albans), Evelyn Emily Ho (Plumstead Common), John V. Shanks (Aberdeen), Tom Sefton (Bolton), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Miss Poole (Canterbury), A. H. Scales (Paddington), Miss Creighton (St. Helens), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), Anita Lea (Liverpool)

II. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Queen's Road, Basingstoke, for the following:

THE ORDINARY MAN AND THE EXTRAORDINARY THING. BY HAROLD BUCHER. (Hodder & Stoughton)

"He never used a big, big D"

W. S. GIBBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

We also print:

MISS BRADDON BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

"Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale"

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello* V. 1.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)
OLD MY UNCLE BY W. THIGMOUTH SHORE. (Swift.)

"My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!"

Her hair is almost gray"

O. W. HOLMES—*My Aunt*.

(Charles Powell, "Dovedale," Victoria Park, Manchester.)

THE ORDINARY MAN AND THE EXTRAORDINARY THING BY HAROLD BUCHER (Hodder & Stoughton)

"Oh goes his bonnet to an oyster wench."

SHAKESPEARE—*Richard II.*

(Ernest S. Heron, 13, Grange Road, Chester.)

THE GOOD GIRL BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN (Constable.)

"Up rose the sonne, and up rose Finche"

CHAUCER—*The Knight's Tale*.

(Mary Beale, 16, Stafford Road, Croydon)

A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH BY J. D. BERTSFORD. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

"Politics we bar"

W. S. GIBBERT—*"Princess Ida."*

(Rev. F. Heron, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

THE MOON ENDURETH

BY JOHN BUCHAN (Blackwood)

"This requires some little reflection"

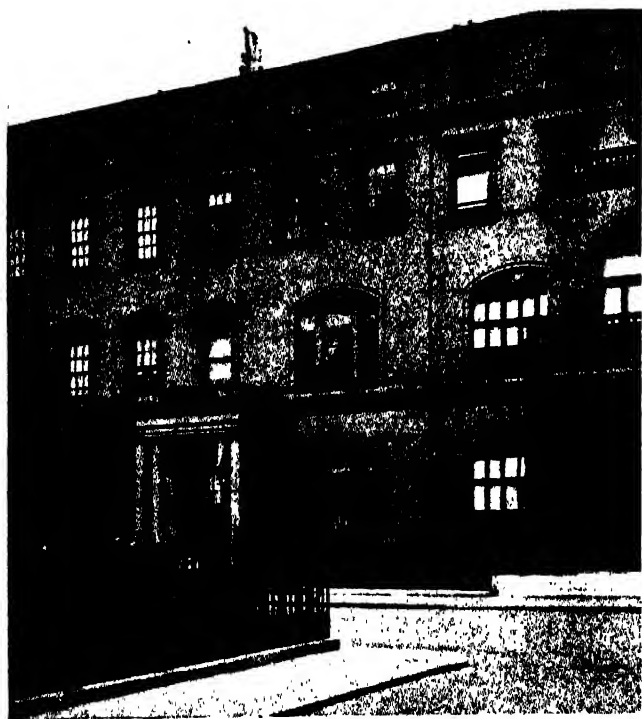
EDWARD LEAR—*The Duck and the Kangaroo*.

(Miss M. K. Perkins, 24, Claremont Road, Highgate, N.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four or six lines of verse on Johnson's dictum that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money" is awarded to Mr. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, of 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

When Johnson penned these lines on pell
He forged a dart to wound himself,
For he who writes gross gold to get
Has missed a nobler mark, and yet
The scribe who does not write to make it,
Would be a blockhead not to take it.

Good replies have also been received from E. Hunt (North Cornwall), R. S. Pollard (Longsight), Miss E.



4, Carlton Gardens, Mr. Balfour's London Residence.



The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

From a painting by Sydney Hodges, presented to the Constitutional Club (Northumberland Avenue) in 1894.

Reproduced by permission of the Committee of the Club.

Adams (Whitchurch), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Lettie Cole (Pontilas), Herbert Hodder (Kingston-on-Thames), H. W. Walker (Beeston), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mrs. E. M. Knight (Rushden), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Maurice Frank (Stockwell), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Kitty L. Lyon (Wimbledon), E. J. Thomas (Bristol), Joseph Barrow (Morpeth), E. J. Seymour (Kilburn), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), T. Maynard (London, W.), T. J. Anderson (St. John's Wood), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Margaret Denchfield (Banbury), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), Geraldine Tatlow (Chippenham), Margery Finch (Portsmouth), Miss Walkerdine (Birmingham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Rev. A. J. Ashley (Cannock), Donald R. Gooding (Southwold), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Miss M. E. Fulkes (Upper Tooting), Laurence Tarr (East Ham), Alicia Williams (Bath), A. V. Waller (Sunderland), Ethel M. Odell (Forest Gate).

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Carr, of 12, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent, for the following:

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS. BY E. M. FORSTER.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The short story—most fugitive of literary forms—is here rendered classic by real dignity and distinction. These half-dozen subtle allegories are classical also in another sense; despite their modern setting, they are steeped in a pagan and pre-Christian atmosphere. The petty unrest of our time is ironically contrasted with ancient qualities—worship of simple beauty, imagination, a lofty and gracious quietude. One feels, too, the presence of vast primal influences; Pan moves through the thicket, dryads still haunt the groves that the builder has spared. This slender, spacious book offers "infinite riches in a little room."

We also select for printing:

FELIX CHRISTIE. BY PEGGY WEBLING. (Methuen.)
"Felix Christie" is a clever study of a young New Englander, who comes to the Old Country intending to make his name as a

violinist and develops instead into a successful author. But the explanation of Christie's birth seems hardly sufficient to account for the very rapidly-formed friendship with Houghton Buckley and his family, which strikes one as slightly improbable, and it is also a little difficult to believe in Felix's strong attachment to Pearl. The book, however, contains one or two admirable scenes, while both Mrs. Christie and Lady Buckley are almost masterpieces as character sketches.

(Marjorie C. Barnard, 39, Nevern Square, S.W.)

THE GREAT STATE. Edited by H. G. WELLS, LADY WARWICK and G. R. S. TAYLOR. (Harpers.)

Milestones are extremely necessary things on a long walk. They are essential for a civilized community. "The Great State" is a national milestone, but it is hidden behind a hedge. It fails from over-modesty. H. G. Wells opens with a skilful and fundamental diagnosis of the social situation, and then steps gingerly towards a constructive scheme. He reminds us of the "Fabian Essays," whose policy became a laughing-stock, and himself takes safety in generalities. Here are essays for the politician, woman, doctor, artist or churchman in Utopia, but the most inspiring of all is Chiozza Money's "Work in the Great State." Every word carries conviction and stimulates dissatisfaction.

(R. S. Pollard, 14, Portland Road, Manchester.)

BLINDS DOWN. BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mr. Vachell's latest book, "Blinds Down," is one of his best. Divided into two parts, the first is undoubtedly the most powerful. The delineation of Rosetta's character is especially skilful, while the description of the two sisters and their surroundings could hardly be bettered. The second part drags somewhat, and we find it hard to believe that the daughter's life would be so exactly similar to the mother's. But the conversation and the dramatic moments, particularly when Rosetta reveals herself, are finely handled, and the life in the sleepy old town is a singularly accurate picture.

(Eleanor Pocock, 3, St. Stephen's Road,
Ealing, London, W.)

STORIES WITHOUT TEARS. BY BARRY PAIN.
(Mills & Boon.)

There are few writers who see and record so much humour in everyday life as Mr. Barry Pain. For witty brevity he is incomparable. These stories are as good as any he has hitherto given us, especially the moral tales which conclude the volume. The plain girl who could make *omelettes aux fines herbes*: the desert which advertised its sunsets in vain; the schoolboys who organised the Banana Club—are all interesting and amusing creations; in fact, every one of the narratives is original, yet natural and instinct with quiet observation.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, Near
Dartford, Kent.)

QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS. BY JOHN OXENHAM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

This beautiful tale breaks like a freshet into the stale stream of modern fiction. The scenery, the clearly-visualised characters, the illuminating style, all fill the memory with pleasant mind-pictures. Clearest of all is the sweet figure of Renée de St. Aubin, who, with her father and brother, flees from their Breton home on Mont St. Michel to take refuge from the Revolution on our Cornish Mount St. Michael. Round the three refugees and round the twin Mounts of Brittany and Cornwall, is woven a deft story, full of action, continuous interest, and the exhilarating freshness of the sea.

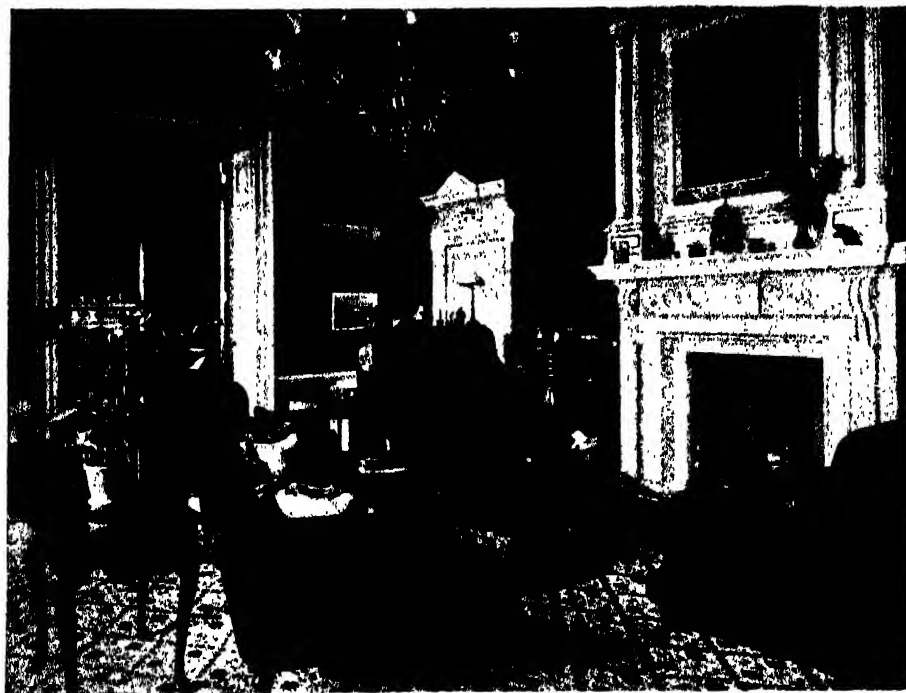
(Alan C. Fraser, Highlands, Dodington,
Bridgwater.)

CHARITY. BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
(Duckworth.)

Mr. Cunningham Graham has been called "The Aristocrat of English Letters," and it is a title distinctly applicable to the man. The stories—or rather sketches—in this volume, depend very largely on their style. All of them—especially the Spanish scenes and portraits—are alive with colour. And one of the studies, "Aunt Eleanor," carries with it an immensity of reality which none but a master could have achieved. For simple effectiveness, this picture of a Scoto-Yorkshire lady of the old school, whose chiefest joys were horses, hunting, and divines "in black Geneva gowns," is, we imagine, almost unsurpassed.

(J. F. Harris, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

We also highly commend the reviews sent in by Mary Kingdom (Mallaig), Geraldine Payne-Gallwey (Thirsk), A. R. Williams (Worcester), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Mary Cleland (Ellesmere), Alexander McGill, Junr.



No. 10, Downing Street. The room used by Miss Balfour as her boudoir.

(Glasgow), Miss H. Bellis (Southport), Miss F. Cartér-Squire (Shipley), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Maurice Frank (Stockwell), Catherine R. Glasgow (Westbury), Flora Thompson (Bournemouth), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), Frank Haigh (Halifax), Miss L. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Florence Karm (Gloucester), George Stanton (Leicester), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Claude L. Penrose (Woolwich), X. Y. Z. (Cambridge), Gladys E. Warren (St. John's Wood), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), Mary Ide Lantour (Ashford), Irene Pollok Lalonde (Bath), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), L. Welby (Shanklin), Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.).

V. THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Fuller, of 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.

NEW THOUGHT IN FRANCE.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

M. BOUTROUX has found in his English translator such an excellent medium by whom to convey his mind to us that I am tempted to ask for more—a very little more, but of infinite utility as the world goes. To these thoughtful addresses a brief set of definitions might have been attached. The average reader, who knows what scientific and philosophic terms may mean as one of George Eliot's characters knew Latin—all in general but nothing in particular—should be charitably put in remembrance of the precise intent lurking under such words as "concept" and "intuition," "positive sciences," "synthetic and analytic relations," and even "empirical and logical," but especially should he learn how to distinguish between "concept" and "reason." For lack of some preliminary instruction touching the value of its pieces a game of mental chess may bring only confusion and checkmate to the player we call in from the street. M. Boutroux comprehends his own meaning so well; he does, for the most part, lay it before us with such grace and lucidity, that these precautions added would give to his arguments ten-fold power. He is dealing with real objects and interests common to all. But how few have ever looked at the A.B.C. of metaphysics! Yet this, quite strictly, is the subject in hand, namely, whether beyond physics and physical science there is anything to know, any kind of action not reducible to these phenomena, their laws, and formulæ, and consequences.

I will throw the question into an easier shape. For many years past, as those who study French life and French politics are aware, the governing authorities in Paris have made a dead set at religion—the Catholic being charged in the foreground—as if what we understand

by it were some inferior, degenerate, and uncivilized form of thought, or, as they say, "mentality." What do these lawgivers, who control the state education from primary schools to Paris University, aim at substituting for the religion they proscribe? M. Boutroux keeps at a distance from political strife, but the answer is plainly indicated where he speaks, in his second lecture, on the attitude taken up by French "independent" moralists towards the old dogmatic or Christian creed. There is no mystery in it. The so-called "positive," otherwise "determinist," principle recognizes only one method of investigation, which it applies to every object, real or possible, and that is the method of "science." I call particular attention to the following significant passage—a master-key that will unlock many closed doors—"Nature, pure and simple," says M. Boutroux, "constitutes for present-day philosophy the collection of facts that are observable by our senses, and that determine one another in the manner conceived by science." Facts observed by the senses, brought into relation under laws which are only abbreviated summaries of these very facts, behold the subject-matter and the method which "positive science" claims to make its own, while undertaking to explain phenomena by them universally. "Observe and arrange," that is the whole secret; and the faculties involved are the senses with their corresponding memories. But as religion is much more than a collection of sensible events; and since it appeals to personalities conceived as outside and above "nature pure and simple," either it is a fiction or its validity is established by methods unknown to the experimentalist who cannot go beyond "the absolute assimilation of man with things."

In the French State schools this "absolute assimilation" has been taught under the name of "independent morality" for twenty-five years and upwards. The

* "The Beyond that is Within," and other Addresses." By Emile Boutroux, Member of the French Institute, Professor of Modern Philosophy at the University of Paris. Translated by Jonathan Nield. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

social order is explained as a system of mechanical forces ; and then children hear themselves exhorted to cultivate certain ideals, e.g., patriotism, liberty, fraternity, and other shibboleths of the year 1789. But these children are not only scientific phenomena ; they have strong appetites and growing passions ; and how will the teacher inspire them with motives to curb their wild desires ? What sanction except the fear of the policeman or of public opinion will he invoke ? These arguments may be effective to restrain bad conduct, but they will never make any conduct good ; for as motives they have nothing moral in them. As was excellently said long ago, all they could produce in human nature would be a species of " retrieving," and man would come forth from such an education about as moral as his dog or his horse. In fact, he comes forth, if we are to rely on French criminal statistics, much less disciplined than the animals we train. " Independent morality " is verbiage ; its code is a copy-book ; and there can be no such thing as duty in a machine. But men are not machines ; all too easily they take their place, like Bill Sykes, in a Newgate Calendar.

Stripping the facts of those delicate wrappings in which M. Boutroux, always polite, has folded them up, I could exhibit some very unpleasant illustrations of a morality divorced from religion after this manner in France. But he, with a certain gracious timidity and self-control, points out why it must be so ; on " the data of positive science " no sufficient reasons are discoverable why the laws of ethics should bind us. No, indeed, self-will is not good will, and how can it be changed to good will without loving good ? Where in physical relations shall we find the power to change it ? Nevertheless, without the goodwill of multitudes society cannot endure. The French State religion is melting away into moral anarchy. The school has become a forecourt of the prison.

Alarmed by these and the like observations, founded on a great consensus of testimonies from all sides, M. Boutroux is led to ask whether we must not " overstep the range of science ; " whether its method is the only valid one ; and whether its principle of " continuity " or " identity " can be applied when it yields results so little to our satisfaction as men, who feel bound, after all, to " follow our star," the true ideal ? Science takes " the Given " for its province ; is there not a " Beyond," in us and above us, to which we are akin ? Ought we not to say with Pascal that man stands midway between the cause and the effect ? that in his life—the life he is called upon to live as reasonable and loving—the scheme of things arrives at an interpretation in any other way unattainable ? The instrument by which this harmony is effected M. Boutroux denominates reason ; it is " the faculty which, above physical and logical relations, sets relations of concrete intelligibility—interconnecting no longer facts or concepts, but living beings."

A question here forces itself on our notice which cannot be passed over. Has this eminent French professor made acquaintance with Cardinal Newman's " Grammar of Assent " ? I think it most unlikely. Yet Newman wrote before 1870, " Our most natural mode of reasoning is not from propositions to propositions, but from things to things, from concrete to concrete, from wholes to wholes." The " reason " of M. Boutroux is the " illative sense " of Newman, in touch with life. And it is life

which proclaims by hard stubborn facts, " chieft that winna' ding," the bankruptcy of physical science when attempting to domineer over things too high for it. Our author drives the lesson home. " It is just because of its construction," he says, " under the guidance of *reason*, that the object with which reflective and scientific thought confronts its concepts possesses an objective value." This " inner Beyond " of which we are conscious, is " the condition of the essential elements of human life, viz., action, volition, and perception, as therein revealed to us." And the more expressive are those forms in height and depth of being, so much the more will they repay our efforts to develop them as living powers. Physical science may reckon its triumphs precisely because it has, in its own province, aimed at the mastery of nature by well devised experiment, which always combines intuition with concept, and both with concrete reality. But so does art, so metaphysics, and surely religion has ever implied the communion of spirit with spirit.

I cannot pause here to do more than suggest how like is this argument of M. Boutroux to Mr. Balfour's general reasoning in " The Foundations of Belief." The French writer offers it in a constructive way, and very gently, as to men lately convalescent from materialism. He might, with Mr. Balfour, have made it the fulcrum of a terrible dilemma ; either admit these grand human acquisitions to be real and not delusive, or confess that science itself has no more solid basis in fact than they have. A third line of inference may be followed, closely resembling Newman's in the " Grammar," if we affirm that life has its rights, its justification, and its inward harmony, not only as certain as physical science ever could show, but more primitive and of larger compass. The stroke which establishes art, metaphysics, and religion in their respective sovereignties, reveals the abysses of consciousness and conscience, or in St. Paul's magnificent language, the " deep Things " of God and man. Thus will the " inner Beyond," once it is acknowledged, " bestow a real value," says M. Boutroux, " upon those methods of inward and outward observation which at an earlier stage we felt bound to reject as insufficient." Using plainness of speech we may translate these carefully toned-down words into a series of English sentences, thus : the admission of a faculty which apprehends and judges the concrete is the only possible alternative to scepticism ; but, if admitted, that faculty will declare the existence of other worlds besides " Nature pure and simple," worlds therefore " supernatural " from the point of view taken by physical science, not continuous with it, nor to be interpreted in its technique ; summing up the whole in Schopenhauer's memorable dictum, " There is a metaphysics."

The reality and the function of " wisdom " or philosophy have in this manner been ascertained. It " looks for the connection between science and action ; it responds to the need of knowing whether existence, in so far as it transcends the compass of science, is still within the grasp of the intellect, of the reason, of human thought." M. Boutroux, as we gather from these words, would not be rightly numbered with pure mystics. The harmony that he desires to see accomplished between all the varying lines of human action and reflection is, like that contemplated by Aristotle, a creation of the

mixed, but it must be a living mind imparting to its own vision the judgment of reality without which all would be a dream. He calls on those who are now opponents to be reconciled, not by the suppression of any element in our complex nature, but by enlarging the circle in which every one may find its place. I consider his persuasive volume to be among the most notable

symptoms—and they are multiplying—of New Thought in France. When that thought has gained its legitimate influence the Republic will no longer banish the name of God from its decrees and religion from its schools. I have given myself the pleasure of analysing briefly M. Boutroux's admirably-timed lectures; and I can pay them no more sincere compliment.

New Books.

AN IRISH CAVALIER.*

Lady Burghclere has written a most attractive biography. It would be pleasant to add that she has written a fresh and judicial history, but it would not be true. She has attempted to give us here (despite the modesty of her title) not only the life but the times of Ormonde, and, while the life is a great success both in interest and in portraiture, the times are a success only in interest. Lady Burghclere seems to have made no deep study of seventeenth-century Ireland. She light-heartedly entitles the fifth chapter in her first volume "Massacre and Rebellion," for instance, thus giving an entirely false conception of the nature of the rising of 1641. It is surely time that responsible historians should cease to perpetuate an ancient calumny originally invented for political reasons. Lecky was no partisan of the native Irish, but he has stated it as his deliberate judgment that "the rebellion was a defensive war, entered into in order to secure a toleration of the religion of the Irish people . . . It may boldly be asserted that the statement of a general and organized massacre is utterly and absolutely untrue." Unfortunately, Lecky only touched seventeenth-century Ireland in passing; not until we have someone to do for Ireland of the seventeenth century what Lecky did for Ireland of the eighteenth century, are writers such as Lady Burghclere likely to cease repeating the old prejudices and errors. But, even without another Lecky, it is strange that she should permit herself to say of a people who were fighting for the freedom of their religion and the repossession of their homes that "it was no exalted patriotism, but pillage and revenge that commended the war to the natives of Ulster."

More original, as an instance of Lady Burghclere's failure to grasp the realities of seventeenth-century Ireland, is her condonation of Wentworth's attempt to suppress the Irish woollen industry.

"[Wentworth] has frequently been reproached" (says the author) "for wilfully destroying the cloth manufacture, in order that the Irish, who, as regards bare necessities, were a self-sufficing people, should be kept dependent on England. But Free Traders should hesitate before they

* "The Life of James, First Duke of Ormonde, 1610-1688." By Lady Burghclere. Portraits. 2 Vols. 28s. net. (John Murray.)

endorse this accusation, since his action consisted in repealing the prohibition to support wool."

Unfortunately for Lady Burghclere, the "accusation" against Wentworth of undermining the woollen trade of the Irish for English ends is made on the strength of his own letters on the matter: "for," he wrote, "they [the Irish] might beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us which they were able to do." There may be theories of Imperialism according to which Wentworth's action is defensible. But to defend it on the ground of Free Trade is like defending some of the great assassinations of history on the ground of eugenics. It is to ignore equally the larger consequences of the deed and the motives of the perpetrator.

In spite of the gaps and errors in the historical background against which we see him, however, Ormonde stands out in the present volumes with a wonderful reality and spell; the fact that, in comparison with nearly all whom he served, he was so much the man of honour, gives his figure an abiding interest of nobleness. Exceptional in strength, witty, judicious, tolerant, fearless, a ruler of men, he was for long the bulwark of the Stuart power in Ireland—the very model of the best sort of Cavalier. His loyalty to the Stuarts seems to me one of the psychological puzzles of history. As a youth, he saw his family robbed and ruined by one Stuart and one Duke of Buckingham; as an old man, towards the end of a life of service, he found himself ignored and ostracized by another Stuart and another Duke of Buckingham; yet never for a moment did his loyalty to the throne waver. He accepted the service of the monarchy as a sort of religious duty. "However ill I may stand at Court," he declared in a fine sentence, "I am resolved to live well in the chronicle." Both in his notion of duty and in his thirst for fame he is like a character out of the Heroic Age. It would not be far from the truth to



From "The Life of James, Duke of Ormonde," by Lady Burghclere (John Murray)

Kilkenny Castle.

say that he served king first and conscience afterwards. Yet there was not a servile inch in his body. When the all-powerful Wentworth ordered peers and commoners alike to lay aside their swords on entering the Parliament in Dublin, Ormonde alone resisted the officer's attempt to disarm him at the door and told him that "if he had his sword it should be in his guts." It was a dangerous piece of independence, and it was doubtful for some time whether it was going to ruin Ormonde or to make him. And though, nearly forty years after this, he was submissive enough under the slights of Charles II., he was good-humouredly, not cravenly, so. When, during this period, Colonel Cary Dillon came to ask him to further his interests with the king, observing that he had no friend at Court but God and His Grace, the Duke replied with a whimsical cynicism: "Alas! poor Cary, I pity thee; thou couldest not have two friends that had less interest at Court, or less respect shown them there."

There is no period of his life when Ormonde shows more attractively than in those times of misfortune. He was born to be a figure of romance, but he becomes doubly so when King Charles publicly frowns upon him and when Buckingham's scoundrels, Flood and the others, set upon him at night in St. James's Street and gallop him off towards the gallows at Tyburn with the intention of stringing him up there. Lady Burghclere excels in giving us a vivid narrative of adventures of this romantic sort. She brings out the quality of the man clearly, too, by the method of her narrative—his tolerance, his serenity, his unfailing humour, his outspokenness, his fidelity to what will seem to most people nowadays a narrow conception of public duty. His extraordinary Cavalier loyalty is seen in his perfectly sincere reference to the dead Charles II.—the King who "had used him, laughed with him, flouted him, and leant on him"—as the "best King, the best master, and (if I may be so saucy as to say so) the best friend that man ever had." It was because, little of a mystic though he was, he had a kind of religious loyalty to kings in his blood, that he who might have revolutionized Ireland never did anything bigger than carry on the King's Government in it. He was a great Cavalier, even a great governor, rather than a great statesman. It is fitting that he should have been buried in Westminster Abbey, for he faithfully represented the English and not the Irish interest in Ireland. At the same time, even those who hold that his ideals were absolutely wrong must respect him as the noblest of the moderate men who appeared on the other side in the age of the Stuarts.

ROBERT LYND.

HOW 'T WAS.*

Mr. Reynolds' great reputation is hardly likely to be increased by this very unequal book. Some of the sketches in it are worthy to rank with the best work in "A Poor Man's House" or "Alongshore," but some are most decidedly not. The fact is, there must always be a danger in collecting together in one volume work from many different papers and reviews which have appeared over a considerable number of years, and the book before us is a very fair example of what that danger is. Considering that Mr. Reynolds is a writer of really remarkable ability, it must be admitted that he has done himself a dis-service in printing here such sketches as "The Log of the Bristol Beauty," "Robbery Robbed," "Dear Papa's Love-Story," "A Marriage of Learning," and some of the cat studies. However, it is no good cavilling too much, especially when one comes to consider how many capital, and even impressive, things there are left. Of the thirty sketches and stories that make up this curiously varied book, perhaps one would not be far wrong in picking out the following seven as the ablest things in it: "An Unofficial Divorce," "The Beach-comber," "Silly Saltie," "A Love's Hunger," "May-Babies," "Self-Exiled," "A Third-Class Journey." They show Mr. Reynolds at that high level of clear and vivid

* "How 'Twas: Short Stories and Small Travels." By Stephen Reynolds, 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

portraiture, of finished and simple writing, that cause his best work to be excellent in so singular a degree. The truth is that he belongs to a very rare class of realist—that is, a realist who does not exaggerate realism in much the same way as the romantics invariably exaggerated romance. In dealing with the fisher-folk of the West Country he seems to have attained an extraordinary understanding of the psychology of a class, and he conveys it to us with great literary cunning. No sooner does he begin to talk in dialect than he appears instinctively to enter into the thoughts of his fishermen. The kind of awkwardness which acts like a barrier between class and class is broken down at a touch. It is very interesting to watch how naturally he slips into their souls just by slipping into their speech. It is in this respect that he is unique, and it would sound to most people like a truism to suggest that he is better employed writing about the inhabitants of the sea-shore than about anything else. And yet readers of the "Holy Mountain" will remember how brilliantly he succeeded on altogether different ground, and one would not willingly have missed that racy book. And here, too, strangely enough, the story which of all others has most riveted us is neither a story of the sea nor a satire such as the "Holy Mountain," but the haunting and tender study of stifled love, called "A Love's Hunger." This is the story of a girl who marries a doctor who loves her, but is never able to tell her so—not even on his death-bed. In the very fullness of its restraint it is profoundly moving. It has the sweet and indefinable sadness of a Turgenev story. Here, then, is Mr. Reynolds in a new and exquisite vein, which most certainly he ought to develop further. The only other piece we need mention particularly is the travel sketch, named "A Third-Class Journey," which relates how the author and his mate Jim, went for a holiday to Marseilles. This, which is much the longest thing in the book, is but a plain record of events and sensations, but it is told with a distinction and a detailed and unobtrusive realism that mark Mr. Reynolds as a writer of true originality.

In short, "How 'Twas," though it is disappointing in the sense that most *mélanges* are, and because its best work is not superior to the best work in some of Mr. Reynolds' other books, is, nevertheless, a remarkable performance. It certainly contains mediocre things, but it also contains things which are representative of its author's finest achievements.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE LISTENERS AND OTHER POEMS.*

Reverie has never made a more magical book than Mr. Walter de la Mare's third book of poems. For the most part, either they take the form of childish memories or their atmosphere is like that of overpowering memory. Never was child so tyrannous a father to the man. He does not recall things as Jefferies did the yellowhammer singing in the sun upon an ash branch in the field called Stewart's Mash, but always drowned, softened, reduced, and with a more or less distinctly sad sense of remoteness. Sometimes he announces the element of memory by beginning "When thin-strewn memory I look through" or "Once" or "One Summer's day," while in "The Journey" voices "seemed" to cry "vaguely from the hiding-place of memory." The number of poems thus labelled is small, but coming together at the beginning they give an unmistakable keynote to the whole.

In one poem he relates how Martha used to tell the children stories beginning "Once upon a time":

"And her beauty far away
Would fade, as her voice ran on,
Till hazel and summer sun
And all were gone:—
"All foredone and forgot;
And like clouds in the height of the sky,
Our hearts stood still in the hush
Of an age gone by."

Even so is the world often "all foredone and forgot" in

* "The Listeners and other Poems." By Walter de la Mare. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

these poems, and the poet's and the reader's hearts thus stand still—to see the three cherry trees:

"There were three cherry trees once,
Grew in a garden all shady;
And there, for 'delight of so gladsome a sight,
Walked a most beautiful lady,
Dreamed a most beautiful lady . . ."

or the very old woman living alone, who once was young,

"But age apace
Comes at last to all;
And a lone house filled
With the cricket's call;
And the scampering mouse
In the hollow wall."

Once he goes far back—"hundreds of years away"—and sees a Guinevere, a Helen, and a Cleopatra, unlike those of any other poet. Once the witch's eyes slant "through the silence of the long past." Once he uses the device of an epitaph:

"Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she."

The scene of one poem is a stone house, in a forest by a lake, named only "Alas." At the moonlit door of another lone house a traveller knocks:

"But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then,
Still listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men"

Or the scene is the palace of the King of Never-to-be or a graveyard, or in "the shades of Arabia." Arabia is the name of one of Mr. de la Mare's provinces, and it is a proof of his mastery that he can use this name and make it so perfectly his own while retaining all that the name means to those who are neither travellers nor geographers. It would be valuable and delightful to study the elements which contribute to the mystery of these poems. There are palaces, cottages, orchards, graveyards, all having something of the partly conventional, partly fantastic quality of those things to a child of small experience: the graveyard in particular is such a perfect idea of a graveyard as a child might make out of a story or a poem, yet I do not know where to find a more vivid sense of the grave than in this first verse of "The Bindweed":

"The bindweed roots pierce down
Deeper than men do lie,
Laid in their dark-shut graves
Their slumbering kinsmen by."

Mr. de la Mare's birds and flowers are most beautiful, but his book is not natural history. His "Owl and Newt and Nightjar, Leveret, Bat and Mole," are of the sixteenth century. The Asphodel and Amaranth are among his flowers, as Lethe is among his rivers. Dreams come to him from "gloomy Hades and the whispering shore." His hawthorn "hath a deathly smell." His snow frightens the starlings with its pale glare. There are witches in his country who carry "charms and spells and sorceries" in their packs. Cupid has once been met there, certainly alive. But the dead in that country are more than the living.

Without such a study, it is clear that Mr. de la Mare's magic is very richly compounded of childish experience, of Nature and books, of queer, half-understood or misunderstood things, and of the oldest mysteries. For all the atmosphere is tinged with sadness; very beautiful things—"and clash of silver, beauty, bravery, pride"—are seen in a faintly malevolent haze of time or distance. That when the poet speaks in his own person his melancholy should be overt cannot surprise anyone who realises how few of any man's hours can after all be given to reverie; how difficult or unlovely must appear the broken, scattered, or jangled things outside that province. He writes as an "exile" who would certainly not write if he were not exile, if he could always be at "Alas" or the "Dark Chateau," or upon those mountains whose "untroubled snows" his ghost is thirsting for. He is one of the most welcome of the many exiles who have been among us.

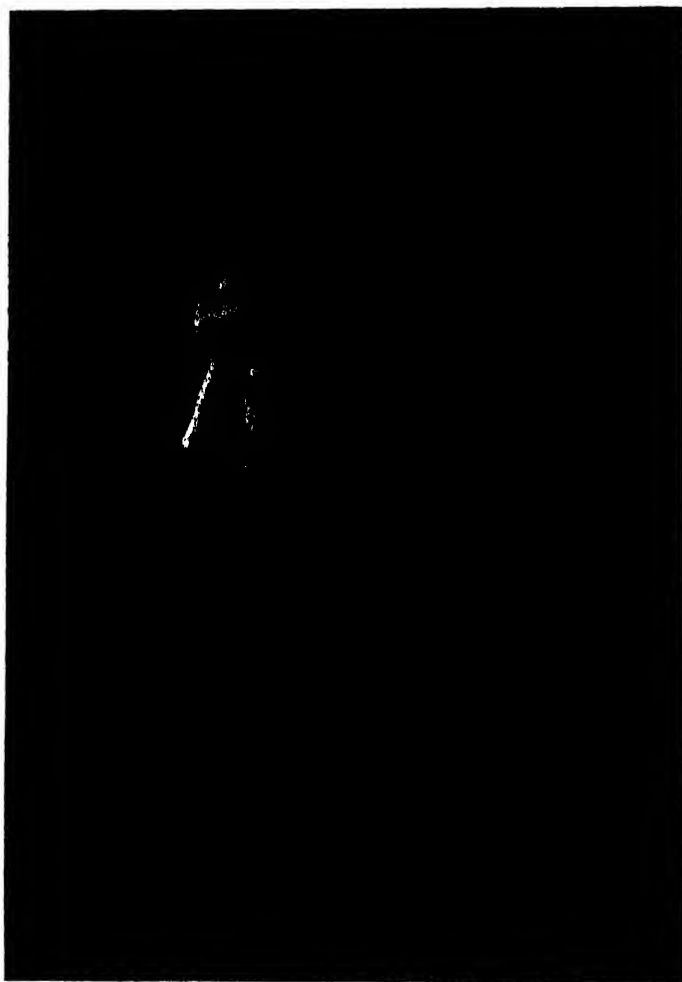
EDWARD THOMAS.

MARTIN HARVEY.*

We could wish this book to be read by every young actor, and placed in the hands of every young playgoer. Mr. Edgar is out to champion no peculiar views of art, unless it be that the art of the stage should be taken seriously; but even this championship, if it be granted, is in the nature of an unrehearsed effect. He is an avowed admirer of his subject, an admirer of old standing, who has seen our youngest actor-manager not only in London, but in Liverpool and Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh; and has watched his slow, sure progress with growing enthusiasm.

Mr. Martin Harvey's progress from humble walking gentleman to the central figure in "Edipus Rex" is full of fascination; and in inducing him to talk about himself and his art Mr. Edgar has placed us under a double obligation, and provided the ordinary reader as well as the playgoer with several hours of delightful literary recreation. The book is full of good stories. To some of us not the least attractive part of the work will be found in the pages devoted to Sir Henry Irving, and the old days at the Lyceum. We see again from a very intimate standpoint the man who must be regarded as the pioneer of modern English acting. "In the theatre," Mr. Martin Harvey is recorded as saying, "Irving was a great teacher of technique. No one could teach better than Irving, if the actor were prepared to take a lesson. Many people with him were not prepared to learn, and did not. I have seen Irving teach a man how to play his part, and in doing so hold the whole company hushed and on the verge of tears. I have heard the same man, after the rehearsal, turn to his fellows with no more to say than, 'The old man is very tiresome this morning! What is called the

* "Martin Harvey: Some Pages of His Life." By George Edgar. With 20 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)



Martin Harvey.

A portrait study by H. Walte Sanderson.
From "Martin Harvey," by George Edgar (Grant Richards).

technique of acting has always appealed strongly to Mr. Martin Harvey. In this lies the secret of his hold upon the public. He "sees in his body the instrument of his art—it is what the paint and brushes are to the painter, the music score to the composer, the written word or the printed book to the writer." As Mr. Edgar says:

"The ceaseless effort to improve and control every physical attribute has left its mark upon his personality. The years he has spent in cultivating his physical resources mark him out from the race of ordinary men, by the sound of his voice, the unconscious personal grace betrayed by his movements and the attention he gives to such details as the spontaneous emphasis of a word of conversation by the appropriate gesture."

There is an appreciative foreword from the pen of M. Maeterlinck, concerning Mr. Martin Harvey's impersonation of Pelléas. And the volume, which shows us the man as well as the actor, is embellished by some very attractive photographs.

LORD REDESDALE'S ESSAYS.*

This book is pleasant reading because it draws upon the full experience of one who is under no compulsion to write. It is never wearisome, for the author is never wearied. Even when what he says is not new, the old is enlivened by his own interest in it, and fortunately his interest is not diminished in the subject of Japan on which, many years ago now, he established himself as an authority with something fresh to say.

Lord Redesdale was brought up on Harrison Ainsworth, with the result that the Tower of London has inspired in him a life-long reverence. Kit and Mauger and Simon Renard and the Hot Gospeller were very real personages to him, and he believed without doubting the story of Anne Boleyn's ghost as told him by an old officer of the Coldstreams. He fed his young imagination upon this tragedy in stone. It was his very good fortune, therefore, to be able later in life to do something for the material fabric of his visions. The Tower, being a palace, a prison and a fortress with barracks, receives the attentions of the Lord Chamberlain, the Constable of the Tower, and the War Office. The structure itself is the concern of the Office of Works, of which Lord Redesdale became Secretary in 1874. The ancient buildings were then in a very bad way. They had not been used as a palace since the reign of James II., they were no longer a prison, and in the zeal to make the most of them as barracks the authorities had hidden away all the romance behind wretched military stores. The Hawthorn tower had been burned down, and on its site rose a warehouse that masked the whole Tower from the river. Public interest in it had fallen away when it ceased to be the fashion to go there to see the lions. Its menagerie, dating from the coming of three leopards (a compliment to the royal coat-of-arms of England) from the Emperor Frederick in 1235, was removed in 1826 to found the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. Mr. Planché had just started in earnest on his battle with the War Office which insisted on a "line of Kings," or at any rate of great personages in armour, from Norman times. As Mr. Guy Laking says in an interesting note on the armoury of the Tower, Rowlandson's aquatint of 1781 reveals almost as much absurdity as was witnessed a hundred years earlier by Mons. Teravin de Rocheford, who was shown among the Tower's arms a musket of William the Conqueror.

All this is leading up to the author's share in the interesting incident he relates in the chapter that gives a title to his volume. Of all the buildings in the Tower, none had suffered more neglect than the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula. Macaulay has a purple passage upon its barbaric defacement, and Lord Redesdale's account is not less condemnatory if more matter-of-fact. Accordingly when Sir John Taylor reported in 1876 that something must be done at once if the chapel were to be saved, Queen Victoria signified to Lord Redesdale her acquiescence in the necessary work, at the

same time enjoining care and reverence in disturbing the bones of the illustrious dead lying in it. A plan was prepared showing the position in which, according to the best historical authorities, the various persons had been interred and a beginning was made on the north side of the chancel, where it was believed was the grave of Anne Boleyn. There was a thrill of emotion, the author tells us, when at two feet below the surface they came upon the bones of a woman of from twenty-five to thirty years of age. Anne Boleyn was twenty-nine at the time of her death, and there could be no doubt that this was indeed the unhappy Queen.

"The bones were slender and beautifully formed—narrow feet and hands, delicate limbs in excellent proportion, the vertebrae very small, the atlas (the joint nearest the skull) tiny—(remember her laughing at her 'lyttel neck' on the eve of her execution!) Every particle of earth was passed through a sieve, so that not a splinter of bone should be left, and all the remains were piously gathered together for re-burial."

Later on, digging to the south of Anne Boleyn's grave, the workmen found the bones of a tall stalwart man, corresponding to the description of the Duke of Northumberland. The skull was there, however, and would not the "head of a traitor" have been exposed on London Bridge? But the records when turned up showed that as an act of grace the Duke's head was buried with his body, and that what seemed to raise a doubt was converted into indirect testimony of accuracy.

As has been indicated, on the subject of Japan—that is in the greater part of the book—Lord Redesdale is unfailingly fresh. He writes also on Leonardo da Vinci, landscape gardening, the history of paper, and if none of his essays on these has the deep interest of that on the Tower, each has individuality. His views on photography will not please all its practitioners, we owe ourselves in agreement with him in condemning those experiments in reflections which torture "the countless smiles of the sea" into the grievances of a circus clown. But the opinions in this volume, though quite definite, are aired with charm, and are never provocative.

D. S. MELDRUM.

THE LADY NEXT DOOR.*

Mr. Harold Begbie's abrupt transformation from a man of versatile talent into a writer with the inspiration of genius is one of the most curious events in the modern literary world. It would make another striking foot-note to William James's revolutionary study of the varieties of religious experience. Mr. Begbie is now distinguished from a hundred writers with whom he used to rank by the sharp and clear insight into human nature with which a profound and settled faith in God has suddenly endowed him. He has broken clean through the fabric of our materialistic civilisation. He sees this strange, novel, complex system of industrialism, in which we are all now entangled, in an old and yet a new light. Regarding all the intricate machinery of the most advanced societies he asks: "What is its ultimate effect upon the human spirit?" To him the world, with all its new inventions and its new organisations, remains what it was at the beginning—a place of spiritual conflict in which souls are shaped and character moulded.

In his present book he applies his illuminating way of studying modern problems to one of the most hackneyed topics in British politics. "The Lady Next Door" is Ireland—a young and capable matron, seated at a fireside, who raises her grey eyes to the visitor and says with a whimsical play of laughter at her lips: "I wish to do my own housekeeping. I think I can do it in a better way and more cheaply than other people can do it for me. I want to be left alone to attend to my own business and bring up my own family in my own way." The old gentleman next door, says Mr. Begbie, may be alarmed by this

* "A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers." By Lord Redesdale. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

* "The Lady Next Door." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ambition, but the lady really has no more evil intent against his prosperity than to sell him the surplus of her butter and eggs.

So the book begins. But after discussing the lady's affairs in a fresh, picturesque and telling manner, Mr. Begbie draws an extraordinary and arresting conclusion. In spite of his own impassioned and settled belief in the fundamental ideas of Protestantism, he inclines to think that Catholic Ireland, after a generation of self-government, will become a centre of radiating spiritual influences that may yet save the Anglo-Saxon race from the greatest of all maladies—atrophy of the soul.

"In Catholic Ireland—even in the most ignorant of the peasants, the most demoralised of the urban population—spiritual life is the supreme reality. . . . One is tempted to cry out to England, with all the energy of one's soul, that she has taken a wrong road, that ruin awaits her in the near distance, that at all hazards she must stop and get back as soon as possible to the path of nature . . . I believe it is good for England to possess, close at her luxurious door, this modest, affectionate and thrifty people who are struggling to live the spiritual life."

In "Aspects of the Irish Question" * Mr. Sydney Brooks has written in small compass a comprehensive book on Ireland, remarkably fair in tone, except, perhaps, in regard to the character of the Irish priesthood. He is convinced that when Ireland takes completely in hand the management of her own affairs there will be a quiet but effectual revolt against the political power of the parish priest. In his view it is the English Government that is responsible for the present political influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, that has been converted into a kind of moral police force by English statesmen, the purchase price in this transaction being the control by religious bodies of the instruction of the people. This, maintains Mr. Sydney Brooks, is the origin of the real "Rome Rule," which will be effectively destroyed in a struggle between clericals of all creeds against the popular control of education.

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD.†

The downfall of Napoleon marked the end of a great epoch in history, but the century that followed has been of immense interest and importance in the development of the world. It has seen the establishment of a new Europe with a different balance, with new ideas of inter-relations, it has seen the emergence of the United States as a great world power, the phenomenal birth of Japan, the signs that prelude the rousing of China, the partition of Africa, the consolidation of Italy and of Germany. It has had its share of wars, shattering and constructive, of statesmanship in mighty schemes, of unprecedented works of engineering, of great scientific discovery, of new ideas of life and sociology. While lacking a Napoleon in whom a whole era might be summed up and concentrated, the century that has just ended produced a great number of men of wide and wise ideas and policy, whose work and influence while less dazzling than Bonaparte's, were tremendous factors in moulding the destinies of the modern world. A plain impartial history of the past hundred years cannot fail to be of absorbing interest.

Yet in looking through Mr. Browning's two large volumes, it was impossible not to wonder just for what public it was written. Hardly for the historian or the advanced student of history, who would go for his information to the sources from which Mr. Browning drew. For Mr. Browning expressly and truly declares in his preface that his book "has no pretensions to originality or research. It is a plain account of the political events of ninety-five years, more than seventy of which have passed during the writer's lifetime, and nearly seventy within his recollection." For thirty years Mr. Browning taught history in Cambridge University, and during that time most of the material of

* "Aspects of the Irish Question." By Sydney Brooks. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)

† "A History of the Modern World, 1815-1910." By Oscar Browning, M.A. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Cassell.)



Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge

Mr. Oscar Browning.

the present book formed the subject of his lectures. And this seems to me to be indicated in the very personal manner which is often discernible in the pages before us. The earlier part of the book is concerned with matters chiefly European, and for this Mr. Browning has had the usual accepted authorities to help him in framing his narrative, which certainly gives an excellent *facts* of events, though it seems to demand no little previous knowledge on the part of the reader. But towards the latter part of the work we begin to find less a history than an exposition of Mr. Browning's personal bias in his way of recounting events. This would be delightful in a series of articles for the reviews, or in lectures, but seems to detract from the value of any history seriously intended to represent the course and tendencies of the affairs of the world.

For example, when it becomes necessary to speak of Chamberlain's adoption of the policy of Tariff Reform.

"Now, however, for what reason can only be conjectured, Chamberlain lent the force of his will and his great influence over the masses to attempt to reverse this policy (Free Trade). He had recently paid a visit to South Africa, during which he must have become convinced that the Boer War, for which he was ready to assume the responsibility, was a blunder, if not a crime; and the idea of inaugurating a new policy with which his name might be connected may have occurred to him in his solitary broodings, either on the illimitable veldt or on the voyage home."

"Protection is the coward's refuge. . . . Happily the danger has been averted."

Now, anyone may legitimately hold strongly to Free Trade or to Tariff Reform, and he may legitimately and laudably express his adherence, and Mr. Browning has every right to his opinions and to free speech. But that is not how a great historian writes.

Again, there is a remarkable proportion of space devoted to the details of various wars. Surely in a history of the modern world it is less important to know the movements of a campaign—especially when at the most only a cramped and insufficient account can be given, than the movements and progress of national and international affairs. Yet quite one-sixth of the two volumes is devoted to war narrative, while many of the most truly important happenings and phenomena of recent times are neglected. From

the most diligent reading of this work it would be impossible to obtain any inkling of the tremendous rise of Germany as a naval power, the Kaiser is hardly mentioned, nor do we hear of the great European statesmen of to-day; the revolution in Turkey is not spoken of, nor is there a word of the progress of the Labour movement, nor of the phenomenon of the Trusts in America. The truth is that the scope of the work was too great for any but the most consummate skill in handling and arranging with due regard to perspective and proportion. The attempt is to be commended, but the result is not altogether satisfactory. Beyond doubt every reader of such a book will cavil at finding in it things which seem to him scarcely deserving of extended treatment, and at not finding any mention of matters that, in his judgment, are of the highest importance. But this work transgresses to an extent that is impossible to attribute to the caprice of a captious reader; the information conveyed is trustworthy—our complaint is against the extraordinary omissions and the lack of proportion in the plan.

F. M. A.

THE JULY MONARCHY.*

"Since I have reached the age of reason," writes the Comtesse de Boigne in one of the later chapters of this supplementary volume of her memoirs, "I have seen three powerful Governments fall, all by suicidal abuse of the principle which brought them into being. The Empire had fallen by its obstinate persistency in despotism and war; the Restoration by a senseless and inopportune revival of legitimist claims; the July monarchy by a reluctance, which reached the point of cowardice, to abandon strict legal forms, and to disregard the Paris middle class." The present volume opens with France settling down after the events that led to the July monarchy, and it closes with "universal suffrage for the first time in operation," and the cries of "Long live Reform!" which ushered in the Second Republic. It was for the most part a strange and incoherent episode in French history. The shadow of the great Revolution lay upon men's minds; the menace of the holy alliance was in their thoughts; while the working classes, ignorant, poor, and lacking political power, were beginning to be stirred by the Socialistic teaching of Louis Blanc and his like. "The time for purely political movement in France is past," wrote Stein in 1842, "the next revolution must inevitably be a social revolution." The memories of Chateaubriand, of Talleyrand, of Pasquier, of Guizot, and of a crowd of others, give us the varying phases of public opinion during this period, but inasmuch as these men were, like Madame Roland, stating a case for impartial posterity, their writings belong to a category different from those of Madame de Boigne.

That lady, as those will remember who have read the former volumes which M. Charles Nicoulland has given to the world, was the daughter of the Marquis d'Osmond, and a lady-in-waiting to Madame Adélaïde, Louis XVI.'s aunt. She was educated by a sister of Marie Antoinette, Queen Caroline of Naples, and formed a close friendship with Queen Caroline's daughter, afterwards Queen Marie Amélie. At eighteen, Adèle de Boigne married the Comte de Boigne, a soldier of fortune, who proposed to her because another lady rejected his addresses. Guizot, who met her shortly before her marriage, describes her as most engaging, "singing, dancing, talking, listening, observant," and possessing a "just and quick instinct of the interests of existence and of high breeding." It is through the eyes of this quick, observant lady that we are able to observe the transformations in French society and politics through three different Governments.

Anecdotes are the small change of history, and one told by Madame de Boigne in the first chapter of this volume,

is a good illustration of the causes that brought about the July monarchy. When Charles X. had abdicated, she tells us "etiquette was the only thing that preserved its rights." During the retreat of the royal family to Cherbourg there was no diminution of these rights.

"As I have been led to speak of this gloomy voyage, I may here set down a small anecdote of which I have special knowledge, for the purpose of showing how far the observance of etiquette enveloped our unfortunate princes with its trivialities. They were to dine at Laigle with Mme. de Caudecoste, who received them most readily. The officials of the household preceded the party; everything was placed at their disposal; they demanded a square table, and as there was none to be found, they sawed a fine mahogany table into that shape, as the king, they said, could not eat at a round table. If I am not mistaken, such care at such a time is sufficiently significant, and seems to me to excuse many reproaches that have been often repeated."

Nor was the attitude of the legitimist aristocracy a whit less ridiculous. At first they were frightened and kept quiet, but after the trial of Charles X.'s minister it was evident that the Government did not wish to be severe, and the Legitimists began their demonstrations. The sack of the Archbishop's palace checked their ardour, but "herded in the same drawing-rooms, they rubbed shoulders, and, feeling themselves universally hostile, they believed themselves to be the world." This world accordingly determined to ruin Paris. Economies were made on servants and horses, and there was a great parade of countermanding orders for furniture, jewels, and so forth. "Ladies set off to the country without buying summer hats, and made their maids turn their last year's dresses." It was thought that when they came back Paris would be in submission. "They honestly expected," says Madame de Boigne, "to find grass growing in the streets of the criminal city." Judge of their astonishment when they saw "more splendid carriages, more diamonds, and more outward magnificence in the town than it had ever seen, and discovered that Paris was already more brilliant than it had been before the Restoration."

A large section of the present volume is devoted to the one feature of the legitimist conspiracies that is not wholly contemptible—the romantic, ridiculous, yet courageous and devoted attempts of the Duchesse de Berri to restore the throne to the Duc de Bordeaux. A woman of unusual personal charm, able to win people over to projects that their better judgment regarded as hopeless, the Duchesse was a resolute if imprudent leader. Among her many qualities, a knowledge of geography was not the most remarkable. When the royal family were escaping to England, as they neared the English coast, the Duchesse suddenly burst into the cabin where the princess and the chief passengers were assembled, asserting that the captain of the vessel was guilty of infamous treachery. It appears that she had overheard the pilot explaining that he proposed to enter the roadstead of St. Helen's, as the wind was unfavourable for Spithead, and she at once saw herself chained upon the lonely rock that had harboured a far more formidable claimant to the throne of France. It required all the captain's diplomacy, reinforced by a study of the map, to quiet the Duchesse's alarm.

Apart from these conspirators *pour vive*, the book contains many amusing anecdotes, as well as some fresh light upon the men who strove, honestly if unsuccessfully, to give France a stable government, and to reconcile authority with freedom. We meet Chateaubriand in his political aspect, though it is true that Madame de Boigne has too keen an eye for all that was tawdry and affected in his character; we see her discreet adorer, Pasquier; we see Talleyrand waiting in Palmerston's ante-room, and we are shown the death-bed of that aged and versatile diplomatist. In fact, we see something of every man of eminence who held the public eye during the eighteen years of the July monarchy, and we see them through the shrewd, ironical, piercing, yet on the whole tolerant eyes, of a great lady who, born while Louis XV. was king, lived to see France twice a republic.

A. W. EVANS.

* "Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne." Edited from the original MS. by M. Charles Nicoulland. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

AUTHENTIC IRELAND.*

Ireland has suffered much in the past from conventions, literary as well as political. To-day she is not yet rid of them. The literary convention of the past died hard, but it died largely through the influence of the Gaelic League. The curious thing about these literary conventions, both that of yesterday and that of to-day, is that they are both of English not of Gaelic origin. The stage Irishman is an exaggerated fact, but still a fact deriving from the eighteenth century. You have only to read Sir Jonah Barrington and his Anglo-Irish contemporaries to understand how essentially English the stage Irishman was. He was invented by Englishmen settled in Ireland, and as Englishmen were the only people who then counted for anything they successfully imposed on a voiceless people the typical Irishman of tradition. This Irishman possessed in an exaggerated degree the ideal English qualities. He was impossibly courageous, incredibly chivalrous. He loved well, fought and drank hard. That is just what the Anglo-Irishman did a hundred years ago, and the ruined mansions which dot the country, are memorials of his wild and reckless life, ending in ruin. But the Irishman proper did nothing of the kind. Circumstances as well as his race proclivities prevented him.

This brings me to Mr. Padraic Colum's remarkable book "My Irish Year," a book instinct with knowledge of the heart and soul of Irish life, full of poetry and of the glamour of Ireland, but withal sane and nearly always philosophic in its outlook. "Because of his conspicuous courage and his impassioned speech," writes Mr. Colum, "the Irishman has been credited with a quality that is supposed to go with these—the lover's passion and the lover's devotion. But love, as the English and the Continental writers think of it, has very little place in Irish life. Amongst the peasantry love-making is more often a subject for satire than for romance, and our cousins—the Gaels of Scotland—say of us, 'Comh neanighradhmhar le Eireannach,'—'as loveless as an Irishman'." This, I think, explains why so many Irish become celibates, as priests or nuns: it certainly accounts in large measure for the unromantic marriage customs, the absence of wooing, the hard bargaining over the dowry, and the disparity in age of the contracting parties, for a girl in her teens will often be betrothed to a man old enough to be her grandfather, and as likely as not to one whom she has never before met.

Mr. Colum has not taken a return ticket from Paris, London, or Dublin, to the heart of Ireland in search of "copy," nor has he passed by the priest, in pursuit of a fairy. He claims that the life which he describes may stand for the life of the Catholic peasantry, and his claim is just. He

* "My Irish Year." By Padraic Colum. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

does not blunder after the new Irish Convention with the assertion that a belief in the fairies implies Paganism. He knows the spiritual life of the people too intimately for that. "What are the fairies?" he asked a blind wanderer. "I will tell you what the fairies are," was the answer. "God moved from His seat, and when He turned round Lucifer was in it. Then Hell was made in a minute. God moved His hand and swept away thousands of angels. And it was in His mind to sweep away thousands more. 'O, God Almighty, stop!' said the Angel Gabriel. 'Heaven will be swept clean out.' 'I'll stop,' said God Almighty. 'Them that are in Heaven, let them remain in Heaven. them that are in Hell, let them remain in Hell, and them that are between Heaven and Hell let them remain in the air. And the angels that remained between Heaven and Hell are the fairies.'"

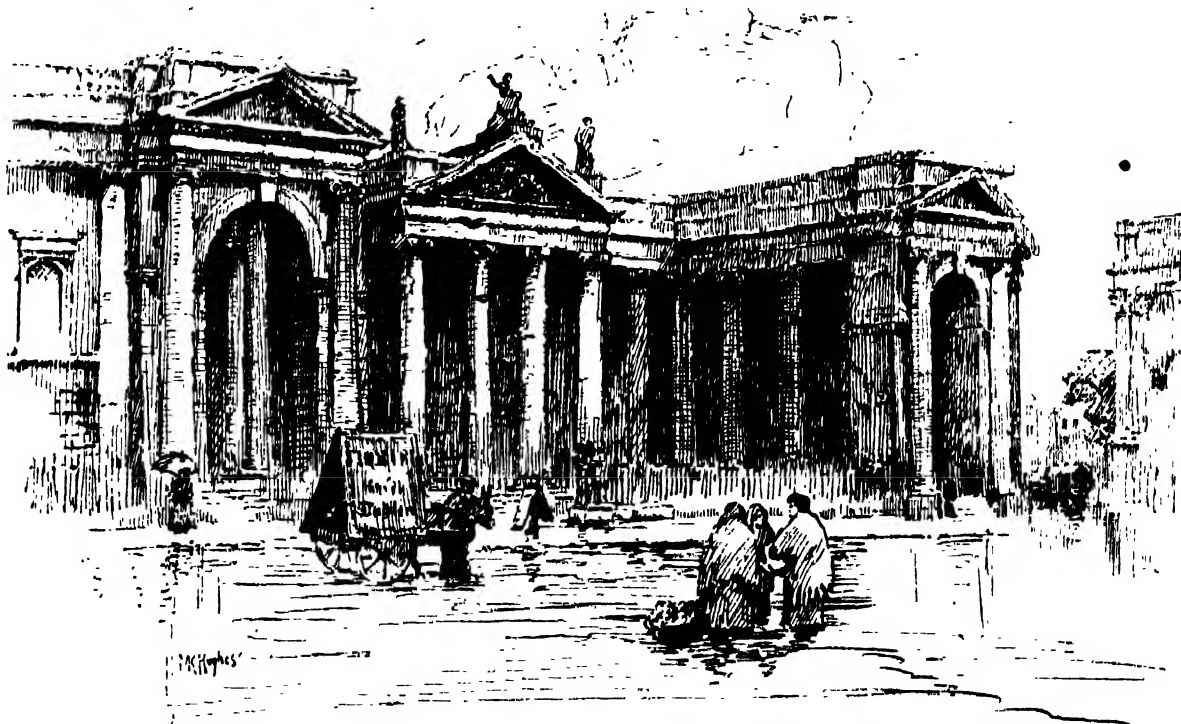
They are the old gods of the Celts. The attitude of the people toward them is expressed in the charm that is uttered in Arran.

"We accept their protection
And we refuse their removal
Their backs to us
Their faces from us
Thro' the death and passion
Of our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Mr. Colum is an outspoken critic of evils whether of home origin or imposed by what is practically a foreign government. He is naturally indignant that every year Ireland has to contribute £1,400,000 for the upkeep of 11,000 soldiers, called the Royal Irish Constabulary, a sum largely in excess of the grant for national education. That the latter is totally inadequate, Dr. Starkie, the Resident Commissioner of Education, recently declared at Cork, in a speech as remarkable for its courageous outspokenness as for its eloquence and patriotism, adding significantly that if the grants were stereotyped, as is foreshadowed in the Home Rule Bill, the cause of Irish education would be put back a century.

"My Irish Year" is an epitome of Irish life. It is inevitably a sad book, because it is true, and there are passages, such as Grania's *wake* or last dancing party before she sets out for America, which wring the heart almost too poignantly. But there is laughter as well as tears, and a new word has been added to the vocabulary of the Irish peasantry, and that word is Hope.

H. A. HINKSON.



Irish Parliament House, College Green.
Now the Bank of Ireland

From a drawing by Miss Myra K. Hughes, reproduced in "My Irish Year" (Mills & Boon) by permission of the artist.

DOSTOIEVSKY ONCE MORE.*

To that revival of interest in Dostoevsky of which I recently spoke in *THE BOOKMAN* added testimony appears in the shape of Merejkovsky's familiar essay, translated by Mr. G. A. Mounsey, and produced as a charming pocket volume by Mr. Moring. Described exactly, the subject of the essay is the art of Dostoevsky as shown in his best and best-known book, "Crime and Punishment"; and its very limitation of range is likely to commend the little treatise to the English general reader, who knows just that one novel, and would be puzzled, perhaps, rather than instructed, by references to names and incidents in the remoter works. The translation reads smoothly enough, though I think (pedantically, no doubt), that Mr. Mounsey ought to avoid such a slovenly use of the plural as "Turgenev is less of a psychologist than are Leo Tolstoy or Dostoevsky." Moreover, a knowledge of Russian literature need not prevent an Englishman from being familiar with English. Thus, on two occasions, Mr. Mounsey refers darkly to a mysterious character of Byron's called "Kean." "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" we know; "The Corsair" and "Manfred" we have heard of; but who is this that comes with histrionic style and title? The explanation, I suppose, is that Mr. Mounsey has transliterated the Russian form of "Cam" into "Kean"—no great crime, perhaps, did the mistake not indicate rather less knowledge of Byron than anyone who writes should have. Has the Pilgrim of Eternity wandered so far onward out of our sight that we have forgotten the very names of his poems?

No objection, certainly, can be raised to the English into which Mrs. Garnett has put "The Brothers Karamazov," first of the new complete set that Mr. Heinemann promises to issue. All prosperity to his enterprise! Indeed, if our bookmen still have consciences in this morally difficult age of commerce they will simply be bound to buy this volume; for does not the publisher offer them eight hundred and forty pages of excellently printed and excellently translated Russian classic literature for three-and-six, that is, at the rate of twenty pages a penny? The force of cheapness could no further go! I wonder whether, as a point of tactics, "The Brothers Karamazov," Dostoevsky's last novel, was the wisest choice as a beginning. There is this in its favour: it is probably the least known of all his works, no other really full translation exists—the French version, in which most of us knew it, being incomplete and unreliable; it is concerned fully with many of those difficulties of criminal psychology that Dostoevsky loved to unravel; and it contains a set of extraordinarily vivid characters that could come from no country but Russia. On the other hand, the book is formless, protracted and obscure, and it may easily prove forbidding to the reader whose idea of Russian fiction has been formed by the less authentically autochthonous Turgenev or the clear and universal Tolstoy. However, there it is! and if the reader finds its opening slow and confused, I can only counsel him to have patience. I suggest, by the way, to Mrs. Garnett, that a list of the characters with the variants of their names would be distinctly helpful.

Merejkovsky, like most other critics, cannot resist the temptation to label the three great Russian novelists with the obvious epithets; and so, with him, Tolstoy is the prophet, Turgenev the artist and Dostoevsky the psychologist. Now such labels are very harmless and amusing to play with, as long as they do not mislead us. Here, however, and especially in the case of Tolstoy, it is plain that they do mislead us. The obvious implication is that there is some sort of mutual exclusiveness about prophet and artist, or about artist and psychologist; or, at any rate (if that is going too far) that because Tolstoy was a moralist he was therefore less of an artist than Turgenev. In other words, it is assumed that if a writer is a prophet he cannot

be an artist, and if he is an artist he cannot be a prophet. How the people whose commonest possession is the Book containing Isaiah, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ezekiel, and the Parables of Jesus; how the countrymen of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Bunyan and Blake can allow themselves to be bullied into sheepishly and tacitly assenting to a proposition that asserts a contradiction between literature and prophesy passes my utmost efforts of comprehension. It seems to me just as sensible to say that my bookcase is only a bookcase when there are no books in it, or that my kit-bag ceases to be a kit-bag as soon as it has suits and shirts in it, as to say that literature is only artistic when it conveys no message. Literature being the art of saying, such criticism comes to this: that literature only says something when it says nothing and says it rather prettily. The confusion comes from our stupid habit of talking about words instead of about things, the habit that is responsible for nearly all the fallacies and empty arguments in art, politics and religion. It ought to be obvious, even to the people who say that Tolstoy is a prophet but that Turgenev is an artist, that Tolstoy, merely as an artist, is greater than either Turgenev or Dostoevsky. Really, it is time that people stopped talking about the author of "Anna Karénina," of "War and Peace," of "Ivan Hyitch," of "Resurrection," and of numberless perfect short stories as if he had written nothing but four page tracts for a missionary society. If you have any doubts about the artistic greatness of Tolstoy, take this book of Dostoevsky's as a text to study. Compare it with "Anna Karénina" which is just as long, or with "War and Peace," which is twice as long, and you will be compelled to acknowledge that in mastery of structure, texture, characterisation and economy—that is, in mere novelistic technique apart from any question of ethics, Dostoevsky is hardly worthy to unlace the latchet of the master's shoes. Wonderful as it is, "The Brothers Karamazov" can scarcely be called a novel at all. It is like a great mosaic floor inlaid over its vast surface with homiletic symbols and with lonely, detached figures of men and women in the wild attitudes of their soul's agony.

GEORGE SAMSON.

A CHAPLET OF PEARLS.*

Mr. Luther Munday has compressed at least three books into one—three books that would each have made the fortune of their author. As a volunteer gunner he has had experience of the sea, and loathes it. As a volunteer river policeman he has watched "The Bridge of Sighs" at night or rowed noiselessly up to the portholes of suspicious craft. He knows all the joys and sorrows of a Ceylon tea-planter's life before rubber began to boom. Like Ruskin's fishing boat, he has made his way against the "fitful, implacable smiting" of the black waves of misfortune. Failure to transform himself into a popular *basso profundo* did not daunt him, and he turns his bitter disappointment to humorous account by giving a long list of all the flatly contradictory maxims poured into his unfortunate ear by his teachers.

Wherever he was, whatever he suffered, he exercised his invaluable art or instinct for friendship; and so he came at length to find safe anchorage for his storm-tossed boat for a time in the secretariat of the Lyric Club. There he met everybody who was distinguished in the world of intellect. Something is said about everybody. The book is almost a "Who's Who," a humorous, entirely charitable collection of thumb-nail sketches.

From the Lyric Club it was a short step to stage management, and some of his most racy pages—and at least three-quarters of them are racy—are devoted to this

* "Dostoevsky: From the Russian of Merejkovsky." By G. A. Mounsey. 1s. 6d. net. (Alexander Moring.)

"The Brothers Karamazov." A Novel in Four Parts and an Epilogue, by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. (William Heinemann.)

* "A Chronicle of Friendships." By Luther Munday. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

topic. Read the history of the skeleton performance, a copyright performance, of "Trilby":—

"I took the part of Svengali: the charwoman read the part of 'Trilby' in boots and stockings, so she may or may not have had inverted dimples on her little pink toes."

Read, too, the inimitable account of the command performance at Balmoral, and the subsequent rush across 600 miles of sea and land to Dublin.

It is said of some geniuses that there is no subject they take up that they do not illuminate. We may say equally of Mr. Luther Munday that there is no personality he introduces us to that he does not exalt in our esteem. A delightful picture is drawn of Sir Charles Wyndham's generosity, and of Sir Herbert Tree, "who never thought in three-penny-bits." Not to be soon forgotten is the memory of Terriss getting the barmaid to write his signature with suitable variations on photographs of himself, forwarded for the purpose by languishing ladies, whose affections were thus wilfully beguiled. A whole chapter is devoted to paradoxical apothegms on the affections, and it is interesting to note that before "Cyrano de Bergerac" saw the light Mr. Munday performed that hero's task for an enamoured, but not highly-gifted, friend and was nearly found out. Amid the host of stories that coruscate in these pages, one, which especially shows the heart of the man, concerns a 'tiniest little Tich performing mite," who behind the scenes at the Alhambra was seen to "kneel down, pray, and cross herself before commencing her dangerous turn."



Lujayette.

Luther Munday, 1896.

THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET.*

What Mr. Masfield has already achieved is, when one thinks of it, extraordinary. The difficulties against which he has had to contend, before arriving at any adequate and consistent expression, must have been enormous. Most men, dowered with such a temperament, would never have become artists at all, though they would have dreamed of doing so all their days, and would certainly have made little else of their lives. For here obviously (judging him only by the written word) is a man singularly open to influences, reacting to every stimulus.

John Davidson, in perhaps the finest poem he ever wrote, describes the poet as

A mouthpiece for the creeds of all the world. . . .
A martyr for all mundane moods to tear. . . .
A trembling lyre for every wind to sound.

But the poet, if in conception he be a slave, must in creation be a master. Though he be receptive of all influences, swayed by every mood, he must be able to cry halt to mood and influence. Otherwise, they will swirl and eddy past him, and be gone before he has spoken the word that shall make them his captives. The poem will never be written.

That Mr. Masfield has this mastery need not be said. For his poems have been written. But in reading them one becomes aware how sensitive, how receptive, how fluid a nature they express. Always Masfield's, never imitative, they yet call to mind the verses of numerous other men, chiefly of those who, young in the 'nineties, were slightly Mr. Masfield's seniors. And one gets inevitably the impression that that necessary command of mood has come with more difficulty to him than to most writers of his executive ability.

* The Widow in the Bye Street. By John Masfield. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Nor is this all. Not only has he had to stand braced against the wind of outer influence, but he has also had an inner conflict to settle. There are two John Masfields, no easy mates. The one loves passionately the stars, great waters with their ships, woman's loveliness, and all the ageless beauties of art. The other is as passionately concerned with the piteous problems of life as it is lived, with poverty and harlotry and crime. In others, besides Mr. Masfield, these two are housed and combative. But rarely are they so evenly matched as in him.

The failure to persuade these antagonists to harmony is the cause of all the fault that can be found with most of his work. In his earlier poems his fight was mainly with the outer influences and the love of beauty was constantly predominant. Then, in some of his lyrics and some of his yarns of the sea, one side of his personality found exquisite expression. But in the more ambitious works of later years, when the clash of diverse characters has called into play the whole of their creator's temperament, this unreconciled duality has too often been evident. Because of it "The Street of To-day" fell, literally, into halves.

Even "The Tragedy of Nan," that lovely play, suffers. Synge, as interested in life as his friend, saw it calmly and synthetically, so that it is never possible to divide his realism from his poetry. Mr. Masfield sees, as it were, creatively with one eye, analytically with the other, so that the beauty and reality in his work seem separate things, linked rather than fused. It is this which places "Nan" on a lower plane of achievement than "Riders to the Sea."

By this lack of unity between the two qualities, each is stultified and given the semblance of insincerity. Yet it is his sincerity alone which has saved the power of Mr. Masfield's hand from frustration. It has made him steadfast against the fitful gusts without. By its means he has driven gradually down to the meeting-place which

there must be for any two qualities, however diverse, having their roots in one being.

"The Widow in the Bye Street" marks the discovery of that meeting-place. That, rather than the special breadth of its appeal, is the reason why it is the finest of all that Mr. Masefield has yet written. "The Everlasting Mercy" is an arresting poem, but in it the old conflict is still apparent. It contains passages of purely lyrical beauty which have no counterpart in "The Widow in the Bye Street." It also contains passages open to a charge of mere crude realism which cannot be brought against the later poem. In "The Widow in the Bye Street" all Mr. Masefield's passionate love of loveliness is utterly fused with the violent and unlovely story, which glows with an inner harmony. The poem, it is true, ends on a note of idyllism which recalls Theocritus; but this is no touch of external decoration. Inevitably the story has worked towards this culmination. Through the anxious mother's early fears and their realisation when the evil woman comes into her boy's life, through the boy's passion, his moral disintegration, his jealousy and sudden irrevocable crime, through his purification by suffering and the mother's final happy madness, we are carried unquestioning to this lovely picture of the reapers singing in the Shropshire fields. The poem is full of intimate felicities, but the beauty of the whole forbids their extraction. At last Mr. Masefield has given his complex temperament adequate, synthetic expression.

Art is an expression of personality; but the personality as well as the expression offers itself for judgment. There are, it may be, those who dislike Mr. Masefield's attitude towards life; who think that an artist, at any rate, should be more confident and gay, a creator of beauty entirely, a prober of disease not at all. Mr. Masefield's synthesis will not satisfy them. Yet to have found that synthesis, to have made his disgust of ugliness, as well as his love of beauty, creative, is his distinction; and his intense desire for a noble and seemly world is one of the fine things of modern literature.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE THREE BRONTËS.*

The Brontë literature grows with uncomfortable luxuriance, and it would be wise for the "experts" to moderate their activities unless and until they have something of importance to say. Miss Sinclair who has already written a small book has now written a larger one. She tells us that its composition was "hard and terrible" for her; and that she had already said nearly all that she had to say. This confession of the author of a book of two hundred and fifty pages is not an auspicious beginning, but the book contains some excellent matter notwithstanding. Her judgments of those who have preceded her as critics of the household of genius at Haworth are sometimes severe and not always consistent. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is rightly characterised as "a masterpiece" (p. 36), and "the finest, tenderest portrait of a woman that it was ever given to a woman to achieve" (p. 47). One of the best passages in Miss Sinclair's book is that in which she describes the effect upon her, when a child, of reading the book. Yet Mrs. Gaskell is accused of "indiscretions" and of "having repaid" Mr. Brontë "shockingly" for the confidence he had placed in her (p. 10). Madame Duclau is reproved for reviving Branwell's story of his adulterous passion, and the Abbé Dimnet for persisting in believing in that scandal. "It is inconceivable that Mrs. Gaskell should have dragged the pitiful and shameful figure of Branwell into the light" (p. 41) Miss Sinclair thinks. On the contrary it is inconceivable that any honest biographer should omit the sordid figure of Branwell

from the tragic scene. Swinburne is not only blamed for thinking that Charlotte did not care for children, but the opposite is declared to be the key to her character. Miss Sinclair in her text (p. 115) says that Charlotte had read Balzac, and in a footnote on the same page owns that she had not. The error is unimportant for, as she adds, there were "the clever, wicked, sophistical, and immoral French books" that Charlotte had read in 1840. But is it not part of our national "make-believe" that the existence of sexual sin could then, if not now, only be learned from foreign literature? At what historical period could people live in England and not be aware of its existence? The moorland district in which the three Brontës lived and the England of which it was part was not Arcadia ethically, nor was it Utopia socially. Branwell's vices were flagrant and unconcealed, and his sisters had no reason for disbelieving the story of guilty love which he told them, and which Charlotte repeated to Mrs. Gaskell. Miss Sinclair thinks that Branwell's case was pathological; but whatever it may have been at the end, it was not so at the beginning. The boy's early talent led father and sisters alike to look upon him as the genius and hope of the family. What is left of his writing does not justify their high estimate of his powers, but in spite of immaturity there is still some promise. The early performances of the sisters are in striking contrast to the final splendours. In each case there was fire beneath the smoke. If whilst there was still time Branwell had forsworn alcohol and had listened to his better angel there would have been a wondrous lightening of the gloom in the dreary parsonage house, and for him at least a useful career instead of the squalid tragedy of his wasted life. But it was not to be. Mr. Malham-Demabley's fantastic theory that Charlotte was the author of "Wuthering Heights" is not shared by Miss Sinclair, who holds that it was the reading of that story that awakened the fire of genius that flames in "Jane Eyre." When Charlotte, at Manchester, in attendance on her then blind father, received back the MS. of "The Professor" with a request for a longer story she immediately began to write "Jane Eyre" in response to that suggestion. In "The Professor" she depended upon her Brussels experience, in "Jane Eyre" on genius and native invention. Such in effect is Miss Sinclair's theory. It is one of the substantial contributions which this volume makes. Another is that some at least of the episodes of the lost "Gondal Chronicles" are to be found in the poems which by the skill and industry of Mr. Clement Shorter are now in the hands of the public. She thinks that he has not "quite realized the splendour of his find." This is a very unusual fault to find with the editor of a literary discovery. In 1845 Emily and Anne were on one of the few journeys of their lives. "And during our excursion we were Ronald Macalgin, Henry Angora, Juliet Augusteena, Rosabella Esmaldan, Ella and Julian Egremont, Catharine Navarre and Cordelia Fitzaphnold, escaping from the palaces of instruction to join the Royalists who are hard pressed at present by the victorious Republicans. The Gondals still flourish bright as ever." The sisters had then left girlhood behind them, but still allowed their imagination to play in the childish fancy of imaginary realms of kingly splendour and vicissitude. Miss Sinclair has done well to call special attention to these episodic poems, for they raise the Gondal legend from mere puerility to something of tragic force.

Of the three Brontës it is evident that Emily makes the strongest appeal to the sympathies of Miss Sinclair, and the best of the book is that which deals with the spirit, austere and aloof, which flamed steadfastly in "Wuthering Heights." It is a pity that Miss Sinclair has not bestowed a more rigid revision and a sterner compression on her "appreciation," but it contains matter for which Brontë students will be grateful and suggestions that cannot be ignored. It may be doubted if full justice has yet been done to Anne, but Miss Sinclair's estimate of Charlotte has something of freshness and that of Emily is finely conceived and finely expressed.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* "The Three Brontës." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A NEW SATIRIST.*

Possibly among the multitudinous admirers of Lord Byron there are some who would have given much to know his attitude with reference to motors, auction-bridge and the gigantic modern shop. For 3s. 6d. net they now have got the opportunity to learn not only these but many other matters from the bard who graciously admits his brother to a place beside him in the sun:

"Maestro! hast thou used them all? Hast toyed
With every sound that rolls a stanza fleetier?
Must I—whose songs on stronger wings are buoyed,
Sounder of technique, and in scansion sweeter—
Outstretch these hands across the sundering void
To rape once more the magic of that metre
Which thou, combining *utile cum dulci*,
Did'st bone from my lamented *confrère* Pulci?"

Mr. Frankau, in so far as he is not that heavenly creature, warbling because it must—does he not tell us of his Muse, the Microbe-muse, that:

"Vainly the lactic Lancers of Bulgary
Strive to evict her from my little Mary"—

is the son of that well-known authoress, one of whose books is called "The Heart of a Child." May we presume that at no stage of his interesting development was Mr. Frankau (or his hero, Jack, which is much the same) anything like an ordinary child?

"The hero whom I sing is commonplace,
One of the many boys the Bath Club bar knows"—

Well, he is the only one who has discovered that the Bath Club, among its numerous amenities, is furnished with a bar. We will pass over his terrific, tragic episode at Eton. But no, for the sake of one glorious rhyme we must quote a stanza on the Fourth of June:

"My hero's parents patronized the function,
Proud of their child as they that rear on Mellin.
They'd journeyed overnight from Sidmouth Junction,
Father and mother and fair sister Helen;
Haling Aunt Ermyntude without compunction
From her herbaceous hermitage at Welwyn;
Heedless that bonnet, parasol and bodice ill
Became the day, so she would add a codicil."

After his expulsion Jack goes forth to meet a dozen fates and Elsa Pumpnickel's environment is not more shrewdly told than that of Susie, Mame and Marion Vermont, daughters of a Butter Trust:

"So that Mame paled and Marion grew dumb
And Susie's lips forgot their chewing-gum."

From New York, to save him from the wiles of Prudence Swift, these charming sisters drag him off to Florida. But you will not read this novel for its plot, its antiquated, modern plot. You will revel in the rhymes, the edifying details, the occasional glimpses of beauty, the pervading satire, the—in fact you certainly will read this book. It is perfect entertainment, and if you should hesitate to give it to your aunts, they surely will be reconciled by the most generous death of Ermyntude, which happened just in time to save our hero from committing suicide:

"Truth is, that public whom we bards deride,
Yet pander to, is tired of suicide."

From this book one may learn not only how to live and how to die, but how to play poker and how to love (with variations) and how to play most other games. The opening of the Great Shop is thus immortalized:

"Howl, Harrod, howl! Let Gordon Selfridge wail!
Mingle your tears with Woolland's, William Whiteley!
Lord Mayors, nor Concert-teas, nor Great White Sale,
Nor shopmen serving never so politely,
Nor any Bargain Basement, shall avail
To raise the takings you weep over nightly;
Since London waked to read that black decree,
'Our Opening Week—All Wares Eleven-Three.'

"Panting they tore from Wandsworth's leafy glades,
From Streatham's hill where chapel nigh to church is,
From Walton's pines and Ilford's soapy shades,
From Sundridge Park embowered of silver birches:
Married and mateless—mothers—spinster maids,
Letting lone parrots languish on their perches—
By tram and tube and train and taxi-cab
The women of a nation came to grab."

* "One of Us: A Novel in Verse." By Gilbert Frankau.
3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

As for the plot, we may mention that the owner of this shop is the Napoleonic, Transatlantic husband of Prudence Swift. However in the end all is peace. Our hero comes back to the "cocoa-kisses" of the charming Alice, whose vast estates march with his own in Devon, and we may surmise—we are expressly told that it is the part of lesser authors to conduct their puppets to the altar—we may well surmise that, in a little time, our Jack will be behaving even as his amiable, ruthless father saw fit to behave in Canto IX., when the prodigal came back from Cuba. I would fain quote both the wind and whirlwind. The fish, etc., of their orgy in Havana—"Followed strange fish, most hard to rhyme and scan"—does not cause us more delight than the beautiful description of the monster trout of Devon, which he captures in the presence of Alice. And many hundred readers will be captured by Mr. Frankau.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

DEEP SEAS AND SHALLOW.

A few pages of Commander Crutchley's really interesting autobiography* are enough to make us understand that he is one of the old-time "sea dogs"—one of a breed that was, irrespective of late disasters, more efficient, more eager to bite and tenacious in holding on, than the present breed is. Again and again he shows us this fact, shortly, saltily, personally, yet, happily, in a manner that neither reflects a ship's log-book, a telegraphic message, nor the quick, stop-short verbal habits of certain professional writers who aim at being strong and original and cannot understand why they are not granted a public diploma of success for either quality. And if the Commander's English could have been better than it is, if it were less colloquial and more literary, more as the purist would have it be—what of that? Here we have the actions, the man and his reflections on both, and on many other men and things, and a few women, who come and go in his pages, all done in a manner that—well, the best simile that comes to mind at the moment is that the record is very like sailing (from being close hauled nearly to running) in a strong breeze, rather "puffy," and bright sunlight, along a wide, erratic stream with many a sandbank, many a half-submerged rock and many a sharp turn to increase the excitement of the run. You have the warm sunshine; the quick change in circumstances; the exhilaration of movement; the danger; the sang-froid of men who revel in the game, yet are not cynical to the fact that they may go over at any moment, and who are faced with the ever-pressing question: Shall we—will he—get there? Indeed, the rocks, shoals and bends in the channel come so quickly on each other's heels, and are often of too large a nature for inclusion here, that one is puzzled what to break out as samples of the ship's cargo. However, here is a simple little bit, apropos the above "doggy" preference. The place is Cape Town, some thirty or thirty-five years ago, apparently; and the immediate scene, the cabin of the s.s. *Roman*.

"On the return trip from Algoa Bay we went into dock to complete loading, and there occurred an incident I shall always remember with amusement. Leigh (who appears to have been Warleigh, the captain) had taken under his protection a curious specimen of a pariah dog that used to prowl round the docks, and the poor beast was rather at a loss to understand the vast amount of consideration shown him. He was permitted to sleep in his master's cabin, and generally was made a pet. One night after dinner, when we had a young fellow named Hanbury dining with us, Leigh had retired to his cabin, got into his pyjamas, and prepared to go to sleep, attended by the faithful hound. Now, as it happened, Hanbury had a dog also, a bull terrier, and as Garrett, Hanbury and I went to say good night to Leigh, the dog came also. No sooner did he catch sight of the stray dog than he went for him, and the next moment the two were

* "My Life at Sea: Being a 'Yarn' Loosely Spun for the Purpose of Holding together certain Reminiscences of the Transition Period from Sail to Steam in the British Mercantile Marine (1863-1894)." By Commander W. Caius Crutchley, R.D., R.N.R., F.R.G.S. With a Preface by Earl Brassey, G.C.B. With Twelve Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

on the top of Leigh in his bunk, indulging in a wonderful scuffle. It was a trifle difficult to differentiate between barks and yells, for Leigh under the dogs was yelling to Garrett to take the dogs away, and that was eventually done—when we were able to stop laughing."

Just as there is always room and a welcome for the life yarn of the sailor who can make the spinning both literary and salty, as Commander Crutchley does, so there was room for Mr. Methley's story of the lifeboat,* which, from its very nature and purpose hardly lends itself to quotation. We have had the coming, development, etc., of the lifeboat done before to-day. But the present one is not merely more up-to-date than the others were; it is more concise, better written, better constructed, has more finish generally and goes further afield. After a notable salvage of life from a wreck, and even when a lifeboat's crew have been at drill only, one often hears the remark: "Whatever did they do before there were lifeboats?" And to all and sundry here is Mr. Methley's answer: "It is related that after the hurricane of 1703, the worst perhaps on record, some two hundred shipwrecked sailors were stranded on the Goodwins, with the certainty of speedy death by drowning when the tide rose. The Mayor of Deal called upon the 'hovellers' and boatmen to assist in their rescue, but, so the story runs, they were too busy saving a rich harvest of floating and stranded property. The Revenue men were appealed to, but they refused to lend their boats on the grounds that they were not intended for such service. At last the devoted Mayor called together a band of his fellow townsmen, seized the Customs' boats by force, and launched them to the rescue." And from what we have read generally and have seen we find no reason to doubt this story. Moreover, it shows, to some extent, how very modern the lifeboat is, and what strides have been made in its development since Wouldhave and Greathead—both "Tynesiders"—competed to produce the first idea of a practical lifeboat, the former man being successful and the latter not so.

J. E. PATERSON.

THE HOLIDAY NOVEL.†

We have come to the time of year when Pierrot is King: not the white-faced innocent, the futile rival of Harlequin; but the seaside gentleman with a banjo who happens not to be a nigger. The influence of Pierrot is everywhere; and the book-trade knows it. While our seashore songsters are singing the ditties that are tiresome and winning the silver pennies of the crowd, there is little desire for serious reading. All that man wants is holiday idleness, a supply of cooling drinks, and the literature that does not furrow the brain unduly. There is an ample supply of such. Here are seven novels calculated to please all tastes. Would you smile, be sympathetic, or sentimental; would you shudder, laugh, or be serious—and how serious farce may be!—or would you merely enjoy? All these emotions may be experienced in this summer library of seven.

Mr. Thomas Cobb gives us a characteristic novel in "The Voice of Bethia." It will be described by many as "pretty"; and, truly, that is just the adjective for this particular book. Bethia is a dear girl; as sweet, beautiful and unselfish a clergyman's daughter as ever gave a three-penny-bit to a churchwarden's plate. Being one of seven sisters she goes into an office to earn her living, but soon finds herself unsuited to the artistry of the type-machine. However, the luck that looks after the lovely, looks well after her. There is a blind man who needs the companionship of a sympathetic soul, to read to him and help him

* "The Lifeboat and Its Story." By Noël T. Methley, F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "The Voice of Bethia." By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)—"The Serpent's Tooth." By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Silent Valley: An Episode." By Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton. 6s. (Constable.)—"The Room of Mirrors." By Herbert Flowerdew. 2s. net. (Evelyn Nash.)—"The Panel: A Sheer Comedy." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Constable.)—"The Friar of Wittenberg." By William Stearns Davis. 6s. (Macmillan.)

through the ordeal of his darkness. Bethia suits; eventually there are wedding-bells. We pass on to a volume of more serious intent, but of similar tendency, by our good friend, Mrs. Croker. The title, "The Serpent's Tooth," is suggested by King Lear's complaint of the ingratitude of his daughters. On this occasion it is Cara Blagdon who is ungrateful; and really there is not a little excuse for that blazing and bounding child. Her mother, when only seventeen, had been married through the devices of a scheming aunt to a rake. She is crude and he is a black-guard, though his naughtiness is rather overdone. Very soon the marriage is a failure, as the Silly Season correspondent would say. Letty, the wife, then makes a serious mistake, and in spite of her innocence is divorced, turned out, removed from her child; is alone, yet ever lovely. Eventually she steals her daughter and endures years of privation with a patience which does not impress us as it ought to do, until—the end! Mrs. Croker has written the story with care, and it will amuse the holiday-maker, but it tends to become tedious and her characters are too monotonously good or bad as the case may be. But what shall we say of "The Silent Valley"? Here is a house party of six or seven who deserve to have their heads well knocked together. They talk—how they talk! They pose—how they pose! They spout minor poetry by the prosaic mile. Let us not be unjust. This is one of the most conscientious books published. Miss Childe-Pemberton has tried really hard to make a company of would-be clever people interesting, but they would not! She has done her level best; but the characters are too much for her. They fill the silent valley with the noise of words; talking cloudily of art and poetry and life, always with their eye on the camera and the readers that may be. To meet them in real life—Eugene, Averil, Jocelyn—but that would be too painful! Let us fly to what sanctuary we may find in "The Room of Mirrors." A shocker! A shocking shocker; shocking because its end is nothing! It is for all the world like a sham fight with mock casualties, wherein after much confusion and banging, the slain arise and walk away as if they had not been through the astounding experience of death. Mr. Flowerdew thrills us repeatedly; and if he had managed a concluding great surprise, as he should have done, we might have jumped with joy. There is a novelist, Auguste Zant, who is a monster for achieving reality. To imagine is not enough for him; he wants to study the effects of horrors through experience, and so induces a poor young man—we hope it is not the person portrayed on the cover, who is not nearly nice-looking enough!—to come to his house and be a subject of creepy experiments. There, with snakes and a typist, Zant works on the nerves and the feelings of the poor young man, until we feel we really do want to know the why and the wherefore of it all; and thereupon find there is neither wherefore nor why. There is one characteristic about these summer books; they cause us to fly eagerly to the next on the list. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has so much acumen, literary experience, and skill, that we open with confidence his "sheer comedy"—which is more like farce, but we will not quarrel about sub-titles—"The Panel," and, reading it, feel gradually less confident. This is not worthy of Mr. Hueffer. It has literary quality, without doubt; as a frivolous and light-hearted as a book of its type, should be; but "The Fifth Queen" and other of his works insist on pointing a contrast. The story is one of the knock-about character. Thanks to a sliding picture and a mysterious doorway it is possible for persons in a house-party to visit each other's bedrooms; and so it comes about that a fascinating major has no less than four ladies in his room in the course of one evening. Be not nervous, gentle reader! Mr. Hueffer in this book is quite proper. He is spirited also, and sometimes, in the earlier part especially, is amusing; so that for idle days and heat waves, when it is almost too tiring to reach the quenching drink, and the brain is not feeling very intellectual, "The Panel," will do.

Having written so far, we realize that our review of these summer books has been not uproariously joyous; but now we can rejoice. The sixth dish in this literary banquet is

a very fine historical novel, treating of Luther and his part in the Reformation. "The Friar of Wittenberg," is a most admirable romance, even brilliant in its telling and portraiture. Although treating of a period which still may rouse the angers mis-called religious it is liberal in spirit and can only trouble the determinately fanatical. It has a few slips and, here and there, an Americanism peeps out; but, taken all through, it is something—a rare thing—for which we can cordially thank the United States, a moving, well-written, inspiring and uplifting romance.

L.

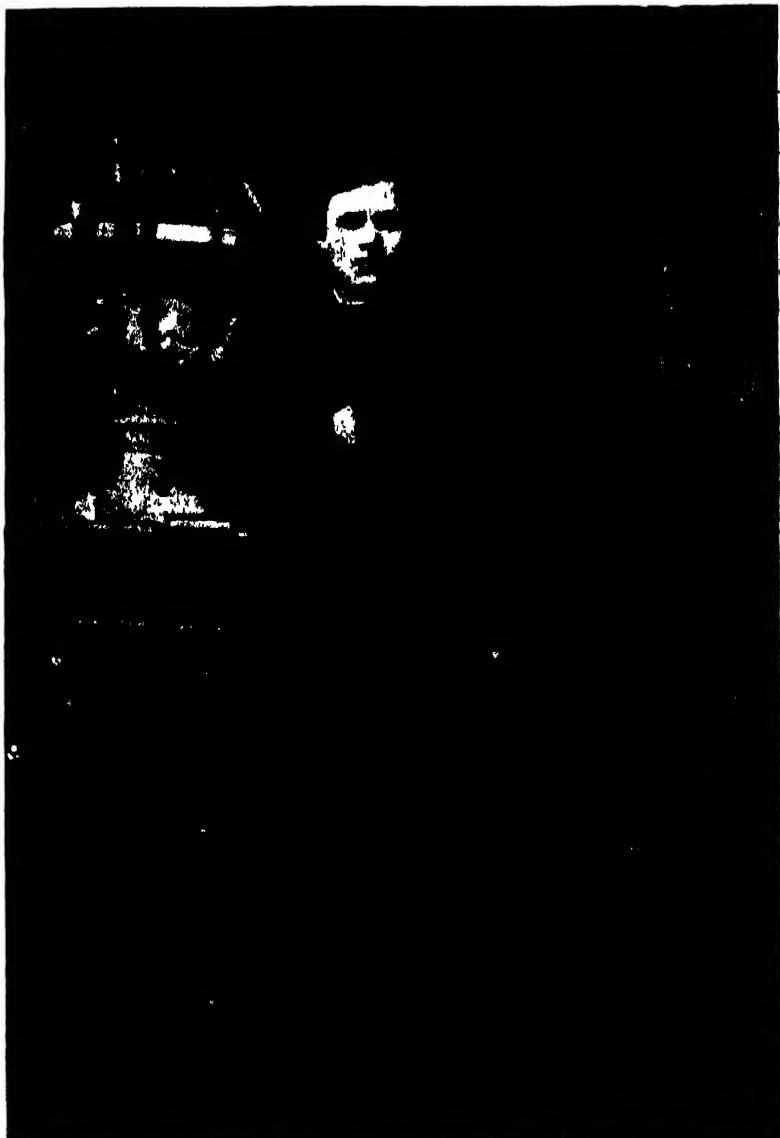
FOUR FRENCH ADVENTURERS.*

If the famous incident of the Koeppenick tailor did not remind one that "big wigs" can be successfully impersonated even at the present day it would be hard to believe the record of the four French charlatans which Mr. Dewey has so graphically set forth. All four men live in or about the Napoleonic period, and all four displayed an enterprise and daring of imagination to which the Tichborne or the Druce claimants could never pretend. The most amusing record, perhaps, is that of the "ingenious Monsieur Collet," whose impersonations are bewilderingly numerous. At one moment he was a simple Neapolitan parish priest, at another Monseigneur Pasqualini, an Italian bishop; now he was the spurious Marquis Dada, and now again the Inspector-General Count Charles Alexander de Borromeo reviewing troops and gratifying his dupes with promises that they should receive the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. The sums of money that he stole or borrowed on false pretences were enormous, and Mr. Dewey mentions it as a curious fact that although Collet was repeatedly searched when in prison he was never without ready money to his hand. Pierre Coignard, the second of these impostors, was a man of a different type. Having assumed the name of the Comte de Pontis de Sainte-Hélène he proved himself to be a genuinely fine soldier and rendered the Spanish General Mina such distinguished services that he was decorated for his gallantry. Subsequently he passed into the French service and became a trusted and honoured officer in Marshal Soult's army. After the fall of Napoleon the Count won the high favour of Louis XVIII., and it is with a feeling akin almost to regret that we read of his having been eventually exposed as the ex-convict Coignard and as the author of various crimes. He appears to have been a man of considerable dignity, and, if his fate was well-deserved, Mr. Dewey's account of his trial shows clearly enough that justice was meted out in the France of those days in a most injudicial fashion. Charles of Navarre, as the next of these impostors is called, does not cut a very interesting figure. He had, to be sure, adventures enough and to spare, but the impression which one gets from Mr. Dewey's narrative is that the man himself was almost indifferent as to whether he succeeded in establishing his claim to be Louis XVII. The last study is of the lives of Louis and Anna de Marsilly. Both man and woman were adventurers of the gallant type dear to the writer of the "shilling shocker," and their extraordinary career has, as Mr. Dewey points out, a timely interest owing to the persistence of Carlism in Spain and Miguelists in Portugal down to our own times.

THE BEGINNING OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.*

The publication in English of the first half of the authoritative biography of Friedrich Nietzsche, gives students of the philosopher in this country the opportunity of being able to trace the evolution of his ideas in relation to his life. Such a proceeding would hardly be necessary in reference to the author of a merely formal philosophy, but Nietzsche is not a formal philosopher; further, he died before even completing his work, although he accomplished sufficient not only to revolutionize modern ideas, but to give us a very clear conception of his aim and outlook. These, however, are so peculiarly personal both in expression and in appeal, and they come so frankly into conflict with accepted ideals and visions, that there is a curiosity about his life, down even to its simplest habits, which in the case of most philosophers might be questionable, but in his case is more legitimate. We have a right to inquire as to the kind of man it was who gave the proud philosophy to the world which aimed at transvaluing the principles and ideals of civilization, and clearing the way for the appearance upon earth of a species as superior to man as man is to ape. Frau Förster Nietzsche, the philosopher's sister and intimate companion, is the rightful chronicler of Nietzsche's life, and in the first volume of the biography upon which she is engaged, "The Young Nietzsche," she tells her story so frankly and so sympathetically, and with such a clear

* "The Young Nietzsche." By Frau Förster Nietzsche. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)



Friedrich Nietzsche.

From "The Young Nietzsche," by Frau Förster Nietzsche (Heinemann).

* "Four French Adventurers." By Stoddard Dewey. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

sense of essentials, that her work is bound to win for her the thanks of a very large number of readers throughout civilization.

The life of Friedrich Nietzsche was a surprisingly simple one, and the gradual spreading of his fame hardly disturbed the even rhythm of his days. In his youth he was an enthusiastic skater and swimmer, and it is probable that had his health permitted it he would have indulged in such vigorous exercises in after years. He served his period in the Army and acquitted himself well, both in horsemanship and other soldierly duties, although it was an accident associated with the former which was an early cause of ill-health. Later, patriotism caused him to rejoin the forces during the Franco-German War, and he served on the hospital staff until sickness again drove him forth. Even during the days of his professorship at Bâle he was not averse to physical exercises. He was a good walker, and it comes as a pleasant shock to find that he took part in dances, and was considered quite an acquisition at such functions. From what his sister tells us, the erudite Professor Nietzsche must, at one time, have been looked upon as what is called "a dancing man," in the collegiate circles of Bâle. But with a fuller knowledge of his life that does not surprise so much, for, in spite of the fact that Nietzsche was a student and thinker, first and last, and naturally of a sedate habit, he was also of a cheerful and merry disposition. He and his sister got keen delight out of many innocent incidents in life, and she recounts circumstances in connection with Nietzsche's journey to Erlangen, where he was to join the ambulance staff, during the war, which reveal the high spirits of quite ordinary folk:

"Fritz was in splendid condition, radiant with health, and overflowing with life and lust of action . . . he was full of that spirit peculiar to the recruit, and in him it was all the more delightful as it was beautified by his intellect. We even sang; none of the ordinary war songs, but one which my brother had only just come across while reading the paper in the railway carriage, and which he had immediately set to music."

It is characteristic, also, that both were "very much ashamed of themselves" afterwards. But withal the light-heartedness of certain of his moods, Nietzsche's life was one of high seriousness. It was, finally, a life of thought, indeed, that very preponderance of thought was both its weakness as well as its strength, for it not only gave the world a new point of view, it broke the delicate mechanism of the brain which evolved that point of view. He possessed to an abnormal extent what he himself might have called, a will to thought, and all his life, from the early days of his school training at Pforta, down to the collapse of his intelligence, he seemed to be drilling himself for more and more intellectual power. He had little cause to cleanse his life of hampering dross, for a saintlier man never lived, but, nevertheless, he was always striving to clean away anything that might come between will and brain. He lived to think; to evolve out of himself a new culture for his nation primarily, and, secondarily, for the world. For although he was a severer critic of German culture than even Heine, he was always a German, as was proved during the war, when he abandoned the Swiss naturalization, which he had adopted for professional reasons at Bâle, and joined the colours of his own fatherland.

In many respects Nietzsche was the typical professor, but he broke away from professional habits by insisting always upon the association of life and ideas. That, doubtless, was the cause of the opposition he received from those who were admirers of his learning and mental stature. He used, deliberately, an academic training for non-academic ends, or, rather for ends with which learning, in its professional aspects, had small sympathy. Capable of abstract thought in its highest degree, he always strove to apply his theories to life, to test his abstractions by experience; and he desired others to adopt that attitude towards his work. One feels whilst reading "The Young Nietzsche" in the presence of a being which deliberately cultivates itself, so that it can express in finer and deeper terms the processes of that cultivation. Nietzsche treated

his brain as a fastidious cutler might treat a knife-blade which he knows is capable of supreme hardness and sharpness, and he refines and grinds and tests it to so high a degree that it finally breaks in his hands. Frau Förster Nietzsche does not take us to the breaking point of the blade; her first volume ends with the blade at its brightest and keenest. She traces for us the growth of his mind up to the production of "The Birth of Tragedy" and "Thoughts out of Season," and right through the friendship with Richard Wagner, the termination of which properly marks the close of Nietzsche's first period.

"In his love and reverence for this man," she says, "he spent the most beautiful years of his existence, and all his loftiest hopes for the future were associated with the master's name. We can, therefore, understand with what bitter feelings he left Bayreuth; he had lost his faith in Wagner's Art, and all the glorious dreams and hopes of his youth faded through this heart-rending experience."

At that stage in his career, then, "The Young Nietzsche" fittingly closes. But the next stage, the history of which by his sister, will be awaited so keenly, is not, after all, a new stage; it does not represent a change in attitude, but a progress free of encumbrance. Wagner was not so much an influence in Nietzsche's life as an incident, a very important incident, but no more than that. What really happened was that Nietzsche read into Wagner's art his own philosophy, and both he and Wagner were under the impression, with occasional but passing doubts, that the two things were the same. The discovery of the error was inevitable sooner or later; it came in 1876, leaving Friedrich Nietzsche free to evolve Zarathustra, and Richard Wagner free to evolve Parsival.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

MR. BELLOC'S MOODS.*

Mr. Belloc's books are twins in that they make their appearance together, but they are twins most dissimilar in every fashion—from the vivid green of one to the autumnal brown of the other, from subject matter to price. It is presumably impossible to establish a standard price for works of the imagination, and these two volumes may well set readers wondering what it is that governs the fixing of the market value of a given book. It is easy to believe that five people will find entertainment in "The Green Overcoat," for every one that falls under the spell of "The Four Men." The length of the tale is but little more than that of the "Farrago." Both volumes are illustrated—the cheaper one to far better purpose than the dearer, and yet the latter (after due allowance for discount) costs more than twice as much as the former. These are publishers' mysteries. Their paternal twinship is the only reason for considering them together, though in their very contrasts of theme and style may be found interesting evidence of their author's versatility, of his capacity for being himself at one time and letting himself go, as it were, in masquerade at another.

"The Green Overcoat" is a frankly ridiculous story; a long laugh, as it were, at the sensational fiction monger who piles strange happenings upon strange happenings in the working out of a mystery. In an epistle dedicatory to Mr. Maurice Baring, who made a green elephant the centre of a play, Mr. Belloc whimsically shows how much an overcoat and an elephant have in common. In the story he sets forth how strange a series of events may follow upon a professor of psychology, finding that some one else had taken his coat, borrowing that of another guest at a party. It was, in this case, a singular overcoat—an overcoat that might have come from the wardrobe of the celebrated Green Man of Brighton—and in one of its pockets there was a fat cheque book! The wearing of the overcoat, and the temporary possession of the cheque book took Professor Higginson along strange paths—to forgery

* "The Four Men: A Farrago." By Hilaire Belloc. 2s. net. (Nelson.)—"The Green Overcoat." By Hilaire Belloc. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

and fame. It is an exuberant, almost boyishly exuberant, piece of fooling with occasional touches of satire that need not disturb the comfort of the reader who seeks but diversion. Mr. G. K. Chesterton provides a number of appropriately ridiculous illustrations.

Very different is the second of Mr. Belloc's literary twinfants; one that—to carry out the conceit—bears much more markedly the paternal characteristics. It is, to return to terms of books, a pæan in praise of Sussex, a medley of poetry and philosophy, of country lore (often, it may be, invented for the occasion) and aspects of nature, of quaint stories and the laudation of ale. In the diversity of its themes touched upon during a journey, in spirit, as it were, it reminds one of the work of a very different writer, a writer with whom Mr. Belloc has probably but little sympathy: "The Voyage on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" of Thoreau. Mr. Belloc, however, did not set out to loaf and invite his soul. The five days of which he here gives account began with a sudden resolve to see the best loved bits of Sussex again, and so, from near the Kentish border, he stepped westward, having picked up three companions, Grizzlebeard, the Sailor and the Poet, all like himself, devoted lovers of Sussex and scorners of the neighbouring counties. From Robertsbridge to Harting they walked by lanes and woods, hills and valleys, with halts at wayside inns, and as they walked they talked, uttering truths and lies, poetry and prose, in a fashion which some readers will find most engaging. Readers who are sticklers for facts, who, as Meredith put it, are "hot for certainty in this our life," will, it may well be believed, find little to attract them in a book which, to those others who would be proud to be included among Elia's "matter of lie men," should be a lasting joy. It is indeed a most engaging "farrago" that Mr. Belloc has given us in this account of a five days' walk by a fortuitous quartet of Sussexians. Whether the walk took place exactly as narrated, or whether the "Four" are but so many manifestations or projections of the writer's own individuality matters not at all. The book's the thing, and a very pleasant, healthy and arid thing it is; a companionable book; a book that sympathetic readers will be willing to take up again and again that they may re-read of how, in the Sailor's view, all men are hunted, of the wonderful doings at the Battle of Battle, when the tailed ones of Kent fled from the onslaught of the men of Sussex, of the way in which Mr. Justice Honeybubble delivered a considered judgment in a village inn, or of how all the men of great fame of early ages died in quest of that potent drink, Sussex ale from the inn at Washington. It is a book which those will like hugely, who like it at all, and the popular price at which it is published should ensure its finding a large number of such. Freshness of humour and thought are set forth with a kind of Rabelaisian gusto. Some of the snatches of song are likely long to stick in the memory, and many men beyond the bounds of Mr. Belloc's favoured county newly favoured in having so devoted a son will "sing Gohier." The volume has five excellent (mounted) views of Sussex scenery, and a number of dainty vignettes.

"The Green Overcoat" is a droll story to be read for a couple of hours' farcical entertainment. "Four Men" is a permanent addition to our friendly books, books for the bedside, or the pocket

WALTER JERROLD.

Novel Notes.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. By Alphonse Courlander
6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Probably the working life of the London journalist, the manifold labours that go to the production of a great newspaper, the almost magical power for good or evil that is in the hands of the masters of the Press, the whole glamour and fascination of Fleet Street have never been more vividly and intimately described than they are in "Mightier than the Sword." But these, of course, are only the atmosphere and hidden or obvious influences and environment of the book; they supply the stage, the scenery,



Mr. Alphonse Courlander.

the particular world in which Humphrey Quain is to work out his destiny. At the age of twenty Humphrey arrives in London and is fortunate enough to secure a small opening on the staff of a typically modern daily paper, and it is not long before he is heart and mind absorbed in the rush and hurly-burly of a reporter's career. There is a glowing, passionate interval when love for the first time comes to him and his thoughts are filled with the image of Lilian Filmer—a pretty typist, some few years older than himself; he contrives to speak with her, to strike up a friendship which rapidly ripens into something more on both sides. Even when he sees her in her squalid home, and has glimpses of a drunken wastrel of a father hovering in the background, it only heightens his chivalry, and he is eager to marry her and lift her out of such surroundings. But he mentions his resolve to marry and the great newspaper owner, his chief, who for romantic reasons takes a special interest in him, flicks him with a scornful word or two and a curt warning that such a marriage at his age will mean the ruin of his career, and recognising the cold truth of this he braces himself to end his engagement and see Lilian no more. He is an admirably natural young man, with enthusiasm and ideals, but they are shallower than he thinks. He has already met another girl with whom Lilian contrasts very unfavourably, and who is hovering, an unconscious influence, at the back of his mind, it is not long before he is in love with her, but this is a gentler flame than the first, and he is determined that they will not marry for some years, even though she has money of her own and is anxious that he should quit the reporter's business and give himself to literature. All his ideas of happiness are made subservient to his success as a journalist, and there is a grim irony in the closing incident that renders his soaring hopes and his success futile. The characters of these two girls, of Humphrey, and of the motley throng of journalists with whom he comes in contact, are drawn with keenest insight and understanding. Apart from its brilliantly realistic study of the modern newspaper world, "Mightier than the Sword" is a poignant story of love and ambition that should add considerably to Mr. Courlander's reputation. He has done other good work, but none that is finer than this.

THE TOMBOY AND OTHERS. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Clad in scarlet, Neapolitan cap on her head set rakishly askew, it is in a punt that the Tomboy makes her boisterous appearance; and undoubtedly a punt with plenty of cushions to sprawl upon is the ideal place to enjoy this book of bubble stories. Lighter stories than these it would be difficult to find. Of the thirty which make up "The Tomboy and Others," only half-a-dozen concern the exploits of the Tomboy, whose brown, freckled face beams afresh with every new disaster or contretemps that falls to her credit. She heaps confusion on your innocent flirtations; she lures you unsuspectingly on to a slide which swerves into a deep pond; or should you join a birds'-nesting party, she gives a zest to it by vol-planing from the higher branches, and choosing your head as the spot to alight upon. Bright dialogue of the ballroom type characterises most of the other stories in the book, but perhaps most entertaining of all is the Bank Holiday study of "The Last Tram" with its delightful negro touch. "The Tomboy and Others" has made its appearance at the right time of the year—the holiday season—and a heat wave should prove its best friend.

BRIGHT SHAME. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

Nobody who has followed the work of Mr. Keighley Snowden can have failed to recognise how remarkably his powers have developed and matured in his last two or three novels. His outlook on life has always been wide and thoughtful, but his style has grown clearer, terser, and his grip on his subject larger and more sure. In "Bright Shame" he takes up a curiously interesting ethical problem and handles it courageously and with a ripe knowledge of the human heart, so that, when all is said, the fact that young Frank is the son Stephen Gaunt had not known had been born to the girl he had deserted comes to be important only as it serves to furnish incidents and events that bring out the character of Stephen; of Frank himself; of Stephen's half-brother Jacob and his wife, Ruth, who adopted the boy when his mother died, and are anxious, now the one-time ne'er-do-weel Stephen has returned, that the truth about Frank's birth should not transpire. The hard, stubborn Yorkshire tradesman, Jacob, with his narrow religion and his shrewd business instincts; his wife, childless, loving, very womanly; and the brilliant, kindly, worldly-wise Stephen are admirably drawn and contrasted; and no less ably drawn on their smaller scale are Frank, and the minor people of the story. It is a story that, as Mr. Snowden observes in a postscript, "makes for more liberty of thought than the existing social order contemplates"; the sort of novel that offers a view of life for thoughtful persons to consider and a tale that will take the interest of the general reader at the outset and not lose it till the end is reached.

KINGFISHER BLUE. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When one has resolutely determined not to be balked by Mr. Sutcliffe's rather irritating trick of making his hero eternally apostrophize his friend Anthony and Anthony's wife it is possible to settle down happily to this simple, wholesome tale. Jack is filled with jealousy and hatred of Mary Ogilvie who marries the firm friend of his bachelor days, and for a long time he cannot think of her except as "The Supplanter." Little by little, however, he thaws, and he finds himself unconsciously coming under her fascination. His friend Anthony is a good-natured country squire without an atom of brain or imagination in his composition. He himself is of finer clay, and so he responds to Mary when she argues that it is his duty to join the County Council, and, later, to enter Parliament. Thus in this "threesome" it is Anthony rather than Jack who finds himself the odd man out, and this position is emphasized by the fact that Mary and Jack fall in love with each other. Both of them are, however, much too loyal to injure Anthony, and their love and personal desires are honourably renounced.

AFFAIRS OF MEN. By D. C. F. Harding. 6s. (John Long.)

"Affairs of Men," is set in a background of luxurious country and town houses, expensive motor cars, horses and traps, pompous butlers, idle young gentlemen and fascinating young ladies. A pleasant enough prospect, you will say, but in these days of prolific novel-writing not capable of very original treatment. Yet Miss D. C. F. Harding has contrived to present us with a really capable novel. Lord Gerald Strathmore, "All-British" as he is described, married the whimsical and bewitching Hebe Campbell. The arrival from abroad of two of Lord Gerald's brothers, in temperament totally different, provides the material for the story. Dick, the artistic brother, and Hebe, Gerald's wife, are irresistibly attracted one to another. Of course trouble ensues. How, profiting by sad experience, Hebe learned to love her husband more dearly, and Dick found his "white love" is for the reader to discover. Dick's wife, Joan Tate, was the daughter of his old tutor, Walter Tate, a lovable old gentleman who, bereft of his wife when his little daughter was two, had spent his life in her service, sheltering her from the world and imbuing her with artistic ideals. "Affairs of Men" is well worth reading if only for the sake of making Joan's acquaintance, and Miss Harding is to be congratulated on such a delightful creation.

INITIALS ONLY. By Anna Katharine Green. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

In this book the author of "The Leavenworth Case" treats her readers to a murder mystery worked out with no little ingenuity. Published without the solution, it may well be doubted whether it would not have defied the skill of the most astute students of mysterious crimes, even had a substantial cash prize been the reward of success. A beautiful and popular American lady—the daughter of a millionaire—falls dead in one of the public rooms in a fashionable hotel in New York. On examination it is found that she has to all appearance been stabbed to the heart. In view of the fact that no one had been seen to approach her for some considerable time before the tragedy, it is suggested that she may have been shot—the noise of the report being drowned by the music of the hotel band—but this theory is negated by the fact that no bullet or other missile is found in the wound. The absence of any weapon near her similarly disposes of the suggestion of suicide. It is a baffling problem, ultimately solved by the aid of Sweetwater, a detective of infinite patience and resource, and his pursuit of various clues leads us into strange labyrinths and gives rise to strongly dramatic situations. The tale is lucidly told, the reader's memory is not taxed by a superabundance of characters, and the interest never flags. Anarchists, an airship, tenement life in New York—the book lacks nothing of the life and colour of modernity, and the secret of the murder—for it is a murder—is decidedly original.

THE PENITENT. By René Bazin. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Since René Bazin made a name in modern French literature by his study of peasant life, "La Terre qui Meurt," his work has been somewhat unequal. When he gets a fine theme, with a wealth of movement and colour in it, he does excellently. In "The Penitent," however, a strange and pathetic short story, peculiarly French in its circumstances, has been lengthened into a novel. M. Bazin's delicate and quiet art of composition is scarcely equal to the work of expanding an episode into long narration. He is at his best when he is reducing a crowded and violent study of life into a clear, simple and exquisitely coloured piece of literature. In a way, "The Penitent," is a further working out of the fundamental idea of "The Dying Land." The great town, with its glitter, licence and whirl of life, is shown acting with evil influence upon the peasantry, detaching them from the health and hardship of farm life, and ruining them in body and soul. The pretty wife of a Breton smallholder tries to help her husband over a period of difficulty by going as a wet nurse to a rich

France, where well-to-do women of the urban classes have for some hundreds of years been averse from undertaking one of the chief duties of motherhood. Rousseau attacked them for it in the middle of the eighteenth century: but they are now more anxious to preserve their figures than ever they were, and a large multitude of healthy young peasant women leave their husbands and their children in order to nourish the babies of rich ladies. In M. Bazin's story, the young peasant woman does not go back home. Her husband leaves the farm and tramps about the country with his motherless children, and after some years of wandering misery, he is seriously injured in an accident. Then, however, the penitent returns; and so, somewhat against the logic of a painful but true tale, a happy ending is obtained.

PHRYNETTE MARRIED. By Marthe Trolly-Curtin. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Phrynette, the lively French girl whose company we have enjoyed before, is now married, but one has grave doubts whether she has settled down! She is an extraordinary little minx, who cannot understand why Austen, her English husband, should go tiger-hunting in India and leave her with her "ugly twins." She recounts all that she feels and does during his absence, and, although one sometimes begins to lose patience with her, she is so utterly frank that one can only forgive her little indiscretions. Phrynette is a true creature of impulse, a bundle of delicious femininity, whose humour is as fresh as it is genuine. She has an extremely lively imagination, which now and then runs riot, and as a consequence she occasionally indulges in absurd escapades and some very free opinions. Her greatest adventure, when she goes on an "unsentimental journey," turns, fortunately for Phrynette, into nothing but farce, for, although it seems a "simple thing" to elope, "one cannot imagine into what inconvenient situations it may drag one." She finds a refuge with dear old Dr. Médor, who has a habit—which will be shared by the reader—of laughing when Phrynette talks "serious thoughts."

THE BLUE BIRD'S-EYE. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)

There is a freshness and vigour of life in "The Blue Bird's-Eye" that make it seem a very oasis in the desert

of average new fiction. There is nothing involved or particularly ingenious in the plot; the charm of the book lies in its characterisation and in the strong and breezy simplicity of its story. The interest of it is quickened and it gets a tang of added excitement from the cunningly easy abduction of Rosa Dering by the raffish and rascally Colonel Darleigh, and the headlong pursuit of her by her father, Sir John, her lover, Captain Harry Trevelyan, and the gipsy girl who is the means of putting them on her track; but the main force of the story lies in the terrific prize-fight between the Game Chicken and the Young Ruffian—in the strenuous preparations for this great event, in Dering's unscrupulous attempts to maim the Game Chicken and smuggle him away into durance so that he may not be able to put in an appearance, for on the appearance of this untried champion to meet the Young Ruffian on an appointed day depends his own ruin and the salvation from ruin of his enemy Sir John Dering. He issued his challenge, and Sir John, a good but rash sportsman, promptly took it up—the man who was at first to fight in his behalf has been permanently injured in an apparent accident, and he has no alternative but to forfeit the stakes and be reduced to beggary or to find at short notice another champion who can stand up to the redoubtable Young Ruffian. He finds a substitute in the Game Chicken, who has never yet proved his prowess, and Mr. Edgar keeps the reader triumphantly and keenly in suspense as to the issue until the fight is accomplished; and a more stirring description of a prize-fight has never been written. The destinies that hang on the result of this heroic combat invest it with far more than ordinary interest and significance. Mr. Edgar has caught the atmosphere of his period and the spirit of certain phases of its fashionable life with remarkable skill, and has given us an epic of the prize ring of a hundred years ago that is full of romance and yet wears a face of convincing reality. If this is, as we believe, a first novel, it is certainly one of the most brilliant first novels we have read for a long time.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN. By Edmund Bosanquet. 6s. (Long.)

We believe that Mr. Edmund Bosanquet made a hit with "A Society Mother," and the fate of "The Woman Between" is probably already decided. The new novel exhibits many of the same traits as were evident in its predecessor—the somewhat delicate nature of the main idea and the inoffensive manner of its treatment, allied with a brisk and readable style. In other respects, however, we fear that we do not consider it nearly equal to the earlier book. It is an unconvincing story, treated in a manner which is, to say the least, improbable, and it contains but one or two effectively drawn characters, while frankly we cannot believe in the heroine at all. In fact it is nothing more than a *feuilleton*, designed for the smart set. Regarded as such it is easy enough to read—even to enjoy mildly; but we had thought better of Mr. Bosanquet, and we are still sure that he can, and he cares, do really good work. But he must not waste his gifts upon empty and machine-made situations.

THE RICH MAN'S WIFE. By Dick Donovan and E. Way Elkington. 6s. (Ham-Smith.)

"Imagine a perfectly lovely woman, rich as Cræsus, with enough money on her back to keep you and me for a year. . . . and yet not loud, but simply beautifully formed, with a hand and arm that would break a sculptor's heart"—and there, in the words of its hero, you have the heroine of "A Rich Man's Wife." Perhaps she is not entirely a sympathetic heroine, for she does encourage the hero in spite of her marriage to the Rich Man, who is not such a bad fellow in his peculiar way. But at any rate she is comprehensible and natural, and she never does anything very wrong. The hero, in his turn, behaves remarkably badly to his devoted Connie, whom he loves with what he believes to be the better side of his nature—to discover later that he was mistaken in believing that affection and love are the same thing. There you have the tangle of



Photo by Ernest Mills.

Mr. George Edgar.

"The Rich Man's Wife," and you may be quite sure that two such deservedly popular authors as Messrs. Dick Donovan and E. Way Elkington keep things going briskly from the first page to the last of a very readable book.

YESTERDAY. By Anna Costantini. 6s. (Greening.)

Viareggio is not a place which literary English people ever can ignore, and in this book we have a most convincing picture of the sort of life which the Italians lead there in the months of summer. A feature, in fact, of this novel is the authenticity with which the upper classes in that country are portrayed; and if we sometimes feel that the game is not worth the candle, that the Signora Costantini could apply her talents to a more deserving study than these intricate intrigues, yet we admit that she does it very well. The American heroine is the necessary foil, and if there is not the same variety as in "Ragna" with its beautiful Norwegian scenes, we notice many touches of realism, many vivid descriptions that make us hope that some day, when the authoress joins to her great knowledge of Italian life a greater—shall we say prettiness?—her books will be as popular as those of Harland and Marion Crawford.

LADY Q. By Margaret Baillie Saunders 6s. (Hutchinson.)

With such grim power is the note of overwhelming desolation sounded in the opening chapter of this carefully constructed novel that it haunts the reader through all the lighter passages and persists to the end. Picture a November dawn rising wet and grey over Docker's Marshes. "Monstrous heaps of slag and shard and red-rusty iron loom heavily through the nebulous fog-daylight, inexpressibly symbolical of the wreckage of human endeavour. Here and there an irrelevant canal slinks through the lone acres of dun-coloured bog-grass, and a few low-built factories with upstanding shafts fringe the River Lea, that grey ribbon border of London town." Here it is that fate brings together two women, one a flutter of rags, Anna Flavian, outcast, thief and blackmailer, the other the richly clad body of a suicide. To Anna good clothes mean a new lease of life, and she robs the dead woman of her costly raiment, placing her own rags on the corpse. A direct consequence of this ghastly theft is that it saddles Anna with the care of the suicide's child, and with this secret always in the background we watch her, cold, calculating, scheming, until eventually she becomes Lady Q. the wife of Sir Jeremy Quitchett. When it is mentioned that Sir Jeremy proves to be the father of the suicide, it will be seen that there is plenty of opportunity for big scenes. The shock he receives on learning that his daughter died apparently in rags all but kills him, his life being saved by the self-sacrifice of Anna, whose confession leads to her downfall. "Lady Q." is full of excellent character sketches. The author's pictures of the hard-working community at St. Dunstan's, Docker's Marshes, and of the Jewish household which harbours the suicide's child are vividly and sympathetically realised.

THE REVOLT. By Putnam Weale. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

There is a fine feeling for breadth, an outlook as from a mountain top in Mr. Weale's work. From the time when his hero, in early youth, listens to the endless pattering of the water-coolies' feet, and hears their never changing chant, to the day when countless soldiers in red trousers tramp past his window at Gambetta's funeral, we have the same sort of feeling that Addison had, when he contemplated in his vision, the long procession of humanity over the bridge of life. This detachment from the humming world is the keynote of the book. It colours all the hero's many introspective fancies. It gives a breezy, mental atmosphere which would be still more satisfying did not the author occasionally ascend too high, into mystical cloud regions where we do not breathe freely. The story is a conventional one, and the treatment is not far removed from the conventional. It is the dialogue, the suggestiveness of it, the far depths of soul to which it opens the door, that makes the book. We have seldom read dialogue so transparent.

THE SECOND WOMAN. By Norma Lorimer. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It is extremely inartistic to find a foot-note in a novel, referring the reader to a guide-book, after he has been enjoying a descriptive passage, and crediting the writer with observation and insight. Miss Lorimer should know better than this. Her account of the Palio at Siena did not require a foot-note. As a matter of fact, her Italian scenery is preferable to her psychology, and this is what spoils a novel of some charm and power. She makes her heroine quixotically resolve to leave her husband, when that youthful artist met anyone who was his affinity, but Laura unluckily leaves him before making sure that his affinity really cared for him, and the result is a tangled situation. If the grasp of character had been equal to the descriptive power in the story, it would have been quite a fresh romance.

THE NEW HUMPTY-DUMPTY. By Daniel Chaucer. 6s. (John Lane)

The new Humpty-Dumpty is the young King of Galizia whose people have rebelled, set up a Republic and made it necessary for him and his mean, pompous old mother to escape out of it. They settle down in England, very much as a certain real King and his household are settled in exile amongst us at this time; and presently a little group of plotters is gathered about them scheming and intriguing to replace the dispossessed monarch on his throne. It is an amazing group, including an American millionaire, an English Lady and her Lordship, her dissipated husband, a fatuous chauffeur, a light-comedy actress, a Lady of lighter reputation still, a bumptious Cockney journalist and, for leader of them all, the Russian Count Macdonald—a wholly likeable and charming character, the one utter idealist and fine spirit in the sordid, self-seeking, shoddy company. The American millionaire helps to finance the adventure with a couple of millions on the understanding that he receives valuable mining concessions; the English Lady Aldington and her husband contribute to the treasury because they own profitable tin mines in the country that the Republic is governing; the Count who, under the tuition of the egregious Cockney journalist, Mr. Pett, has been an Anarchist and a Socialist and squandered his fortune for the good of those causes, has now taken up the King's cause on pure idealistic grounds and for no possible good to himself. Incidentally, he is hampered with a very jealous wife, the daughter of a London shopkeeper, a girl he had married in his Socialistic days; he is further hampered by the American millionaire's sentimental daughter falling in love with him, and by falling in love himself with the unhappily married Lady Aldington. Which opens the door to some biting satire on our divorce laws, as the whole story opens it to a satiric handling of modern methods of company promotion, and to an ironic presentation of the grotesque realities that underlie the outward glory and dignity of kingship. The characterisation is masterly, and the satire of the book, especially when it is concerned with the futile personality of the exiled King, or that of a certain degenerate Russian Grand Duke, or that of the great little Mr. Pett cuts home, but it is all done with so light and whimsical a touch that even when it is most biting it is irresistibly amusing. There is nothing cleverer or more entertaining among the new novels than this witty and brilliant story of how all the King's financiers, and motley hangers-on, and that one delightful idealist went to work to put Humpty Dumpty together again.

ROSE OF THE GARDEN. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Constable.)

No character in the eighteenth century lends herself more fascinatingly to the business of romance than the lovely Lady Sarah Lennox; and surely nobody could have fashioned a more charming story of her life than Miss Katharine Tynan has done in "Rose of the Garden."

Miss Tynan has entered very sympathetically into the individuality of her heroine and, with the assistance of some of Lady Sarah's own letters, sets before us a remarkably vivid and attractive picture of that unfortunate lady. We follow her career, that now sparkles with happiness and excitement, now descends into depths of melancholy, from the days of her bewitching youth to the golden prime of womanhood, when the sorrows and difficulties which so persistently beset her path are all falling away from her at last. The book has that elusive quality that we speak of as charm; it unfolds a glamorous and moving story skilfully, delicately, and with a deft narrative art that recreates the atmosphere of the long past and recaptures our interest in one of the most winsome women that Sir Joshua Reynolds's canvases helped to make famous.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LOWER DEPTHS. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the original Russian by Laurence Irving 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin)

Grim, drab, sordid, squalid—you may call "The Lower Depths," all this and sometimes even worse; it could hardly picture the lower depths and be otherwise; but it holds your interest irresistibly and impresses you with a sense of its unexaggerated reality, its stark and terrible truthfulness. It is so baldly true that it takes no trouble to elaborate a plot; it uncovers a cellar for you, one of the commonest of Russian common lodging-houses, and shows you the outcast, almost dehumanised wretches who



Maxim Gorky.

From "The Lower Depths," by Maxim Gorky. (Fisher Unwin.)

make their home in it, individualises them, reveals their inmost character with a wonderful vividness, and with a few subtle, illuminating touches brings out the stories of their strange and broken lives in the course of their desultory conversation. There is humour in the play—the sort of wry, grotesque humour that mostly has a hint of tears in it; there is the pathos that is inseparable from sickness and poverty, even when the poor are the veriest rascals, and perhaps the most dreadful thing in it is the lightness, the indifference with which these hopeless creatures speak of death and look upon the dead. Life is so cheap with them, it is so little worth having that none of them seem to be much troubled at the thought of losing it. These people are not creations, they are actual living men and women, and Gorky, by the magic of his genius, has simply transferred them from that unspeakable lodging-house to his pages. In the ordinary meaning of the word "The Lower Depths" is not a play; it is just a powerfully written, tragic thing that regards life from no moral but from a finely and profoundly humanitarian standpoint and is great literature because it is so greatly human. Mr. Laurence Irving's translation is an excellent piece of work that faithfully preserves the half barbaric spirit of its original.

THE CHURCH IN THE PAGES OF "PUNCH." By the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

In one of the shortest prefatory notes ever contributed by way of introductory blessing to another man's work, the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell describes this volume as "an extremely amusing and also an instructive book." Primarily it is, doubtless, intended to be entertaining, but incidentally the author touches upon many matters that have agitated men's minds during the lifetime of *Punch*, and is perhaps inclined occasionally to take the jester over seriously, especially in the later decades when he has been moved more by desire for drollery than inspired by purpose. In his early years *Punch* was rarely forgetful of the fact that a jest may be the feather to carry the shaft of satire, and he commonly wrote on serious matters with a serious purpose underlying his fun. He was a fellow of strong views, given to strong expression of them, and had a fierce feeling against Roman Catholics especially—one of the first secessions from his staff was in consequence of the way in which that feeling was expressed. But, as Mr. Duthie points out, the whirligig of time brought about its revenge, and before *Punch* had attained to middle age, "a Roman Catholic sat in the seat of the scornful—his own editor's chair." It is conceded that many of the abuses connected with the Church which *Punch* again and again made the objects of his satire or his fun have been reformed, that he has, on the whole, expressed the sense of the nation on given matters. Mr. Duthie has not sought to go through the long row of *Punch* volumes from 1841 to the present, and to give a chronological record of the pertinences and impertinences concerning Churchmen and Church matters, but has grouped typical jests and comments on particular subjects, such as "*Punch* and Ritualism," "*Punch* and the Bishops," "*Punch* and Dissent," "*Punch* and the Jews," and so forth, and has done so in a pleasant, genial fashion which suggests that the Church bears no malice for some of the asperities which *Punch* has at times uttered against some of her members.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND. By Ernest Ford. 5s. net. (Sampson Low.)

The distinguishing characteristic of this book is its broad common-sense. This quality it was, rather than any brilliant cunning of the baton, which gave its value to Mr. Ernest Ford's work as conductor of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and those who appreciated his enthusiasm in this capacity will be prepared to read with pleasure his plain, straightforward exposition of the main facts of English musical history, illuminated here by his fervent patriotism. In his modest preface the author disclaims any technical value for his work, and it is obviously not

written as a text-book. Probably he is right in thinking that it will be of interest mainly to the general reader in search of information on such subjects as "Music before and during the Reformation," "The Progress of Orchestral Music," "Musical Education in England," and "Distinguished Musicians of the Nineteenth Century," more especially as each of the ten chapters is made, by recapitulation, practically complete in itself. The last-named section is sure to prove attractive by reason of the personal anecdotes it contains of Sims Reeves, Lady Hallé, Sir Charles Hallé, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Ford comments on the "interesting experiment Mr. Hammerstein is now making," with his usual soundness of view. He is of opinion that opera must be sung in English, and that the charges for admission must be moderate, before any operatic enterprise can hope for success. More than this, he says: "The thoughts of all Englishmen must necessarily turn to (the) native product," and hints that an opera from the pen of Sir Edward Elgar would arouse interest in the opera as a form of musical art. It might, were it a fact that the public as a whole understands the operatic idea. Unfortunately, this is not by any means the case; hence the necessity of any pioneer movement being constructed on educative lines. There is a remarkable omission in the book, inasmuch as no reference is made to the growth of the competitive musical meeting, which is, without doubt, one of the most useful and widespread influences in the direction of education in music at present at work in this country. At the end of his "General Survey" the author gives his considered judgment in the following words: "Although unable to take the roseate view of the position of native music in England that is often expressed . . . I think it will be generally agreed that there are many signs, at once indicative of hopefulness and, already, great and assured progress. England . . . may well be happy in the prospect of a noble art restored to her. In that firm faith I close these pages."

NIGHTS AT THE PLAY. By H. M. Walbrook. 5s. net. (W. J. Ham-Smith)

Mr. Walbrook, we fear, is an incurable optimist. In a preface to a collection of theatrical notices which he has recently published under the title of "Nights at the Play," he tells us that his "book appears in a moment of renewed hope for the future of the British theatre." He has hopes for the future of the drama in the provinces based seemingly on the founding of local play-producing theatres, the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, Miss Horniman's repertory theatre at Manchester, and a house run on similar lines at Glasgow. And he seems to think that all must be well with London, since it has welcomed "The Theatre of Ideas"—whatever that theatre may be—the ideas being those, we gather, of such a heterogeneous crowd of dramatists as the respective authors of "Strife," "An Englishman's Home," "Nan," "Diana Dobson's," "Hannele," "The Blue Bird," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In comment on this alleged generous "welcome" we should like to enquire: How many times were "Strife" and "Nan" played, and what amount of profit did they bring to the exchequer? To share Mr. Walbrook's optimism indeed, we should have to ignore the fact that the mass of the English theatre-going public never has had, and never seems likely to have, any taste for the drama as a means of intellectual or even histrionic expression—last season, for instance, the great successes have been won by a couple of Mr. Shaw's farces ("Man and Superman," and "Fanny's First Play") and two light musical plays ("The Quaker Girl," and "The Count of Luxembourg.") We should also need to forget sundry circumstances of topical interest, to wit that Miss Lena Ashwell is no longer in the list of play-producers; that a brilliant young dramatist like the author of "Irene Wycherley" has had to wait more than four years before being able to get his second play produced; that Mr. Charles Frohman seems now definitely to have abandoned his Repertory Theatre scheme; that in his latest comedy, Sir

Arthur Pinero has given us a piece so technically old-fashioned as to contain two acts of exposition to one of drama; that the actor-manager was never in more complete command of the theatre than at present; that our two most accomplished actors—Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Willard—cannot afford the luxury of playing in London; and that our leading Shakespearean theatre is controlled by a player who is physically and temperamentally unequal to playing tragic or even romantic rôles. We commend these signs of the "progress" of theatrical art in London to the attention of Mr. Walbrook, assuring him, meantime, that we have read his theatrical notices with considerable interest, and that finding ourselves in agreement with most of what he says, we feel bound to hail him as a sensible and discerning master of his craft.

SOME OLD ENGLISH WORTHIES. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Dorothy Senior. 10s. 6d. net. (Swift.)

The old English "worthies" dealt with in this volume are Thomas of Reading, George a Green, Roger Bacon, and Friar Rush. They are, of course, familiar enough to students of Early English legendary lore, but they are here presented in a form which should introduce them to a far wider public than has hitherto had access to them. The editor of the volume, in her admirable introduction, points out that, though here and there it has been necessary to alter the phraseology and orthography, she has endeavoured to adhere to the spirit of the originals. In this she has been wholly successful. "Thomas of Reading" is taken from a copy of the edition of 1632 printed in London by Elz. Allde for Robert Bird. The legend deals with "The Six Worthy Husbands of the West," so-called by Henry I., who were among the nine most famous clothmakers of their day. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and other well-known figures, appear in "George a Green" the pindar, or pound-keeper, of Wakefield. "The Legend of Friar Bacon" is perhaps the best known of the four, and is from a chapbook dated 1661. The fourth story gives "The History of Friar Rush," an entertaining legend with a moral. All the narratives are full of curious and interesting lore, and their readers will be grateful to the editor for the copious explanatory notes she has appended. The book has been tastefully bound, and the type is good.

A PSYCHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Amanda T. Jones. 4s. 6d. net. (William Rider & Son, Ltd.)

The "Realm of Psyche" is one of many enchantments, and not a little illusion. Ego and vanity run riot in certain quarters of it, and there is much winnowing to be done. But one can deal with the present work without qualms. Miss Amanda Jones, the well-known American poetess, tells the story of her long and remarkable life in a keen, vivacious style, and her account of the many instances of spiritual interposition and guidance in her career have too many parallels in modern literature to make them seem intrinsically improbable. The book is fortified by an introduction by Professor James H. Hyslop, distinguished in psychical science, who testifies to the strength and value of the narrative. Quite apart from the psychical phenomena of which the book treats (and which are not for all readers) we found in Miss Jones's record much of general interest on the human side, as dealing with the views and experiences of an American woman of cultivated and alert mind, with a wide and mature outlook on life. Those who are interested in feminine movements will find congenial reading in Miss Jones's account of the career of the "Women's Company for Working Women, started by a Woman." Men crept in by craft and guile, however, and the Company was "whirled away."

STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS. By William Sharp. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

These essays, all of which deal with literary subjects, show William Sharp in the guise in which he was best known before his identity with the mysterious Celtic poetess was revealed—as the conscientious and satisfactory editor of

the Canterbury Poets. Some of them appeared as introductions in that or other series, and suffer from the limitation imposed by their original destination; the papers, for instance, on the sonnet and on great odes, which one would have thought it scarcely worth while to reprint apart from their contexts, so clearly are they intended to tickle the palate of the reader as yet ignorant even of the best of English poetry. Others, however, which are equally informative, fully justify their inclusion; for they deal with matters on which many people will be glad of instruction, such as "The Heroic and Legendary Literature of Brittany," modern Italian poetry, and the Felibridge. Nor must it be supposed that because these essays are full of facts they are therefore devoid of the virtues of criticism. The book has been given for a motto some words of Sharp's own: "When I speak of Criticism I have in mind not merely the more or less deft use of commentary or indication, but one of the several ways of literature, and in itself a rare and fine art: the marriage of science that knows and of spirit that discerns. The basis of criticism is imagination, its spiritual quality is simplicity, its intellectual distinction is balance." Good words, which Sharp strove, not altogether unsuccessfully, to live up to. He was no Pater, nor even an Arthur Symonds or a Lionel Johnson, but he had a sane and observant outlook, and his paper on Sainte-Beuve illustrates the clearness and soundness of his views of the critic's function. That paper is one of the best here printed. It is an admirable gift in an essayist, and more especially in an editor, that he should be able to interest at once those who know and those who do not know the subject in hand. Sharp had this gift, as the essay on Sainte-Beuve and others amply demonstrate. His account of the Felibridge, for instance, is excellent whether read as criticism or as history, and admirable for its avoidance of over-enthusiasm. One feels occasionally in reading these pages that Sharp, like other modern critics, was rather prone to think too much of contemporary stuff which time would prove ephemeral. But it is a more gracious failing than the carping of the *laudator temporis acti*, nor was it Sharp's in any marked degree. His knowledge of southern literatures seems to have been extensive. His essay on D'Annunzio is good, though he shows the Englishman's characteristic timid fascination before that exotic genius. The translations from Breton popular songs are well done, interesting in themselves and interesting as being the only place in "Studies and Appreciations" where the author's Celtic proclivities come into prominence.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIES. Second Series. By George W. Smalley. 12s 6d. net (Duckworth)

In Victor Hugo's diary for 1866 there is a note that Mr Smalley of the New York Tribune came to Guernsey from America especially to see the poet. The interview must have been somewhat remarkable, for Hugo goes on to say, "Mr. Smalley does not speak a word of French, and I not a word of English." Perhaps this was the beginning of Mr. Smalley's study of the leading personalities of our time. Half a century of first-rate journalistic work has made him a charming and illuminating observer of the characters and actions of the captains of modern civilisation. On the title page of his new volume of "Anglo-American Memories," he cites Machiavelli's saying: "Among all my possessions I have found none I prize so much as the knowledge of the actions of great men." The fact is the author is an agent of that American spirit of curiosity in regard to the chief characters in European affairs, which is a connecting force of some importance between the old world and the new. On the whole, the people of the Mother Country of the Anglo-Saxon races must feel grateful to him for the kindly sympathetic insight he has displayed in their affairs; for he has put before his readers in New York a very friendly and very interesting series of studies of the leading personages in our social and political life. On one occasion, indeed, he was able to render to our country a political service of high value. Our Ambassador at Washington, Lord Pauncefoot, got into serious trouble with the American public. A semi-official despatch from Berlin, in 1902,

accused him of having initiated, during the Spanish-American war, a plan of European intervention vehemently hostile to the United States. The despatch went on to suggest that it was only through the energetic action of the German Emperor that the scheme of Lord Pauncefoot had been defeated. Mr Smalley saw President Roosevelt, and obtained permission to state publicly that the President himself had declared that the Berlin story was, on his own knowledge, false. The result was that the German Ambassador, Baron Holleben, in whose name the accusation had been made, was discredited. The worry of the affair killed Lord Pauncefoot, and President Roosevelt broke all etiquette by attending the funeral service of the British Ambassador, and lining the road along which the burial procession passed with fifteen hundred American troops. No foreign journalist has, out of simple loving friendship for our country, done what Mr. Smalley did in the Pauncefoot-Holleben intrigue. But then Mr. Smalley is not a foreigner; he is a kinsman. A great ambassador of journalism, he has worked well and long to establish and maintain a fraternal relationship between Great Britain and the United States. In order to understand our country, he has become intimately acquainted with the best minds and strongest characters of our age; and though he has not kept a journal and seldom taken a note, his portraits of our politicians, soldiers, society leaders, actors and men of letters are wonderfully vivid and uncommonly entertaining. His book abounds in good stories and keen touches of characterisation. And what gives a piquancy to his biographical studies is the fact that they deal mainly with persons still in active life: there is no flattery or sharpness, but a kind and yet shrewd appreciation of character that makes the work the most readable and interesting set of biographical essays that has appeared for some years.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Three first-rate sensational stories that Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have added to their new list of sound, readable fiction are **Rogues in Arcady**, by Sir William Magway; **A Son of the Immortals**, by Louis Tracy; and **The Missing Miss Randolph**, by Marie Connor Leighton (6s. each). There is adventure and mystery, and a stirring love romance in each one of them, and we strongly recommend them to readers who, when they sit down to a work of fiction, want to be recreated by a rattling good tale. A rattling good tale, too, with humour in it, as well as love and adventure, is **Private Selby**, by Edgar Wallace (6s.), and the story of Dick Selby and the delightful Brown Lady makes as charming and clever a book as any Mr. Wallace has given us—which is saying a great deal for it, but not a word too much.

MR. B. H. BLACKWELL.

The Making of Oxford, by Rhoda Murray (1s. net), is a popular history of the city of Oxford, as distinct from the University. It is a picturesque, admirably written story, and of necessity touches also on the life of the University where it is inseparable from the life of the city itself. The more or less traditional records of early Oxford are full of interest, but it was in the middle ages that both city and University reached a



Portionists' Hall.



Holywell Manor House.

fulness and vigour and variety of experience that it has been long in surpassing. With very little change mediæval Oxford lasted, indeed, as Miss Murray says, till nearly the end of the eighteenth century, and for some six hundred years the city was striving against the dominance of the University, to which its mayors again and again refused to take the oath of allegiance,

and were excommunicated and fined for their contumacy until an Act of Parliament in 1859 put an end to the strife by abrogating any such oath. The book is carefully and attractively written, and the many thumb-nail drawings by the author, scattered through the text, are beautiful little examples of black and white art.

MR. STEPHEN SWIFT.

If he has done nothing else, Mr. Litchfield Woods has at least created a very unusual character. The figure of Professor Snaggs dominates his novel, *A Superman in Being* (6s.), to the almost complete exclusion of everything else—minor characters, plot, or construction. In fact, we agree entirely with the publisher's statement that the book "is not, in the usual sense, a story of love and marriage." It is not, in the usual sense, a novel at all. Professor Snaggs, the distinguished historian, has lost his eyesight, and is therefore dependent, to some extent, upon the offices of his clever and attractive secretary, with whom he has had a *liaison*. This means little to the Professor, who considers himself exempt from the ordinary rules of morality, but it means a good deal to the secretary when she falls in love with a fairly normal young man—also clever. The Professor's intuition informs him how matters stand, and in a series of monologues, which comprise practically the whole of the book, he proves first that the young man is worthy of his bride, and then induces him to marry her when he knows the truth about her. The whole thing is very amusing, exceedingly clever, and equally unpleasant.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.

The title of Sir Thomas Browne's masterpiece has been frequently imitated of late, and now we have a prose variant on the *Religio Laici* in *A Layman's Philosophy*, by Alexander Davis (3s. 6d. net). This is a curious little work which may best be described as a series of detached thoughts on ethics and religion. It is the result, we are told, of "years of reflection on the actualities of human existence," making "no pretence to original scientific research or a detailed analysis of the riddle of existence." Preliminary explanations are generally a mistake, and it is in despite of them, and not because of them, that we would testify to the sincerity and sanity and broad-mindedness of this little volume. The author has necessarily, from his self-imposed limits, had to be brief and general; but the results of his reflection are germinative of reflection on the part of his readers. He is stimulative and suggestive, and can write of dogmas without himself being dogmatic. It is characteristic of the author's method that his resultant principle is the cautious one of "the greatest good to the greater number." The book is marred by a few unfortunate misprints: e.g., "Diety" (p. 37); "segrated" (p. 57); "uncarthened" (p. 127). Seven, apparently, is the author's unlucky number.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The already enormous family of Sherlock Holmes' descendants is now augmented by an American kinsman. The publisher's note, in the modern candid and anticipatory style, informs us regarding *The Black Hand*, by Arthur B. Reeve (2s. net), that "many think them quite as good as the stories of Sherlock Holmes." While admitting that the stories that make up the volume have many good qualities as magazine fiction, we cannot endorse this high opinion. In point of ingenuity, originality and neatness of construction there seems to us no ground of comparison, and we must add that the medium of expression is transparently Transatlantic. The amateur in this case is Craig Kennedy, "a college professor," and his assistant is "a newspaper man," who had formerly "roomed together" with the professor. The twelve stories make a bold attempt to describe the latest scientific discoveries pressed into the service of crime from the microphone, which records the slightest criminal whisper, to the chair "wired under the arm in such a way as to betray on an appropriate indicator in the next room every sudden and undue emotion." When the assistant asked the professor, "How do I come in?" the answer was: "Well, for one thing, you'll get a scoop, a beat." Without knowing the exact meaning of the terms, we feel certain that no reader of this volume will fail to get a "scoop" and a "beat."

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The author of *With Dante in Modern Florence* (6s. net) has here written a book which will interest even the hitherto uninterested both in Dante and in Florence. Miss Mary E. Lacy has undertaken the task of reconstructing Florence as Dante knew it, and with that intelligent patience which can accomplish so much she has, so to speak, removed the stones of many a present building and has shown us the contemporary surroundings of the Divine Poet. But to show the actual Florence of the period is an extremely difficult task, and our chief praise goes out to Miss Lacy for the accomplishment of a task which she did not undertake—that of rekindling life in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. With thorough ability she has avoided pedantry yet given fact, and with a genuine

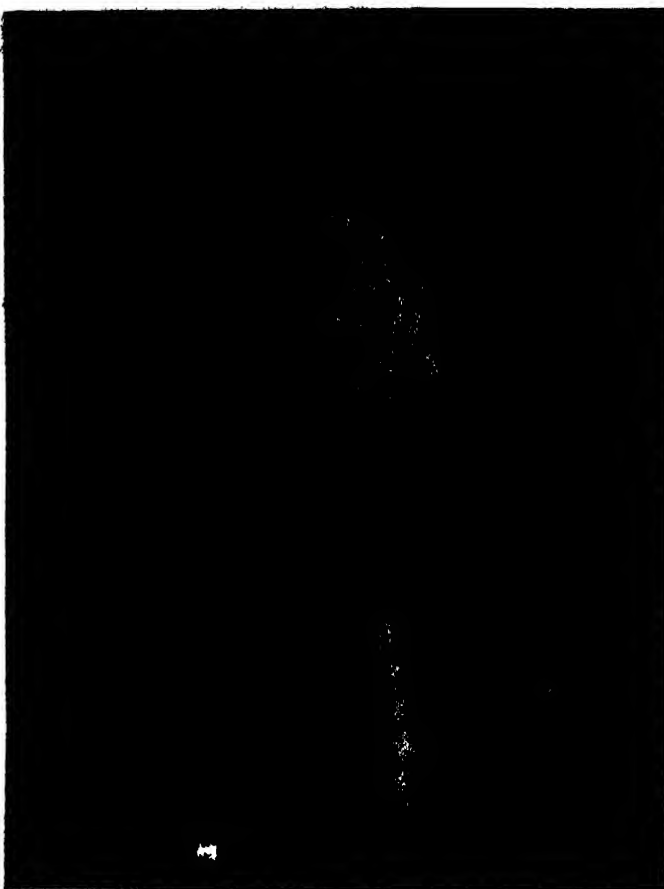


Photo: Alinari.

Statue of Dante, by Dorni,
Loggia of the Uffizi.

From "With Dante in Modern Florence" by Mary E. Lacy (John Murray).

charm she has seized upon the picturesque and salient matters. The volume will be a valuable companion to any traveller whose goal is the beautiful city of Dante's birth.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK AND JACKSON.

The author of *Treasure of Thule*, Mr. B. D. Steward (6s.), must blame his own daring if he finds that his "Romance of Orkney" is criticized in comparison with William Black's minor classic. It is no discredit to the author of what we may take to be a first novel that the comparison seems to reveal many crudities. A chance meeting at the Stores in London brought together Edward Nichol, a house-master at Maltby, and an old Maltbeian, Robin Jones. This follows a holiday cruise for Nichol in Jones's yacht to one of the Orkney Islands, of which, as it turns out, Nichol is one of the claimant owners. The other claimant is Cecil Lubbock, the daughter of an eccentric Danish professor, and by a liberal use of the arm of coincidence Mr. Steward brings all his company together on the island. We have then much deciphering of Runic inscriptions, relieved by the love-making of the claimants. And the story proceeds through many pleasant descriptions of happy picnics to the final solution of all contending claims by matrimony. If on the romantic side Mr. Steward's pretty story certainly derives from William Black on the schoolmaster side he proves himself an equally devout admirer of "Stalkey & Co." But if both his romance and his slang are derivative, he is fully entitled to the credit of his own high spirits, that carry him successfully through a very agreeable holiday yarn.

MR. H. J. DRANE.

If Mr. Edgar Frere's story—*Rebels* (6s.)—when stripped to its bare essentials, depends upon a somewhat commonplace love plot, it is lifted considerably above the average novel by its fresh and vigorous treatment. Mr. Frere has a few obvious faults. He is inordinately fond of epithets; "his sentences are at times a trifle clumsy; and he has a surreptitious hankering after "fine writing." But these blemishes are more than counterbalanced by his gift of natural humour, by his interesting philosophical outlook upon life, and by his power of telling a story rapidly and well. If anything, indeed, Cavendish is made to rush about the world rather too much before he finally is admitted to a partnership in the firm of solicitors whose managing clerk and right-hand man he had been, and thus is enabled to marry Aileen Fitz-Oakley. Aileen herself, too, has an adventurous career, but no fault can be found with that, because to fit we owe the really admirable picture of Mr. Algernon Browning and his humbugging literary association. As that ridiculous person would have said, Mr. Frere's novel is a "veritable feast of good things," and when he has learned to employ his thoughts in a less recklessly profuse manner Mr. Frere ought to write a novel which will be really first class.

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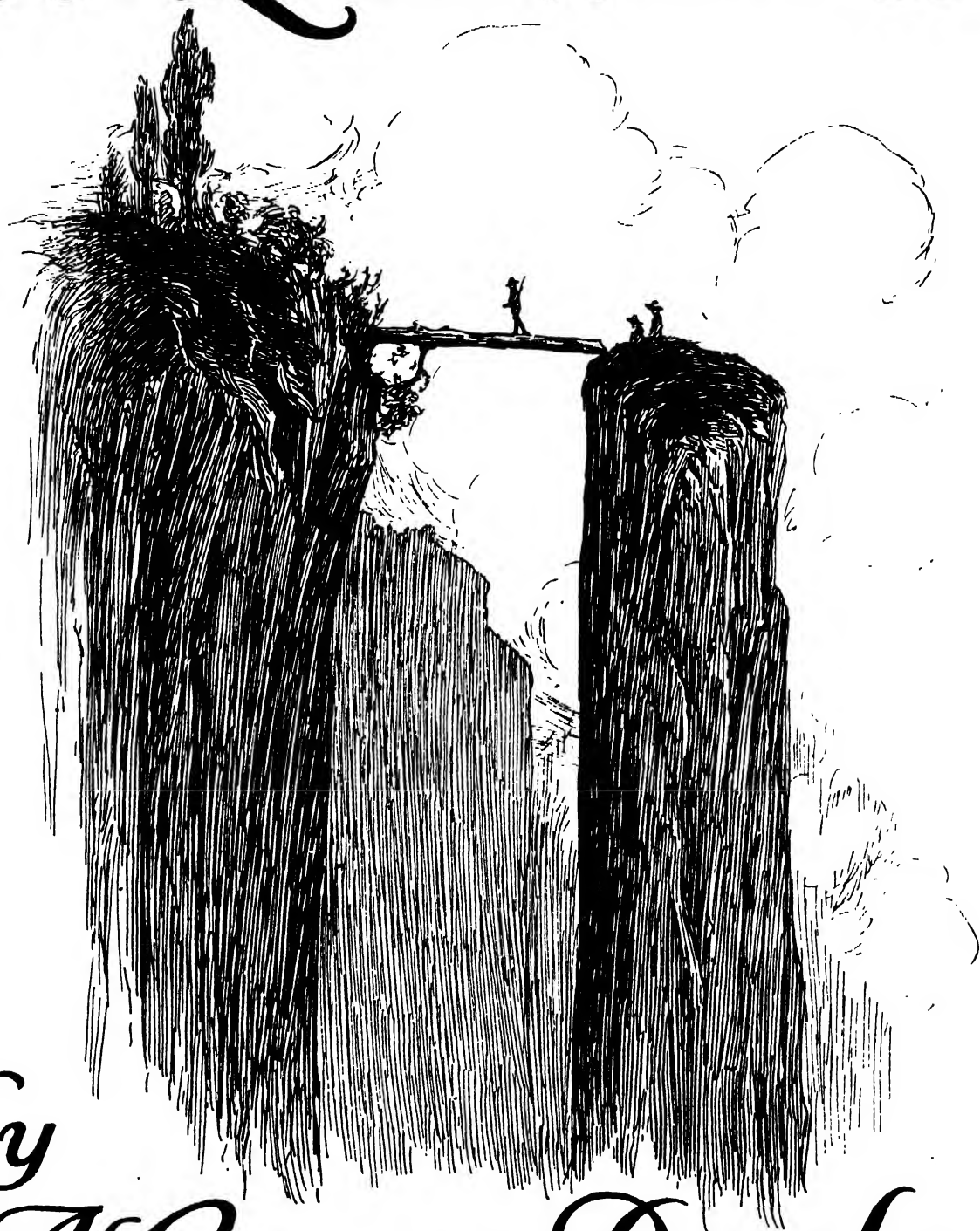
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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October BOOKMAN, an Autumn Double Number, will be also a special Whistler Number, and will be illustrated with numerous portraits and reproductions of paintings and drawings. It will contain articles on Whistler by Joseph Pennell, and G. S. Layard, and among other important contributions will be "English Literature, 1880-1905," by G. H. Mair; "The Red Hand of Ulster," by Shan Bullock; "Swift's Letters," by Y.Y.; "Two Dramatists," by Darrell Figgis; "John Drinkwater's Poems," by Francis Bickley; "Lang's History of English Literature," by F. G. Bettany; "Prose Rhythm," by Dixon Scott, etc., etc.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing next month a book by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll on "The Problem of Edwin Drood: a Study in the Methods

of Dickens." Besides investigating the problem, Sir William Nicoll has made a close study of Dickens's methods of constructing his plots and developing his narratives, and has based his conclusions largely on unpublished material.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this month "Greuze and his Models," by Mr. John Rivers. It takes the form of an unconventional biography in which an attempt is made to reconstruct vividly and picturesquely the every-day life of this most popular of eighteenth century artists amid the quaint scenes and characters of old-time Paris. The volume will be illustrated with forty-five full page plates.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who is well-known for his studies in prison life, has written a new book on this subject, "Wards of the State," which Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are issuing this autumn. It offers an unofficial view of Prison and the Prisoner.

Although it was only published a month ago, Mr. George Edgar's remarkable novel of the Prize Ring, "The Blue Bird's-Eye," is already in its third edition, and the Musson Book Company have

arranged to publish it in Canada. Mr. Edgar has had the uncommon distinction of seeing his two first books make their appearance simultaneously—"The Blue Bird's-Eye" with Messrs. Mills & Boon, and his gossip biography, "Martin Harvey," with Mr. Grant Richards. A new comer in the book-world, Mr. George Edgar has served a long apprenticeship as a journalist and miscellaneous writer for the magazines and newspapers. He began in the provinces on the reporting staff of the *Liverpool Post*, and continued the same class of work in various provincial centres for some years, the most interesting period of which was, he says, a stay of eighteen months on the *Blackpool Gazette News*. His staff engagements ended when he came to London twelve years back. Here he strove as a freelance; the first paper to take work with anything like regularity from him was the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*, and he has been more or less associated with the Hulton group of papers ever since. During that early period he also contributed a good many signed articles to the *Morning Leader*, and latterly he has seemed almost ubiquitous—scarcely



Photo by U.S.A. Studios.

Mrs. Alice Perrin,
the well-known novelist of Indian life, whose
new novel, "The Anglo Indian" (Methuen), is
reviewed on page 261.

a week passing but his name has appeared over some characteristic article in the *Daily Mail*, *Daily News*, *T.P.'s Weekly*, *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*, *Evening Standard*, or other of the weeklies or dailies of London or the provinces. Incidentally, he edited for twelve months *Modern Business*, for the Caxton Publishing Company, and for Messrs. Newnes their successful serial publication, *Careers*, a work on employments, which was completed in eighteen parts.

Nowadays, Mr. Edgar has become a novelist almost by accident. He had written a considerable variety of short stories, but had not seriously thought of attempting a novel until after he had placed his business in the hands of an agent. One day, without consulting him, the agent arranged a contract for him to write a long story which should deal with the golden days of pugilism, the firm who required it having concluded that he could do this because he had written rather freely on various aspects of that decaying sport.



Miss Chapin,
whose new novel, "The Under Tull," Messrs.
Putnam are publishing.

From force of habit, for he had made a rule in earlier and harder times of never declining work that was asked of him, he promptly wrote "The Blue Bird's-Eye," which was a great success as a serial and has certainly proved a most successful novel in book form, so much so that Mr. Edgar has decided to devote himself mainly to novel writing in future, and has made arrangements for other books that will keep him busy for the next three years.



Photo by Conrad Priestley.

Miss Daphne Allen,
whose remarkable book of paintings and drawings is reviewed on page 266.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is making a new departure. We are used to him as the writer of charming poetic prose fancies, such as "God and the Ant," of thrilling



Photo by Ferd/jedun, Stockholm.

Gustaf Janson.

Author of "The Pride of War,"
(Stedwick & Jackson).

sensational novels, of carefully finished short stories, of scholarly essays, but now he is to come before us in a new guise as the author of a humorous volume for old and young to be called "The Bow-Wow Book," and to be illustrated

with the grotesquely funny drawings of Mr. Lawson Wood. It will be published next month by Messrs. James Nisbet and Company.

"Windfrint Virgin" is the title of a new novel of London life by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, which Mr. Ham-Smith is publishing.

"To Algernon Charles Swinburne, and Other Poems" is a new volume of verse by Mr. Henry J. Barker that Messrs. Jarrold will publish this month.



Photo by Orr & Co., Johannesburg.

Mr. William Westrup,

the South African novelist, whose new novel, "The Debt," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Alston Rivers

Gustaf Janson, whose latest book, "The Pride of War" we review elsewhere, has been described as the Rudyard Kipling of Sweden. He was born in Stockholm, on August 2nd, 1866, and began life as a painter, but later adopted literature as his profession. His first book "An Upstart" was published in 1898. He has since written a number of striking novels, many of which have been translated into most of the European languages. He has travelled in Italy and the North of Africa and there obtained the local colour for "Pride of War." This work has been hailed on the Continent as a masterpiece, not only by the foremost leaders of the movement for International Arbitration, but by those critics who have judged it solely as literature.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published in a sixpenny volume

a collection of the remarkable series of articles on "What the Worker Wants," that appeared in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Eight of these articles are by H. G. Wells, who opened the discussion, and others are by thinkers such as Frederic Harrison, H. M. Hyndman, John Galsworthy, labour leaders such as Vernon



Mr. Thomas Dixon.

Author of "Sins of the Fathers" (Appleton).

Hartshorn, Philip Snowden, George Barnes, practical men of business such as Sir Walter Runciman, Seebohm Rowntree, statesmen such as Earl Grey and Lord Hugh Cecil, great landowners like the Duke of Marlborough. The articles are full of suggestion and of profound importance for their many-sided consideration of that Labour Unrest which is a significant, troublesome, but perhaps hopeful signs of the times.

Mr. Thomas Dixon, one of the most popular of American novelists and dramatists has had a remarkable and remarkably varied career. He was born in North Carolina, the son of a Baptist minister of old Revolutionary stock, at the age of twenty

had been elected to the North Carolina legislature, and before he was three years older had become a successful lawyer. Then he abandoned law and politics to enter the ministry, and was successively pastor at Raleigh, at Boston, and of the People's Temple, New York. His first five books were volumes of sermons, and books dealing with religious problems, and he was nearly forty when, ten years ago, he published "The Leopard's Spots," his first novel. Its success was immediate, and of this and the five novels Mr. Dixon has since written over a million copies have been sold. Three of them, "The Leopard's Spots," "The Clansman," and "The Traitor," belong to a trilogy whose purpose is to dispel what he considers the false idea of the negro that is given in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to make a passionate plea for the purity of the white race and the improvement of our breed of men. His other three novels form another trilogy to expose "the delusions of Socialism." In his latest novel, "Sins of the Father" (published by Messrs. Appleton), he again deals with the race problem in its intimate relations to the home life of the people; the story, whose dramatic interest centres on the passion of a man of culture and refinement for a woman of the lower race, is a new and ampler version of his drama on the same theme that has already been enormously successful on the American stage.



Photo by Mr

Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge.

"The Shoreless Sea," published by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, is Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge's first novel, but she is well-known as a writer of successful feuilletons, and of short stories. Mrs. Lethbridge was educated abroad and has lived chiefly in Austria, a country that she knows thoroughly, and to which she is devoted. Like most novelists she is ambitious to write a play that shall prove as successful as her book.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt has nearly completed a new novel, a story of West Africa which she is naming "Via Dolorosa," and Mr. Werner Laurie will publish it in due course. Mrs. Gaunt is one of the most successful of recent Australians who have come to make their homes in England. She is the daughter of a Colonial Judge; and it was eleven years ago, after she had been left a widow, that she came to settle in London. Seven years before that her first novel, "Dave's Sweetheart," was published here by Mr. Edward Arnold, and she still considers it the best story that she ever wrote. A young girl, living in a country town of Victoria, she wrote it and posted it across "home," and was not so surprised as she ought to have been that Mr. Arnold accepted it, paid her fifty pounds for it, and that when it was published it was very satisfactorily reviewed. It was only when she came to take to literature for a livelihood, she says, that she found how toilsome and stony was the path she had chosen; and yet in the long run she does not and has no reason to regret her choice. "A newcomer in London has this to learn," is Mrs. Gaunt's experience, "not that people



Photo by Walford Jenkins, Kensington.

Mrs. Beryl Symons.

whose new novel, "Prince and Priest" (Stanley Paul), is reviewed on page 267.

will not accept a new point of view, they will, but that the point of view must be presented in such fashion as will be generally acceptable. That lesson I took years to learn." But the success of her last book, "Alone in West Africa" (Laurie), should satisfy her that she has learned it. She feels that her upbringing in a land where conventions do not count has helped her greatly, in broadening her outlook and making her self-reliant, but she finds as a result of her early freedom she cannot reconcile herself to the orthodox etiquettes and amenities of life in a large city; she likes reading stories of quiet English life but is unable to write them. Her one London novel, "The Mummy Moves," was of the sensational sort and its interest depended on a mystery. She finds her best inspiration in the more strenuous life of the outskirts of the Empire, and the wander lust is always carrying her abroad to renew acquaintance with such places. When her new book is out of hand she purposes writing one about the castles that dot the shore of the Gold Coast—mediaeval castles, old and quaint and full of wonderful old-world stories—and she will illustrate it with

a series of unique photographs that she took when she was out there a little while ago.

Mr. W. Coffey, of the National Union of Bookbinders, wrote the following letter to us last month, with reference to our Miss Braddon Number, but it arrived too late for our August issue: "It is not a point of much importance and perhaps for that reason Mr. Clive Holland omits to mention it in his admirable article in your July Number. I refer to the fact that "Three Times Dead, or The Trail of the Serpent," appeared in serial form in a weekly entitled the *Halfpenny Journal*, in 1862 or 1863. I remember it well as it was the first of Miss Braddon's works that I read. Later, as an apprentice, I not only read many of her books with great delight but both as apprentice and journeyman worked on them and helped to turn out many thousand copies in more than one workshop. I think the *Halfpenny Journal* was controlled by Mr. Maxwell. There was a similar and rival publication running at the same time entitled the *Welcome Guest*. Both have long ceased to exist."

The Booksellers' Diary.

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WRITING his "Oceana,"¹ in 1885, Froude discussed the politics of Australia, its gold mines, its water supply, had a good word for its eucalyptus trees, and was only sorry he had not seen a laughing jackass ; but all he had to say of its literature was : " They have had one poet—Gordon—something too much of the Guy Livingstone type, an inferior Byron, a wild rider, desperate, dissipated, but with gleams of a most noble nature shining through the turbid atmosphere. He, poor fellow, hungering after what Australia could not give him—what perhaps no country on earth at present could give him—had nothing to do but shoot himself, which he accordingly did."

This was to overlook Henry Kendall, as fine a poet as Gordon, and the best of some even earlier poets, such as Harpur and M'Crae ; it was to overlook, too, one of the biggest things in Australian literature, Marcus Clarke's sombre, powerfully realistic novel of old penal settlement days, " For the Term of his Natural Life," which was published in the 'seventies. But then Froude rather despised novels ; he found some on the ship and they bored him so that he had to fall back on the Plato and Homer he carried with him in his bag. And to this day when a man sits down to write of Australia he usually adopts Froude's attitude towards its literature : if he does not ignore it altogether, he remarks airily that it has none, or qualifies this statement with a dark saying that it has none which is distinctively Colonial.

I do not propose to say that myself because I am not sure that I know what it means. It seems to suggest that if an Englishman transplants himself to Australia, he and his descendants ought to cut themselves off from their only possible past and begin afresh as an entirely new race, and that should they become authors they must assert their independence and originality by writing exclusively about the bush, cattle-stations, gum trees, gold mining, blue jays and the wallaby, as if, forsooth, genius, wherever it happens to be housed, should keep its fancies always playing in its back yard, and never allow them to take a flight beyond sight of its own town pump. Shakespeare did

not stake out a little claim in England only ; Keats and Shelley found their highest inspiration in the mythology of ancient Greece, as Milton and Bunyan found theirs in the Hebrew Bible. Great literature is, of course, as universal as the sea and the stars ; it never has been and never can be a purely local product. Love and sorrow, pity and laughter, life and death, the tragedy of the days that are no more and the eternal hope of to-morrow—all the large concerns out of which literature is fashioned, are necessarily the same in Australia as they are in the Old Country, and you do not make them distinctively Colonial by giving them a setting of eucalyptus forests nor render them less essentially Colonial by laying on such local colour lightly or not at all.

Moreover, most of Australia's authors were born in England, or of fathers who had emigrated thence ; they grew up under English influences, were nurtured in English literary traditions, and naturally and rightly feel themselves to be in the line of succession that has come down through Chaucer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and so long as they continue to write in English for English-speaking peoples it is as absurd to ask that their work should be distinctively Colonial as it would be to expect that everything Stevenson and Barrie wrote should be distinctively Scottish.

Another hardship inflicted on the Colonial author is that he is too often labelled as if he were a copy of some similar English writer. Thus, Gordon is called

the Australian Burns, or Byron ; Kendall the Australian Shelley ; Brunton Stephens the Australian Swinburne when he writes seriously, and the Australian Calverley in his lighter moods ; others are dubbed the Australian Keats, the Australian Adelaide Anne Proctor, the Australian Stevenson ; and there are enough Australian, Canadian and South African Kiplings to people a small town. Kipling's influence has been among them, no doubt, so has ~~Robert~~ Harte's, Swinburne's, de Maupassant's, and Stevenson's ; but I think it probable that the " Australian Kiplings " have been less influenced by the English master than by their own Adam Lindsay Gordon, whose verse, in its forceful colloquialisms and the vigour and swing



Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

" Rolf Boldrewood."
(T. A. Browne.)

¹ Longmans.

and trick of its metres, has much in common with the work of the later and greater poet. However this may be, Australia's men of letters are far from being so derivative as to deserve the wholesale labelling they have had to endure, and if none of them has yet achieved anything that shall give him place with our greatest, what then? They have not been fostered in a world of art and culture that has been maturing in readiness for them for over six or seven centuries past. The first thing needful to settlers in a new, raw land is, of course, that they should live, reclaim the wilderness, build cities, establish governments, and the wonder is that in the single century or so of their existences the four English Colonies—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—have not only moulded themselves into mighty and prosperous nations; but amidst the stress and difficulties of those titanic labours, have found inclination, opportunity, inspiration to produce literatures that, besides being amazingly varied and plenteous, do add something that is new and intrinsically good to the glorious literature that is the common inheritance of the English race.

AUSTRALIA.

It is with a sort of pleasant surprise that you come upon Charles Lamb walking in the dawn-light of Australian literature. In the *Examiner* for 1820 he reviewed the "First Fruits of Australian Poetry," written and published at Sydney by his friend, Barron Field. It is commonplace stuff enough, and has no more life in it now than belongs to a museum specimen, but it keeps a perennial interest because Lamb touched it. In his whimsical way he praised these verses, and writing to Field, a judge at New South Wales, told him that Coleridge and Wordsworth were "hugely taken with your Kangaroo."



A. B. Paterson.

The two greatest novels of Australian life, and the first two of any importance (for Marcus Clarke's did not appear till 1874), were written by Englishmen. "It is Never Too Late to Mend,"¹ that sensation-ally successful story of prison life and the goldfields, was published in 1856, when, so

¹ Chatto & Windus.



Adam Lindsay Gordon.

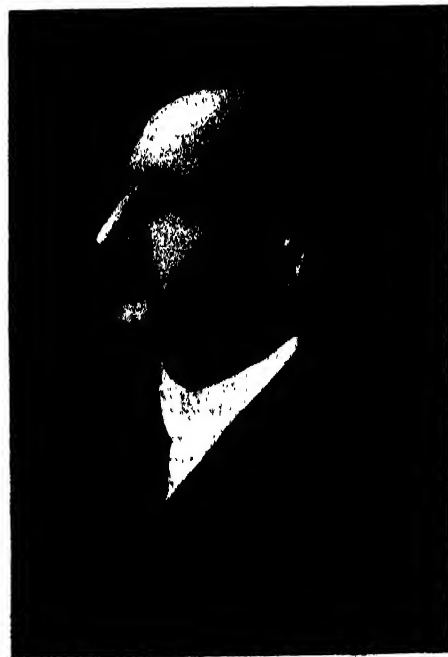
From a pen and ink sketch.

far as I can remember, Reade had never been in the Colony; but before he wrote "Geoffrey Hamlyn"² (1859), Henry Kingsley had returned home from roughing it among the miners there and serving in the mounted police, and his pictures of Australian scenery and of life in the bush and at the diggings are vividly real. But the recognised patriarch of Australian literature is Charles Harpur, an Australian born, who lived the life of a squatter, mitigated the loneliness and monotony of his labours by writing much verse and published a volume in 1840, which was absorbed into a complete edition of his works that was issued in 1883, fifteen years after his death. In the 'fifties came Gordon³ and Henry Kendall,⁴ and the principal names that have risen in Australian poetry between then and our own day are George M'Crae, John Farrell,⁵ Brunton Stephens,⁶ Victor Daley,⁷ Will Ogilvie,⁸ Bernard O'Hara, Bernard O'Dowd, George Essex Evans,⁹ Roderick Quinn, Le Gay Brereton,¹⁰ Henry Lawson,¹¹ Hugh M'Crae, Grace Jennings Carmichael,¹² Dorothea Mackellar,¹³ Henry E. Clay,¹⁴ A. B. Paterson,¹⁵ Patchett Martin and Edwin Brady.¹⁶ I have probably missed out a few that are as good as some I have included, for Australia has by now produced nearly five hundred poets, and I will not pretend that I have read the works of them all.

Ten years ago, poor Essex Evans, a poet of a small but true gift, happened to write to me, and we kept up a correspondence from that time until he died a little while back. We had in common an admiration for the "Convict Once" of Brunton Stephens, whom he knew, and amongst a good deal of Australian literature that he sent over to me was a bound volume of "The Antipodean," an excellent Annual that he edited first in collaboration with Tighe Ryan, then with A. B. Paterson. It enjoyed the distinction of a London edition that was published by Chatto & Windus, but three years saw the end of it. Essex

Evans was very pessimistic on the literary life in Australia. He was Registrar of Births and Deaths at Toowoomba, and complained that the place

² Ward, Lock.
^{3, 4} Melbourne: Robertson & Co.
^{5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15} Melbourne: Angus & Robertson
^{10, 16} Melbourne: T. C. Lothian.
¹² Melbourne: Melville & Mullen.
¹³ Melbourne: Australian Authors' Agency.
¹⁶ Elkin Matthews.



Brunton Stephens.

had no breath of literary atmosphere; that he felt cut off wholly from the life he wanted to live, and all through his letters he was yearning to come over to England and try his fortune in Fleet Street. I told him truthfully what I thought of his chances if he came, and he never made the perilous adventure.

Many have made it and gone back broken and disillusioned; but not a few have made it and been justified of their enterprise. They will tell you that Australia has too small a literary public to offer the author a satisfactory career. Magazines and reviews do not flourish there because it is impossible, considering the size of the population, to obtain profitable circulations for them. Newspapers have a happier record; but though they may live by serving the interests of business and industrial circles, they give much more encouragement to literature than our English papers do. E. C. Buley, an old Sydney *Bulletin* contributor, and now a successful journalist in London, pays a high tribute to the *Bulletin's* work in this way, but adds:¹ "At present London proves an irresistible magnet for Australians following the artistic professions. Even if the Australian community were less commercial and more artistic, London would still offer a wider sphere, and more congenial surroundings as well as larger rewards. It is not in Australia then, but in London that the successful painters, singers, authors and actors expect to crown their careers."

Nevertheless, this curious fact remains—that more poets are living and publishing in Australia than in England, and their works have immeasurably larger sales there than any but the very chief of our present-day poets ever attain here. Victor Daley runs through three editions; Henry Lawson puts out a volume of poems that sells sixteen thousand copies; Will Ogilvie sells fifteen thousand; A. B. Paterson sells ten, fifteen, and his book of ballads, "The Man from Snowy River"² has gone into its fiftieth thousand. It is because I know there is nothing approaching that demand for poetry over here that I consistently advise our home poets to emigrate, and wonder why they do not. Several Australian poets have in the last few years come over and published books in London; I have two such on my shelves—Miss Veronica Mason's charmingly simple and graceful verses in "I Heard a Child Singing,"³ and the

thoughtful "Poems,"⁴ of Mary E. Richmond; but I should be surprised to learn that either of these had met with a twentieth part of the success that Mr. Will Ogilvie, say, enjoyed in his own country.

Most of the poets who are regarded as possessing that blessed quality which is distinctively Australian, write of cattle-raising and driving, gold mining and the rough life of the Bush, but I think Bernard O'Dowd⁵ is as strongly national as any of them, though he leaves these matters mostly aside and devotes himself to expressing the attitude of an Australian towards the larger social issues of his day and people and those things of the spirit that cannot be localised. He is a man of culture and a democrat in grain; an LL.B. of Melbourne University and assistant librarian at Melbourne Supreme Court. In a significant and thoughtful booklet, "Poetry Militant," he sets forth his poetical creed; he holds that nowadays politics, religion, sex, science and social reform are truer subjects for poetry than war or sport which are tacitly admitted "into the funny charmed circle of the arena poetic," and in his own work which ranks high in the Commonwealth, and has received no small meed of praise among us from such papers as the *Spectator* and *The Times*, he lives up to that fine belief. Born in a Victoria mining township he has been writing and lecturing since 1880, and he would seem to share the general view of Australia as a literary centre. He tells me "the sale and display of local books are hampered by the rivalries of booksellers who are also publishers. The want of an independent and weighty literary magazine (all attempts at establishing one have failed financially) is badly felt. Review work is largely left for the odd moments of the partially educated news reporters, and, with rare exceptions, they have not the courage to pronounce for or against a book before seeing a London opinion on it." There are schools of literature, he adds, at all the Universities, but "judging by results, their influence has been practically nil."

John Bernard O'Hara,⁶ on the other hand, also a Melbourne University



George Essex Evans.



Mills, Melbourne.

John B. O'Hara.



Photo by Eden Studios, Melbourne.

Bernard O'Dowd.



Photo by Williams, Sydney.

J. Le Gay Brereton.

⁴ Elkin Matthews.

⁵ "The Seven Deadly Sins."—"The Silent Land."—"Downward."—"Dominions of the Boundary."—"Poetry Militant" (Melbourne: T. C. Lothian.)—⁶ "Songs of the South" (2 series).—"Lyrics of Nature."—"A Book of Sonnets."—"Odes and Lyrics."—"Calypso and Other Poems." (London: Ward, Lock & Co. Melbourne: Melville & Mullen).

¹ "Australian Life in Town and Country." (Newnes.)

² Macmillan.—³ Elkin Matthews.



Mrs. Alice M. Dale.

which have had London editions) are more austere classical and have a higher technical finish. He, too, feels that when a great Australian literature comes to be written it will not concern itself overmuch with the crude robustness of the Bush, the vigour and quaintness of local vernacular, or other such purely transitory phases of colonial life, but will have its roots in the imperishable English literary traditions, and will find its themes, perhaps with the unique loveliness of Australian scenery for an environment, "in the mighty destiny of a Continent as yet populated merely on its fringes, the inevitableness of its democratic tendencies, its energetic people, its brief but picturesque history."

Of the younger poets none has reached a higher level of achievement or given greater promise than John Le Gay Brereton and Christopher Brennan. So far Mr. Brennan has published but one small volume. "XXI. Poems: Towards the Source," but in this and Mr. Le Brereton's "Sea and Sky,"¹ to say nothing of his other four books of verse, one has some of the most delicate and essentially poetical work that has yet been written in Australia. Mr. Le Brereton, by the way, is Assistant Librarian of Sydney University, and a notable student of the Elizabethan dramatists; his striking one-act tragedy, "To-morrow," based on the life-story of the Elizabethan Robert Greene, has attracted more attention than any other of his writings both in England and the Colony, and was successfully staged by the Sydney University Dramatic Society.

These and other such of the younger generation have had the advantage of growing up in a more congenial atmosphere of culture and lettered plenty than was available to the majority of their predecessors, and whether this will result in their developing a stronger note of originality, as well as a more polished technique, still remains to be seen.

The most considerable literature of Australia,

as of most nations, has taken poetic form; she has done nothing of moment in philosophy, a respectable quantity of good work in history, criticism, travel, and the department of belles lettres, and an immense variety of clever and readable fiction. Nothing, perhaps, that has surpassed in strength and value "For the Term of his Natural Life," except the one immortal book of Rolf Boldrewood, but a fair proportion that is in its

kind, arresting and thoroughly alive. Rolf Boldrewood has written about a score of novels, but the one that has made him famous dwarfs the rest, as Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" towered above everything else he ever wrote. I have seen "Robbery Under Arms"² spoken of as great prose; it is not that, and does not pretend to be, but it is a great romance. It is presented as the life story of an old-time bushranger, written by himself while he lies in jail under sentence of death, and it is rightly written in a careless, colloquial, sometimes slipshod fashion that is cunningly in keeping with the character of the man; its descriptions of Australian scenery, the daring, lawless lives of the murderous outlaws who menaced the highways, the goldfields, and the primitive townships in the first half of last century give it historical value apart from the absorbing interest of its robust, exciting narrative, which is none the less entertaining for being more than half true and having its sanction in official records. Much of it is written out of the personal knowledge and experience of the author. Though he was born in London in 1826, Rolf Boldrewood went early to Australia, was educated at Sydney College, and became a pioneer squatter in Victoria. Later, he was a Police Magistrate, and Warden of Goldfields. Archibald Marshall³ describes him as "the most modest of men, with an air of old-world courtesy," and says that he wrote his numerous books in the intervals of more strenuous work, "rising at three in the morning if necessary, and riding perhaps fifty miles between getting up from his desk and sitting down to it again, but keeping on steadily because he had a large family to bring up."

"Robbery Under Arms" was first published in Australia in 1880; an English edition appeared in 1889;

¹ London: Macmillan.

² "Sunny Australia." (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Photo by Crown Studios, Sydney.

Miss Josephine Fotheringham.



Photo by Appleby, Sydney.

Arthur W. Jose.

³ Melbourne: T. C. Lothian.



Ambrose Pratt.

and since then it has gone through more editions than I have stopped to count. It yielded its author, as he confessed to an interviewer on his eighty-third birthday, £1,780 in its first year, and never less than £150 a year ever after. It was dramatised, and he received £6 a week from it during its run on the stage. But his other books have only brought him a profit of from £100 to £1,000 each.

No other Australian novelist can rival Rolf Boldrewood in point of popularity, but of the many who have written fiction that has, by virtue of its literary quality or narrative skill, achieved more or less of popular success one must mention Henry Lawson;¹ William Hay,² Donald Maclean,³ "Co-ee,"⁴ Ambrose Pratt,⁵ "Sundowner,"⁶ Simpson Newland,⁷ Alice M. Dale,⁸ Alexander Macdonald, author of "God Disposes," Robert Macdonald, author of "Danger Mountain," Norman McKeown,⁹ Josephine Fotheringham, "Steele Rudd," (A. H. Davies),¹⁰ "Ada Cambridge" (Mrs. Cross),¹¹ Rose Boldrewood,¹² daughter of Australia's premier novelist, Herbert C. MacIlwaine,¹³ Mrs. Æneas Gunn,¹⁴ who won a reputation over here with her delightful story of children, "The Little Black Princess," and has recently published a realistic study of life on one of the great cattle runs, "We of the Never Never"; Louise Mack;¹⁵ and the latest arrival in these ranks, John Sandes, whose remarkable first novel, an imaginative, dramatic romance the interest of which centres on a mysteriously wrecked and sunken ship that cannot be identified, is published in England this month.¹⁶ Miss Fotheringham was born in the Orkneys, and began her literary career by contributing to *Chambers' Journal*, but she has lived for over twenty years in the Commonwealth and is editor of *Young Australia*. Ambrose Pratt is well known to English readers for his stories of Bush life and adventure. He was writing verses and short tales in the *Sydney Bulletin* before he was twenty; has travelled all over the Australian hinterland, and in trading schooners round the coast. After leaving Sydney University he became a lawyer and practised for some years, relieving his legal cares with visits to Europe, Asia and Africa and the writing of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire," "The Remittance Man," "Jan Digby,"



Photo by Lallie Charles. **Mrs. Mary Gaunt.**
Author of "Foolish Rush In." (Heinemann.)

and other sensational stories, including "Three Years with Thunderbolt," the success of which led him to desert the law and devote himself wholly to the writing of fiction and to journalistic work on the editorial staff of the *Melbourne Age*. Nearly all his novels have been published also in America and England, his latest, "A Daughter of the Bush," making its appearance here only last month. Mrs. Alice M. Dale has not perhaps been so successful in this country as she deserves to be, though her three novels have been published here as well as in Australia, and the third of them, "Marcus Warwick, Atheist," is a story that handles very ably the eternal religious problems out of which Mrs. Humphry Ward has

woven some of the most famous of her books. Mrs. Dale was born at Sheffield and as a beginner contributed to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, but after her marriage she went to Australia and has been living in Sydney since 1885. Ada Cambridge is best known, I suppose, by her novels, for long past they have had a wide circle of readers, here and in the Colony; but she has written also two admirable volumes of personal recollections, "Thirty Years in Australia,"¹⁷ and "The Retrospect,"¹⁸ a pleasant, gossip account of a recent visit to England with the memories it aroused of the childhood and girlhood that she passed here. Mrs. Barton Baynton has written at least two powerful books—"Human Toll," and "Bush Studies"; Louis Stone's story, "Jonah," is a brilliantly realistic study of life among the Sydney larrikins; and there is good work in Miss Mary Grant Bruce's "Timothy in Bushland,"¹⁹ the first of her many novels that has come to me. Steele Rudd is by way of being one of Australia's best sellers just now; two of his books, "On Our Selection" and "Our New Selection" have sold over three hundred thousand copies in Australia and New Zealand, and a dramatised selection of the former is having phenomenally successful tours in both countries. One other novelist who can by no means be overlooked at this moment is David Hennessey: he is a successful author and journalist in Australia where he has published three or four novels that have had remarkably large sales, and the other day, his new novel, "The Outlaw," was awarded second prize in Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition. Two of his novels, "Wynnum" and "The Dishonourable," enjoyed a very wide popularity in the Colony; for ten years past Mr. Hennessey has written no fiction but he has at length broken that long silence with a romance that promises to repeat the sensational success of "Robbery under Arms." Hundreds of novels have been written about life in the Bush and the roaring days of the bushrangers, but, so far, with the multitude, there is only one such that counts, and it is high time a second arrived.

- 1 "When the Billy Boils." (Melbourne: Angus & Robertson.)
- 2 "Captain Quadring." (Constable.)
- 3 "The Man from Curdis River." (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- 4 "The Silver Queen." (Ouseley.)
- 5 "A Daughter of the Bush." (Ward, Lock & Co.) etc.
- 6 "Told by the Taffrail." (Chatto & Windus.)
- 7 "Paving the Way." (Gay & Hancock.)
- 8 "Marcus Warwick, Atheist." (Kegan Paul.)
- 9 "The Muckrake." (Constable.)
- 10 "On Our Selection," etc. (Sydney: N.S.W. Bookstall Co.)
- 11 "A Marked Man." (Heinemann.)—"Fidels." (Hutchinson.)—"Path and Goal." (Methuen), etc.
- 12 "Complications at Collaroi." (Ouseley.)
- 13 "Fate the Fiddler." (Constable.)
- 14 "Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess." (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"We of the Never Never." (Hutchinson.)
- 15 "Wife to Peter." (Alston Rivers.)
- 16 "Designing Fate." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

¹⁷ Methuen. ¹⁸ Stanley Paul & Co. ¹⁹ Ward Lock.

Several of the names I have given in the above summary are perhaps little known to the English reading public, but they are nearly all familiar in Australia as household words, and equally familiar there are many names that I leave unmentioned because they are only attached to the sort of popular fiction that is never strong enough to cross the seas or keep its freshness beyond the day after to-morrow. There is growing up in the Commonwealth, as Mr. Ambrose Pratt says, a strong demand for novels of an exclusively Australian interest, and this has led to a phenomenal output of such severely localised stories as Herbert Gibson satirises in his recipe: "How to Write an Australian Novel":

"You must have a squatter's daughter
And a hero who has caught her
In the clutches of his passion like a vice;
You must have a fat old squatter,
And must make him make things hotter
For the hero than the hero thinks is nice.

"And the maiden must be lovely,
And the hero pick-and-shovel—
Just at present—but a cultured kind of bloke
With a college education
Who has hoofed it to the station,
And is sinkin' tanks and post-holes for a joke

"You may call the maiden Dora,
And must work the native flora
And the fauna in your tale for all they're worth;
And a suitable location
For her fat old father's station
May be anywhere 'twixt Narrabri and Perth.

"As the story waxes duller
Introduce some local colour,
Which is usually understood to be
Almost anything Australian
From a bleary-eyed Bacchanalian
In a 'shanty,' to a parrot on a tree . . .

"In the last concluding pages
Of the novel's later stages
Get the squatter in the clutches of the Bank;
Have him rescued in the sequel
By the man who's now his equal—
That's the bloke who sunk his post-holes
and his tank.

"Rope the man and maid together——"

and you have finished another romance of the orthodox, easily saleable pattern.

I am not sure that one or two of the authors I have named do not occasionally indulge in that sort of book, but no such mechanical, ready-made devices enter into the attractively natural stories of the two ladies who have probably obtained a wider circle of English readers than has any Australian novel writer except Rolf Boldrewood. Ethel Turner

"Ironbark Splinters from the Australian Bush," (Werner Laurie.)



Photo by Kerry & Jones, Sydney.

Miss Lilian Turner.

Miss Ethel Turner.

(Mrs. Curlewis.)

(Mrs. Curlewis) and Lilian Turner are English by birth, but went to Australia as children and have their home there still. They made their beginnings in literature, Lilian Turner, the elder sister, by winning with "The Lights of Sydney" the first prize offered in a Novel Competition by Messrs. Cassell, and Ethel Turner by writing "Seven Little Australians,"³ which was published in 1894, and brought the author this encouraging note from George Meredith:

"DEAR MADAM,—Unlike many of the books I receive, yours has given me pleasure. I am introduced to an ideal nursery of real children, whose humours, characteristics and chatter are redolent of their stage of life as breath of the nodding meadow-flowers. This claims my gratitude and I render it warmly, with the certainty that your hand will not fail when you try it upon larger things, as you will, for evidently you have the literary gift."

Both sisters have written a goodly list of stories, largely of the kind that found such favour with Meredith; and Mrs. Curlewis, who has recently been on a tour round the world, has just published, in "Ports and Happy Havens,"² a very entertaining account of places she saw and people she met on her journey.

Coming to the more distinguished work in general literature, we have Professor Tucker's "Introduction to the Natural History of Language," Professor Gregory's "Dead Heart of Australia,"⁴ E. J. Banfield's "Confessions of a Beachcomber,"⁵ Miss Clowes's "On the Wallaby through Victoria,"⁶ "Explorers of East, West and Central Australia," by Ernest Favenc;⁷ "The English Colony in New South Wales," by David Collins;⁸ Dom Norbert Birt's "Benedictine Pioneers in Australia";⁹ Sir Henry Parkes's "Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History";¹⁰ "The Native Tribes in Australia," by A. W. Howitt;¹¹ The Rev. C. H. Matthew's "Parson in the Australian Bush";¹² "The Natives of Australia," by N. W. Thomas;¹³ C. E. W. Bean's "On the Wool-track,"¹⁴ and "The 'Dreadnought' of the Darling";¹⁵ the newly published "Across Australia,"¹⁶ by Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen, "The Beliefs of Unbelief,"¹⁷

by W. H. Fitchett, and "The Growth of the Empire,"¹⁸ and "The History of Australasia," by Arthur W. Jose, a Balliol scholar, who was a schoolmaster at Bathurst, N.S.W., from 1885 to 1892, and afterwards for nearly ten years a Sydney University Extension Lecturer. His two Histories were the outcome of these Lectures, the audience at which consisted largely of clerks, farmers, shopkeepers—hard-working men bent upon mental improvement; the first

³ Ward Lock. ⁵ Hodder & Stoughton. ⁴ John Murray. ⁶ Fisher Unwin. ⁷ Heinemann. ⁸ Whitcombe & Tombs. ⁹ Herbert & Daniel. ¹⁰ Longmans. ¹¹ Macmillan. ¹² Edward Arnold. ¹³ Constable. ¹⁴, ¹⁵ Alston Rivers. ¹⁶ Macmillan. ¹⁷ Cassell. ¹⁸ John Murray.



E. W. Cole.

book has had three Australian and two English editions, and the second is now in its fourth edition. Other of Mr. Jose's books are "Australasia,"¹ and "Two Awheel,"² a series of sketches of Australian life and scenery, and he is at present engaged on a history of recent political and social developments in the Commonwealth. For some years Mr. Jose acted as reader for Messrs. Angus & Robertson, of Sydney, the principal publishers in Australia, and he says that, in his experience, "though the Australian writer is alert to seize new points of view and capable of long-continued hard work, he is greatly lacking in appreciation of form. If he is a poet he will not be at the pains of eliminating roughnesses of diction or metre, if he is writing about facts that he has laboured without stint to ascertain, he often has not the aptitude to set them in any logical order. This is probably due to the circumstance that few writers here can adopt literature as a profession, the gains are not enough, and there is too much other work to be done; and we have not the plethora of literary periodicals that offer such large markets to authors in England and the United States, and the few leisured folks to be found among us are rarely interested in any sort of literature."

Whatever other Australian authors it omits my catalogue must include a note of the strongly individual miscellaneous works in fiction, travel and adventure of Louis Becke,³ who, born in New South Wales, has lived and travelled much in the South Seas and gathered there material for the best of his books. Australia has, by the way, only two writers who know the fine art of the short story. Becke is one, and Henry Lawson is the other. There are things in Lawson's "While the Billy Boils," and "Joe Wilson and his Mates," that stand as literature, higher than anything else in Australian fiction. Some time ago the *Spectator* expressed surprise that "one we would venture to call the greatest Australian writer should be practically unknown in England"; and I doubt if Lawson is any better known here to-day than he was then.

You may learn a good deal of early Australia and New Zealand by reading Kershaw's amusing "Colonial Facts and Fictions,"⁴ and for some able and pleasant studies of field and wood and bird and animal life in Australia you may go to Amy Mack's "Bush Days,"⁵ or "A Bush Calendar."⁶ Bernard Wise, of Sydney, has written an invaluable general view of the colony, both as a country and as a nation, in "The Commonwealth of Australia"⁷; and for a story of Australia's past, its aborigines, and every aspect of its present-day life there is the breezily written "Australia"⁸ by Frank Fox, who is the author also of "Ramparts of Empire,"⁹ a view of the Navy from an Imperial standpoint; and two volumes of "Peeps at Many Lands,"¹⁰ including Australasia and other parts of

the Empire. But for the most popular Australian studies of English history, if not the most popular of all Australian books, the palm must certainly go to Dr. W. H. Fitchett's "Deeds that Won the Empire."¹¹ Dr. Fitchett describes this as a "literary accident." He was asked to write for the Melbourne *Argus* a series of articles on the great events in British history, the idea being to "seize the anniversary of one notable event after another and write a sketch of it." The articles caught on immediately, they became the rage, and were read eagerly in the towns, in the Bush, in remote Tasmanian mines; fathers read them to their children, schoolmasters to their pupils, they formed a text for pulpit discourses. Presently, they were collected and published locally in two small volumes, that reached England, were eulogised by the *Times* and *Spectator*, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey gave them to Mr. Murray Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., saying significantly "There's a book!" A cablegram promptly invited Dr. Fitchett to write a sketch for the *Cornhill* on the battle of Minden; before long half a



W. H. Fitchett.

dozen leading English publishers were anxious to republish "Deeds that Won the Empire," and when Messrs. Smith, Elder issued it the Admiralty took it for the libraries of all our warships, and it was adopted in some of our public schools. At six shillings it went through twenty-seven editions; the sixpenny edition sold over a hundred thousand copies, and is still selling. And yet, with Dr. Fitchett literature is only a by-product; he cultivates it, not on a little oatmeal, but in moments stolen from sleep or snatched from other duties. He began as a youthful Methodist parson in charge out in the backblocks; for seventeen years he was in active ministerial work with important charges, and for many years now he has been Principal of the Methodist Ladies' College in Melbourne. Nevertheless, he has found time to write a "Life of Wesley"; he used to edit the *Australian Review of Reviews*, and at present edits a religious paper, *The Southern Cross*, and a monthly magazine, *Life*. Lately he declined to write a History of England in five volumes for one great English publishing house, and just now has in hand a book on "Red Letter Days in Australian History," and a couple of religious books on the lines of "The Unrealised Logic of Religion." He is likewise contemplating another work dealing with certain fields of English history. "Australia and New Zealand have an eager appetite for good reading," he says: "and what may be called indigenous literature finds generous treatment; but the population of Australia and New Zealand put together is less than that of London, and this makes a small constituency for a new book. But British publishers and readers are very generous to writers on this side of the world, and I think there is a great future for Australian literature, though as yet we have produced no separate type of literature which can be recognised and labelled as Australian."

¹¹ Smith, Elder.

¹, ² Dent. ³ Fisher Unwin, etc. ⁴ Chatto & Windus.
⁵, ⁶ London: Australian Book Co. ⁷ Pitman. "All Red" Series.
⁸, ⁹, ¹⁰ A. & C. Black.

All my life, as far back as I can remember, I have been familiar with the face of "Cole's Fun Doctor," described as "the funniest book in the world." Continually coming across it on bookstalls and in shop windows, I have carelessly taken it for granted that "Cole" was an English author, and I have only just discovered, to my shame, that he is an Australian, and has written and compiled several other volumes, some of them of serious and permanent interest.¹ Moreover, E. C. Cole is the founder and proprietor of the famous Book Arcade in Melbourne, and now, in his eighty-first year, counts as one of the most remarkable and enterprising men in that enterprising city. The best anthologies of Australian poetry were compiled by Bertram Stevens, editor of the *Sydney Bulletin's* Red Page "The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse," and "An Anthology of Australian Verse,"² and this month brings us an interesting and, within its scope, very adequate anthology in prose and verse, "In Praise of Australia," compiled by another Australian author, Miss Florence Gay;³ but Douglas Sladen did yeoman service in this direction long since and deserves the gratitude of all who are interested in the literature of Australia for his "Australian Poets," "A Century of Australian Song," and "Australian Ballads and Rhymes."⁴ He has lately completed a biography of Adam Lindsay Gordon which Messrs. Constable are publishing.

Douglas Sladen, however, is not an Australian, though he lived there for four years, and was the first holder of the Chair of History in Sydney University; and as I must make an end somewhere I draw the line at any but Australian authors. There are a number of these yet to whom the limited scope of this article allows me to make only passing reference, for though they were born in Australia they crossed to the home country when they were young, or after they had scored a sufficient success to warrant the venture, and we have annexed them to ourselves and listed them among English authors. There is Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance (of whom J. Stuart Walters has lately written an admirable critical biography)⁵ she was born in Tasmania, but left it for England when she was a child; there is Marriott Watson, born in Australia and educated in New Zealand, but who would think of calling him an Australian now? And from various parts of the Commonwealth have come Professor Gilbert Murray, E. W. Hornung, Goring Thomas, Albert Dornington, Lady Doughty,⁶ Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. Mary Gaunt, Winifred James, Fergus Hume, and many another. Nat Gould, whose sporting novels⁷ have reached a total sale of over a million,

was English born, but spent many years in Australia, and the same is to be said of Humphrey Nisbet, who has written some capital Australian romances of which "Bail Up!"⁸ a vivid bushranging tale, has probably been the most generally popular; of Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, who woke to find herself suddenly famous for "The Yellow Aster"; of Gordon Inglis, who is publishing a book on "Sport and Pastime in Australia,"⁹ and of Wyatt Tilby who is preparing for his series, "The English People Overseas," a volume on "Australasia."¹⁰ Sir Gilbert Parker¹¹ and Foster Fraser¹² are among the almost innumerable English travellers who have written books on Australia, but I must not attempt even the scantiest list of these for I have overrun my space already.

NEW ZEALAND.

I have not set out to write anything in the nature of a history of Colonial literature, but merely to register briefly, and without serious attempt at comment or criticism, what the Colonies have done in literature and more especially what is being done by their living authors. Otherwise, I should have to begin this section by filling many columns concerning the wonderful folk tales of the Maoris and the songs of their minstrels. A selection of these latter have been translated by James Cowan, and one of the former is the theme of Alfred Dommett's great narrative poem, "Ranolf and Amohia," which really is distinctively New Zealand literature and the Colony's highest poetical achievement. But Dommett was an Englishman who went out with the earliest settlers in 1842, and returned home thirty years later. He was that friend Browning wrote of in the poem that opens with the question, "What's become of Waring?" Another and more famous Englishman associated with the early literature of New Zealand is Samuel Butler. He emigrated to Lyttelton as a sheep farmer in 1860, when he was five-and-twenty, and whilst he was running his sheep-station at Canterbury, worked on the staff of the *Canterbury Press* and contributed to its pages an article on "Darwin Among the Machines," which in later years he elaborated into "Erehwon."

But of present day New Zealand literature there is comparatively little that has come to the knowledge of the stay-at-home Englishman. I remember reading some years back a striking novel of local life by William Satchell¹³ and Reginald Horsley, a New Zealander by adoption, who has returned to Scotland, wrote a vigorous and picturesque story of the Maori wars, "In the Grip of the



Photo by Buchner, Sydney.

Arthur H. Adams.

¹ "A White Australia Impossible."—"Federation of the Whole World."—"Truth"—"The Fun Doctor" (Stanley Paul & Co.).

² Macmillan.

³ Constable.

⁴ Walter Scott (Canterbury Poets.).

⁵ Kegan Paul.

⁶ John Long.

⁷ Chatto & Windus

⁸ "The Cheerful Way." (A. & C. Black.)

⁹ Methuen.

¹⁰ Constable.

¹¹ "Round the Compass in Australia" (Hutchinson.)

¹² "Australia." (Cassell.)

¹³ Methuen.

Hawk."¹ For descriptions of the New Zealand backblocks and sketches of present-day life and character among the modern Maoris, you may go to "In the Maoriland Bush,"² by that much-travelled Britisher, W. H. Koebel.

I am told that Miss Mackay and Arnold Wall have done notable work in poetry; and I know that Thomas Bracken has, and that Arthur H. Adams is the most promising of the Colony's poets, and so far as we can see over here, is one of the three most significant of its younger novelists, the others being G. B. Lancaster (Miss Lyttleton),³ a writer of strong imaginative and emotional qualities; and Pember Reeves (Mrs. Blanco White),⁴ daughter of the New Zealand statesman. Mr. Adams was born forty years ago, and was educated at Otago University. He threw up his legal studies to join the *Wellington Evening Post* as junior reporter, and presently was contributing verses to the *Sydney Bulletin*. In due course he collected these into "Maoriland and Other Verses," a book which sold five thousand copies and brought him into immediate recognition as New Zealand's national poet. During a three years' visit to England at the beginning of the century he published here his second book of poems⁵ and his first novel.⁶ Returning home, he became associate editor of the *New Zealand Times*, then editor of the literary section, otherwise the Red Page, of the *Sydney Bulletin*, which he is still editing. Mr. Adams has written a number of plays and is arranging to publish a volume of them; they have been produced by the Repertory Theatre, Adelaide, by the Stage Society and other organisations of Sydney, and a one-act play of his was staged at the Little Theatre, in London. Unlike other Colonial authors he "finds that publication in Australia is more financially profitable than publication in London"; but he agrees that "it is necessary for an Australian writer to bid for the recognition of the London critics." His duties as a critic take up most of his time, but he has completed another novel of adventure on the grotesque lines of "Galahad Jones,"⁷ and with something of the same setting as he used for that novel and his later story, "A Touch of Fantasy."⁸ His work in fiction differs from that of the majority of Australasian writers in that he presents the life of the town and not of the backblocks; in particular he is giving himself to depicting the romance

of Sydney and, as everybody knows who has read those last two novels of his, he finds that romance in abundance in the apparently commonplace existences of bank-clerks, shop-girls and the motley dwellers in suburban boarding-houses.

I must acknowledge that I have no personal acquaintance with anything accomplished by New Zealand in biography and general literature except James Drummond's "Life and Work of Richard Seddon", J. Cowan's "Maoris of New Zealand," the Rev. G. Clarke's "Early Life in New Zealand," James Collier's monumental biography of Sir George Grey (Whitecombe and Tombs), "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur Douglas (Pitman), G. W. Rusden's "William Shakespeare,"⁹ and his "History of New Zealand,"¹⁰ and the useful and beautifully illustrated volume on "New Zealand," written by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves, the High Commissioner for the Colony, in Messrs. Black's series of colour books.

CANADA.

It is with Canada as with Australasia—nearly all the books written about the country tell you something of nearly everything in it except its literature. I happen to possess a stout tome dedicated to giving portraits and information concerning leading Canadians, for the use of newspaper writers. It is rich in railway magnates, politicians, famous agriculturists, but no author of any description is allowed to show his face among them. Even Wilfred Campbell himself, one of Canada's foremost poets and men of letters, can write an otherwise informing and charming book about his native land and think it sufficient to say no more of its literature than this:¹¹

"The trackless forest is no longer assailed by the puny hands of a few settlers endeavouring to carve out a home for themselves in the wilderness. Railways and government survey have changed all this. The outsider must realise that we, as a people, have passed into a more advanced if less picturesque stage, and that even the literature of our country no more represents the backwoods and the Indian, and he who would so represent us misrepresents our true condition. The life of the canoe and the wilds is long past, and as alien from the great modern life of cultured Canada as it is from the civilisation of London. We have a few writers who, without any true grip of the Canadian life as it is, and seeking what they falsely think makes their work unique, strain to make out that the spirit of Canada is yet to be found in the wilds; but these are mere

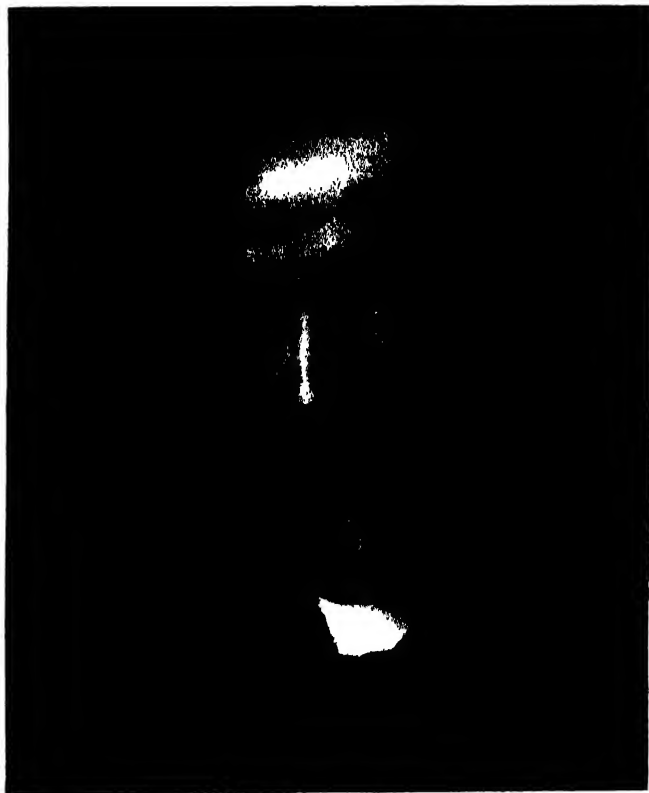


Photo by Fritz Macdonald, New York

"Ralph Connor"
(Rev. Charles W. Gordon.)

¹ Jack. ² Stanley Paul. ³ "The Altar Stairs" (Hodder & Stoughton) etc. ⁴ "The Reward of Virtue," (Heinemann.) ⁵ "London Streets." (John Lane.) ⁶ "Tussock Land." (Fisher Unwin.) ⁷, ⁸ John Lane.

⁹, ¹⁰ Melbourne: Melville & Mullen.

¹¹ "Canada." By Wilfred Campbell. Illustrated by T. Morris Martin. (A. and C. Black.)



Photo by Fach Bros., New York.

Ernest Thompson Seton.

posers, who do not count in our real advancement—flies on our national wheel, such as are found in every country. Even these men produce their literary pabulum in the heart of America or Canadian cities."

Which would seem to say that the years of the Klondyke rush are so long gone by that all traces of them are covered up; that the wild life on the Yukon which shows so glamorously in many of Jack London's powerful stories is entirely a thing of the past. It may be so; Dr. Campbell is a better authority on that matter than any Englishman could be; and yet I wonder? It is not easier for one man living in the heart of a cultured, well-ordered city to imagine that the outskirts of his country are in a state of whirling, highly-coloured anarchy than it is for another to persuade himself that the rest of the land is as peaceful and law-abiding as his own surroundings, that the savage fringes have been civilised, that under the magic wand of masterly governing the very wilderness blossoms as the rose. And there is evidence on the other side. Dr. Campbell lives at Ottawa, and up at Winnipeg is "Ralph Connor" (the Rev. Charles Gordon); both are Canadian born, but I have an idea that Dr. Campbell is more of the cultured city man than Ralph Connor, who has lived and worked in the rough, less-civilised quarters of the Dominion, and has gathered his personal experiences up into that healthfully realistic series of romances that have made him the most famous of living Canadian novelists in England as well as in Canada.¹ Ralph Connor strikes no note of exaggeration; he has seen the sterner side of Canadian existence and felt the tonic joy that is in it as well as the strife and the hardship. Writing of scenes and people that are familiar to him, he sketches with a quiet humour and pathos, and a keen understanding of humanity, the life-dramas of the town, of the small shop-

¹ "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "The Doctor of Crow's Nest," "The Man from Glengarry," "The Settler," etc., etc. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

keeper, of the college student; he sketches too, the life of the worker on the great rivers, or across the vast prairies, of the mining prospector, and the rancher, and under his spell you feel that in the wilds and in the cities there are not different and alien spirits but that everywhere the same spirit prevails, the living spirit of Canada which is happily a spirit of many moods and not of one only. Even in London we are not so cultured as to have no crust to our bread; there are regions of our town as savage and remote from civilisation as any outlands of the Empire.

If the stories told of wild life in Canada by such novelists as Roger Pocock,² Harold Bindloss,³ Lawrence Mott,⁴ and G. B. Burgin,⁵ stood alone I would be willing to discredit them; for they are not Canadians. Three of them are roving Englishmen who seem most at home in places where there are no houses; and Mr. Burgin is so tame that you can see him almost any day of the week eating with a knife and fork at a London club. All the same, he has been frequently to Canada, and if Old Man is a myth and there is no general tendency to make free with revolvers at Four Corners he has been taking advantage of our innocence who stay at home and accept his word for these things. But there is the Canadian, Canon Wharton Gill⁶: his vigorous, many-coloured story of life in a prairie settlement is alive with rugged characters and rough adventure and reads like truth. There is Norman Duncan, whose intimate, sharply realised tales⁷ of the hard, primitive, perilous lives lived by the Newfoundland fishermen read like very truth also and yet are of wild life enough in all conscience.

² "Jesse of Cariboo." (Murray.)

³ "A Sower of Wheat." (Chatto & Windus), etc.

⁴ "Prairie Snow and Sea" (John Murray.)

⁵ "Dicky Dilver." (Hutchinson), etc.

⁶ "Love in Manitoba" (Toronto: Musson Book Co. London: Stephen Swift)

⁷ "The Way of the Sea." (Hodder & Stoughton)

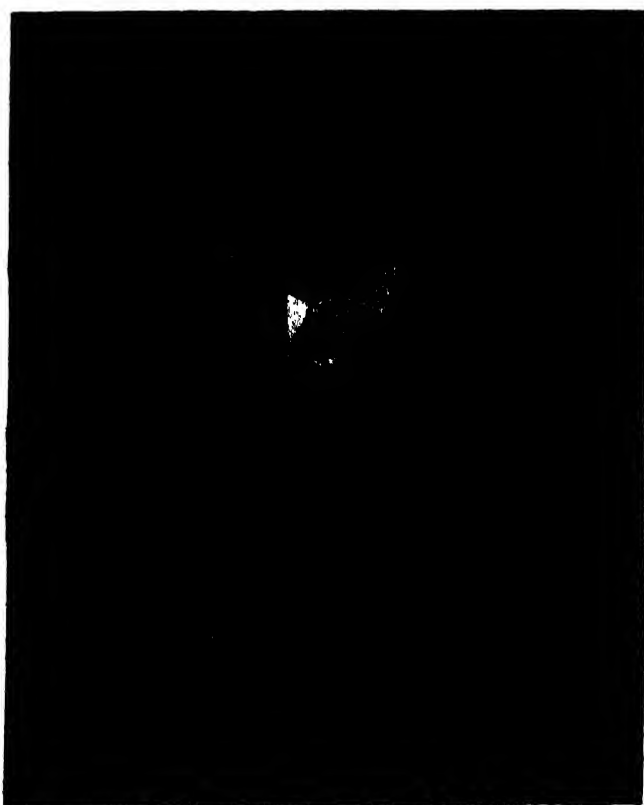


Photo by Lichtkunst, Munich.

G. G. D. Roberts.

There is Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who has been actively engaged in the timber industry in Manitoba, and has filled "Janey Canuck,"¹ and "Open Trails,"² with pictures of the rough life she has known and the homely philosophy and kindly large-hearted humour it has taught her; and above all there is Ernest Thompson Seton—he has found wild life enough to write about, though it is the wild-animal life of his own land rather than of its people. Read his "Biography of a Grizzly,"³ his "Monarch, the Big Bear,"⁴ "Life Histories of Northern Animals,"⁵ "Wood Myth and Fable,"⁶ or what is to my thinking, the most fascinating of his works, "Wild Animals I Have Known."⁷ They have this much in common with such books of Jack London's as "The Call of the Wild,"⁸ and

"White Fang,"⁹ that they do give a subtle psychology of our four-footed brethren that satisfies you by its seeming truthfulness, but Thompson Seton strikes you as writing from a fuller depth of knowledge, with a finer sympathy, a more delicate intuition. He was born at South Shields, a direct descendant from George Seaton, the last Earl of Winton, but was taken to Canada when he was five, and had



Frederick George Scott.

five years of the backwoods before he went to school at the Collegiate Institute of Toronto. Later he had three years of art training in London and so became artist and

author too, and has illustrated his books with his own graceful and vivid drawings. Since the early eighties he has been studying natural history in Manitoba and has for some while past been Naturalist to the Government of that province.

¹, ² Cassells.

³ Hodder & Stoughton.

⁴, ⁵ Constable.

⁶ Hodder & Stoughton.

⁷ David Nutt.

⁸, ⁹ Heinemann and Nelson.



Photo by Francis de Gough.

Mrs. W. H. Drummond.



Bliss Carman.

believing in. He is one of the most popular of magazine writers here no less than in the Americas, and there he is known, too, as a poet of rare achievement. His "Babes of the Wood,"¹¹ is a nature study for younger readers, and very graceful and attractive work in a similar kind has been done by Edith Howes.¹²

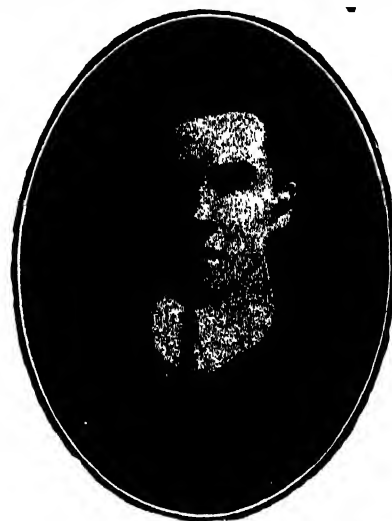
But I suspect that, after all, Dr. Campbell was not retreating to such wild life as gets into the pages of writers like these. He had in mind, perhaps, the more violent work of such younger authors as Robert W. Service. And I am open to admit that nothing would convince me that in "The Trail of '98,"¹³ Mr. Service supplies a faithful presentment of what life actually was in any part of Canada fourteen years ago. The story is the ruddiest Adelphi melodrama; readable enough; full of go and movement; but as far from being like life as a nightmare is. Nevertheless, it

¹⁰ "More Kindred of the Wild." "The Backwoodsmen," "Kings in Exile," "Neighbours Unknown." (Ward, Lock), etc.

¹¹ Cassell. ¹² "The Sun Babes." "Rainbow Children." (Cassell.)

¹³ Fisher Unwin.

In his own field he has but one rival, and that is Charles G. D. Roberts, a thoroughbred Canadian, born in New Brunswick. Mr. Roberts, however, has a many-sided reputation; his work has a wider scope and greater variety.¹⁰ He was for a time editor of *The Week*, and assistant editor of the *Illustrated American*; he has been Professor of English and French Literature at King's College, Nova Scotia, and has written a History of Canada. We know him best for his inimitable stories of animal and bird life, and his forcefully written tales of men and women who face existence in those wilder outposts of Canada that Dr. Campbell would discourage us from



R. W. Service.



W. H. Drummond.

does catch glimpses of the truth, and in his stirring Kiplingesque songs and ballads he has found his right work and done it with a gusto that has carried his verses through to an enormous popularity.¹ His "Songs of a Sourdough" have reached their twenty-fourth edition. Mr. Service is a bank clerk; he lives in the cultured atmosphere of a Canadian city and writes of the very wildest of wild Canadian life, but he writes rather as one recalling the past, of the old-time place miner and, with an amazing realism and virility, of that "Spell of the Yukon" which may now have lost its potency but is full of glamour still in the remembrance. If I were put to it to name the poet who stands supreme among the poets not only of Canada but of all the Colonies I should name Bliss Carman.² He is not perhaps in the highest sense a great poet, but he is a great singer. His verse carries no weight of thought; it is



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Wilfred Campbell.

purely lyrical, purely poetical, and its magic is such that one cannot say exactly what constitutes its chief charm whether it is certain natural flowering qualities it has, its easy grace, its perfect air of spontaneity, the flowing, careless simplicity of its language that breaks without effort into the airiest and loveliest of fancies. More than all, there is a quick sensitiveness running through his lines, like the delicate veins that make a

crowned Wilfred Campbell as the first of Canadian poets, and I recognise that there is a good deal to be said for their claim. The two men are so different that you cannot justly compare them. Bliss Carman is an unpremeditated, vagabond spirit, he belongs to the woods and the fields, and the big open spaces almost as intimately as does god Pan himself; and Wilfred Campbell is the poet of culture, more as Arnold was; his Pegasus runs nobly in harness; he has done distinguished work in great fields of poesy where Carman has never trodden. His dramas are touched with passion and rise to high imaginative moments; his odes have the right stately march; nobody has written richer or

lovingly he writes of quaint French-Canadian legends, of children, and the homely, sunbrowned people who inhabit remote and lonely country places. I am not sure that I do not like as well as any of his poems, "In a Grand Pré Garden," with that unforgettably beautiful fantasy of the flowers:

"With their innocent grave faces
lifted up to meet my own.
They are but the stranger people,
swarthy children of the sun,
Gypsies tenting at our door to
vanish ere the year is done."

Bliss Carman has gone from Canada; he has long been a busy journalist in New York; but his poetry belongs to Canadian literature, and cannot be taken away from it. There are sound judges in the Dominion, I know, who have



Photo by E. Parnell, Hove.

F. A. Talbot.

Author of "The Garden of Canada"

tracery along leaves and petals of flowers, and such an ever-present fineness of feeling and emotion underlying them that you are continually coming to sudden passages that touch you strangely not because of any sharp pathos that is in them but because of the sheer beauty of their elusive butterfly fancifulness. He is happiest among flowers and the old simplicities of the natural life. See how

¹ "Songs of a Sourdough."
"Ballads of a Cheechako."
(Fisher Unwin.)

² "Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden." (John Murray.)

Photo by A. M. Cunningham,
Hamilton, Canada.Miss Mabel
Burkholder.

Author of "The Course of Impatience
Carningham"

more burningly emotional patriotic verse than he has in some of his sonnets and his "Sagas of Vaster Britain"; and he has moods in which he catches glimpses of the very soul of unreclaimed nature, as in the opening of "The Spring Spirit":

"I, poor Satyr in the
glade,
Saw a wonder, half afraid."

Certainly, and in any case, Wilfred Campbell is the most representative Canadian man of letters



Photo by Calbraith, Toronto

Miss Pauline Johnson's birthplace,
"Chiefswood," near Brantford, on
the banks of the Grand River.



Miss A. M. Teskey.
Author of "The Yellow Pearl"

seven years ago,¹ and another that is to include also of course all his later work is now in preparation,² and I gather that the publishers are confident of an unprecedented demand for it. I have not been able to do

more than make casual reference to Dr. Campbell's memorable work as an historian, his latest in this direction being the first volume of "The Scotsman in Canada" (of which the second is written by another eminent Canadian author, Professor George Bryce),³ its strongest appeal is inevitably to those of Scottish nationality, but it reveals, as one of Dr. Campbell's critics says, "the breadth of outlook and insight into human nature, the

passionate devotion to the Empire and belief in the high destiny of the British race that have characterised unfailingly all that has come from his pen."

Of other notable histories written by Canadians I can only mention in passing one or two of the more recent, as W. L. Griffith's, "The Dominion of Canada"⁴; "Annexation, Preferential Trade, and Reciprocity,"⁵ an outline of the Canadian Annexation Movement by Cephas D. Allen and George M. Jones; Dr. George Bryce's "Romantic Settlement of Lord Selkirk's Colonists"⁶; and in general literature there is Agnes Dean Cameron's travel-book, "The New North"; Mrs. S. J. Graham's "Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda"; Agnes

and the most versatile. He was born at Berlin, Ontario; educated at Toronto University, and Cambridge, Mass.; and holds an appointment under Government as an officer of the Archives of Canada. A few years ago a special edition of his poems was issued by Mr. Carnegie to his colleges in Great Britain and America; a collected edition of them was published in Canada, America and England

Laut's "Lords of the North"; Katharine Hughes's "Life of Father Lacombe", to say nothing of the work of such French-Canadian authors as Madame Gerin-Lajoie, Mdlle. Laure Conan, Madame Dandurand, and Sir Adolph Routhier.

It would be unpardonable in even the baldest record of Canadian poets to omit the name of the late French-Canadian Poet-Laureate, Dr. Louis Frechette; of the late Archibald Lampman, of Frederick George Scott,⁷ Arthur Stringer, Agnes Maule Machar (both of whom have also written much good fiction), and Robert J. C. Stead, whose breezy, masterly "Songs of the Prairie"⁸ take us out into the wilds again. I am conscious that I ought to say more of such poets as Lampman, Stringer and Scott in particular, but I must make room to add something concerning two of the most characteristic of all Canadian poets, William Drummond and Pauline Johnson.

Drummond is, as Dr. Campbell has said, "perhaps the most noted depicter, with the pen, of French-Canada", perhaps, too, he is the truest. He was a hard-working doctor, a man of a large, kindly, genial personality, who lived and laboured among the people he wrote about, and when you have read his four volumes of ballads and lyrics⁹ (of which Messrs.

Putman promise a collected edition) you feel that you know the French-Canadian nearly as intimately as if you also had lived beside him. The poems are written in the quaint patois of the habitant; they would lose half their strength and colour and atmosphere if they were not; but this presents no difficulties that are not easily overcome, and they are well worth overcoming for the sake of the stories that are embodied in the poems—stories that are redolent of all the odd humour and hardness and



Photo by the Mora Studio, Gore.

Miss Edith Howes.
Author of "The Sun Babe."



Mrs. Virna Sheard.
Author of "The Man at Lone Lake"



Canon Ellis Wharton Gill.
Author of "Love in Manitoba."

¹ Toronto, New York, London and Edinburgh: Fleming H. Revell Co.

^{2, 3} Toronto and London: Musson Book Co.

⁴ Pitman. "All Red" series.

^{5, 6} Musson Book Co.

⁷ Poems. (London and Toronto: Musson Book Co.)

⁸ Toronto: W. Briggs.

⁹ "The Habitant," "The Voyageur," "Johnny Corbeau," "The Great Fight." (Putnams.)

tenderness and wistful ideality of the French-Canadian character. It is not surprising that "The Habitant" had a sale of over twenty-five thousand copies, and that the later volumes have enjoyed an equally generous vogue. Within his limits Drummond was an authentic poet, and

"There was no better loyalist than this whose humours played

In pleasant human wise to serve the State two races made."

To his fourth, and posthumous volume, his wife, Mrs. May Harvey Drummond, contributes a sympathetic and very interesting biographical preface. She, by the way, has her own place among Canada's miscellaneous writers. She has written pleasantly on the customs and folklore of Jamaica, and recently published a delightful tale of the tropics, "The Story of Quamin."¹

No author in the Dominion has a greater claim to being a Canadian than has Miss Pauline Johnson. Her mother was an Englishwoman, who had made her home in Canada, but her father was the late G. H. M. Johnson (Onwanonsyshon) the Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, of the blood royal of the Mohawk tribe, and a scion of one of the fifty noble families belonging to the historical federation founded by Hiawatha over four hundred years ago. First known as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations, it was renamed the Iroquois by early French missionaries and explorers, and in the long fighting with both French and Colonial Revolutionists the Iroquois Indians became famous for their loyalty to the British Crown, and were eventually granted for their fealty the magnificent lands bordering the Grand River in the County of Brant, Ontario. There the tribes still live, and in this Reserve, on her father's estate, "Chiefswood," Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) was born.

"Copper-tinted face, and
smouldering fire

Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
To be my proudest claim ; "

and she inherited too, for it breathes through some of her finest poems, that loyalty of her Red ancestors to the British flag. After 1892, when she came prominently before the Canadian public by giving a series of recitals from her poems, she travelled considerably about Canada and in England, and repeated those recitals with astonishing success. Whilst she was in London, in 1894, Mr. John Lane published a volume of her verses, "The White Wampum," and in 1903, she published a second volume, "Canadian Born," which reached a second edition within a year. There is fire and passion in these poems of hers, especially in the ballads of the stirring days when the Indian braves still took the war-path. That is a vivid, wonderfully living ballad of "Ojison," the squaw of a Mohawk chief who was carried off by a Huron warrior, and during the long, reckless ride pretended to have been won to love him for his dashing courage, persuaded him to loose her hands so that she might clasp

him round the waist to hold herself on the horse, then, feeling cautiously, gripped his scalping knife, cunningly drew it and buried it to the haft in his back, and rode back alone to her tribe. "As Red Men Die," relates with equal force and intensity how a captive chief of the Mohawks dies defiantly, dancing his war dance amid the flames that consume him. But there is pathos and tenderness in such poems as "Workworn," "My English Letter," "Dawendine"; a Whistler-like impressionism in such word-etchings as "Joe," "Marshlands," "Rain-fall," "Under Canvas," and a glorious trumpet-note of patriotic pride and triumph in "Canadian Born," and "The Riders of the Plains," and for its picturesque realism and the haunting melody of its lines probably none of her poems has had a wider popularity than her "Song My Paddle Sings."

"August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift."

But with all her patriotism and her love of modern Canada, she is at her highest when she is back among the legends and stories of the race that is her own and with which she remains in profoundest sympathy, understanding and sharing their ideals and even envying the Redskin's destiny when at last his soul goes out towards the Happy Hunting Grounds :

"Sailing into the cloud-land, sailing
into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when
life is done ;—
O ! dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you "

Latterly, unhappily, Miss Johnson's health has broken down, and she now lies dangerously ill in hospital at Vancouver ; and so great is the hold she has taken on the admiration and affection of the Canadian public that some of the leading citizens of Vancouver, her adopted city, have formed a trust and are issuing for her benefit

a complete edition of her works in poetry and prose, and it is to be published this autumn on both sides of the Atlantic,² the collected poems bearing the fitting title of "Flint and Feather."

Goldwin Smith was ours to begin with, but he gave himself to Canada, and before the close of his long life was the greatest of Canadian journalists and one of her leading historians. Grant Allen, on the other hand, was a Canadian, but he came over here and we kept him, as we have since received from Canada Sir Gilbert Parker³, Miss Lily Dougall,⁴ Robert Barr,⁵ James Barr, Beckles Willson, who has written some excellent Canadian travel and historical works,⁶ and Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), who has long since exchanged Canada for Simla, and whose well-known novels of Anglo-Indian and American life

¹ Musson Book Co. ² "Pierre and his People," "The Seats of the Mighty," (Methuen). "The Right of Way," "The Trail of the Sword," "The Lane that had no Turning," (Hodder and Stoughton.) ³ "Beggars All." (Longmans), etc. ⁴ "Cardillac." (Mills & Boon), etc. ⁵ (Constable.)

¹ Putnam's.



Miss Pauline Johnson.
(Tekahionwake)

have recently achieved the distinction of a collected edition.¹ A. S. Bradley,² though he has written largely of the Dominion, was born and remains an Englishman; and the same is true of F. A. Talbot,³ who was at one time one of the young lions of Carmelite House; but Miss Jean N. McIlwraith, despite the fact that she is taken up now with American journalism, is a Canadian by birth, and still has her home there. Among other books, she has written some of the ablest novels that have come from the Britains overseas. One recalls her "Curious Career of Roderick Campbell"⁴ with admiration, and only last week she published "A Diana of Quebec,"⁵ a brilliant romance of Canada during the later years of the American War of Independence, Nelson, then in the beginnings of his career, playing a principal part in it. Other modern Canadian novelists whose reputations have spread beyond the limits of the Dominion are Adeline M. Tesky,⁶ W. A. Fraser, Isabel Eccleston Mackay,⁷ Valance Patriarch, Virna Sheard,⁸ Jennie B. Williams, Marian Keith,⁹ Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery),¹⁰ and, one of the newest and most promising, Mabel Burkholder, who in "The Course of Impatience Carningham"¹¹ tells an entertaining story of Canadian town life, and gives some light, clever sketches of the conditions of the factory workers. I had got this article half written before I heard of what I have it on good authority—is the best-selling novel in Canada—"The Golden Dog," by William Kirby.¹² I at once procured the book and read it, and, though it is a little old-fashioned in style and a little verbose and leisurely to modern thinking, it is a gallant, full-blooded, abundantly interesting story of the picturesque days when the French were still masters of Quebec. The author died two years ago. After he had written his book, it seems, he could not get it accepted, and it was first published in New York. Its instant and huge success resulted in its being issued in his own land—Canada; and now that it has achieved an English edition I shall be curious to see how the seasoned novel readers of the old country accept it.

Nearly unique among Canadian writers of fiction is Stephen Leacock. I am pleased to know that he was born in England, and that, though he is now a Professor of Political Economy, of all things!) at the McGill University, Montreal, he retains his sense of humour intact; and if you have not read the irresponsible parodies and burlesques in his two other books¹³ you should make amends to yourself at once by getting the new one in which he sketches the characters and tells the

stories of some of the dwellers in a little Canadian town.¹⁴ The outline of autobiography with which he pretaces his stories is as delightfully amusing as anything he has written; he is frivolous in his treatment of the scholastic achievements which ended in his taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1903; but if the meaning of this degree is, as he says, that "the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this no new ideas can be imparted to him," it is certain that it has not incapacitated him from imparting to others ideas and narratives that are fresh and new and full of the most irrepressible laughter. He has wrought his book out of the humours of one of those little Canadian towns that "spread their square streets and trim maple trees beside placid lakes almost within echo of the primeval forest," and his quaint, whimsical pages have given me so much pleasure that I am glad he went from England, and can even forgive him for becoming a Professor of Political Economy, since these misfortunes have produced such happy consequences.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The prevailing note in Canadian literature is one of high seriousness; it has humour, but of the quiet, thoughtful, sympathetic kind that rarely goes to irresponsible lengths. It began in a lighter strain, and Judge Haliburton's "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," was the Nova Scotian fountain-head of what we now recognize as typical American humour. But, looking from then till now, you will find that the fantastically whimsical, broadly burlesque merriment of Stephen Leacock is near to being a unique thing in the literature of Canada. America has her full share of that boyish, high-spirited sense of fun; Australia has hers; but there is very little of it again in South Africa. It would be strange were it otherwise, for unlike the history of the other colonies that of South Africa has until quite recent years run through storm and darkness and the Valley of the Shadow; naturally, her literature reflects these things, and such humour as it has is of the grim sort.

As a personal opinion, I think the biggest book that has yet come out of South Africa is Olive Schreiner's

"Story of an African Farm."¹⁵ It is years since I read it, but I have the vividest recollection of its minutely drawn Boer and English people and of its wonderfully atmosphered picture of Dutch-Afrikaner life on the Karoo, now swept by torrential rains, now parching under blazing suns in seasons of prolonged drought. It offers a strong protest against the wrongs that women endure; but more to the purpose is the powerful, sometimes sordid, but always true and profoundly human, story that it tells. In his valuable, most interestingly written history of "The Union of South Africa,"¹⁶



Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Miss Gertrude Page.

¹ Constable.

² "The Fight with France for North America," "Canada in the Twentieth Century," "The Making of Canada" (Constable).

³ "The Garden of Canada." (Cassell.)

⁴ Constable. ⁵ Smith, Elder.

⁶ "The Yellow Pearl" (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁷ "The House of Many Windows." (Cassell.)

⁸ "The Man at Lone Lake." (Cassell.)

⁹ "Usbeth of the Dale." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

¹⁰ "Anne of Green Gables." (Pitman.)

¹¹ Musson Book Co. ¹² Jarrold

¹³ "Literary Lapses." "Nonsense Novels. (John Lane.)

¹⁴ "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town." (John Lane.)

¹⁵ Hutchinson. ¹⁶ Pitman.

Mr. Basil Worsfold, sometime editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, places Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's "Jock of the Bushveld" as a remarkable companion picture to Olive Schreiner's masterpiece. Apart from Jock, he says, and the wild life of the Bushveld, there is excellent character drawing; "but the white men are English, not Dutch, and the natives are natives as developed under English, not Dutch, influence." But most of the best South African novels were written by Englishmen who lived awhile out there and came home again, and their work belongs to English literature, and prominent among these are Sir H. Rider Haggard,¹ Perceval Gibbon,² Stanley Portal Hyatt,³ Ernest Glanville,⁴ Bertram Mitford,⁵ a notable world-traveller who has spent half his life in South Africa, and probably written more stories about it than any other man living, and Douglas Blackburn,⁶ whom Hyatt has called "the father of the modern school of South African novelists." Latterly we have had some very able novels from Cynthia Stockley,⁷ from F. E. Mills Young,⁸ from Gertrude Page (Mrs. Dobbin),⁹ a colonist of only eight years' standing, whose novels have earned her the title of "The Wizard of Rhodesia"; from Will Westrup,¹⁰ who I believe still lives in the colony; another, who still belongs to it, Francis Carey Slater,¹¹ has published at least one volume of artistic and virile short stories that have South Africa for their stage; and one who has always belonged to it, being colonial born, W. C. Scully, has put some of the cleverest work in South African fiction into his two volumes - "Between Sun and Sand," and "Kaffir Stories"; while that notable traveller, H. A. Bryden, in addition to numerous books about travel and sport in Africa, has spun two series of immensely good yarns in his "Tales of South Africa" and "From Veldt Camp Fires."¹²

It would need a separate article to say anything adequate of the travel records of such explorers as Livingstone, Stanley, Mungo Park, and of the histories of South Africa and records of its wars with the Boers and with the Zulus, the Matabele, and other such savage races, one of the newest of which records comes from Col. Hamilton-Browne, who fought at Isandlwana;¹³ the last Boer War has a vast library to itself of histories, narratives of war-correspondents, novels, verse, and such important miscellaneous volumes as the "Secret Service in South Africa" of Douglas Blackburn and Captain Caddell;¹⁴ and the latest phase of South Africa's

development has already produced a notable history from the Hon. R. H. Brand.¹⁵

If all this enormous output were duly apportioned, however, most of it would be found under the names of Englishmen who were only temporarily resident in the colony; and South Africa, like Australasia, has so far done its most interesting, most voluminous and distinctively Colonial work in verse. The father of South African poetry was Thomas Pringle, a friend of Scott's, who emigrated to the colony in 1820, and founded two papers there, which were suppressed because of their too-outspoken criticism of the Government. His best known poem is "Afar in the Desert"; but I prefer the faithful, sympathetic sketches he gives in other of his poems of the Bushman, the Kaffir, the Hottentot, for there is no denying that his verse is very pedestrian, there is scarcely a line that gives you the sudden thrill and uplift that is in the gift of authentic poetry; he abounds in commonplace thought respectably clothed, but the man's sympathy with the enslaved, degraded, dispossessed native, his deep resentment of wrong and injustice, make his verse good poetry if it cannot make it great. Following Pringle comes a lengthy flow of names, most of which would have no meaning in an English ear, but there is a numerous company of living poets, many of whose names and works have come over to us.

Perhaps the oldest and certainly one of the most accomplished of these is William Elijah Hunter, who dedicates his collected poems¹⁶ to the Rev. John Bransby, "Edgar Allen Poe's schoolmaster and mine." He is a Somersetshire man, but was educated at King's Lynn Grammar School. In 1863 he went out to Natal as headmaster of a public school near Pietermaritzburg, and later was ordained by Bishop Colenso and officiated at St. Peter's Cathedral there. He left Natal after the Zulu War, and worked as a clergyman on the diamond fields. During his Natal days he wrote and published much verse in the *Natal Witness*, and his three volumes contain work that is always thoughtful and instinct with feeling. Since his retirement to Cambridge, Cape Town, in 1909, he has written, among other poems, two sustained monologues, "An Old Kaffir Garrulises" and "A Missionary Returns Thanks," both of which gained first prizes in *The State* literary competitions. A fine catholic spirit breathes through the verse of H. V. Ellis; but more essentially South African in its atmosphere and choice of subject is the work of Denys Lefebvre ("Syned")¹⁷ of Lance

Fallow, who has found inspiration no less in the lives of modern settlers and miners than in the vicissitudes of the old Dutch pioneers; of Mrs. Beatrice Bromley, Lynn Lyster, and Kingsley Fairbridge. President Reitz has translated Burns into Dutch, and another Dutch poet, Jan Ceffiers, has won a large vogue among Dutch readers with his lyrics of South African rural life.

Perceval Gibbon began his literary career with a volume of verse—"South African Sketches"—that he



Photo by R. J. Nicholas.

W. E. Hunter.

¹ "She" (Longmans). "King Solomon's Mines" (Cassell). "Red Eve" (Hodder & Stoughton), etc.

² "Souls in Bondage," "Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases" (Blackwood).

³ Marcus Hay (Constable). "Black Sheep" (Laurie), etc.

⁴ "Tales from the Veldt" (Chatto and Windus), etc.

⁵ "The River of Unrest" (Ward, Lock).

⁶ "The Gun Runner" (Chatto & Windus), etc.

⁷ "Jumbo" - "Prince of Prinsloo" (Macmillan).

⁸ "Poppy," "The Claw" (Hurst & Blackett).

⁹ "Sam's Kid," "Grit Lawless" (John Lane).

¹⁰ "Love in a Wilderness," "The Edge of Beyond" (Hurst & Blackett).

¹¹ "The Land of To-morrow" (Alston Rivers).

¹² "The Sunburnt South" (Digby Long).

¹³ Hurst & Blackett.

¹⁴ "A Lost Legionary in South Africa" (Werner Laurie).

¹⁵ Cassell.

¹⁶ "The Union of South Africa" (Henry Frowde).

¹⁷ Grahamstown: African Book Co.

¹⁸ "The Lone Trek" (Elkin Mathews).

published during his early Colonial days, and no other of the Colony's poets has more subtly caught the spirit of her mountain solitudes, or are more finely steeped his imaginings in the loneliness, the majesty, and the magic of the illimitable veldt. W. C. Scully, who, in addition to the other prose I have mentioned, has lately been publishing his reminiscences in *The State* and is issuing a new prose volume this month,¹ has passed the best years of his life in the Civil Service of his native land, and as a magistrate in the Transkei gained an intimate acquaintance with native character and customs, and uses that knowledge to excellent purpose in many of his poems—in "Zulu Pictures," for instance, in "The Cattle Thief," "The Witch Doctor," and "'Nkongane," a perfect etching of one of Dingann's warriors in his old age—a sly, cringing, garrulous, hypocritical, degenerate, old, old man, whose memory still glows

"With the ardour of blood-stained days
And deeds long past—you were one of the doers—
Of spears washed red in the blood of foes,
Of villages wrapped in red flame, of fields
Where the vultures gorged, of the deadly close

Of the impi's horns, and
the thundering shields."



Photo by O'Flynn, Johannesburg.

F. E. Walrond.

His descriptive poems, too, such as "The Naloon," and the sonnet "Namequeland," have a fine sombreness of tone and colour and equally impressive is his longer, more sustained effort—the "Voices of Africa,"² which passes the cities and places and peoples of ancient and modern Africa in review.

I have been especially taken with some of the work of William Blane.

He has roughed it on the diamond fields of Kimberley and the gold fields around Johannesburg, and "received the thought and inspiration" for the larger part of his work as a poet from those fields and the men who worked on them with him. He has a Wordsworthian simplicity of phrase, and his chief appeal lies in a certain homeliness of fancy and philosophy, a love of nature, and a wistful reaching after the higher life of the spirit. There is nothing in Colonial poetry more deeply charged with emotion, more tremulously alive with a sense of heartbreak and ineffable sorrow, than the natural, unstudied, human cry of the watcher by that death-bed so piteously revealed in "A Prayer"³:

... I cannot even frame my prayer aright,
And only know
That with her life the loveliness and light
Of mine would go. . . .

Be near me too! When for her voice, her touch
I yearn alone --

¹ "The Ridge of the White Waters" (Stanley Paul)

² "By Veldt and Kopje" (Fisher Unwin.)

³ "The Silent Land." (Elton Stock.)

Be near me, Chief, for I shall need Thee much
When she is gone."

Besides doing miscellaneous work as a journalist, Mr. Blane has published two volumes of poems, and is now making a lengthy stay in England and arranging for the publication of a third. He takes a dubious but not unhelpful view of the literary outlook in South Africa, though at present there is little "distinctively" South African literature, and the evident strain after producing some is not healthy. Whatever is distinctive will grow naturally and is not to be had by taking thought. There is a good sale for books in the Colony, he says, but chiefly for the kind known as light literature: "The Colonial and the Colonist devote little or no time to heavy reading, and the lover of books is scarce." The literary and journalistic professions out there, he adds, are neither easy nor profitable. "Except in the case of half-a-dozen editors, there are no good posts, and these are precarious owing to financial and political control. The 'free lance' has a hard time, and often goes to the wall, despite abilities which would have carried him through in any English provincial town. The payment for accepted work is less than in London, although the cost of living is three times as great. Literature in its higher forms is making an effort to assert itself, but all the conditions are against it. Yet something has been done. One after another literary journals have been started and failed, till to-day *The State* is almost the only survivor.



Francis Carey Slater.

But this has assumed a rank and form not before equalled, and if its financial backing continues it may go on and be imitated. The philosophic writer has not yet asserted himself, if he exists, and if he did hardly any would attend to his message. Poetry is read by few. Publishers are only so in name and do not give encouragement to local work—they say it does not pay. There is little thought of anything except money, money all the time. Still, there are signs of a change. I know at least a score of men who work away hopefully and look for better conditions in the near future, and the Union has improved the position."

Withal, and though poetry in South Africa may be read only by the few, Mr. Blane's first volume has had a sale of three thousand, and his second of one. Few readers, forsooth! Why, a poet who could sell like that in this country would feel justified in sending round to the nearest florist's and ordering his laurel-wreath at once.

Representative of the more promising of the younger school of South African poets are Francis Slater, Cullen Gouldsbury and F. E. Walrond,⁴ who hails from Glasgow, went out in 1904 to be a clerk in a Johannesburg bank,

⁴ "The Lady Beautiful." (Elkin Mathews.)

and already is subdued by the strange spell of the land of his adoption, so that the beauty and terror, the mystery and elusive fascination of it seem for ever haunting him and striving after utterance in his lines. Mammon appears to be a sort of foster-father of the Muses in South Africa, for Francis Carey Slater¹ is another bank clerk. He comes of an old Colonial family; his father was a farmer, landowner, and J.P. in Cape Colony. He has the true lyrical gift and a gentle reflective note that is very charming, but I prefer him in such delightful narrative poems as "A Veld Patriarch," with this effortless, picturesque opening:

"Oom Piet and I were sitting on the stoep,
Before us, clear against the cloudless sky,
The mountains of the Dragon reared their heads:
Rugged old warriors, grey with their long watch,
Bescarred by many a storm, bleached by the sun,
And scourged by all the wayward winds of heaven!
The blue-black shadows lingered on the slopes
Like browsing herds; the daughters of the hills
Clapped their white hands, and wimpled through the
vales
With merry peals of laughter."

Mr. Slater is still quite young, but I think with Professor Purves, who is probably the leading authority in South Africa on the literature of the country, that he is already "one of the most accomplished of Colonial-born South African poets." The latest of their poets to arrive here is Cullen Gouldsbury, whose "Songs Out of Exile"² were published in England last July. He has a strong, sinewy line, a vividness and vigour and headlong sweep that are somehow reminiscent of Kipling, so of course somebody has called him the South African Kipling. But Mr. Gouldsbury is no copy of his master; he has come under Kipling's bracing influence, but has retained his individuality, and in such alert, clear-cut verses as "The Pace of the Ox," "The Testing of the 'Mlimo,'" "Zama and Zirwa," "The Song of the Carriers," to name no more, he has something new to say and says it newly.

There are Herbert Price, F. C. Kolbe, Herbert Tucker, Edith Vivian, Theodore Van Beek, and at least a round dozen of others worthy of a niche in this record, but I have failed to obtain their books, and know no more of them than you may learn for yourself from the two judiciously selected and extremely interesting anthologies of South African verse that have been compiled by E. H. Crouch,³ who will live in the history of South African literature as one of the first and most reliable shepherds of its poetry. It is fitting that the man who has done so much for the poets there and brought them so happily into his fold should be by birth a Colonial. He came to London to complete his education, and was then apprenticed here in the hardware trade, returning to his native land in 1880 to establish at East

London a business which had become the most important in its line in that town before he retired into private life in 1900. I say into private life, but he has been serving on the Municipal and Divisional Council of Cambridge, Cape Town, ever since 1905. He is a clever painter in oils, and has accumulated a huge library, that contains many rare old books and valuable first editions. He has travelled considerably; more than once revisiting England, where he is a Freeman of the City of London and a Member of the Honourable Fishmongers Company; and to the fact that he makes a particular hobby of literature, more particularly of poetry, we owe these two volumes that are now the standard anthologies of South African verse. Another good anthology, which admits some of Mr. Crouch's flock and takes in a few that he has missed, is the "Veldsingers Verse"⁴ compiled from the works of the members of the Veldsingers Club, "a small company of South Africans," as Olive Schreiner explains in her foreword, "mainly living in Johannesburg," and "bound to one another by their love of verse."

INDIA.

There is no lack of Histories of Indian Literature, but most of them are of little service to the ordinary mortal. They are too severely academic; too largely given over to learned disquisitions on intricacies of philology, nice questions of race, and purely scholastic matters, that are absorbing only to the ferocious student whose interest in literature is limited to the science of words and its bloodless technical side. There is no earthly reason why a History of Literature should not be as interesting to the average reader as any other history of what men have thought and done, but to be so it needs writing by such as can forget how accomplished they are, and have no desire but to interest others

in what interests themselves. I happen to have three that are so written,⁵ but no History of Indian Literature, even the greatest, has any significance for us in this article, because the splendid literature of India is no part of the literature of Greater Britain. It was in being before England began to dream of becoming a nation, and in the hundred years or so that the Empire of India has been united to the British Empire none of the great things that have been added to its literature have been written in our language.

Then for the thousands of other books about India—social and political histories, books of travel and sport, poetry such as Laurence Hope's,⁶ that was written in India and has caught the mystic spirit of the East, biographies of famous Anglo-Indians, memoirs, romances and novels almost without number, translations of Indian classical writings—new books in this kind, or new editions of them, are continually appearing; several of the series of cheap reprints include some, and every



Photo by Stoneham, London.

Edward Heath Crouch.

¹ "Footpaths through the Veldt," "In Mimosa Land." (Blackwood.)

² Fisher Unwin.

³ "South African Poetry and Verse," "Sonnets of South Africa." (Fifield.)

⁴ J. M. Dent.

⁵ "A History of Sanskrit Literature," by A. A. Macdonell (Heinemann), "A Literary History of India," by R. W. Frazer, "A Short History of Indian Literature," by E. Horowitz. (Unwin.)

⁶ "Indian Love," "The Garden of Kama," etc. (Heinemann.)

week brings its fresh quota to our doors.¹ The literature that the Boer War occasioned is as a drop in the ocean compared to the literature of every description that has accumulated around the Indian Mutiny. But scarcely any of this comes within our province, for it is nearly all written by Englishmen, and when an Englishman lives and dies in India—even though he is born there as were Thackeray, Kipling, Laurence Oliphant, Eden Phillpotts, and Lord Roberts (an author by virtue of his "Forty-one Years in India," and his great book on Wellington)—he never becomes an Indian, as when he is born or settles in one of the Colonies he becomes a Canadian, an Australasian or a South African.

Speak of Indian literature to the normal Englishman and he naturally thinks of Kipling, for Kipling is the great interpreter through whom the millions of us have come to know India. He has not only helped us to realise the actual lives of the English out there; he first fashioned the native, whom we had known only as we know a picture in a book, into a creature of flesh and blood for us. "Kim," and some of his stories and poems are more valuable to the human student of Indian life and character than all the histories that were ever written. It is scarcely believable that it is about a quarter of a century ago since like a new planet he rose into our ken with the "Departmental Ditties." Thacker published it in India, where he was then a hard working journalist, and I remember what a sort of stirring in the air it occasioned when it began to appear on sale over here. Close on its heels from the Indian publisher came "Soldiers Three," "The City of Dreadful Night," "Under the Deodars," "Wee Willie Winkie," in the little grey, pamphlet-looking volumes that are now worth their weight in gold, and I had my share of the general excitement that was roused by the advent of that rare thing, a new note in our literature. But all this is of the past; Kipling has taken his

assured place in the hierarchy of English letters, and has exerted a more potent influence on his English contemporaries, especially in the Colonies, than any author of our time.

But if Kipling stands supreme on his own ground he does not stand alone. No one compares with him as an Anglo-Indian poet, but amongst other imaginative writers who have given us novels of Indian life of high literary quality and enduring interest are Mrs. Flora Annie Steel,² Mrs. Alice Perrin,³ Mrs. F. E. Penny,⁴ Mrs. Maud Diver,⁵ and Sidney C. Grier.⁶ There are good stories and some illuminating sketches of native character in Sir Edmund Cox's "Achievements of John Caruthers," and in his recently published book, "The Exploits of Kesho Nark, Dacont,"⁷ and good first novels have come from E. M. Dutt,⁸ and Kathleen P. Emmett,⁹ new recruits to the ranks of Anglo-Indian novelists. A. E. W. Mason has won his fame in other fields, but his Indian story, "The Broken Road,"¹⁰ is among the most brilliant of his books.

This, however, is merely by the way. My purpose is to touch on work that has been done in English by native Indian writers, and only on typical examples of that. There is a goodly number of native journalists writing in English, and writing remarkably well, and for books—Her Highness Nawab Sultan Jahan Begam, the ruler of Bhopal recently wrote "An Account of My Life," but it was written in her own language and translated by her educational adviser, Mr. C. H. Payne;¹¹ the Jam of Nawanagar (better known to us as Ranjitsinhji) wrote his "Jubilee Book



Photo by Reginald Haines.

Rudyard Kipling.

of Cricket"¹² in English, and to mention only a few names of Indian authors whose reputations have reached many of us, the Maharaja Cooch Behar has written well on sport; Rajendralala Mitra on matters of antiquarian lore; Muharaini Baroda on "Women in India"; Syed Amir Ali, a judge of the Calcutta High Court, has published books on legal and other subjects; and B. C. Chatterjee stands high among Bengalese novelists. I have read no better novel written by a native Indian in our language than "The Prince of Destiny."¹³ It is the story of an Indian student's

¹ "The Buddha's Way of Virtue." Translated by W. D. C. Wagswara and K. I. Saunders. "Brahma-Knowledge," by L. D. Barnett. (John Murray. Wisdom of the East Series.) "Buddhism," by Mrs. Rhys Davids. (Williams & Norgate. Home University Library.) "A Fly on the Wheel: How I Helped to Govern India," by Lieut.-Col. T. H. Lewin. (Constable.) "The Charm of India." An Anthology. Edited by Claud Field. (Herbert & Daniel.) "Cameos of Indian Crime," by H. Hervey. (Stanley Paul.) Captain L. J. Trotter's "Life of Warren Hastings." "Hudson of Hudson's Horse," and "The Bayard of India." (Dent. Everyman's Library.) "Indian Sculpture and Painting," by E. B. Havell; Sir Bampfylde's "Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment," (Murray.) Colonel Younghusband's "India and Tibet," (Murray) and his "Relief of Chitral" (Macmillan) Rev. E. L. Elvin's "India and the Indians"; Lord Curzon's "East and West" (Murray), "The Web of Indian Life," by Margaret Noble (Sister Nivedita). (Heinemann). "The Lawrences of the Punjab," by F. P. Gibbon. (Dent). "A Year with the Gackwar of Baroda," by the Rev. E. St. Clair Weeden (Hutchinson). "Reminiscences of the Mutiny," by W. Forbes-Mitchin, and Sir G. O. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore." (Macmillan.)

² "The Potter's Thumb." (Heinemann.) "The Face of the Waters." (Hodder & Stoughton).

³ "The Charm." "The Anglo-Indians." (Methuen), etc.

⁴ "Caste and Creed," "The Rajah." (Chatto & Windus), etc.

⁵ "Captain Desmond, V.C." (Blackwood) "The Awakening." (Hutchinson), etc.

⁶ "The Power of the Kings," "The Advanced Guard." (Blackwood), etc.

⁷ Constable.

⁸ "The Way of an Eagle." (Unwin.)

⁹ "The Silver Zone." (John Murray.)

¹⁰ Smith, Elder.

¹¹ John Murray.

¹² Ward, Lock.

¹³ Reisman.

life in London, and was as emphatic on the dangers of European education to the average Hindoo as Mr. Mason is in "The Broken Road." But Sarath Kumar Ghosh follows his hero's career after he returns to India, and in an enlightened spirit of patriotism sets himself to show what is at the root of the real British peril in India, and how India and England might be brought to a better understanding of one another. Very adequately representative of the poetry written in English by native Indians is the work of Manmohan Ghose.¹ It is scholarly, rather laboriously correct; you feel that the poet is working in a medium that is not natural to him, hence he can never let himself go; he is picking his way carefully through a lyric when he should be soaring on swift wings; he has to give to his syntax the thought that should be surrendered to his theme. His verse is above the average of that of minor English poets; now and then, simply because he has to watch his words and strive for expression, he lights on a magic or startlingly vivid phrase; but on the whole this want of spontaneity makes it no more than a very clever performance, and that is not sufficient for poetry. Finer and more charming, perhaps, are the English poems of the young Hindu poetess, Toru Dutt, but they too are flawed by that touch of artificiality which comes of writing in a foreign tongue, and the same weakness will keep the translations of her uncle, Romesh Chunder Dutt, from being read largely by other than the student

Romesh Chunder Dutt² was one of the most cultured and distinguished of modern Hindu's; he wrote many books in English and in Bengali; and an excellent biography has been written of him by his son-in-law, Mr. J.N. Supta.³ He studied at London University College, under Professor Henry Morley, passed his examinations and entered the Indian Civil Service, won a high reputation as a divisional commissioner and administrator, and sat for a while on the Bengal Legislative Council. All the time he was working loyally for the advancement of the Empire and the good of his countrymen; and all the time, too, he was devoting himself to the pursuit of literature. "I learnt Sanscrit," he wrote of himself,

"after I learnt English, and what a change from the poetry of the West to the poetry of the East! What repose and softness, what warm tints and brilliant lights, what scenes of loveliness and images of beauty! For real poetry of

¹ Songs and Elegies. (Elkin Matthews.)

² "The Civilization of India," by Romesh C. Dutt. (Dent.)

³ Dent.

the highest order go to the grand old Indian epics." It was curious, as he said, that he learnt to appreciate Bengali literature after he had learnt to appreciate Shakespeare and Scott. He had studied English literature with enthusiasm but with a discriminating judgment. He translated the two great Indian epics, the "Mahabharata," and the "Ramayana," into English.⁴ Not the whole

of them, for the "Mahabharata" alone runs to ninety thousand couplets and is, as he remarked, "about seven times the size of the Iliad and the Odyssey put together"; he set himself to cut away all unessential episodes and detach the leading narrative, and thus we have in each of those translations he made in to English verse. He wrote books on "The Peasantry of Bengal," "Three Years in India," "The Literature of Bengal," but he was too sound a critic not to realise that "except as a medium for imparting information to the West of the riches of ancient India, the ambition of an Indian to produce anything enduring in English is foredoomed to failure." He and his people rate, I believe, as his finest imaginative work the four historical novels that he wrote in Bengali, one of which "Madhabi Kankan," he translated into English as "The Slave Girl of Agra."

Bengal's chief living poet and man of letters, Rabindra Nath Tagore, is at present visiting England. He is an accomplished English scholar, deeply versed in our language and literature but he has always written in his own tongue. His name is practically unknown to our public, and we are incompetent to judge him, but it is, we are told, "a household word in the Bengali-speaking world. His songs are heard everywhere from the North-west to Burmah. His poems and dramas, stories and essays, printed in the Indian magazines or circulated in cheap editions, count their readers by tens of thousands. He is the acknowledged master of Bengali literature." He has been translating a selection of his poems into English prose and arrangements are being made to publish the volume this autumn under the editorship of W. B. Yeats.

Nevertheless, if the native Indian may not hope to write anything enduring in English, he writes a good deal in it that is interesting and valuable. S. Radhakrishnan has just published a learned and very admirably written work on "Essentials of Psychology"; S. M. Mitra is publishing this month a collection of his Anglo-Indian studies; and there are native Indian authors who bid fair to become formidable competitors for the average English novelist. I have heard from several who are keen to win success in this direction and whose outlook and experiences are typified in those of S. B. Banerjea, a well known Calcutta journalist. After



Photo by Elliott & Fry. S. M. Mitra.



Romesh C. Dutt.

⁴ Dent. (Everyman's Library.) ⁵ Henry Frowde.

he had taken his degree in the Inter Arts examination, his father wished him to study for the bar, and he was prepared to obey, but a break-down of his health intererred with his plans. During his illness, more as a pastime than otherwise, he devoted himself to novel writing, and by the time he was better, the scribbling fever had taken him too strongly to be resisted. He contributed articles gratis to divers papers; tried them with short stories which were rejected, then had the satisfaction of getting an article accepted and well paid for by a Chicago weekly. The editor of that weekly invited further contributions, and he proceeded to deluge him with stories and articles which all came back. In despair, he took himself severely to task and realised that all was not well with his English, so he had a course of lessons in article and short story writing from an American school of journalism. What he learned of his faults there was, he says, "an eye-opener"; and as a result of this tuition he was presently contributing freely to various Indian and English journals. In 1907, reprinting several of his newspaper and magazine sketches, he published his first book, "Misunderstood." His next, a scientific romance of the Jules Verne pattern called "1513 Sal," appeared in 1908; but this was written in the Indian vernacular—it was, he remarks, the first scientific romance published in the Bengali language, and he is now preparing an English translation of it. In 1909 he published in Allahabad a play in one act, "The Inimitable Mrs. Markhamby," and a sensational novel, "Thieves and Swindlers," and in London another novel, "The Adventures of Mrs. Russell." In 1910 appeared his "Tales of Bengal,"¹ which was eulogised in a column review by *The Times*, and in two columns by *The Anglo-India Journal*, which followed our own bad example with the Kipling school and dubbed him "the Bengali George Eliot", and last year came a volume of "Indian Detective Stories."²

Mr Banerjea has for some four or five years been active on the staff of an Anglo-Indian daily, and is Calcutta correspondent of a prominent Continental daily. He complains that there is no literary life in India "as one finds it in Europe and America. Here, ninety-nine authors out of a hundred have to publish books at their own expense; seventy per cent. of them fail to pay their way, twenty-five per cent. return a little to their authors, and only five per cent. prove really successful, in this last class being included law books and school and college texts as well as fiction. The reason for this is that the buying public is so small. Things would undoubtedly be improved if enterprising publishers of the Western type would come into being here. As for journalistic life, the less said about it the better, few

journals yield a sufficient revenue, and the rest struggle and live precarious lives." He is at present engaged on a semi-religious novel and a small book dealing with the supernatural, and is laying plans, which he believes will mature triumphantly, for starting an English daily in Calcutta.

Whether India will ever make any appreciable addition to the literature of Greater Britain is a matter that



S. B. Banerjea.

is still on the knees of the gods; but the Colonies have already added to its riches, and it would not be surprising if the great creative English literature of the future came from them rather than from us. When wealth accumulates it is not only men that decay, and where there is too much criticism there is never enough new literature. It may seem strange at first blush, especially when their rawness and lack of cultured environment is considered, that the literature of the Colonies should have run so largely to poetry, but there is nothing strange in that, of course, for poetry is one of the attributes of youth. Was it not said when our nation was younger that England, too, was a nest of singing birds? But we are past our nonage. Born to a glorious literary heritage, with a great literature ready made for us, we have less incentive to increase it than to write about and to criticise it. Our morning is behind us, the bloom has been rubbed from our enthusiasms—in a word, we are grown up, and I sometimes fancy that, in our literary aspect, we have arrived at that mature, uninspired, mid-day stage when a man is not so naturally disposed to be restless and over-energetic as to settle to a comfortable after-lunch nap. With the Colonies it is all otherwise. They are still at the beginning; they have not had time yet to do much for themselves and happily have not had everything done for them; and the distinctive note of their literature for, after all, it has one—is its abounding youthfulness, its vigour and freshness, its eagerness of achievement, the sense of impetuous aspiration and undeveloped power that underlies its often careless utterance. They are still at the beginning, with everything to do, a great literature yet to make, the world before them; and they are going forward in that strength of their youth with the dawn still in their faces.

¹ Longmans. ² Gay & Hancock.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original LYRIC.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epitaph on the late summer in four lines of verse.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best Lyric is awarded to Miss Helen K. Watts, of Lenton Vicarage, Nottingham, for the following:

TO A LANDSCAPE ARTIST.

Thus our Mother, Nature, "From the world I veil me:
Old and weary-hearted may not read mine eyes:
'Tis the deathless children in a raptur' wise
Love me as if human, as a spirit hail me!"

So you follow, follow, where Her robes are sweeping
Warm ethereal light across the morning sky,
Where the contemplative shining waters lie,
All Her gentlest secrets in their quiet keeping

Trees have whispered to you, "Little human Brother,
Mystically tender is Her veiled face"
We who once have seen its dear elusive grace
Serve in patient rapture evermore the Mother!"

Winds have touched your spirit with Her fleetest feeling,
Dreamy smiles and passions wistful unto tears:
Night has murmured, sleeping, "As my Silence nears,
Lo, the moments of Her mightiest revealing!"

So you follow, follow, passionately tender,
With a child's wise rapture, till She knows you true:
Till She turns to greatly give Herself to you,
And your eyes behold Her in unveiled splendour!

John from dreary Patmos saw a City golden
Gloriously builded in the desert skies:
Pictured it sublimely unto blinder eyes
Till they too in vision saw the Unbeholden!

Lo, we walk unseeing over fields Elysian,
Darkly through the glowing Paradisal light,
Till the Heaven about us flashes into sight
Underneath the fingers of the Sons of Vision!

HELEN K. WATTS.

We select for printing:

FEET IN THE SNOW.

Little feet in the snow,
Tell me, where do you go?
And tell me, who did you bear?
Was it a maiden fair?
Say, was she tall and slender?
Her eyes, were they merry or tender?
Her lips, did they mock or smile?
I shall know in a little while,
For know, little feet in the snow,
I shall follow wherever you go.

Little feet in the snow,
Do you know why I love you so?
Your stainless soul I have read
In your firm white maiden tread.
The thoughts you shed around
Were pure as the snow on the ground.
But alas! Busy snowflakes white
Fast cover your traces light;
I shall never know where you go,
Little feet in the snow

(Dorothy Poole, South Lawn, Godalming.)

PARTING.

Love, I have come to waken you,
With lips a-tremble, heart a-sore;
The world is sleeping while we two
Must meet this once, and meet no more:
The mighty moon is near, my love,
The wistful stars are sad on high,—
And there is no one here, my love,
But God—and you and I!

Feel your bosom beating fast,
See the tears upon your face,
Farewell!—this kiss must be our last,
And this the last, the last, embrace:
Be strong, and do not fear, my love,
—speak this bitter sad goodbye,
For there is none to hear, my love,
But God—and you and I!

(Norman Davidge Gulluck, 6, Chantry Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

Love in a garden playing
Spied where two friends drew nigh,
Carelessly laughing and talking.
Love, grown suddenly shy,
Hid in a tangle of misty green
Watching the two stroll by.

Nobody saw the rascal.
(Nobody looked to see.)
Love selected his arrow,
Fitted it in with glee,
Laughing, sped it upon its course
Then turned him round to flee
But subtle tendrils held him
Snared at ankle and wrist.
Vainly the culprit struggled,
Trying each turn and twist,
Till the lovers parted the tangle
And there lay Love in a mist.

(Guenn F. Newnham, "Westbrook," York Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.)

There are good Lyrics, too, among the many others that have been sent in, and we select from among them for special commendation those written by Isidore G. Ascher (London, W.), E. R. (Hull), Lorna Fane (Rhyl), C. G. Taylor (Heswall), M. S. Carter (Brighton), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), T. Scharf (London, N.E.), Violet Pascoe Williams (London, S.E.), Bertram N. Parker (Matlock Bath), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Wayland Young (Sheffield), Maude Collett (Wimbledon), W. G. Priest (Norwich), Wilfrid M. Appleby (Southend-on-Sea), Mona Garrod Turner (Southwold), Miss I. M. S. Keely (Twickenham), John Helston (New Wandsworth), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury), Thomas Sharp (Merton Park), Wallace Davies (Salop), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Arthur Shearsby (Leamington Spa), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Lily Irwin (Leamington Spa), Jim Crabbe (Breechin), A. M. Bowyer Rosmann (London, N.), M. A. Newman (Badingham), G. T. Holme (Gt. Malvern), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Mary Bradford Whiting (Ramsgate), Marjorie

C. Barnard (London, S.W.), M. F. Cock (Ashford), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), H. R. King (Streatham), Edward S. D. Liveing (Warwick), Margaret Painter (Wimbledon), Agnes E. M. Baker (West Hampstead), Kate Bedford (Brighouse), Thomas H. Green (Eastbourne), C. Evan Jones (Brockenhurst), H. M. Waithman (Chudleigh), Aaron Isenberg (Liverpool), Percy Merriman (Highgate), Ellen B. Watts (Penistone), Norman Davidge Gullick (Bristol), Rose E. Sharland (Bristol), Edmund Howard (Putney), A. H. Scales (Paddington), Dorothea Anderson (Dumfries), Herbert Hodder (Kingston-on-Thames), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), Nigel O. Parry (Rualbon), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet, Hants), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), E. Frederic Seymour (Kilburn), Edith Jotham (Port St. Mary), Doris Dean, Isaac Rosinberg (Hampstead), Martin Kinder (Norwich), Marcia Knight (Rushdene), Annie M. Luke (Plumstead), Edith M. Hills (Boxmoor), Annie Kate Hickson (Leicester), William Nettleton (Huddersfield), Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Eastbourne), P. Selver (Fulham), Albert Fuller (Cardiff)

- II THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Stewart L. Blaxlev, of 14, King's Road, Bicester, Oxon, for the following:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT LADY.

Edited by M. CHARLES NICOLLAND (Heinemann)

Alas, I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.
TENNYSON—*The Talking Oak*

We also select for printing:

A LOST IDENTITY. BY DAVID HENNESSEY

"Domestic bliss has proved my bane,
A harder case you never heard
My wife (in other matters sane)
Pretends that I'm a Dickey-bird!"
Ballads by Sir W. S. GILBERT—"Bab."

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Fleet, Hants)

INITIALS ONLY. BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

(Eveleigh Nash.)

"O breathe not his name."

TOM MOORE'S SONGS.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

"HOW 'T WAS." BY STEPHEN REYNOLDS. (Macmillan.)

"No doubt the Editor of 'Notes and Queries'
Or 'Things not generally known' could tell."
C. S. CALVERLEY—*To Mrs. Goodchild*.

(Miss M. K. Perkins, at Heathfield Lodge, Ilkley, Yorks.)

"THE LADY NEXT DOOR." BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending."

WORDSWORTH—*The Solitary Reaper*.

(A. Ernest Smith, 119, Whipps Cross Road, Leytonstone, N.E.)

"THE LADY NEXT DOOR." BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

"I look'd at her and look'd again
And did not wish her mine."

WORDSWORTH—*The Two April Mornings*.

(Thomas Sharp, 8, Broadwater Terrace, Cannon Hill Lane, Merton Park, S.W.)

"ONE OF US." BY GILBERT FRANKAU.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"The delicate question, which
Of us two goes to the kettle, arose,
And we argued it out as sich."

W. S. GILBERT—*The Lay of the Nancy Bell*. Bab Ballads.

(Claude L. Penrose, G.C., R.M. Academy, Woolwich.)

THE LEE SHORE. BY R. MACAULAY (winner of the first prize in the Hodder and Stoughton £1,000 Prize Novel Competition).

"I bear away my recompense"

WORDSWORTH—*To the Highland Girl of Inversneyde*

(Miss H. M. Ingle, 67, Bournemouth Road, Merton Park, S.W.)

- III. —We have received a very large number of quotations suitable for placing on the Memorial to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, but much the best of these is one that has been submitted by fifteen different Competitors. We therefore divide the Prize between the two whose answers were sent in first, and are forwarding Two NEW BOOKS to Mrs. B. M. Renton, of Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. T. H. Raymond, of the Mill House, Ashurst, Kent, for the following:

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy"

HAMLET.

- IV. —A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. W. F. Spalding, of 22, Lightcliffe Road, Palmer's Green, N., for the following:

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FOOL. BY AUGUST STRINDBERG
(Swift, Stephen & Co.)

August Strindberg's life was undoubtedly a strange one, but the unhappiness of his marriage, however appalling, hardly justified his writing these revelations. The theme, drawn from a critical observance of his wife's character, is distinguished by a peculiar rhetorical force, and for cynicism, satire and invective, the confessions he has attributed to this "fool" surpass anything penned by Rousseau. The bitterness revealed is unpleasantly like the product of a disordered mind, and one wonders with what feelings the prudish critics of "Jude the Obscure" or the "New Machiavelli" will view the appearance of this remarkably outspoken contribution to European literature.

Among the rest of the other reviews received are:

"THE RED HAND OF ULSTER." BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM
(Smith Elder & Co.)

This delightful book should be read by every politician at the earliest possible instant, for its theme is the attitude of Ulster towards Home Rule, to-day, to-morrow, and the day after—or rather in the middle of next week. The narrator of these serio-comic happenings, Lord Kilmore, is wholly unbiased, and satirises everybody's politics, with equal impartiality and wit. There is sparkling humour on every page, yet a grim earnestness in places which the most superficial reader cannot fail to apprehend. Indeed, one wonders at times whether tragedy will rule the final scene, but happily Burlesque prevails.

(Arnold S. Walton, 81, Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

THE GREEK GENIUS, AND ITS MEANING TO US.
BY R. W. LIVINGSTONE. (Clarendon Press.)

A spirited defence of the teaching of classics as opposed to the idea of substituting modern languages. The author compares products of the Greek genius, such as Sappho or Homer, with representative moderns like the Brownings and Oscar Wilde. He lays especial stress on the fact that the great attention paid by the Greeks to the care and development of the body was never allowed to interfere with the cultivation of their intellectual powers. Hence, he argues that the Greek genius is not only a living force, but one that is singularly applicable to the conditions of modern life.

(D. Lefchure, Burnham, St. Aubyn's, Jersey.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by E. Kathleen White (London, W.), James A. Richards (Tenby), R. G. Wyatt (Wimbledon), Miss Lewin Lane (Wolverhampton), Mary Kingdom (Mallaig), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), William F. Robinson (Cambridge), M. A. Newman (Badingham), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Annie Elack Higgins (Hoylake), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss L. Mugford (Kent), C. Glasgow (Westbury), J. F. Hams (Cambridge), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Miss J. Lewthwaite (Birkenhead), Miss Richey (Belfast), W. R. Dodds Fairbairn (Edinburgh), Maurice Frank (London, S.W.),

- V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Edward Ward, 112, Chichester Road, South Shields.

ANDREW LANG.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

I NVITED to note down some of my recollections of Andrew Lang, I find myself suspended between the sudden blow of his death and the slow development of memory, now extending in unbroken friendship over thirty-five years. The magnitude and multitude of Lang's performances, public and private, during that considerable length of time almost paralyse expression; it is difficult to know where to begin or where to stop. Just as his written works are so extremely numerous as to make a pathway through them a formidable task in bibliography, no one book standing out predominant, so his character, intellectual and moral, was full of so many apparent inconsistencies, so many pitfalls for rash assertion, so many queer caprices of impulse, that in a whole volume of analysis, which would be tedious, one could scarcely do justice to them all. I will venture to put down, almost at haphazard, what I remember that seems to me to have been overlooked, or inexactlly stated, by those who wrote, often very sympathetically, at the moment of his death, always premising that I speak rather of a Lang of from 1877 to 1890, when I saw him very frequently, than of a Lang whom younger people met chiefly in Scotland.

When he died, all the newspapers were loud in proclaiming his "versatility." But I am not sure that he was not the very opposite of versatile. I take "versatile" to mean changeable, fickle, constantly ready to alter direction with the weathercock. The great instance of versatility in literature is Ruskin, who adopted diametrically different views of the same subject at different times of his life, and defended them with equal ardour. To be versatile seems to be unsteady, variable. But Lang was through his long career singularly unaltered; he never changed his point of view; what he liked and admired as a youth he liked and admired as an elderly man. It is true that his interests and knowledge were vividly drawn along a surprisingly large number of channels, but while there was abundance there does not seem to me to have been versatility. If a huge body of

water boils up from a crater, it may pour down a dozen paths outside, but these will always be the same; unless there is an earthquake, new cascades will not form nor old rivulets run dry. In some authors earthquakes do take place—as in Tolstoi, for instance, and in S. T. Coleridge—but nothing of this kind was ever manifest in Lang, who was extraordinarily multiform, yet in his varieties strictly consistent from Oxford to the grave. As this is not generally perceived, I will take the liberty of expanding my view of his intellectual development.

To a superficial observer in late life the genius of Andrew Lang had the characteristics which we are in the habit of identifying with precocity. Yet he had not been, as a writer, precocious in his youth. One slender volume of verses represents all that he published in book form before his thirty-fifth year. No doubt we shall learn in good time what he was doing before he flashed upon the world of journalism in all his panoply of graces, in 1876, at the close of his Merton fellowship. He was then, at all events, the finest finished product of his age, with the bright armour of Oxford burnished on his body to such a brilliance that humdrum eyes could hardly bear the radiance of it. Of the terms behind, of the fifteen years then dividing him from St.

Andrews, we know as yet but little; they were years of insatiable acquirement, incessant reading, and talking, and observing—gay preparation for a life to be devoted, as no other life in our time has been, to the stimulation of other people's observation and talk and reading. There was no cloistered virtue about the bright and petulant Merton don. He was already flouting and jesting, laughing with Ariosto in the sunshine, performing with a snap of his fingers tasks which might break the back of a pedant, and concealing under an affectation of carelessness a literary ambition which knew no definite bounds.

In those days, and when he appeared for the first time in London, the poet was paramount in him. Jowett is said to have predicted that he would be greatly

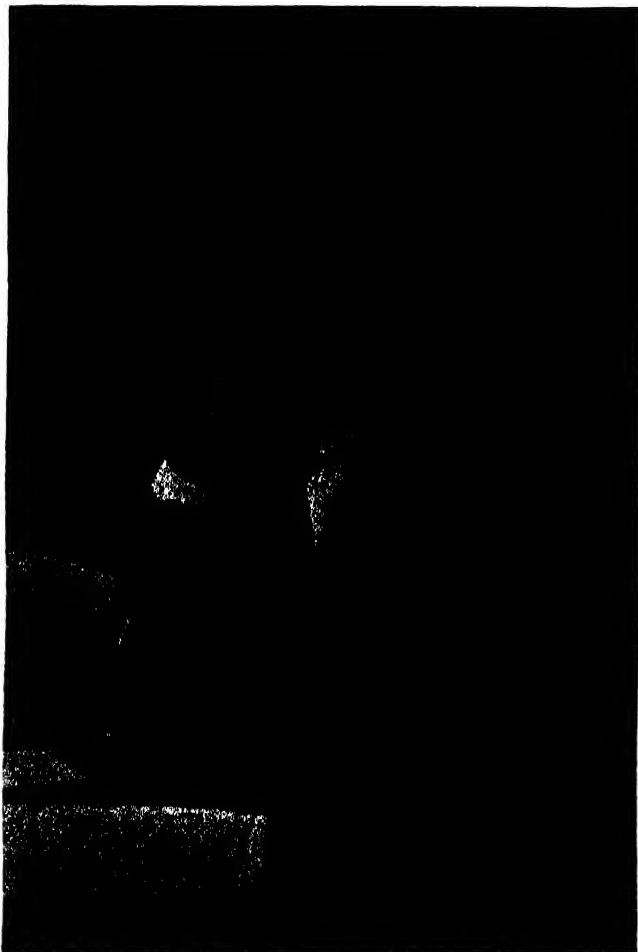


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Andrew Lang.

famous in this line, but I know not what evidence Jowett had before him. Unless I am much mistaken, it was not until Lang left Balliol that his peculiar bent became obvious. Up to that time he had been a promiscuous browser upon books, much occupied, moreover, in the struggle with ancient Greek, and immersed in Aristotle and Homer. But in the early days of his settlement at Merton he began to concentrate his powers, and I think there were certain influences which were instant and far-reaching. Among them one was pre-eminent. When Andrew Lang came up from St. Andrews he had found Matthew Arnold occupying the ancient chair of Poetry at Oxford. He was a listener at some at least of the famous lectures which, in 1865, were collected as "Essays in Criticism"; while one of his latest experiences as a Balliol undergraduate was hearing Matthew Arnold lecture on the study of Celtic literature. His conscience was profoundly stirred by "Culture and Anarchy" (1869); his sense of prose-form largely determined by "Friendship's Garland" (1871). I have no hesitation in saying that the teaching and example of Matthew Arnold prevailed over all other Oxford influences upon the intellectual nature of Lang, while, although I think that his personal acquaintance with Arnold was very slight, yet in his social manner there was, in early days, not a little imitation of Arnold's aloofness and superfine delicacy of address. It was unconscious, of course, and nothing would have enraged Lang more than to have been accused of "imitating Uncle Matt."

The structure which his own individuality now began to build on the basis supplied by the learning of Oxford, and in particular by the study of the Greeks, and "dressed" by courses of Matthew Arnold, was from the first eclectic. Lang eschewed as completely what was not sympathetic to him as he assimilated what was attractive to him. Those who speak of his "versatility" should recollect what large tracts of the literature of the world, and even of England, existed outside the dimmest apprehension of Andrew Lang. It is, however, more useful to consider what he did apprehend; and there were two English books, published in his Oxford days, which permanently impressed him: one of these was "The Earthly Paradise," the other D. G. Rossetti's "Poems." In after years he tried to divest himself of the traces of these volumes, but he had fed upon their honey-dew and it had permeated his veins.

Not less important an element in the garnishing of a mind already prepared for it by academic and æsthetic studies was the absorption of the romantic part of French literature. Andrew Lang in this, as in everything else, was selective. He dipped into the wonderful lucky-bag of France wherever he saw the glitter of romance. Hence his approach, in the early seventies, was threefold: towards the mediæval *lais* and *chansons*, towards the sixteenth-century Pléiade, and towards the school of which Victor Hugo was the leader in the nineteenth century. For a long time Ronsard was Lang's poet of intensest predilection; and I think that his definite ambition was to be the Ronsard of modern England, introducing a new poetical dexterity founded on a revival of pure humanism. He had in those days—what he lost, or at least dispersed, in the weariness and growing melancholia of later years—a splendid belief in poetry as a part of the renown of England, as a heritage

to be received in reverence from our fathers, and to be passed on, if possible, in a brighter flame. This honest and beautiful ambition to shine as one of the permanent benefactors to national verse, in the attitude so nobly sustained four hundred years ago by Du Bellay and Ronsard, was unquestionably felt by Andrew Lang through his bright intellectual April, and supported him from Oxford times until 1882, when he published "Helen of Troy." The cool reception of that epic by the principal judges of poetry caused him acute disappointment, and from that time forth he became less eager and less serious as a poet, more and more petulantly expending his wonderful gifts on fugitive subjects. And here again, when one comes to think of it, the old history repeated itself, since in "Helen of Troy" Lang simply suffered as Ronsard had done in the "Franciade." But the fact that 1882 was his year of crisis, and the tomb of his brightest ambition, must be recognised by everyone who closely followed his fortunes at that time.

Lang's habit of picking out of literature and of life the plums of romance, and these alone, comes to be, to the dazzled observer of his extraordinarily vivid intellectual career, the principal guiding line. This determination to dwell, to the exclusion of all other sides of any question, on its romantic side is alone enough to rebut the charge of versatility. Lang was in a sense encyclopædic; but the vast dictionary of his knowledge had blank pages, or pages pasted down, on which he would not, or could not, read what experience had printed. Absurd as it sounds, there was always something maidenly about his mind, and he glossed over ugly matters, sordid and dull conditions, so that they made no impression whatever upon him. He had a trick, which often exasperated his acquaintances, of declaring that he had "never heard" of things that everybody else was very well aware of. He had "never heard the name" of people he disliked, of books that he thought tiresome, of events that bored him; but, more than this, he used the formula for things and persons whom he did not wish to discuss. I remember meeting in the street a famous professor, who advanced with uplifted hands and greeted me with "What *do* you think Lang says now? That he has never heard of Pascal!" This merely signified that Lang, not interested (at all events for the moment) in Pascal, nor in the professor, thus closed at once all possibility of discussion.

It must not be forgotten that we have lived to see him, always wonderful indeed, and always passionately devoted to perfection and purity, but worn, tired, harassed by the unceasing struggle, the life-long slinging of sentences from that inexhaustible ink-pot. In one of the most perfect of his poems, "Natural Theology," Lang speaks of Cagn, the great hunter, who once was kind and good, but who was spoiled by fighting many things. Lang was never "spoiled," but he was injured; the surface of the radiant coin was rubbed by the vast and interminable handling of journalism. He was jaded by the toil of writing many things. Hence it is not possible but that those who knew him intimately in his later youth and early middle age should prefer to look back at those years when he was the freshest, the most exhilarating figure in living literature, when a star seemed to dance upon the crest of his already silvering hair. Baudelaire exclaimed of Théophile Gautier:

"*Homme heureux ! homme digne d'envie ! il n'a jamais aimé que le Beau !*" and of Andrew Lang in those brilliant days the same might have been said. As long as he had confidence in beauty he was safe and strong ; and much that, with all affection and all respect, one cannot deny was rasping and disappointing in his attitude to literature in his latest years, seems to have been due to a decreasing sense of confidence, of certitude, in the intellectual sources of beauty. It is dangerous, in the end it must be fatal, to sustain the entire structure of life and thought on the illusions of romance. But that was what Lang did ; he built his house upon the rainbow.

The charm of Andrew Lang's person and company was founded upon a certain lightness, an essential gentleness and elegance, which were relieved by a sharp touch ; just as a very dainty fruit may be preserved from mawkishness by something delicately acid in the rind of it. His nature was slightly inhuman : it was unwise to count upon its sympathy beyond a point which was very easily reached in social intercourse. If any single soul showed an inclination, in eighteenth-century phrase, to "repose on the bosom" of Lang, that support was immediately withdrawn, and the confiding one fell among thorns. Lang was like an Angora cat, whose gentleness, and soft fur, and general aspect of pure amenity, invite to caresses which are suddenly met by the outspread paw with claws awake. This uncertain and freakish humour was the embarrassment of his friends, who, however, were preserved from despair by the fact that no malice was meant and that the weapons were instantly sheathed again in velvet. Only, the instinct to give a sudden slap, half in play, half in fretful caprice, was incorrigible. No one among Lang's intimate friends but has suffered from this feline impulse, which did not spare even the serenity of Robert Louis Stevenson. But, tiresome as it sometimes was, this irritable humour seldom cost Lang a friend who was worth preserving.

His own swift spirit never brooded upon an offence, and could not conceive that anyone else should mind what he himself minded so little and forgot so soon. Impressions swept over him very rapidly, and injuries passed completely out of his memory. Indeed, all his emotions were too fleeting, and in this there was something fairy-like ; quick and keen and blithe as he was, he did not seem altogether like an ordinary mortal, nor could the appeal to gross human experience be made to him with much chance of success. This, doubtless, is why almost all imaginative literature which is founded upon the darker parts of life, all squalid and painful tragedy, all stories that "don't end well," all religious experiences, all that is not superficial and romantic, was irksome to him. He tried sometimes to reconcile his mind to the consideration of real life ; he concentrated his matchless powers on it ; but he always disliked it. He could persuade himself to be partly just to Ibsen or Hardy or Dostoevsky, but what he really enjoyed was Dumas *pere*, because that fertile romance-writer rose serene above the phenomena of actual human experience. We have seen more of this type in English literature than the Continental nations have in theirs, but we have seen no instance of its strength and weakness so eminent as Andrew Lang. He was the fairy in our midst, the wonder-working, incorporeal and tricky fay

of letters, who paid for all his wonderful gifts and charms by being not quite a man of like passions with the rest of us. In some verses which he scribbled to R.L.S. and threw away, twenty years ago, he acknowledged this unearthly character, and, speaking of the depredations of his kin, he said :

"Faith, they might steal *me*, wi' ma will,
And, ken'd I ony Fairy hill,
I'd lay me down there, snod and still,
Their land to win ;
For, man, I've maistly had my fill
O' this world's din."

His wit had something disconcerting in its impishness. Its rapidity and sparkle were dazzling, but it was not quite hum in ; that is to say, it conceded too little to the exigencies of flesh and blood. If we can conceive a seraph being funny, it would be in the manner of Andrew Lang. Moreover, his wit usually danced over the surface of things, and rarely penetrated them. In verbal parry, in ironic misunderstanding, in breathless agility of topsy-turvy movement, Lang was like one of Milton's "yellow-skirted fays," sporting with the helpless, moon-bewildered traveller. His wit often had a depressing, a humiliating effect, against which one's mind presently revolted. I recollect an instance which may be thought to be apposite : I was passing through a phase of enthusiasm for Emerson, whom Lang very characteristically detested, and I was so ill-advised as to show him the famous epigram called "Brahma." Lang read it with a snort of derision (it appeared to be new to him), and immediately he improvised this parody :

"If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They, too, shall perish unconsolated.
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all."

This would make a pavilion cat laugh, and I felt that Emerson was done for. But when Lang had left me, and I was once more master of my mind, I reflected that the parody was but a parody, wonderful for its neatness and quickness, and for its seizure of what was awkward in the roll of Emerson's diction, but essentially superficial. However, what would wit be if it were profound ? I must leave it there, feeling that I have not explained why Lang's extraordinary drollery in conversation so often left on the memory a certain sensation of distress.

But this was not the characteristic of his humour at its best, as it was displayed throughout the happiest period of his written work. If, as seems possible, it is as an essayist that he will ultimately take his place in English literature, this element will continue to delight fresh generations of enchanted readers. I cannot imagine that the preface to his translation of "*Theocritus*," "Letters to Dead Authors," "In the Wrong Paradise," "Old Friends," and "Essays in Little," will ever lose their charm ; but future admirers will have to pick their way to them through a tangle of history and anthropology and mythology, where there may be left no perfume and no sweetness. I am impatient to see this vast mass of writing reduced to the limits of its author's delicate, true, but somewhat evasive and ephemeral

genius. However, as far as the circumstances of his temperament permitted, Andrew Lang has left with us the memory of one of our most surprising contemporaries, a man of letters who laboured without cessation from boyhood to the grave, who pursued his ideal with

indomitable activity and perseverance, and who was never betrayed except by the loftiness of his own endeavour. Lang's only misfortune was not to be completely in contact with life, and his work will survive exactly where he was most faithful to his innermost illusions.

New Books.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

In this, the latest volume of Mr. Lane's edition of Anatole France's works, we are carried back to France of the latter years of Louis XIV., and we are introduced to two of the author's most celebrated characters, Elme Laurent Jacques Ménétrier, otherwise Jacques Tournebroche, and the Abbé Jérôme Coignard. Jacques is a youth who turns the spit in his father's cook-shop in the Rue Saint Jacques at the sign of the Reine Pédaque, and the Abbé is a learned but dissolute priest, who wanders in there one day for something to eat and gets himself installed as his tutor. Then comes Monsieur d'Astarac, the rich and mad astrologer, who carries them off to his house outside Paris, in order that they may work in his library. There are the usual adventures with pretty girls, and finally there is a flight from Paris, a pursuit, the violent death of poor Coignard, and the return to Paris of Jacques Tournebroche, who ends up as a bookseller at the Sign of the Image de Sainte Catherine.

Of course, this is hardly the merest epitome of the novel, but then there is nothing to be gained by trying to epitomise novels of Anatole France. For the story, as such, is relatively unimportant, and the whole charm and exquisite flavour of his books is in their atmosphere, their delicate perception of character, and their general air of irony and culture. *At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque* is no exception to this. The story, though it is certainly full of amusing and even exciting incidents, is, as it were, something almost apart from the characters. They seem to fall into it, and it has no real influence upon them except in so much as it gives them new ideas for conversation. They are not really influenced by their surroundings, as the figures in a Russian novel are, let us say, but they appear to be already formed and to be taking life as a matter of course. No doubt this is rather an exaggeration, but, in the main, it is the impression one gathers from reading a book such as *At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque*. It is the picturesque method developed intellectually. Probably, much of this arises from Anatole France's habit (as Mr. Locke mentions in his preface), of representing his own views in the guise of one of his characters. One can easily see how that would be apt to focus the interest of the book, and not only the interest but the reality, on the opinions its figures express, rather than on the adventures they encounter.

The Anatole France of this novel, if one may use the phrase, is most assuredly the Abbé Coignard. He it is whose ripe learning, wisdom, and geniality, spread a warm glow from cover to cover. He is also, by the way, a cheat, thief, and a licentious-minded drinker, but he carries everything off with such good grace that one does not seem to object at all. His love of learning is a genuine passion, and his work in the library of Monsieur d'Astarac deserved a better fate than that fire which consumed his manuscript at the same time as it consumed the unfortunate astrologer himself. This Monsieur d'Astarac is a very extraordinary creation. Although quite mad in his pursuit of salamanders, he is not without a certain astuteness that gives one an uneasy feeling that perhaps, he realized more of what was going on around him than he cared to acknowledge.

* "At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. With an Introduction by William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

For his conversation is almost entirely that sort of fatago of learned nonsense that used to pass muster amongst the old astrologers. He is of course, great on transmuting metals, reading the starry heavens, and crystal-gazing, and, like all madmen, he is made only more certain in his madness by each disappointment and failure. Perhaps the most thrilling moment in the book is, when his house is being burned down, the alchemist is seen running round the parapet, calling aloud, "I rise on the wings of the flame into the abode of divine life" before falling back into the blazing mass. Then there is Tournebroche, the ardent and unscrupulous lover, the eager scholar, the adventurous youth on the threshold of life; and there is Brother Ange, the "unworthy Capuchin," full of failings and very human; and there is the frail and beautiful Catherine, and the equally frail and still more beautiful Jael, and there is the uncertain and fiery-tempered Monsieur d'Anquetil, whose money wins Jael from Tournebroche; and there are others too numerous and too unimportant to mention particularly.

But anyone who knows anything about Anatole France, knows that it is in the dialogues his characters indulge in that you get the concentrated essence of the author. Into these he pours all his ironical and clear philosophy, his exposure of human folly, his wisdom and his wide familiarity with the classics and the Middle Ages. The best that a reviewer can do is to send the reader straight to the book.

All the same there is something that disappoints one about this novel. It seems to lack depth and it does not move one. There is little sign of "tragic conflict" in the hearts of the various characters, for indeed, it is obvious that they are incapable of much suffering. They are real in a sense, but their reality is on the surface. Like everything Anatole France writes the book is complete and brilliant but even so it is not difficult to realize its limitations. For true genius it cannot hold a candle to "Thais."

As regards the translation, this certainly appears to be a competent piece of work, though of course, one cannot help losing by having to read the book in English. It is impossible to convey the finish and beauty of Anatole France's style; and, without that, the bloom is gone. And the practice of putting explanatory notes at the foot of the text is one that should be avoided. One does not wish the book to lose its character of fiction. If a reader wants to know who all these obscure people are that are alluded to he should be left to find out for himself. After all, this is a novel and not a work of history.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE FOURTH GENERATION.*

What a full and interesting life has been Mrs. Ross's! And on what an overflowing treasury of memories has she not drawn to fill, again to overflowing, the four hundred pages of "The Fourth Generation"! A glance at the index whets the most jaded appetite; for, tumbling over each other, leap the names of Kinglake, Richard Doyle, Tom Taylor, Tennyson, Layard, George Meredith, Grote, Buckle, de Lesseps, Watts, Barthélemy St. Hilaire,

* "The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences by Janet Ross." (Author of "Three Generations of English Women," to which "The Fourth Generation" is the sequel) 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



Janet Ross.

By Lord Leighton.

From "The Fourth Generation," by Janet Ross (Constable).

Guizot, Mark Twain, Carlyle, John Addington Symonds—in a word, everybody of note in the Victorian era. In England, in Egypt, in Italy, she met all the people who were doing great things; all the people who were worth knowing, in the worlds of politics, of affairs, of letters, and of art; and she made them her friends (one dare hazard the compliment) by the charm and gaiety which still live here, in the record she has written at the hour of eventide.

To review "The Fourth Generation" is to review a lifetime—and that is impossible within reasonable limits. One can but say, by way of direction to readers avid of human talk, "Here is much pleasant matter! Read, and be refreshed!" And if that be not sufficient recommendation, one can but pick certain plums and offer them as samples of this delightful garden's fruit.

Who has not read "Evan Harrington?" Well—

"'Evan Harrington' (which was first called 'He Would be a Gentleman') was my novel, because Rose Jocelyn was myself. (Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn were my father and mother, and Miss Current was Miss Louisa Courtenay, a very old friend of my parents, who often stayed with us at Esher). With the magnificent impertinence of sixteen I would interrupt Meredith, exclaiming: 'No, I should never have said it like that,' or 'I should not have done so.' A young Irish retriever, Peter, which I was breaking in and afterwards gave to little Arthur [Meredith's son], was immortalised in the pages of the novel at my request."

And that wonderful fairy-tale in "The Shaving of Shagpat:"

"He [Meredith] was at our house one day when M. de Haxthausen came, who impressed me deeply. Not because he was an interesting man who knew more about Russia and the East than most people, but because he had fought with the Queen of the Serpents, whose crown he wore in a little red silk bag that hung round his neck from a gold chain. With flashing eyes and vehement gestures he described how he fought with the Queen. . . . By dint of much persuasion M. de Haxthausen was induced to show his treasure, which was inside a small gold box in the red silk bag. It looked like a miniature crown fashioned out of dark amber, and a doctor who was present said, after careful examination, that it undoubtedly was a bony excrescence from

a reptile, and probably from the head. . . . Meredith never took his eyes off M. de Haxthausen while he told his weird tale, and when next he brought me home he told me a marvellous story about the Queen of the Serpents, which he afterwards developed into Bhanavar the Beautiful."

To Mrs. Ross, as a young girl, Carlyle did not appear in a quite favourable light, for one day as they were riding in Rotten Row, "his wideawake blew off; a civil working-man picked it up and ran after us. Instead of giving him sixpence, or even twopence, Carlyle said: 'Thank ye, my man; ye can just say ye've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle.'" One imagines that the meanness was forgiven, but that the vanity is not yet pardoned. Nor is Tennyson's rudeness yet forgotten: "Janet, tie my shoe," he told her imperiously, and was reproved with "Tie your own shoe; Papa says men should wait on women, not women on men." Yet, woman-like, she did stoop and tie the muddy lace! The Poet did not appreciate the blunt reproof, for he afterwards told Sir Alexander Grant Duff that his daughter was a clever girl, but extremely badly brought up!

Mrs. Ross "got on" better with de Lesseps, with whom she visited the works of the Suez Canal. She notes the great engineer's marvellous faculty of sleeping at will. "*Mon enfant, je vais dormir pendant dix minutes,*" and for ten minutes he would sleep, snoring loudly, to awake a giant refreshed. She rode races with Arab sheiks, she fraternised with fellahs, she penetrated into harems, she plucked the heart out of Egypt as much as any Westerner may, and—crowning glory!—she acted as *Times* correspondent. And then, Italy claimed her; and all who know anything of the literature on Italy that has appeared during the past twenty years know the honourable part she has played in familiarising home-dwellers with the glories of that debatable land.

Excellent in all its parts, "The Fourth Generation" is excellent as a whole. Coming from a quill that has been running for nigh on sixty years, it has as much brightness and gaiety, vividness and vivacity as one might demand from the freeliest flowing fountain-pen, fresh from the maker.

W. A. MACKENZIE.

WELSH POETRY.*

To English readers, at least to the generality, Welsh literature is rather an unknown quantity. Most of us know something of the "Mabinogion" in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation, but our knowledge of Welsh poetry is derived from such casual sources as Borrow's "Wild Wales" and Peacock's "Misfortunes of Elphin." The names of Aneurin, Taliessin, Dafydd ab Gwilym, Ceiriog, Huw Morus, Pantycelyn and a few others are familiar; but our acquaintance with their works is of the scantiest. Yet a race so vocal as the Welsh must obviously have a lyric literature; and that there are poets among the Cymri is amply proven by such Welsh writers of English as Vaughan and Herbert. Mr. Graves, himself, a well-known poet, has essayed to remove this deficiency in our education.

Taking his selection as adequate and representative, as it apparently is, we get the impression that there have always been lyric poets of ability and charm among the Welsh, but that they have never produced a writer of transcendent genius. One great difference between them and their Irish kinsmen is observable. In Ireland the Catholic faith succeeded the pagan; saints and fairies took kindly to one another; with the result that we get both mystery and romance in Irish poetry. The Protestantism of the Welsh was less accommodating. After the pagan era, paganism disappears from their verse, and there is little of mysticism in Nonconformist hymnology.

The predominant characteristic of this poetry is its feeling for nature. Dafydd ab Gwilym, the famous fourteenth century poet, has been compared with Tennyson in this

* "Welsh Poetry, Old and New, in English Verse." By Alfred Perceval Graves. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

respect, and that the comparison is justified the lines entitled "My Burial" show:

"When I die, oh, bury me
Within the free young wild wood;
Little birches, o'er me bent,
Lamenting as my child would!
Let my surplice-shroud be spun
Of sparkling summer clover;
While the great and stately trees
Their rich rood-screen hang over!
For my bier-cloth blossomed may
Outlay on eight green willows!
Sea gulls white to bear my pall
Take flight from all the billows.
Summer's cloister be my church
Of soft leaf-searching whispers,
From whose mossed bench the nightingale
To all the vale chants vespers!
Mellow toned, the brake amid,
My organ hid be cuckoo!
Paters, seemly hours and psalm
Bird voices calm re-echo!
Mystic masses, sweet addresses,
Blackbird, be thou offering;
Till God has bled to Paradise
Uplift from sighs and suffering."

A close examination of these lines will suggest the difficulties with which Mr. Graves had to contend. Not only does Welsh poetry depend largely on alliteration for its effect, but it is as full of internal and double rhymes as Provencal. To reproduce its elaborate structure faithfully in English would be impossible, but Mr. Graves by a moderate and judicious use of these peculiarities has contrived to convey a very fair idea of the effect of the original. His book contains a study of metrical forms as well as some biographical notes and a very interesting introduction. No one, therefore, who desires some knowledge of Welsh literature, could do better than consult this volume.

Those who regard literature less for its own sake than as a symptom of national health, will naturally turn to the section concerned with contemporary writers. It is by no means the least interesting section. Here, the chief note is patriotism, and there must be plenty of life in a country which has such poets as Elvet Lewis and John Morris Jones to sing its praises. Of the latter, we quote the following lines, both for their own sake and as a good example of the translator's skill:

"With such delight my garden gleams
As only haunt a poet's dreams;
Not Eden's bowers could bosom
Such blossom, such sunny beams.

"There lilies, each a lance of light,
Guard my roses blush and white;
And strawberries in rich order
Round its border invite.

"Two wells it hath of halcyon hue,
Whose lovely glances look me through,
And set my spirit upwinging
And singing in the blue.

"Believest thou I cannot show
This garden that I treasure so?
Then gaze into thy mirror;
Am I in error or no?"

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE ANGLO-INDIANS.*

Nowadays, when so many women writers strangely keep to the points of view that the masculine genius has fixed over the field of literature, it is refreshing to come across an entirely feminine way of looking at life. Mrs. Perrin is delightfully and refreshingly feminine in her outlook. It is her especial charm. In her tales of modern India she opens up vistas unrevealed by the women novelists who follow rather too faithfully down the road through the jungle that Mr. Rudyard Kipling made for his own purpose. It is like hearing, after the Anglo-Indians have chatted over their adventures, the quiet, intimate, searching views of the cleverest of their wives. All that the

* The Anglo-Indians. By Alice Perrin. 6s (Methuen & Co.)

men have done and are doing is thrown into a new perspective. They lose somewhat as individuals, but in return the real fabric of Anglo-Indian society—the home life of the race that governs a tropical continent it cannot colonise or permanently settle in—is shown in a clear and memorable manner.

A simple and pleasant love story constitutes the action of Mrs. Perrin's novel of "The Anglo-Indians." But the heroine is drawn in so lifelike and intimate a way that we followed the incidents of her courtship and marriage with a lively personal interest. Indeed, we did what readers of many novels now written by women are never given a chance of doing—we fell in love with her. Just a sweet, Miranda-like incarnation of girlish charm, touched with the romance of her exotic surroundings, she brings a note of poetry into a soberly vivid study of the homely side of Anglo-Indian society.

For Mrs. Perrin is a writer who keeps very close to the ordinary facts of life. Her novel turns on a matter of housekeeping. Fleetwood, the heroine's father, is an Anglo-Indian official of high rank able, hard-working, and delighting in the power he uses so well. He lives in a large, open-handed way, spending all his salary on a fine establishment, encouraged by his wife, who is also fond of entertaining. Of course, they have to keep house in a rather lordly way, for their position is lordly. But the same Oriental passion for display, that leads the poor Hindu native to mortgage his property in order to give a princely wedding feast, is working in the Anglo-Indians. So, when Fleetwood is pensioned off to England with no savings to buy a little country estate, the change from his noble way of life to a humble, little suburban villa "in the land of the semi-detached" is abrupt and tragical. In fact, Fleetwood pines and dies very quietly, like a dis-crowned, brooding and heart-broken king. And his daughter, who once moved like a fairy princess through the bright, thronged and spacious dominion over which her father ruled, enters a London typewriting office, trying to dull by work the remembrance of happy, far-off things.

It appears a simple, everyday theme, and Mrs. Perrin treats it simply, quietly and naturally. Yet so true and vivid is her way of portraying her characters, that the story is uncommonly striking and dramatic. And its interest is heightened by some brilliant passages of description, and some fine studies of native life and customs.

NAPOLÉON III.*

The principal contention of Baron d'Ambès is that Napoleon III. was the son, not of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, King and Queen of Holland, but of Hortense and Napoleon I. This is a rather dreadful hypothesis, and after going over all the Baron's evidence the reader will find that it is based upon nothing but gossip, scandal and the merest surmise. He adduces absolutely nothing of any weight till he has almost completed his case; then he says, in conclusion:

"I have read in the pages of *La France Impériale* in 1873 or 1874 the following letter which M. Sorlin stated he had copied from the Vatican Archives. It belongs to the epoch of the Italian insurrection, in which Hortense's two sons took part, and in which the elder met with his death."

This is the letter:

"HOLY FATHER,—My soul is overborne with grief, and I burned with indignation when I heard of the criminal attempt made by my son against your Holiness's authority. . . . The unhappy boy is dead; God have pity on him! . . . *As for the other, who usurps my name*, you are aware, Holy Father, that *he, God be thanked, is nothing to me*. I have the misfortune to have as wife a Messalina who, etc. . . ."

Are we permitted to question the genuineness of this document? Does the Baron quote it from memory? He does not even clearly remember the year in which he

* "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.: Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor." By the late Baron d'Ambès. Edited and translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. Illustrated. Two Vols. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

read it. Who is the M. Sorlin who is simply reported as having stated that he copied it from the Vatican archives? A letter of this nature should have been printed in facsimile, and vouched for in writing by a representative of the Pope. But were its authenticity positively established, this piece of evidence would bring us no nearer to the complicity of Napoleon in the affair. The Baron's whole contention, so far as the Emperor is concerned, rests as we have said entirely upon surmise. It contains nothing whatever of positive testimony. The case against Napoleon, therefore, fails through lack of all true evidence. It is always a pleasure to commend a translation by Mr. A. R. Allinson. He is one of our best French scholars, and perfectly at home in the idiom of his own language. He makes an English rendering read like an English book.

FLEEMING JENKIN.*

The "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," just published by Messrs. Longmans for the first time in separate form, is a book which, work of piety though it may be, testifying eloquently to the enduring influence which the Professor exercised over one of the most distinguished of his pupils, can scarcely be described as a literary achievement which adds anything considerable to the reputation of Robert Louis Stevenson. Written with all its author's consummate charm of style, it sets forth its subject with that blend of charity, honesty and humour which, as readers of Stevenson's "Letters" know, is to be found in all Robert Louis's judgments of character. Moreover the essential fair-mindedness of the biographer is revealed by a characteristic peculiarly un-Scottish, in a gallant yet patient exploration of character and of motive, done as it were *currente calamo*, before the reader's eyes. And yet the construction of the book is so naively faulty and unworkmanlike that one puts it down in dismay, surprised that a finished craftsman, writing the memoir of another craftsman equally scrupulous, should have succeeded in producing a

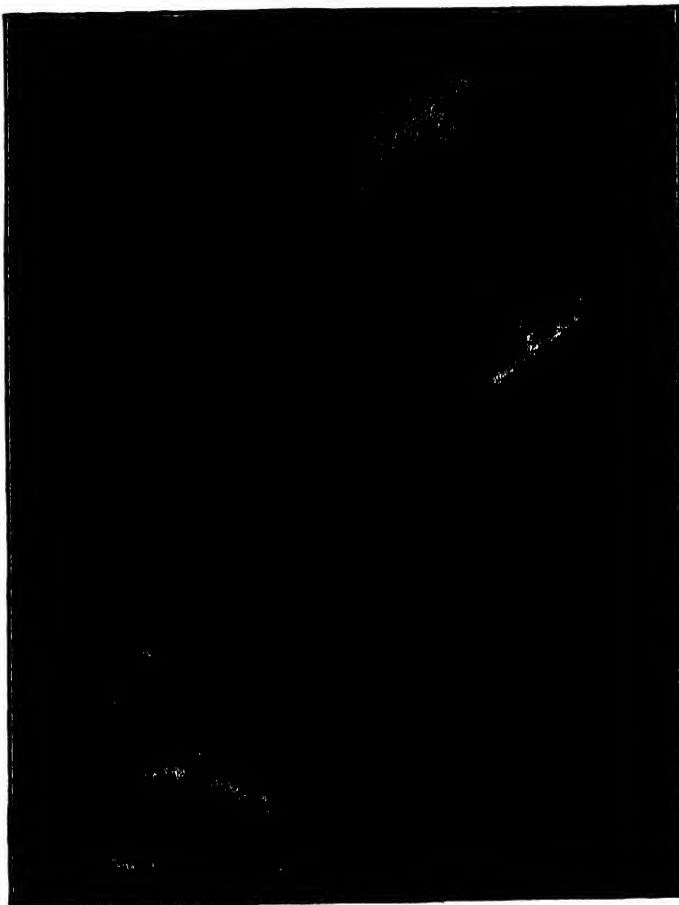
* "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin." By R. L. Stevenson. (Longmans.)

work so invertebrate, so clumsily put together. More than a quarter of the volume is devoted to extracts from a series of letters which Jenkin sent to his wife between 1858 and 1873, when he was engaged on the business of helping to lay submarine electric cables, letters which in the main are quite uninteresting save to those who happen to have a technical knowledge of the subject dealt with. These letters constitute Chapter V., Chapter VI.—necessarily the most interesting portion of the memoir—is given up to Stevenson's account of his own personal knowledge and estimate of Jenkin the man. While of the sixteen pages in which the last ten years of Jenkin's life are dismissed the greater portion of the space is allotted to an account of the fatal illnesses and deaths of various members of the engineer's family. We wonder what Fleeming Jenkin would have said of his biographer's notion of biography! "Whatever a man can do or know," says Stevenson of his friend and tutor, "Fleeming longed to know and do also. . . . Nor was his the case of the mere literary smatterer, content if he but learn the names of things. In him, to do and to do well was even a dearer ambition than to know. Anything done well, any craft, dispatch, or finish, delighted and inspired him. . . . A nail ill-driven, a joint ill-fitted, a tracing clumsily done, anything to which a man had set his hand and not set it aptly, moved him to shame and anger." A man of myriad interests, fiercely energetic, ardently enthusiastic, disputations to the point of acrimony, abounding, that is to say, over much in himself, though giving and taking blows manfully, tactless, highly serious, yet gifted with a certain sense of humour, a sense so Puritanical that it could not abide Voltaire and would most assuredly have spued out Anatole France, Fleeming Jenkin on his social side stands very fully revealed in the pages of the memoir, a likeable enough person when once you get to know him, though scarcely a clubbable man or a man of the world. Which makes it all the more regrettable that Stevenson, having made such a brilliant sketch of the lineaments of Jenkin's character, should have scamped so inexcusably the narration of the events and energies of his life, or should not have moulded the whole memoir in the form of one of the "Familiar Studies."

THE DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XV.*

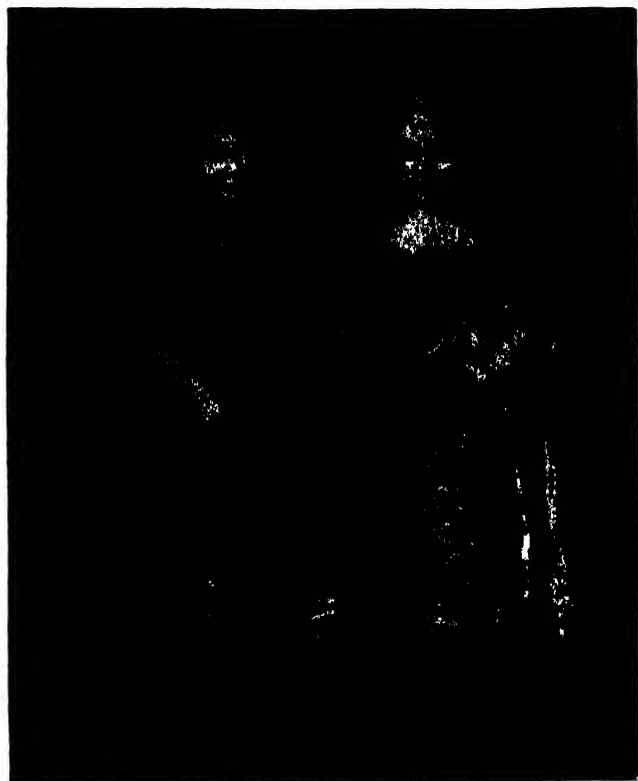
Out of an important subject M. Casimir Stryński has made a competent and readable book, which Mr. Metcalfe has well translated. How many English readers at this day are interested in Mesdames de France, the daughters of that sovereign who is chiefly remembered as the sultan of the Parc aux Cerfs? The ladies are principally known to us by Carlyle's versions of the nicknames bestowed on them—whether contemptuously or affectionately—by their father: "Rag," "Pig," "Snip," "Dud," etc. "Since the year 1875," remarks the author in his preface, "no comprehensive work has been published dealing with the daughters of Louis XV."—from which one might surmise that, even in France, their memory has passed into oblivion. M. Stryński, however, has very diligently striven to revive it, and he really succeeds in a very passable degree. There were six of these daughters of Louis XV. and Marie Leszczyńska. The eldest, Louise-Elizabeth, who left Versailles at the age of twelve, and became Duchess of Parma, was scarcely known to her French contemporaries. We take it from M. Stryński that she was the most intellectual of the family. Mme. Henriette died at twenty-five, "the incarnation of gentleness and self-sacrifice." Mme. Adelaide was celebrated for her pugnacious attitude towards Marie Antoinette in the days when the young Dauphine had a rather hard time of it to keep her footing at Court. There would be little of a kindly sort to say about Mme. Adelaide did one not remember the troublous closing years of her exile at Trieste. Mme. Victoire, whose fate was the same, cultivated friendship and gastronomy with equal

* "The Daughters of Louis XV." Translated from the French of Casimir Stryński by Cranstoun Metcalfe. Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., LL.D.

[From a photo kindly lent by Mrs. Dew Smith.
From "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," by R. L. Stevenson (Longmans.)



by Fernand Gobert

**Madame Louise Elizabeth and
Madame Henriette.**

From "The D... of Louis XV." (Chapman & Hall.)

ardour, M. Stryński insists that she ought not to be remembered solely for her prowess as a trencher-woman. To Mme. Sophie it is manifestly impossible to pay decent tribute. "Insignificant she was born, and insignificant she remains to her dying day." Mme. Louise, the youngest of these Princesses, settled down as a nun at Saint-Denis. Carmelite hagiographers have devoted a whole literature to her memory, but their point of view is not precisely M. Casimir Stryński's.

THINGS IN GENERAL.*

Between them our three essayists discourse on a vast number of topics, new and old, and do it gracefully, and without tinge of bitterness.

What is so pleasant about Mr. Holbrook Jackson's work is its genial and illuminated commonsense. No bewildering paradox comes banging at the readers' intelligence when Mr. Jackson is holding forth on men and books. No pulpit style is affected, and there is no journalistic solemnity to make us ask, "Who the dickens, then, is this fellow that he should teach mankind its business?" Mr. Jackson doesn't mind in the least risking a truism, or even a platitude if nothing else is handy. (Not that his writing is shipshod or his mind stagnant. The writing is singularly clear and straightforward, and the intellect plays freely.) But the really remarkable thing is that he discourses quite boldly and cheerfully on such folk as Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Richard Jefferies, William Morris, and George Meredith, and finds something fresh to say about them! And does it without any apparent effort! No doubt after reading Mr. Holbrook Jackson's essays what he says seems simple and obvious enough, and we wonder why it was not said before. But there it is, somehow it had not been said for all its obviousness. Leaving these particular folk, and John M. Synge, Max Beerbohm, Edgar Allan Poe, Edward Carpenter, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, and H. M. Hyndman,

* "All Manner of Folk: Interpretations and Studies." By Holbrook Jackson. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

"Life's Great Adventure." By Francis Stopford. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

"Also and Perhaps." By Sir Francis Swettenham. 6s (John Lane.)

who go to make up the rest of Mr. Jackson's company of choice spirits, we are beguiled by talk about personality, and vagabonds, and the consideration of the self-sufficient. Our attention is called to the "exalted futility" of Edward Lear's nonsense poems, and we are bidden to stand and look at Whistler's "Arrangement in Grey and Black," and see in it "the epic portrait of a mother," and "the twilight of motherhood, with all its tragic sense of lonely accomplishment." Then we dive into Brownlow Street, off Holborn, and find the rare and notable Martin Brothers, and loiter in admiration of their pottery, and their joy in craftsmanship. Finally "Superman" comes in, and we are told something (and told quite sanely and wisely) of the Nietzschean ideal. Surely Mr. Holbrook Jackson has given us good measure, and enough matter for many a long summer day or winter night. To add to the value of the book there are portraits of Whistler, Synge, and Walt Whitman, by Mr. Joseph Simpson, R.B.A., Mr. J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., and Mr. Gordon Craig respectively; a caricature of Max Beerbohm, by Mr. Lovat Fraser, and a study for a Russian Dancer, by Mr. Jo Davidson.

We pass from the light-hearted ease of Mr. Jackson's manner, to a weightier style. For Mr. Francis Stopford writes with becoming gravity on "Life's Great Adventure," and now pudically and now pontifically has much to say on matters of importance. And he says it very well, too:

"Add five to the Psalmist's allotted span of life, divide the three score and fifteen into three periods of five and twenty years—and, broadly speaking, for the first period a man should live for himself and through himself, for the second, he must live partly through himself and partly through others, and for the last period he will live through others."

Thus Mr. Stopford. It isn't however, quite such an uncomplicated affair as all that, as Mr. Stopford goes on to explain. But he is loyal to the spirit of rebellion, finding in it, unexpectedly doubtless to many persons, a great mainstay of the British Empire:

"Every honest man is, and always has been, at heart a rebel. Though each generation does its best to crush this spirit out of youth, it is as well for the British Empire that success so far has been very partial. Rebellion has conquered the earth, enriched history with romance, given a stern pathos to many a landscape, and is daily painting in vivid colours human lives that would otherwise be of a grey sameness."

To this exhilarating doctrine Mr. Stopford himself, ventriloquist that he is, makes answer through the mouth of his lay figure, Epicurus:

"You may laud rebellion as you will, and depict its romance in the brightest colours, but the lamentable truth will not be hid that man has a genius for slavery. Strike off one set of fetters, and of his own accord he rivets on others. He delights in manacles, and glories if his own particular irons be of a newer pattern than his neighbours or give forth when shaken a clink in a different key. Slaves! We have always been slaves."

So the argument goes on, other topics—including death, gold, and the Thames are treated with due seriousness, and often with real literary charm.

If Sir Francis Swettenham does not give us so much philosophy he makes up for it by tales of far off life in Mauritius and Réunion, and in the Malay States. In a particularly interesting chapter on "Disbelief in the Unseen" there is an account from an Indian newspaper of the performances of a native juggler—an amazing exhibition, which included "the rope trick," and other horrors. Sir Francis tells us frankly that he has never seen this trick done "and never seen anyone else who had seen it," but still people go on asking about it, and so here it is all written down in black and white. "It is difficult to see what more the most sceptical can want, unless it were the name of the place where the deed was done." Sir Francis flavours his sketches with many reflections on life, and one of his "pieces of wisdom," may well be quoted:

"If you ever think of saying something, but before doing so ask yourself whether you should say it or not, never say it. If, however, your doubt is whether or not you should do something, always do it."

Occasionally the vintage is a little thin, but there is plenty of good stuff all the same in this eminently readable book.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

BETWEEN TWO EXTREMES.*

"Between Two Thieves" is a book of wide horizons, of a wide outlook on history, and life and nations. The wars of the nineteenth century pass before our eyes; the habits of thought of Frenchmen are painted cleverly, knowingly, boldly, on a broad canvas; the early Victorian age in England is reproduced with much insight. A far-reaching acquaintance with the more picturesque sides of existence makes rich the colour of the prose; such expressions as "quench one's thirst at such bitter desert wells" are common. The author intensely appreciates nobility of character, saintliness of character, and carries the reader with her; the opening scene in particular is almost like a page from the "Dream of Gerontius."

And yet we question if "Richard Dehan"—if we must keep to the pseudonym—has kept up to the high level of the "Dop Doctor." She is too discursive, partly it may be from a real desire to right the wrongs of soldiers—in fact, there is no doubt as to the genuine ring of her pleading—partly, as it seems to us, from imitation, conscious or unconscious, of Victor Hugo's great epic novels. Occasionally we are reminded, by the long disquisitions on different topics put into the mouths of long-suffering characters and their still longer-suffering auditors, that tremendous encyclopædic novel "Cyril." And sometimes long narratives pour out of the mouths of schoolboys—French schoolboys, we admit—which would do credit to a Wagnerian opera.

Occasionally characters and situations remind us uncomfortably of great authors. We seem to hear echoes of the high-souled Marius's defiance of his dissipated grandfather in Victor Hugo's masterpiece. Thompson Jowitt, the iniquitous army contractor, with his bloated face and heavy tread, is Dickensian in life and death; especially in death. In one chapter Mrs. Weller and Stiggins revisit our memory; in another Moggy Geoghegan, the corporal's wife, recalls a very similar and equally delightful person who enlivens the Waterloo chapters of "Vanity Fair." In one important instance the appeal of our author to the past is unmistakably intentional; Ada Merling, with her home for governesses and her visits to the Institutions of Lutheran Deaconesses and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, is a fairly close copy of Florence Nightingale. Observe the names. This is bad technique. The heroine inevitably loses much of her personality in the shade of her great exemplar. To do the author justice, she exhibits in one place a thorough knowledge of technique—when the sordid blusterings of the contractor who grabs at gold, no matter how got, are followed by the lofty and impassioned appeal of the young officer refusing to touch tainted gold even when it might relieve the necessities of a dear friend.

There is here and there a regrettable coarse touch, strikingly at variance with the exquisite beginning and end—the pure and sublime description of the old age and hate of the hero. The author's views on middle-aged love, her want of reticence in dealing with Josh's love affairs, and much of the Henriette episode, are only too redolent of the French stage.

W. A. F.

A NEW MORRIS.†

Mr. Drinkwater is a poet; and in this book he has created a new heavenly Morris and a new *Earthly Paradise* for the healthy discomfiture of commoner minds. Briefly, his conception of Morris—much the clearest-cut and most commanding yet presented—may be said to run like this: The "poetic upholsterer" was one of those lonely geniuses (Mr. Drinkwater ranks him equal with Æschylus, Michael Angelo, Milton and Dante) who are born with a piercing knowledge of the essentials of life and with the power of seeing this enduring framework, unerringly, beneath the veils and litter of temporary affairs. All his poetry is

* "Between Two Thieves." By Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

† "William Morris: A Critical Study." By John Drinkwater. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

a record of this vision, a "continuous manifestation of his reading of life," marked by a constantly increasing clarity and precision. All his parallel activities, his dyeing, his weaving, his craftsmanship generally, are so many marginal illustrations, the rule-of-thumb calculations he made, as he went on, in order to check and corroborate his vision and prove its practical validity. "His work was to show his age its errors on the one hand and on the other to announce its possibilities." "His message is one of the profoundest and most inspiring that it has been given to man to deliver. . . . None has ever announced so clearly the hope of life here upon earth" and none more clearly proved, "in the work of his own life," that "it was realisable on earth without any revolutionary excesses." The first statement of this vision is *The Defence of Guenevere*. If it differ from the statements which were to follow, it is mainly because of a slight vagueness and hesitancy, "an indistinctness of outline": otherwise its people are real people, its world is our own, it is a picture of the same impregnable framework of irreducible realities. In *The Life and Death of Jason* this first vagueness is overcome, the statement has "an increased poignancy" and "intensity of perception,"—"the shadows of *Guenevere* have become vibrant men and women." In *The Earthly Paradise* and *Sigurd* (one of "the masterpieces of which countless millions of men have created but a score or so between them") the record is set down yet more ringingly. The prose romances which followed are the saunterings he could permit his pen once he had got this world well and truly laid, with all its landscapes tested and explored. And, lastly, that ultimate outburst of socialism which seemed so strange to his friends was the perfectly logical conclusion, a last demonstration—simply an attempt to brush back the debris that concealed them and show us those very landscapes and that comely life actually innate all about us, merely waiting to be loved and lived.

That, I think, is as fair as such a summary can hope to be—and here, it is plain, we have at any rate a picture that is both royal and well-reasoned, that moves and mounts up, with a splendid cumulation, setting the onlooker desirably aglow. So fine is it indeed, and so fastidious, so salutary are its enthusiasms, and so warily have all its details been adjusted, that one feels a very real disinclination to tamper with it in any way at all. Never did we stand in such need as we do now of a really bold and wise defence of Morris. The limp ecstasies of some of his followers have been a little too much for us, have put us all vaguely out of temper with his name; and we need, above everything, someone to challenge and smash, once for all, the superstition that still represents him as a kind of soulful paper-hanger, a decorative dreamer of dreams. And Mr. Drinkwater is finely bent on doing just that: his insistence upon his man's immense muscularity, upon the hammering energy of "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," for instance, and the tremendous surge and crash of *Sigurd*, are noble battle-cries in an excellent good cause. But—there are dangers. Kindled by this new conception, readers may fling themselves upon their *Jason*, eager to enjoy the poignancy and "breathless swiftness" for which Mr. Drinkwater repeatedly praises it. And of course they will search for them in vain. They will try to find evidence of that "profoundest insight into the essential nature of humanity" and that "depth of understanding of the individual" which Mr. Drinkwater declares would have placed Morris among "the best of Fielding's successors" had he only cared to become a novelist; and of course they will be foiled again. They will strive to agree that "no poet ever had a more infallible instinct as to what was and what was not of the nature of poetry," and once more they will give up in despair. And their revulsion may be terrible to see.

So that perhaps it may not be such a bad thing, after all, to point out that although the new formula is a fine one it is not yet the quite perfect fit, and to suggest how it might be adapted before being put into use. The real root of the trouble, I feel, is simply the fact that Mr. Drinkwater approaches his subject as a writer of poetry rather

than a reader. I know of course that "it is dangerous to differ in religion from the saints, in poetry from the poets"—but only when they let their revelations fall with a divine abandon. Mr. Drinkwater comes to Morris weighted with a larger loyalty. He is briefed for a new Defence of Poesie, and he makes Morris his chief witness against her old accusers. He knows that a great poet is the most practical of all men, his songs far stricter than any prose, and in the work of the man whom he calls "one of the greatest poets of any age" his mind is therefore dedicated in advance to discover a rigorously advancing purpose and the great sweep of an implacable design. He will find wisdom everywhere, and the marks of deliberate policy. The absence of high speculation is due to "a steady elimination of all that might confuse his presentation." The monotony of the metre is a sacrifice consciously made "in order to emphasise his singleness of aim." If *Jason* lacks jewelled lines it is because such trappings would have impeded "its swift movement"; and any complaints that it is languid are only confessions of our inability "to keep pace with its glorious and inexhaustible" zest. And finally, above all—pledged to prove that the books run successively, each a sequel sustaining and surpassing the last—he is bound to maintain that *Guenevere* is vaguer than *Jason*, that *Jason* is more piercing and intense, with passages of "unutterable poignancy and an intensity at once fierce and restrained."

Whereas the cold bare fact, as every reader knows too well, is almost exactly the reverse. Morris's books do not display a steady advance of power. On the contrary their scheme includes one of the most amazing right-angles in literature. *Guenevere* is one of the vividdest books in the language: its details stand out with the uncanny emphasis of fever: "intricate and delirious as scarlet lilies" was Pater's phrase for it. *Jason*, on the other hand, is as mild as a summer afternoon. It is just a delicious drowse of a book. It is probably the longest lullaby ever written. *Guenevere* shrills and pierces like this:

"Her voice was low at first, being full of tears,
But as it cleared it grew full, loud and shrill,
Growing a windy shriek in all men's ears,

"A ringing in their startled brains until
She said that Gauwane led, then her voice sunk,
And her great eyes began again to fill . . ."

with a merciless minuteness that stings the sight, drastic as a Beardsley grotesque. *Jason*, at a moment of crisis, in a passage chosen by Mr. Drinkwater himself, jogs along gently thus:

"Moreover, when with toil and pain at last
Unto the torrent's head they now had passed,
They sent forth swift Aetalides to see
What farther up the river there might be.
Who, going twenty leagues, another fall
Found with great cliffs on each side like a wall;
But 'twixt the two, another unbarred stream
Joined the main river; therefore did they deem,
When this they heard, that they perforce must try
This smoother branch; so somewhat heavily
Argo they launched again, and got them forth
Still onward toward the winter and the north."

They are as different as moonlight and daylight. It is a change of kind, not of degree. It is the most dramatic alteration in modern letters. One may enjoy *Jason* immensely—for its tempered daylight, for its placid flow of figures, the easeful lapping of its verse. But never for its "breathless speed." Beside the books that followed it, *Guenevere* is a sudden orchid in a garden of roses. It differs from the work which it precedes almost exactly as the piercing pictures of young Millais differed from the flattened stuff he gave us afterwards.

But though it looks so queer and disquieting at first, this recoil or transformation, if you examine it without prejudice, reveals a thoroughly human and not unexhilarating cause. When Morris wrote the first book his nerves were all on edge. He was young, he was in love, he was distracted by questions of duty: he had given up the Church to become an architect; had given up architecture to become a painter; suspected himself of a dark instability; was suffering

superbly, in short, from the divine malady of youth; and the poetry he crushed out at this heat, writing always at close range, screwed up to top pitch, set as solid as jewels on the paper, like bits of enamel, and with enamel's fierce brilliance of colour. But when he wrote *Jason* (nine years later) all this tension had died down. His horizon had expanded, he was basking in the sun. He had married, become a tax-payer, settled down to his life-work and acquired a comfortable creed; he had built himself "the most beautiful house in England" plump in the middle of an orchard, and he was filling it with laughter and comeliness (You can prove the practicability of a good many theories on a private income of £600 a year.) He revelled and dyed and hammered and fished and worked looms and ran "the Firm" quite regardless; he laughed and grew plump. The energy that had been compressed into spurting poems before now spread abroad in a tide, and the very lassitude of *Jason*, its lowered pulse and alleged limpness, are thus really the direct result of his own lustiness. He loved the open air and the solid satisfactions of life too much to allow himself to be racked by ink problems. Sitting in the midst of his guests he would write away happily, hundreds of lines at a stretch, filling in the odds and ends of the day, when nothing sturdier was doing. He never revised, he dropped his pen, often as not, in the middle of a line: like Scott (whom he probably resembled a good deal more closely than Æschylus) he "didn't care a curse for what he wrote." Mr. Drinkwater deals very sternly with certain abandoned creatures who have ventured to repeat the legend that Morris once denounced poetry as "mostly tommy-rot you know." But it has to be admitted that the tale was true and that it does supply us with a touch of character. Morris revered poetry of course, and loved it immensely; but he regarded its production as a splendid game: and he did not propose to take his pleasures gloomily. It is to be feared that the suggestion that he was performing a solemn social duty might have had discreditable consequences. He had the temper of a stormy child.

And that brings us to the other point, to the question of his "profound insight into the essential nature of humanity." Mr. Drinkwater surely forgot, when he spoke about him following Fielding, that Morris once did attempt a novel, and that the result was pretty much what might have been foreseen: "merely landscape and sentiment" was the opinion passed upon it by an excellent judge—Morris himself. For, actually, all theory apart, Morris's mind on these matters was always as simple as a child's: he was no psychologist, he was no philosopher, he was no profound remedial thinker: and the formula that best fits him, perhaps, is that of a gigantic child, a glorious infant, sitting on the nursery floor of the world, making wonderful designs with bright toys, with Kelmiscotts and missals and coloured windows—and then suddenly storming at the keepers of the nursery because all the other children hadn't toys too; and his conception of life, at any rate, of its possibilities and needs and perfections, was certainly derived (and this is crucial) not from any study or knowledge of life in the rough, but out of other men's art. Walled about by his father's fortune, shut up with romances and missals and old tales, the mental kingdom he constructed in his exuberantly avid youth was a mosaic of scenes from Malory and faces from Membré and landscapes from Coleridge and Keats. This is not to deny its feasibility: made out of accumulated images, the massed essence of the visions of the world's dreamers, this view of life may very well correspond to some deep permanent ideal of the race. But it was not a personal vision, it was not the work of a seer, it was tested by no intimate knowledge or understanding of human nature; and Morris's ability to make his own life a copy of it is no test of its mortal efficacy. (Remember his nine hundred a year.) But as a living copy of old pictures, as a realisation of romance, as a projection of the colours of poetry upon the outer fabric of life if not as a revelation of its underlying framework, what a royal and majestic life that was! The sunlight that poured into Morris's life always passed first through the stained windows of

eternal art, not his own ; but it turned all that it touched into a pageant, a blithe furnace of colours and great gestures, a shining spectacle that exalts the heart like a play. If Morris had made *Jason* really poignant and impassioned, that spectacle would have been weaker and paler. Is his choice to be regretted ? Who shall say ? Only, let us realise that he made it ; that he made Poetry serve him instead of serving Poetry ; for it is only when we do realise it that we can use with richest meaning the excellent words with which Mr. Drinkwater ends. "*He added generously to the joy that we have in praising great men.*"

DIXON SCOTT.

SIMPLE SEVENTEEN.*

It is sweet in girls, simple in boys, this age at which keen hopes and sensibilities have a charming humour for some elders ; and, seeing that girls are then the wiser sex admittedly, I can imagine a delightful book like that of Mr. Phillpotts giving the same kind of ingenuous picture of a girl rather younger than Corkey major. It should be written by some such woman as the Aunt Augusta of this autobiography, who has found that "life from the angle of seventeen is so dreadfully funny seen from the angle of thirty-eight." The author must be able to laugh at herself kindly.

But this is such a wise and happy study of boyhood learning values so free of any self-consciousness, but expressing itself with candour so perfectly sincere, that one despairs of seeing the match of it either to-morrow or the day after. I am glad of the opportunity to say how much I admire it for my own part. Consider the snares about an author's feet when he sets out to gather and make up such a nosegay of humour for the market. There is the temptation to be, above all things, funny—the lure of farce. Funny books about boys are popular ; and why should not seventeen be as funny as eight, or ten, or twelve ? A little invention would make it so and please everybody. If that temptation be resisted, there is the subtle difficulty of making the boy's confession humorous unconsciously—keeping it entirely free of evident introspection—quite naïve. I do not know a more difficult art. He is to tell much more of the world than he seems to know of it ; the world is to be seen as it is through his unpractised eyes ; and the way he looks at it must show his character firmly. In this case we see what a boy learned of life, and how he adjusted himself in one year ; the wisdom is, of course, the authors' yet it appears to be no more than the boy would have acquired, and might have shown when the year was out ; and one knows him about as well as his brick of an aunt must have done. What is the value of such writing ? It is that of very acute and true observation at the age treated ; clear memories of people, and the just artistry that has supplied incident and expression for those memories. These are rare merits.

Mr. Corkey is a delightful young person, and quite normal—the sort of ardent, bright, good-natured and ambitious youngster who does very well at school, but has no precocious and belittling sense of proportion when he leaves it. For that matter, the Head at Merivale could have taught him none ; and I may say, in passing, that the picture of this prosy old schoolmaster is one of the most suggestive things in the book. Mr. Corkey was his best boy ; but, after twelve months in which to find his feet, Mr. Corkey's admiration of Dr. Dunston is qualified strangely. He feels "an overpowering wish not to see him again," as too many of us have felt about our school masters. Yet in the world of the Apollo Fire Office, the London Athletic Club, Mr. Montgomery Merridew's dramatic class, and the office of "Thespis," there are few antipathetic figures. It does not bore him. It interests him

hugely, and he takes things as he finds them, being himself too full of life to be fretted. No doubt life is more surprising and intractable to such a boy than to some who would never have found favour with the Doctor ; but this only means that Mr. Corkey will go further than such others. He is the young hopeful. The book inspires us with a very friendly interest in his fortunes, so that we shall expect to be told whether he went on the stage or took to the pursuit of literature ; for it is simply incredible—though it may, alas, be true—that he became a sedate and worldly-wise head clerk in the office of the Apollo Fire Company.

The nice insight of Mr. Phillpotts' work is not more evident in the book's manner than in its many character sketches. They are not drawn sharply, for the boy has no idea that he was born to write, but they are very true and good-humoured. This is always a humane and excellent piece of craftsmanship, while lightly purposed.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A CHILD'S VISIONS.*

It is difficult to speak of this book to any who have not seen it without seeming to use the language of exaggeration. Here are some fifty paintings and drawings done by a child who is still under thirteen, and they have rare qualities of mysticism, fancy, imagination, and in many of them there is an easy grace and beauty of execution that in one so young are nothing short of amazing. Most of her pictures handle sacred themes ; some may be reminiscent of famous paintings she has seen, but even these have a freshness, a careless, spontaneous, individual touch that make them her own. Glance at "The Laying Down from the Cross." There is an arched border from which a score of lightly, exquisitely sketched cherubs look down, and in the foreground lies the figure of the Christ, with St. Joseph and the three kneeling women grouped about it ; the sky and the landscape are touched in with a few delicate strokes that give the effect of distance and atmosphere perfectly. The scheme, the composition are quite masterly ; the attitudes are easy and natural ; the face of one of the women is curiously beautiful, and the whole thing is done with the most absolute simplicity and economy of line. Note how completely childlike in look and bearing are the children in "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me ;" the sweetness of expression, the feminine grace and charm of the Mother in "Holy Childhood," the sense of life and the free, large sweep of the wings in "Angels Adoring the Infant Christ ;" the utter abandonment of grief that is expressed in the lonely figure on the steep hillside in "The Remorse of Eve ;" the softness and clearness of colour effects and sensitive grace of form in "The First Easter Dawn."

"I have been careful to avoid the word 'genius,' in regard to her work," writes Mr. Lewis Hind, in his Introduction, "but no one can look at the range of illustrations in this book without a feeling of astonishment that they should have been produced by a child. . . . They show no sign of effort, because they were all done in joy without self-consciousness."

As Mr. Hind puts it : "Other children play seriously with dolls ; Daphne plays seriously with art. Before she was twelve she had made thousands of drawings. Why so much of her work should deal with sacred themes I cannot explain. That is her secret."

Children are naturally given to dreaming, and delight as keenly in the pleasures of the imagination as in any real toys, but Art has no record of a child of Daphne Allen's years who ever had so fine a gift for realising her dreams with the brush and pencil, and making them and their elusive spiritual significance so beautifully visible.

* *A Child's Visions.* By Daphne Allen. 6s. net. (George Allen & Co.).

* "From the Angle of Seventeen." By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)



The Virgin and Child, and Angels adoring.

From "A Child's Visions," by Daphne Allen. (Geo. Allen & Co.)

Novel Notes.

'PAN'S GARDEN.' By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan & Co.)

To Mr. Algernon Blackwood Nature is a very living thing, and "Unanimate Nature" a phrase abhorrent. Every nook of a wood, every stretch of sea-shore or Alpine snow, every playground of the winds, is to him a temple of vital forces, unrecognised by the average plodding human, where mystery is wrought slowly, fatefully, and sometimes horribly. In "Pan's Garden" he describes, with a fine and compelling pen, the strange commerce of Hidden Powers and Man, their blindfolded and not always submissive toy for what were they but toys. Bittacy when the Trees called him, Errison when the Sea summoned him, Lady Statham when the Desert lured her, Hibbert when the Snow beckoned him to the peaks?—just as we all are toys of the Hidden Fear when we look behind us on a long empty road, peer into the hedge of a dark lane, or squint below the bed before retiring! Our instinct, last link with primal days, is, with us common folk, nearly always fearful; Mr. Blackwood, with finer trained perceptions, twists instinct into curiosity, understanding, or welcome comradeship. Medical sciences would give the name of monomania to most of the characters in this strange book, and we, living and having to live in a sophisticated world, well away from forest-haunts, lonely heights, and eerie places, must agree with the alienist. But that is no bar to our enjoyment of these remarkable stories considered as mere stories. Some of them are fine literature, as "The Sea-Fit" and "The Glamour of the Snow"; some, moving and poignant things, full of tenderness and unbidden tears, as "Clairvoyance" and "The Attic"; some, sheer poetry, as "The South Wind" and "The Golden Fly." What one may call the cataclysmic story of this arresting sequence of nature-mysteries is "The Destruction of Smith." Smith struck oil; about the well he made a town, to which he gave not only his name but his soul, the affection and devotion of a primitive nature—he lived for Smithville, he was Smithville. After many years he went journeying into the lone lands of the West, and there his town, his creature, came seeking him in its hour of peril; came in whirlwind and

lurid cloud, to scream in scarlet flame upon the black disaster of night its bitter need. Smithville was burning. And Smith and Smith's companions saw the leaping horror against the dark, and heard the wild cries of the trapped citizens. Smith, being helpless, died with the dying fires of his town, the creator with his creature. An impossible story, yet so plausibly told, and with such subtle art, that we hold our breath and believe. But, indeed, all of Mr. Blackwood's stories are consummately plausible. He never forces the note, his language is restrained, where it had been so easy to rant, he never forgets the respect due to his art. To sum up in a word, "Pan's Garden" is a remarkable book, alike for its matter and for its almost unapproachable form.

THE DAUGHTER OF BRAMA. By J. A. R. Wylie. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Wylie certainly knows how to tell a good story, and, if only from this point of view, "The Daughter of Brama" is a notable piece of work. The main idea of the plot—that of the gradual vindication of a physically weak and presumably cowardly hero—may not, at first blush, impress the reader by its originality, but the author contrives so

many minor entanglements, so much incident of an exciting nature, that one cannot but be impressed by her efforts to please. Yes, Miss Wylie's book has many dramatic moments. We would that the author possessed also the power adequately to realise her characters and her English atmosphere (though when writing of India she is uniformly effective), but with the former indubitably she misses fire, and of the latter—as exemplified by her treatment of a political election—she appears to possess only the most superficial of knowledge. Still, "The Daughter of Brama" is good, readable stuff, and never for a moment is it dull or in any way lacking in interest, while the figure of the heroine is pleasing and pathetic even when it is most incomprehensible.

PRIDE OF WAR. By Gustaf Janson. 6s. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

War stories—for most of us the term conjures up a vision of gallant deeds and noble emotions, and writers in this field of literature have done their best to paint the battle field as a medium for fine feeling and praiseworthy action. Not so Herr Janson. In this strikingly clever series of stories dealing with the Turko-Italian War in Tripoli he drives home with biting irony the stark inhumanity and brute-beastliness that are the actualities of war. The author conveys in an amazingly vivid manner the sensations physical and mental of the individual soldier on the battle-field, and the whole book mirrors with startling brilliancy the methods and the madness of a shameful war, providing at the same time some very humane and sympathetic studies of Italians and Arabs alike. In the concluding sketch, "A Vision of the Future," Herr Janson outlines the devastating potentiality of the aeroplane in war, and dwells on the pride and satisfaction with which military officials view this new weapon of destruction. "Gentlemen," the general declares to his officers, after a survey of the death-dealing possibilities of a fleet of three hundred aeroplanes, "Gentlemen, I bare my head before the marvellous and unceasing progress of mankind." No one who has read this powerful book can talk lightly of war between civilised nations, or think of it as other than a barbarous monstrosity.

PRINCE AND PRIEST. By Beryl Symons. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

"Ha, ha, for the clash of the weapons, for the clang of the armour, for the thunder of horses' feet, the shout of a

brave man's cry, the whirl of a sword, the rush, the meeting, the shock, the rip of steel six inches deep into a man's throat! oh, to fight and fight and again to fight!" So chants Count Bertrand of Crein, who, doughty knight that he is, has been commissioned by his friend, the lord of Gervaudan, to bring his bride, the fair Lady Rosamunde de Tracey, in safety to Toulouse—a task fraught with grave perils in the troublous France of the thirteenth century. The story is a vivid panorama of brave adventures, of fierce loves and hatreds, of primitive passions and savage times. The author has a gallant vocabulary, a poetic temperament, and a forceful style, well-fitted to her theme, and the book besides containing an excellent story teeming with action presents an illuminating study of the condition of the people of France and of their pastors and masters in those dark days when the monks exploited the superstitions of an ignorant age.

THE STORM-DOG. A ROMANCE OF CORNWALL. By Lilian Arnold. 6s. (John Long.)

In this story Mrs. Arnold presents two heroines, destined to encounter considerably more of the tragic than of the sweeter, and perhaps more normal, things of life. The first of the two, Nancy Denzel, full of glorious youth and loving the scent of the gorse and heather of the moors, allows Parson Rosvean to advance money on Lindel Cottage—the home of the Denzels—to liquidate the debts of her cousin Dick. When Dick presently goes away with his bride, Nancy realises that her heart is gone with the bride's husband. But Rosvean, one of the most repulsive parsons we have met in fiction, wants someone to "re-foot his half-hose," declares to the girl that no one but his wife shall undertake the task, and Nancy, unfortunately, does the "sensible thing," accepts him, and enters on a life of martyrdom. For seven years she endures the "smug respectable nastiness," the "eternal washing-day level" of the parson, and then one day (half way through the story) she resolves with Dick to bring an end to her life of misery and torture. The story is written with ability; it is a drama of real life set in a fitting and interesting environment.

AN ENGLISHMAN. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

It is a commonplace lament of reviewers that in the rush and hurry of modern book-production so many good novels are swept away into the "remainder" market before they have had more than a momentary chance of recognition. Messrs. Mills & Boon have attempted the somewhat daring expedient of re-issuing at the original price, what they consider to be one of these neglected masterpieces. New writers may well consider that they are threatened by still another menace; and from the reader's point of view, we certainly hold that the reprint should be differentiated from the new book in point of price. At the same time we hasten to add that we gratefully acknowledge that we owe to this unusual business expedient our first acquaintance with a very delightful novel. Rather than be a poor relation of a family of high position, Maria Lovell went to Market Grazen as governess to Nancy Rolfe, the sister of the village grocer. But the village grocer was a tremendous fellow, in every sense of the word deserving the proud title of an Englishman. Amid all his petty surroundings he stands out as a man among men, and it is no wonder that Maria's ideas of social values undergo a violent transformation. The end of this story is, naturally, never in doubt, but Miss Pendered varies it and embroiders it with a skill that maintains the interest to the last. She is too good an artist to exaggerate the idyllic side of village life, the pettiness and scandalmongering of which are described with fine observation and humour. This is a novel we can recommend without reservation. It is patriotic; it is more than that, it is full of a genial optimism and humanity.

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE. By Marcelle Tinayre. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"The typical adventure of Princess and tzigany, of Georges Sand and Pagello!" Thus one of the characters in "The Sweetness of Life" summarises, not inaptly, the story on which Madame Marcelle Tinayre has lavished wealth of psychological detail, and much of that keen sympathy which she possesses in common with most French women writers of to-day. Marie Aubespain is separated from an unfaithful husband, but, being a devout Catholic, puts aside all thought of divorce, and when love passes her way, denies him entrance to her heart. Isabelle van Coppenolle, a fuller-blooded nature, has a husband whom she does not love—and, when Love passes her way, she does not deny him: she takes the "Sweetness of Life" with both hands. Madame Tinayre does not ask which was right, which was wrong; she contents herself with telling the story and, being a writer of subtlety and charm, she tells it with that vigour and art which make even a moderately good French novel so much better than what are so often hailed as *chefs d'œuvre* on this side of the Channel. For all the attractiveness of its title, this story is not an altogether pleasant one; indeed, to the English palate, it is over-flavoured, and the after-taste suggests the bitterness rather than the sweetness of life. It is, however, a volume that ought not to be neglected by students of contemporary French literature.

BROKEN LADDERS. By Andrew Soutar. 6s. (Cassell.)

In "Broken Ladders," Mr. Andrew Soutar tells an unlikely story rather well. His heroine—a deity before whom the rest of the characters pale into comparative insignificance—is the daughter of a great railway magnate. But she has Socialistic leanings. So, when a strike brings the brilliant Malcolm Brasse to the front, Anna finds little difficulty in falling in love with him, and in marrying him against her parents' wishes. It is not twelve months ere she is disillusioned. To tell the truth, Brasse (how could he help it with such a name?) is none too honest. When large sums of money pass through his hands, a considerable percentage of them is in the habit of sticking to his fingers, and with this he speculates and loses. Anna does her best to save him, and even raises £3,000 on the delivery of the manuscript of her first play. But when her husband takes to drink, things rapidly come to a head—which is where we shall leave them. Mr. Soutar tells his story—which has the advantage of being fairly topical—in a capable manner, but it bears upon it several signs of haste. A little revision would have improved it very considerably. Still, even as it stands, it is interesting and thoroughly readable.

KNICKERBOCKER DAYS. By Harris Tweed. 3s. 6d. net. (John Ouseley.)

This is a story of the "pre-trouser days" of three small boys, but the experiences of "Jake, and Eric and myself," will awaken many memories of their own childhood and youth in the minds of most of us of the male gender. "I" am a very small person whose parents in India have abandoned me at a very early age to the care of a Scottish uncle and aunt; and the other two youngsters, both older than myself, are my cousins. And though it may not have been a happy thing to be going through all the incidents and events that happened to them, it is a happy and delightfully amusing thing to be reading about them. The uncle and aunt, he fussy, fidgety, self-important, she shrewd and homely, and with a notable tact in getting her own way, are cleverly pictured living persons that you like and laugh at, and the boys, with their miscellany of pets, their objection to lessons, to doing anything they do not want to do, and their aptitude for getting into all manner of mischief, are precisely what the average healthy boy always has been and always will be. "Knickerbocker Days" is just a little book of quaint humour and drollery, and for this and its sympathetic and joyous understanding of the boy-mind it deserves a place in the library of every child-lover not far from Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age."

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THE SOUL OF THE DANCER. By Theodore Flatau. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

We do not know any other novel by Mr. Flatau. But this story shows that he is in no sense an amateur, his style is everywhere careful without being laboured and perfectly fits the matter. The excitement of the story and our interest in the characters keeps our attention throughout, though the whole book is pitched on rather too high a note, and the characters though always alive, are somewhat idealised. The story opens in Cairo and gives much of the Eastern glamour. Ariha, the heroine, is an uncared for and cruelly treated child, a Greek boy named Kleon shares her life, and from the beginning is utterly devoted to her; she bullies and makes use of him, but unconsciously values his love. She has a fierce passionate nature, and has never been taught self-restraint, but also an instinctive goodness which makes her see and avoid evil. She soon learns to express herself in dancing, one day by chance she dances before Gaston who recognises at once her supreme genius, and gives up his life to train her for the stage, helped throughout by his friend, Marian, a true and ever-loving woman. The story of her training and her London triumph is the exciting part of the book, but almost at once a lover comes, rich and noble in birth and character, they marry, and she is almost happy in giving up her art and living entirely for him. He demands this sacrifice. Soon, however, he gets killed in an accident; for a time she wanders through the world as one deserted both by love and by art. Half by accident and half by design she goes back to Kleon, her childhood's friend, and at last finds that she really loves him, his long devotion is amply rewarded, and we feel that in this second marriage she will find a more complete fulfilment of her nature.

THE BIG FISH. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Methuen)

"The Big Fish" is one of those jolly, swinging tales of adventure that Mr. Marriott Watson is wont to spring upon an appreciative world. It is entirely absorbing—the ideal book for a wet summer day. For ourselves, we care little that "it has a certain basis in fact," as the publishers tell us, the important thing is that the Big Fish is treasure—the lost treasure of the Incas of Peru. The hero gets upon its track quite accidentally, lighting upon its secret in one of those harbours of Romance, a London auction room. It introduces him to a gang of ruffians, one of the most desperate that fiction has ever given to the world, we feel sure, as well as to the very attractive lady who afterwards becomes his wife. Boys will revel in "The Big Fish," but it is every whit as suitable for their elders. It is, in a word, really a fine tale—one of the most enjoyable books that even Mr. Marriott Watson has ever written.

THE OAKUM PICKERS. By L. S. Gibson. 6s. (Methuen)

This book is depressing, more actually gloomy than if it were concerned with terrible tragedy. It has no hero, but tells the story of two women, the incidents of whose lives have added to their natural similarity of character, and their friendship, and taken from it any hint of romance. This friendship gives them the only gleams of light in their monotonous grey lives. The atmosphere is Victorian in its unquestioning sentimentalism, its conventional morality, and its refusal to face facts. The author (probably "authoress") is honest enough to say that virtue often meets with no reward. The women have a persistent and consistent goodness, but they have not sufficient faith to give a touch of heroism to their conduct. Through no fault of their own, they are both unhappily married, and to neither of them is there any possibility of getting back their domestic happiness. Each of them has given their whole love and soul to a man, who in both cases takes all, and makes no return. One of the men has understanding, and even a possibility of actual nobility, but he is not strong enough to wait patiently; the other is quite worthless, unable even to see goodness in others. One man

driven almost to despair, is killed in an accident, and is so saved from any fatally false step; the other after much philandering marries, and we assume, lives in placid content. At the end of the book, the two women have still a large part of their lives before them, and determine to bury the past; their looking back must always be sad, but their consciences are clear, they have done what they could in

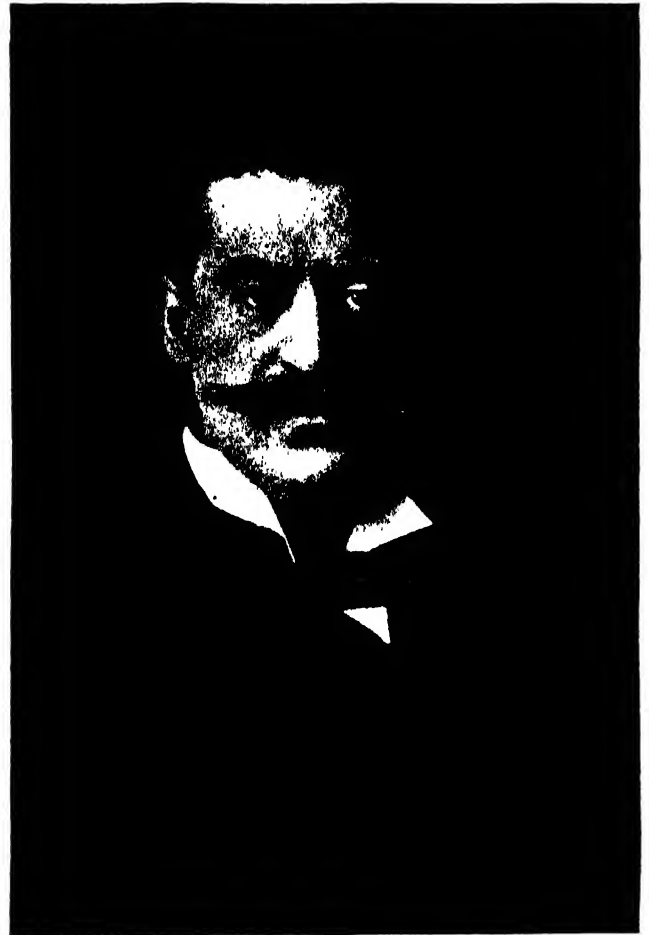


Photo by M. v. c.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

devoted friendship, and in freedom to lead their own life it may be they will find happiness. The book is well-written, but the author lacks colour and variety in her work.

The Bookman's Table.

A LIFE OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. By George Trobridge. 2s. 6d. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

Mr. George Trobridge published in 1907 a little sixpenny volume called "Swedenborg: his life, teachings and influence." In this book, he tells us, forms the basis of the new philosophy. The advent of this greatly enlarged edition is a most timely one. Swedenborg believes to be a steadily increasing influence of Swedenborg; an influence which is destined to become greater as the years go by, and which mankind is eagerly waiting for the truth he offers, and must in the end come to him. So far as the world is concerned, Swedenborg destroyed all hope of universal support and sympathy when he declared himself to be the Divinely chosen herald of a new dispensation, and that, as such, he was not only admitted to the society of angels and spirits, but directly instructed by the Lord in the doctrines of the New Church. Mr. Trobridge vehemently assails the judgment of the world and says that if "we bring our reason to bear upon his life and writings, we shall

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surely be able to decide between the ravings or drivellings of insanity and the unfoldings of the Divine." But from the Day of Pentecost up till the time of recent religious "revivals" it has been found almost impossible to differentiate between inspiration and the attitude of an unbalanced mind. Mr. Trobridge devotes his last chapter to what he calls "Testimonies." They make interesting reading. For instance we are told that Carlyle was well acquainted with Swedenborg's writings, and that "Sartor Resartus" is "saturated" with his influence. The straightforward writing, the useful footnotes and the illustrations combine to make this volume a capable and interesting guide to the life and works of the great Swedish seer. There is no index.

ROYAL ROMANCES OF TO-DAY. By Kellog Durland. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The "life-stories" of the Queen of Spain, of the Empress of Russia and of the Queen of Italy, which are contained in "Royal Romances of To-Day," originally appeared, it seems, in the pages of an American magazine; and they betray evidences of their origin. Thus, Mr. Kellog Durland, their author, tells us that "in the afternoon the King of Spain does whatever chores may come up" and speaks of "the cunning little white flannel suit" which the Prince of Asturias wears. He also informs us that the prices charged at the hotels of Madrid "are paramount to the best hotels of London and Paris," and that both the Tsaritzza and Queen Elena dress badly and fail to hit it off with their respective mothers-in-law. Nor does Mr. Durland's information and his readiness to impart it stop here. By no means: he is out to speak his mind about the effete old monarchies of Yurrupe, and speak it he does. Thanks to him we know that Queen Elena has the reputation of being the stingiest queen in Europe, that the diminutive King Victor has his seat in the Royal carriage specially raised in order to seem to be on a level with his consort, that on the very evening of the day on which 5,000 Russian peasants were crushed to death in Petersburg, both Tsar and Tsaritzza thought it seemly to attend a ball at the French Embassy, and that, were the monarchy ever to be upset in Spain, King Alfonso would stand a good chance of being elected first President of the Republic. Finally, in the unlikely case of the fit reader not yet being attracted to these "royal romances," we can assure him that they enshrine a whole heap of seemingly authentic nursery gossip. In America, Mr. Durland's book was bound to sell; and so interested in the matter it deals with is a section of our own reading public that it ought to be almost equally popular over here.

THE NORSE KING'S BRIDAL. Translations from the Danish and Old Norse; with Original Ballads. By E. M. Smith-Dampier. 3s. 6d. (Melrose.)

In her preface Miss Smith-Dampier writes: "In these translations from the Danish I have adhered strictly to the metres of the original; this, however, is not the case from the Old Norse. The original ballads are not versifications of Northern legends, but, like those in my previous volume, so far as matter goes, pure inventions of my own." The two Old Norse legends come first, and in "The Waking of Augauthew" we find little to attract us; it is a grim tale, short, strangely incomplete. "The Lay of Thrym" is a far better story, better told; but it must lose quite half its value with those readers who are unacquainted with Norse mythology. As for these eight "translations"—in conception, matter, manner, and even in some of their unfinished endings they are Danish, Danish completely. It is plain to see that Miss Smith-Dampier has brought to her task a considerable amount of talent and affection for it. We wish that some of it were of a quotable kind; but each long piece must go entire. Of the other pieces, under the sub-title "Original," "Mors Janua Vita" is undoubtedly the best as a poem; while the "Ballad of the Turning Tide" easily takes first place as a story, the versification of which is a great advance on that of the translations. This

is the story of the disastrous love of a mermaid or *hafmand* or *maremind*. All-in-all Miss Smith-Dampier has caught the Scandinavian manner and much of its atmosphere to a remarkable extent; and if she will but keep her lines more terse and pithy, in translations more particularly, we shall have much reason to thank her for going to that source to expend her talents.

IN PRAISE OF CAMBRIDGE: An Anthology in prose and verse. By Sidney Waterlow. 5s. net. (Constable.)

IN PRAISE OF EDINBURGH: An Anthology in prose and verse. By Rosaline Masson. 6s. net. (Constable.)

"Edinburgh," said the late Queen Victoria, writing, in 1842, to the King of the Belgians, "is an unique town in its way"; and we fear that the lovers of that noble city, noble even in its slums, will not have been satisfied. But a legion of writers have paid their tribute, and it would be monotonous if no faint praise were included—not but that the Queen desired to praise whole-heartedly. The less than faint praise of the friend of Mendelssohn comes very well after the extract from his fellow-traveller's letter. And in the Cambridge volume the same plan has been adopted—there is a sufficiency of hostile observations. We prefer the way in which this latter book is classified, according to subject; whereas Miss Masson has generally printed her quotations in their chronological order, and the book in consequence becomes rather more of an *olla podrida*. It would be interesting to know whether Cambridge or Edinburgh have more votaries, and which of these two books will appeal to the larger number of people. One supposes that with books of this sort it is not so much on women that the authors have their eye; few ladies seem to care for books which have resemblance to a dictionary. "It is an interesting work," said the lady to Johnson, "but very discursive." Nor are these books to be read continuously. They will charm those who already love their Cambridge and their Edinburgh, that is to say, the worthy lovers of this island, though it has been rumoured than an educational establishment in Oxfordshire has its adherents, and that when the erudite and playful Mr. Secombe, with Mr. Spencer Scott, compiled two volumes on that subject, he was not doing a work of supererogation. Whv Cambridge, nest of the poets, should have only one



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volume at 5s. net and Oxford should have two, is not quite clear; and yet Cambridge gave her poets to the world—they did not sing often to their old four walls—whereas the religious and political movements which have so largely preoccupied the Oxonians may have been more cabined and confined to that small cathedral city. We remember that when a merry gentleman was apprehended in the streets of Cambridge, for he was also destitute of cap and gown, the Proctor asked him for his name and college. He replied, after some parleying, and rendered thanks to God that he was not a member of the University—he was an Oxonian. "Thank God," quoth he. "Amen," said the Proctor. And I daresay the same story is told of a Cantab in the streets of Oxford. Nobody, however, will read these books without coming across the most delightful passages, and one cannot be sure but that the old friends will be the most welcome. Miss Masson flings a very wide net; she gives us, for example, a quotation from Ptolemy's Geography, which tells us exactly where four towns of the Vacomagi are situated, these being beneath the Caledonians on the map. And she gives us enough of interest to occupy us for a journey from London to Edinburgh, that is, if Scots ever do make this journey. We should like to read Mr. Waterlow while idling on the Banks in a canoe. What fascination in the very titles of his chapters!

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

There is no reason in the world why the general reader should fight shy of *The Depths of the Ocean* (28s. net), for it is clear that the book has been compiled with a view to interesting him as well as the scientific expert. The recent voyage of the Norwegian steamer *Michael Sars* in the North Atlantic was, as this handsome volume proves, of the utmost importance in the comparatively new science of oceanography. The authors, Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., and Dr. Johan Hjort, have had the assistance of Professors A. Appellöf and U. H. Gran and Dr. B. Helland-Hansen, who have contributed the chapters on the Invertebrate Bottom Fauna of the Norwegian Sea and North Atlantic, Pelagic Plant Life, and Physical Oceanography, respectively. The volume is elaborately and beautifully illustrated, containing four large maps, nine colour plates (which are particularly well done), and no fewer than 575 minor illustrations in the text. Lovers of the romance of science in particular will welcome the book.

The anonymous author of a handy book of reference—*An Analysis of the System of Governments throughout the British Empire* (5s.)—has done either too much or too little. If the introduction, in which he examines the effectiveness of the Imperial House of Commons, is absolutely vital to the purpose of the book, then surely he should have completed the picture by some description of the effectiveness of the Lower Houses in the self-governing Dominions. If, on the other hand, the introduction is not really vital, it might, if it cannot be omitted altogether, at least have been considerably compressed, and limited practically to explaining the tables which follow it. One other criticism must be made. On page 22 the writer says that Part II. of the Education Act, 1902, authorized County and Borough Councils to levy a rate for higher education up to 2d. in the £. This normal limitation is true of County Councils, but does not apply to Borough Councils. Apart from these points, however—one of which is a matter of opinion and the other, doubtless, a slip—the book appears to us adequately to fulfil its purpose. It is clearly arranged, and the salient features of the administrative systems of the different Dominions and Colonies have been carefully chosen.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

However pleasant or unpleasant an aeroplane may be to the individual person as a mode of general transit or of spending a free afternoon, undoubtedly its most serious work in the twentieth century will be as a "warship." Messrs. Grahame-White and Harry Harper, in *The Aeroplane in War* (12s. 6d. net), are emphatic on the subject of the necessity of having a large number of aeroplanes for the British Army if the British Army is to have any chance at all of holding its own in any future war it may be engaged in. France has most certainly determined to be very well-prepared in this matter. For several

years she has been ordering, planning, building these machines and training men to manage them. One well-known maker of aeroplanes reported in December, 1910, that he had received orders for military machines at the rate of thirty-five for the French Government as against one for the British Government. And while realizing that it is always the way of a Briton of a certain style to abuse his own country and expose its weak spots to every eye, we realize also that the aeroplane is not the whim of a moment; it is a machine which must in a war be used by both sides or by neither. "The Commander-in-Chief who has no proper air-corps in the next great war will be in a hopeless position. He will have lost a battle practically before it begins." The book's theories and policy are clearly stated; it faces difficulties and records facts; and it is aided and enhanced by many illustrations.

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We would have every Briton read Mrs. George Kerr's wise book, *The Path of Social Progress* (2s. net), and learn by the bitter and the sweeter lessons of the past how, though it is terribly easy to make huge mistakes in trying to better our fellow-creatures, it is possible to do them and their country good and make them prosperous. Individual work, rather than a lavish expenditure of money, seems to be the kernel of the matter. In these pages we read with something like terror the accounts of past methods of trying to grapple with the problem of poverty, so nearly did they banish moral standards among the necessitous and bring the country to ruin. Mrs. Kerr describes in most clear and interesting style the work of that genius, Dr. Chalmers, who with a negligible amount of money in time banished poverty from his parishes and raised the characters of his parishioners. The hopelessness of pouring out money to cure poverty is heart-breaking; and if Mrs. Kerr's volume induces its readers to begin, each in his own neighbourhood, to put her practical advice to the test, England will be not only richer, but better and more self-respecting.

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The Vicar's Secret, by C. E. Jeffery (2s. net), is an ingenious mystery story told in a breezy vein. The vicar is a man with a past; and his past is not unknown to the nurse who, by chance, is called in to attend his wife. The disappearance of the nurse, and the subsequent discovery of her dead body in a disused copper mine, are followed by the disclosure of the vicar's secret; and a string of damning clues lead to the arrest of the unhappy vicar on a charge of murder. It remains to be said that the reader will certainly not be disappointed with the sequel. Breezy, too, but in another sense, is the telling of *Marooned in the South Seas*, by F. L. Langdale (2s. 6d. net). The work of a retired naval lieutenant, it will delight not only boys, but all who relish a tale that frankly revels in the joy of adventure. From the day Master Denis Tremorne sets foot on the brig *Susan Mainwaring*, bound on a trading venture in the South Seas, life is one long procession of thrills: pirates, hidden treasure, tropical seas and coral reefs—all play a part in this absorbing yarn, which is not without its love scenes, the Fiji Islands providing a novel setting for fighting as well as love-making.

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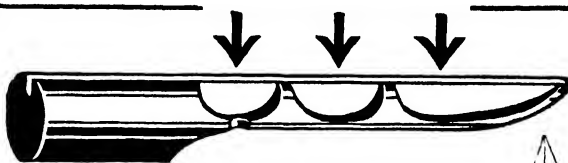
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SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The November BOOKMAN will be a special Conan Doyle Number. With the present issue THE BOOKMAN attains its majority and enters on the twenty-second year of its existence. It is an event upon which we shall be forgiven for congratulating ourselves a little, and an article by Sir William Robertson Nicoll dealing with the founding of the magazine and some of the chief of its early contributors appears on another page.

For much assistance with the Whistler illustrations in this Number, we are specially indebted to Mr. W. Heinemann, who kindly placed several of the portraits and prints in his collection at our service; to M. Paul Helleu for permitting us to reproduce his fine etching of Whistler; to M. Dornac for permission

to reproduce his portrait of Whistler in his studio; to Mr. Thomas Way, Mr. John Lane, Mrs. E. R. Pennell, and others to whom due acknowledgment is made elsewhere.

"Ape's" drawing of Whistler, which we reproduce by permission on our cover, has been one of the most popular of the famous *Vanity Fair* cartoons, and we understand that very few copies of it now remain for disposal.

Among our illustrations is Whistler's etching of St. James's Street, which is also reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*. He has caught wonderfully in it "the sun and swagger of the street as it appears on a fine June afternoon." "Mr. Whistler has been installed during the last week," it was said in *Vanity Fair* when the plate was presented to its readers, "on the terrace of the Albemarle Hotel, looking down St. James's Street, and there has been achieved what is perhaps the most admirable plate he has ever produced, embracing the whole length of the street with the palace at the foot and a glimpse of the Surrey hills beyond."

The £5 5s. net and £2 2s. net limited editions of "The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly, were fully subscribed a few days after the first preliminary announcement was made. The first large edition at 20s. net is also already exhausted.

Mr. John Drinkwater, whose new volume of poems we review elsewhere, is writing for Messrs. Dent a book on Swinburne, and has just completed a long introduction for the library edition of the work of St. John Hankin that is to be published by Mr. Martin Secker. He has written also an introduction for the edition of Gray that has just been added to the "Everyman's Library" series.

One of the notable books promised for the autumn is the authoritative biography of Lord Wolverhampton (better known as Sir Henry Fowler), by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, which is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

A novel based on the notorious Venetian trial of Marie Tarnowska is at present appearing serially in France and Italy, and is arousing something of a sensation in both countries. It is written by that polyglot writer Annie Vivanti, who writes all her novels in three languages and is now preparing an English version of the story which is to be published by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor has been prominently concerned with the selling of books for over fifty years past, and he has written and compiled several that have an honoured place on the shelves of the book-lover. He has lately completed another, "The Fascination of Books," that Messrs. Simpkin,

Marshall have just published. It appeals both to the bookseller and to the general reader who is interested in things literary, and contains essays on "The Use and Abuse of Titles," "The Evolution of the Bookseller," "Book Distributing," and incidentally forms an interesting and permanent record of the Book-selling trade.

We congratulate Mr. G. H. Putnam, the head of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, on the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters that has been conferred upon him by the Columbia University of New York.

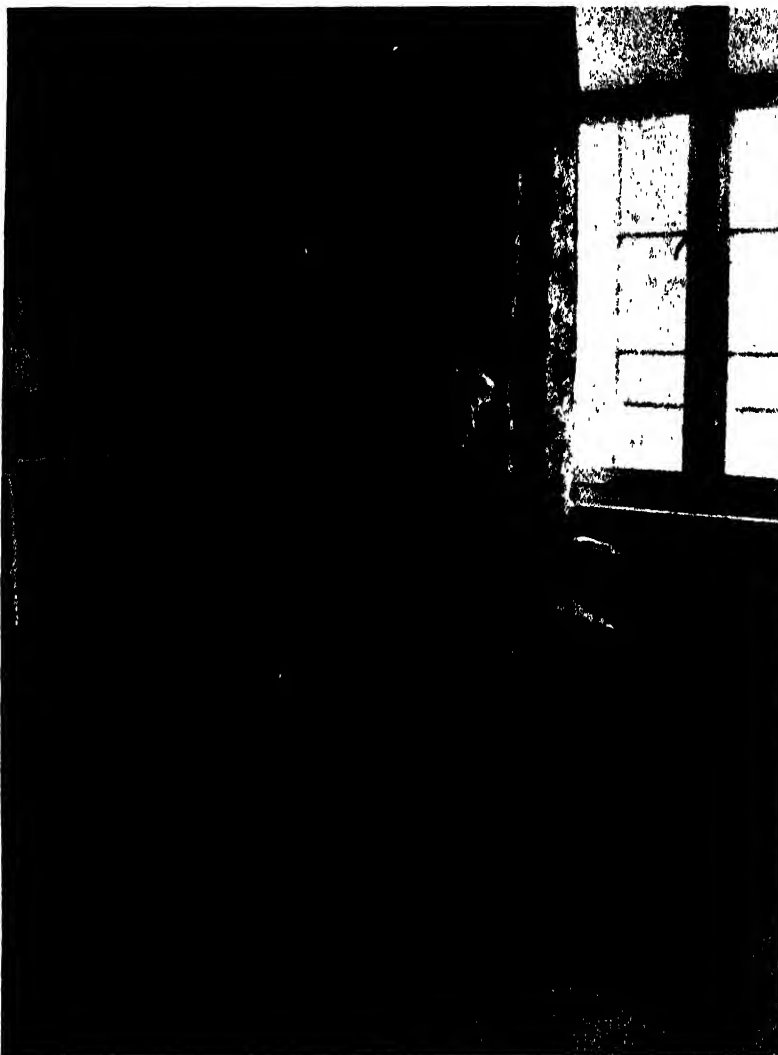


Photo by W. E. Gray, Baywater.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell.

Authors of *The Life of Whistler* (Heinemann).

Some reviewers in praising "George Wendern Gave a Party," that was recently published by Messrs. Blackwood, said the story was fascinating but highly improbable. It seems, however, that the tale was suggested to the author by an actual party of the same sort that was given long ago by a certain American banker now well known in England. The book is already in its second edition over here, and is having an extraordinary success in America.

Messrs. David Nutt have in the press a volume by Mr. Reginald R. Buckley entitled "St. Francis: A Troubadour of the Spirit." It contains an essay on the Franciscan ideal and a poem portraying St. Francis as the Zarathustra of the Christian world. Mr. Buckley, who is the son of a Manchester cotton spinner and manufacturer, began his career as a bank clerk, and in due course became an Associate of the Institute of Bankers. Later, however, he came to London as secretary of the publishing house of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Son. For the last two years he has been on the staff of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and has done a good deal of writing



Richard Dehan
(Miss Clo Graves),

whose new novel, "Between Two Thieves" (Hememann), was reviewed in last month's *Bookman*.

on music, the drama and social topics for many of the newspapers and magazines.

Mr. Robert Halifax, who has made steady progress into popular favour as a novelist of lower London, has a new novel ready which Messrs. Constable will publish under the title of "A Slice of Life."

The latest addition to Messrs. Cassell's series of Little Books on Great Writers is an admirable study of the personality of Thackeray by Mr. Sidney Dark.

Yet another new publishing firm is the Happy Publishing Company. The members of which are all women, no male being eligible for admission, since the declared object of the firm is to deal with only books that are "written, printed and published by women." Their first venture is a series of stories by Mrs. M. M. Lee, called "Love's Victories."

On the whole, you may take it that the long-haired, lackadaisical poet is a creation of the comic papers and has no real existence outside them. More typical of the present day poet, at all events, is Mr. John Gurdon, whose book of verse, "Enchantments," is to be issued by Mr. Erskine MacDonald. Mr. Gurdon, who has published two other volumes of poems that have won golden opinions from the *Spectator* and other of the principal literary journals, is chairman of one of the oldest and most prosperous rubber companies.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) has written in "A Child's Journey with Dickens" (Hodder & Stoughton) a very charming reminiscence of how she met Dickens when she was a small girl, and of the conversation that passed between them about his books, of which she was already an enthusiastic admirer. Incidentally Mrs. Riggs gives a glimpse of her home life and of the library that stood open to her in those early years; but the compelling interest of the book lies in its vivid picture of Dickens as he seemed in the eyes of a child.

"Countess Daphne," one of the most popular of Rita's many novels, made its first appearance some years ago, and has long been out of print. Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. have now issued a new and cheap edition of it that has been thoroughly revised by the author.

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has written a new book - "The Romance of Billy Goat Hill," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately.

Anna Sewell's classic life-story of a horse, "Black Beauty," has gone through numerous editions, and is to be published by Messrs. Jarrold this autumn in a new one that will be illustrated in colour by Mr. Cecil Aldin.

In addition to the Meredith Letters, we are to have from Messrs. Constable shortly a one-volume edition of the "Poetical Works of Meredith," with notes by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan. This is as it should be: no poet is quite happy until he has rolled all his strength and all his sweetness up into one volume, and one would like to see Browning and Swinburne also arrive at that felicity.



Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. Edwin Pugh,
whose new book, "The City of the World" (Nelson), is reviewed on page 59.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing next month "The Romance of Stephen Compton," a new novel by Mr. J. E. Patterson. It is a story of to-day, describing the rise and progress of a Labour Leader who alters the face of industrial England.

We made reference last month to Mr. Cole's famous Book Arcade in Melbourne, and Messrs. W. & G. Foyle call our attention to the similar Arcade that they are now establishing in London. It occupies a large building of six floors, and already contains over a million carefully classified volumes of new and

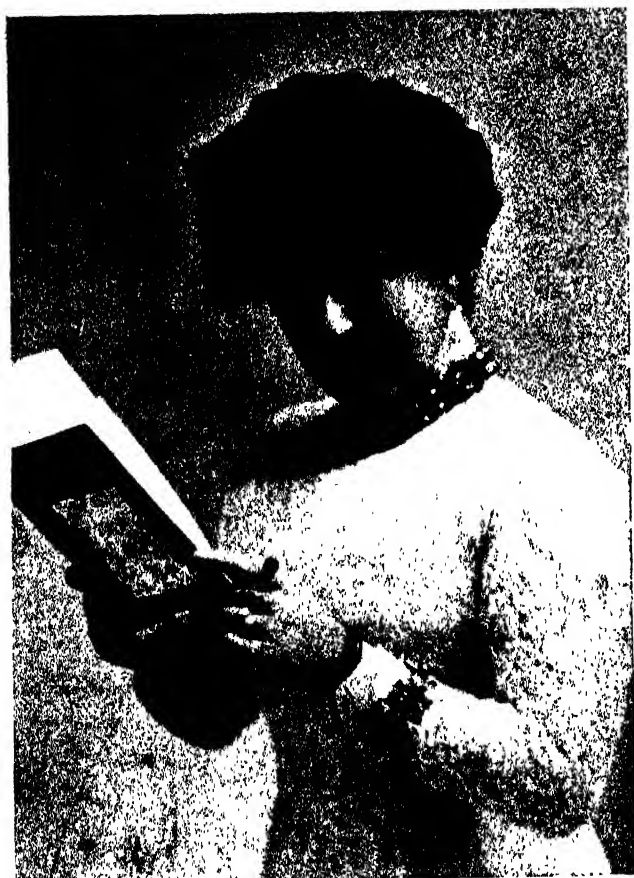


Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Mrs. Charlotte Cameron.**
A lady journalist who represented several newspapers at the Durbar, and whose novel, "A Durbar Bride," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

second-hand books. Messrs. Foyle commenced business at Peckham about seven years ago; they have opened eight branches and warehouses in various parts of London, and are now establishing this huge central Bookstore in Charing Cross Road. It should be a useful resort for the real book-buyer, and a very Paradise for the prowling bookworm, for it will take him a year or two to travel along the twenty miles of shelves and browse on the books as he goes in his customary manner.

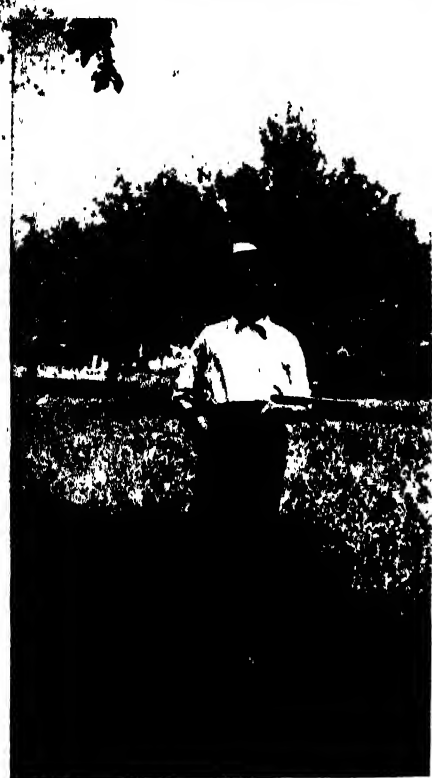
Mr. Clive Holland, whose clever novel, "My Japanese Wife," has had a sale of over four hundred thousand copies, has collected a new book of his

short stories, "A Madonna of the Poor," which Messrs. Lynwood will publish this month.

It is some little time since Mr. J. A. Steuart gave us a new novel, and his many admirers will be pleased to hear that he has one appearing this autumn. It will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton with the title of "The Rock of the Raven."

Miss Daphne Allen, whose book of drawings and paintings we reviewed last month, is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Allen, of the famous Ruskin publishing house. It is not surprising, especially when it is remembered that she is still under thirteen, that Miss Allen's work is attracting a great deal of attention, and during this month a special Exhibition of it is to be held at the Dudley Gallery. In addition to the originals of the pictures in "A Child's Visions," the Exhibition will include over a hundred other drawings in colour, monochrome, pencil and pen and ink, among them being sketches and paintings illustrating scenes from old Fairy Tales, Greek Mythology, the Arthurian Legends, Shakespeare, Wagner, and a number of exquisitely graceful studies of Cupids a-foot and a-wing in every imaginable attitude. We reproduce on page 7 one little group of these drawings, which have suffered somewhat, unfortunately, in being reduced to the size of our page. Despite the precocity of her talent, and the strangely thoughtful spirit of mysticism that plays so beautifully in much of her work, Miss Allen is the most natural and unspoilt of children; she draws and paints for her own amusement only, making no labour of it, giving rapid expression in colour and line to any fancy that comes to her, using no indiarubber on the sketch but leaving it unaltered in its first freshness. Two of her pictures are to be reproduced in the Christmas Number of the *Graphic*, and it is probable that others will appear in other of the magazines after the close of the Exhibition.

Mr. Percival Lancaster, whose new novel of adventure in New Zealand is to be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., is a Canadian by adoption. He was born in England, and educated at Dulwich College, and is the son of Mr. W. J. C. Lancaster, late of the British Admiralty and well known to boy readers as "Harry Collingwood." By profession Mr. Percival Lancaster is a civil engineer and surveyor as well as an author. He received his training with Messrs. Sir John Jackson, Ltd., at Keyham, but left there to travel in South Africa, where he became for a time a captain of Irregular Cavalry,



**Capt. Percival
Lancaster.**

Taken on Georgia Bay, Canada, August, 1912.

and was engaged in a good deal of active service. Invalided home, he took to writing stories, and then wrote a book, "Captain Jack O'Hara," which had the unusual fortune of being accepted by the first publisher who saw it and met with considerable success. He has lately finished another novel, "The Serpent," which will not be published until next year. In 1909 Mr. Lancaster went to Canada, where he now follows his profession of civil engineer, and in his leisure writes many short stories for the Canadian and American magazines. Incidentally, he is a keen sportsman, and our snapshot portrait shows him just home from a day's shooting on the Georgia Bay.

The Rev. D. P. Macdonald, of Lochfyne, writes: "In common with all who know Australia and her people I could not fail to read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction Mr. A. St. John Adcock's contribution to the September BOOKMAN. He will be hailed throughout Greater Britain as the long-looked-for champion in Great Britain. Australia has certainly suffered, as regards her literature, for want of such. Unbiased recognition and candid statement of facts are all that Australia asks; this, in itself, is the invaluable tribute; it then becomes apparent that her literary reputation is not insignificant, and is, in point of comparison, remarkable. May I suggest that among a few additions, which would serve to make the list of Australian authors more complete, the following could well be included: J. R. Houlding ('Old Boomerang'), a worthy veteran in the ranks of Australian writers of to-day, whose 'Rural and City Life,' 'Christopher Cockle,' 'The Pioneer of the Family,' etc., published a quarter of a century ago, have never been superseded in their class; Donald Macdonald, author of

'How We Kept the Flag Flying,' 'The Warrigal's Well,' etc.; James Green, author of 'The Story of the Bushmen,' 'The Selector,' 'The Lost Echo,' etc.; and Roy Bridges, who wrote 'The Barb of an Arrow,' etc." Mr. Macdonald thinks, too, that in the department of more serious literature mention should have been made of the "Studies in the English Reformation," of Dr. Clarke, Archbishop of Melbourne; Professor W. J. Woodhouse's "Tutorial History of Greece"; George Woolnough's "Kosmos"; the Autobiography of the Rev. George Browne, D.D.; the Rev. James Cowell's "History of Methodism in N.S.W."; and the Rev. J. Dickson's "History of Presbyterianism in New Zealand."

Mr. Alfred Searcy is an Australian author who should have had a place in our last Number. He has written many articles that have been highly spoken of by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Frank Bullen, and two books, "In Australian Tropics," and "By Flood and Field." Messrs. G. Bell & Sons published last month an English edition of the latter—a pleasantly written and immensely interesting volume which should do much to call attention to the great and varied resources of that part of the island continent which is known as the Northern Territory. Mr. Searcy is acting-clerk in the House of Assembly at Adelaide, and was formerly for fourteen years

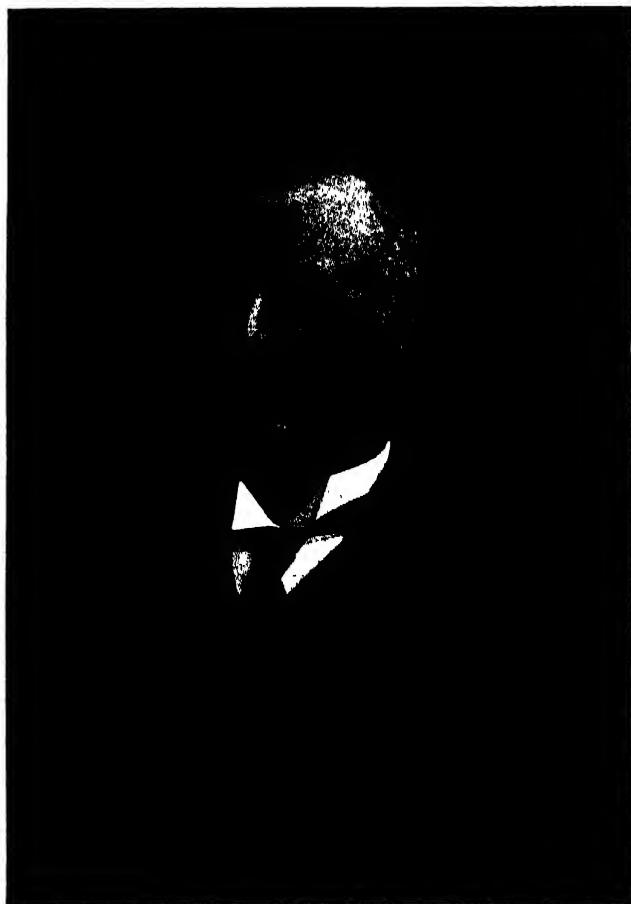


Photo by Hammer & Co., Adelaide.

Mr. Alfred Searcy,
Author of "By Flood and Field" (G. Bell & Sons).

sub-collector of Customs at Port Darwin. He has lived a life full of adventure in the little known Northern Territory of South Australia—adventure among Malay and Chinese smugglers off and on the north coast, with treacherous aborigines, horse thieves, lawless keepers of grog-shanties, and on the great rivers, and in the jungles and mangrove swamps of the "out-beyond," and he has gathered these experiences up into his books.

Miss Edith Howes, author of "The Sun Babies," and "Rainbow Children" (Cassell), was mentioned in our last Number as a Canadian writer. Miss Howes was born in London, but since her very early years has been living in New Zealand, where she is now a school teacher, and has written a good deal for the New Zealand papers on natural history subjects and education.

Mr. William S. Walker, the Australian novelist, better known as "Coo-ee," has completed two new novels, "The Boomerang," and "Towards the Bright Dawn," which will make their appearance during the next few months. Mr. Walker is a native born Australian, and a nephew of Rolf Boldrewood's. His father was a squatter in a large way, and he himself has had an exhaustive colonial experience as squatter, digger, and general adventurer. He spent fifteen years in New Zealand, was one of the first arrivals on the South African Diamond Fields, and after a long and full life of varied experiences is now

settled down quietly at home in Devonshire. Few writers know Australia more thoroughly, from the days of the gold rush down to its more decorous life of to-day, and he has made good use of his experiences in his nine novels, of which perhaps "When the Mopoke Calls," "From the Land of the Wombat," and "Native Born" have enjoyed the largest vogue. His fiction is strongly sensational, and in

Australia he is as popular as Mr. Le Quex is among us.



A little known Portrait of Shelley, from an Engraving by E. W. Wyon in H. F. Chorley's "Authors of England," published in 1838.

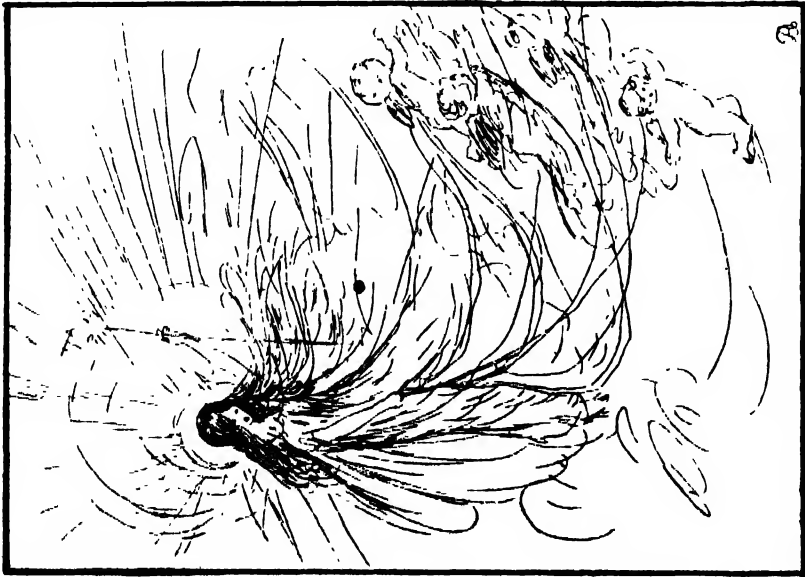
Reproduced from a print kindly lent by Mr. F. Irving Taylor.

Another very popular Canadian novelist is Mr. Robert E. Knowles, whose books are published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. In "The Handicap," "The Web of Time," "The Undertow," and other of his stories he has drawn admirably realised pictures of life as it is in Canada to-day and as it was yesterday. He has been compared with George Macdonald for the faithfulness of his Scottish portraiture and with Hawthorne for the fine imagina-

tiveness and dramatic intensity of his writing.

Mr. Edward Arnold publishes this month Professor Oliver Elton's "Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830."

Mr. Ashby Sterry has a new volume of light verse in the press. He is calling it "The River Rhymer," and it will be published by Mr. Ham-Smith.



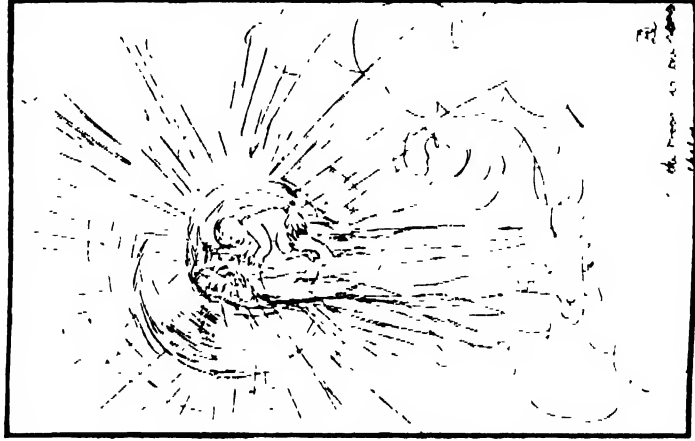
1. Sunrise.



3. Saturn.



2. Moonrise.



4. The Moon is the Sun's Child.

Drawn by Miss Daphne Allen.



5. The Milky Way.

Mr. John Lane has been taking up the cudgels, in *The Globe*, in defence of the newspapers and the book trade of Canada. An article in the *Cornhill* has described Toronto as "a city of 350,000 inhabitants, which subsists on four book-shops of unequal merit"; and Mr. Lane neatly convicts the writer of living in a glass house and throwing stones by pointing out that Bristol, a city with a literary past, "possesses nearly 400,000 inhabitants, a university, a cathedral, a great public school, an ancient grammar school, and a baker's dozen of reputed millionaires. . . . And yet, with all these superlative advantages, Bristol has only two modern bookshops that approach the



**Madame
G. R. Duval,**

whose new novel, "Written in the Sand," is published by Mr. Ham Smith.

standard of those of Toronto." Countering the *Cornhill* statement that "nobody reads in Canada," Mr. Lane remarks: "I should say, with some knowledge of the book trade in Britain, America and the Colonies, that Canada consumes more books per head than any English-speaking country in the world."

The late Mr. H. D. Lowry left among his papers an unfinished novel, a number of short Cornish stories and some poems. These have now been placed in the hands of Mr. Lowry's cousin, Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, who is preparing them for the Press under the direction of Mr. Nicol Dunn, and a first volume, "A Dream of Daffodils," by H. D. Lowry, with portrait and a memoir by Mr. Edgar Preston, of the *Morning Post*, will be published this month by Mr. Glaisher, of Notting Hill Gate.

A pleasantly gossipy, interesting booklet has been written by Mr. W. Francis Aitken on "Some Memories of The Row." Incidentally, it commemorates the removal of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. from Paternoster Row to their new premises in the Old Bailey, and gives illustrations of some of the ancient pottery and other antiquities that were found below the foundations of the old house they have left; but it goes outside all this to give a full and useful history in little of the Row itself compiled for all available sources.

A book that should be of unusual interest is the "Rough Roads: Reminiscences of a Wasted Life," by Mr. Dyke Wilkinson, that Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are publishing this autumn. Once upon a time, Mr. Wilkinson was a very poor boy; now he is a rich man; so it is not clear on the face of it why he describes his life as a wasted one. He has gone through many hardships, met with many adventures; had exciting experiences in racing circles and in steady, everyday business, and he has written "Rough Roads" to tell of all he has seen and known on his chequered way through the world.



**Mr. Dyke
Wilkinson.**

Author of "Rough Roads"
(Sampson, Low & Co.).

The most talked-of book at the moment is probably the "Life of David Lloyd George," which has been issued by the Caxton Publishing Company. The biographer, Mr. Herbert du Parcq, has many qualifications for the work he has undertaken. He is on terms of personal friendship with Mr. Lloyd George's family, and has gained valuable information from friends of the Chancellor's youth at Llanystumdwy, and from friends of his later years. Mr. du Parcq is a keen and able student of political affairs, is himself an efficient speaker, and in his undergraduate days at Oxford he was elected (in 1902) to the Presidency of the historic Oxford Union Society. He was a scholar of Exeter College, graduated with high honours in 1903, and subsequently returned to Oxford in 1905 with a post-graduate scholarship at Jesus College, which is, of course, pre-eminently the Welsh College at Oxford. Since then he has become known as a practising barrister and a speaker on Liberal platforms.



**Mr. Herbert
du Parcq.**

Author of the "Life of David Lloyd George"
(Caxton Press).

AN APOLOGY FOR REBECCA.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THEY say I ought to furnish a "Glossary" for my play, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which I thought so simple and so unpretentious a dramatic offering that it surely would explain itself as it went along. I know that the London critic commonly does not care for representations of life in a far-away New England village, that he likes neither the dialect—which I have given to only two out of my thirteen characters—nor the types portrayed in such a play. He seems to feel a temperamental aversion to any presentment of Yankee customs, manners and speech in an out-of-the-way New England hamlet, while accepting "Buntz" and "Hindle Wakes" as interesting studies in a similar field of labour. I am sorry to have been puzzling, however, and if I do issue a little glossary to be slipped into the programme like the invitation to take a cup of tea, it will illuminate the following points.

Some of our listeners marvel at the name of Rebecca's dead father, Lorenzo de Medici Randall, and her uncle Mark, otherwise Marquis de Lafayette Randall. I did not invent these high-sounding cognomens, but as they were often given to defenceless babies in the State of Maine thirty or forty years ago, I preserved them for their quaintness. It is easy to see that Lafayette's visit to America may have inspired young mothers to perpetuate his name, and I am afraid that total ignorance of titles may have led them to mistake "Marquis" for a Christian name in good and regular standing. What induced the affection in that locality for

Lorenzo de Medici is more mysterious, but just as true to life for, as a child, I knew well two elderly men named Marquis de Lafayette Johnson, and Lorenzo de Medici Milliken, who wrote themselves down as respectively M. D. L. Johnson and L. D. M. Milliken.

Next in gravity is my offence in describing as a premium what is apparently known in this country as a "coupon prize." My only apology is that I never heard of a coupon prize and I have always heard the thing itself alluded to as a "premium." The poor children in little straggling villages in the New England States used to sell, and still do sell, soap, from door to door, acting as humble child-agents for enterprising firms. These children, when successful, receive as

rewards a set of tea dishes, or a rickety chair, or a crudely decorated lamp. Sometimes the latter "premium" is glowingly described and pictured in the advertising circulars as a magnificent "banquet-lamp," and it is this useless appendage which the imaginative Rebecca so longs to secure for the poverty-stricken Simpson family.

I supposed that the two words: "banquet" and "lamp," being tolerably familiar to students of the dictionary, the compound word might be intelligible, but, alas! one of the critics says: "Rebecca wishes, by selling large quantities of soap, to procure for her poor friends a 'banquet-lamp'—*whatever that may be.*" As to the sudden marriage of the Simpsons, which is about to be solemnized at the end of the third act, it is possible in America for any couple to go before a minister at any hour, and be made man and wife without previous notice or further delay. The absence of banns or license in the play seems to make some persons fear that I have imagined this informal marriage ceremony and that it does not exist.

The little local "flag-raising" which occur here and there during a Presidential campaign, and the excitements of "graduations" as the exercises attending the end of a girl's or a boy's school days are called, these functions loom large in a community such as I have tried to show in Rebecca. They give atmosphere as truly as the Morris dance in a play of Old England or "Standing at the Plate" in Scottish "Buntz," and in their own



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Kate Douglas Wiggin
(Mrs. Riggs.)

simple way are as worthy of preservation in literature or drama.

I shall be very happy, very proud and very grateful, as indeed I might well be, if Rebecca wins a public in London. Emerson says: "What is for thee gravitates to thee," a bit of philosophy in which I firmly believe, so I shall be content with the verdict of the audiences that see the play.

I have no skill in growing orchids or rare plants or even parasites, Rebecca is simply a bit of clover blooming by a dusty New England road side. It remains to be seen whether she can be transplanted and encouraged to grow for a while beside the roses in your English garden.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

IAN HAY.

I HOLD a few literary dogmas—very few—that have withstood every test I have been able to apply to them, and one of these is that, historical fiction apart, all the best novels have been written out of personal experience, and all the characters in them that are truest and most alive have been drawn, as the good artist always works, from the model. I do not mean, of course, that the experiences are written down verbatim, nor that the characters are slavishly and photographically copied from their originals; your novelist may fashion his man or woman out of the features and idiosyncrasies of half a dozen different persons, just as a painter may use one model for the face of his figure, another for the arms, and a third for the hair; he merely goes to life for his material, then sets his imagination to work upon what he has actually seen and known. When he does not, he may catch your interest with an exciting plot, but his book is characterless, and has not enough body and blood of reality in it to keep it living long.

When I first read the novels of Ian Hay—or, to give him his full name, Mr. Ian Hay Beith—I had a comfortable feeling that he was confirming me in my faith. His people are too lifelike never to have lived; it was easy enough to gather from his books that he had been a Public School boy; that he was or had himself been a schoolmaster; that he had seen something of clerical life and of the political world from the inside; that he was a golfer, a cricketer, and in general a keen sportsman; and now that I have had an opportunity of getting at the facts about him I find that his biography is very much what his novels had led me to expect.

Born on the 17th April, 1876, Mr. Beith is the second son of the late John Alexander Beith, and grandson of the Rev. Dr. Beith, of Stirling, who is still remembered in many a Highland parish as one of the great figures of the Disruption of 1843. A man of remarkable zeal and energy, Mr. Beith's father was not contented to limit himself to the labour involved in the direction of the great shipping and export firm of Beith, Stevenson & Co., but devoted almost the whole of his leisure to public service. He was in his time President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Government Representative on the Mersey Dock Board, a Justice of the Peace for Lancaster, and a director and supporter of almost innumerable philanthropic and religious enterprises. In politics he was an ardent follower of Mr. Gladstone, and was for some time leader of the Liberal Party in Manchester. In philanthropic work he was closely associated with men of such opposite shades of political opinion as Jacob Bright and Sir W. H. Houldsworth. Such little recreation as he allowed himself amid the stress of these varied activities was mostly taken aboard a boat, and his favourite holiday place was Oban, which had been his father's first parish. He purchased "Alt-na-Craig," Professor Blackie's eyrie overlooking the Sound of Kenèra, when the Professor indignantly vacated it on the advent of the railway, and it became the starting point

of numerous yachting expeditions among the Highlands and Islands; nowadays it is still occupied by his widow.

Fettes, that home of classics and Rugby football, counts Ian Hay among its distinguished scholars; he spent his scholastic infancy there as the fag of a certain J. A. Simon, then head boy of Fettes, and now his friend Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P., Solicitor-General of England. In 1895 he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, and there he was so far from slothful that he played Rugby football three days a week, and on the remaining three days laboured at the oar with such diligence that he attained ("rather flukily," he says) to the post of captain of his College Boat Club during his last year. Withal he devoted sufficient attention to his studies to obtain a Second Class in the Classical Tripos.

Thus equipped, he made it known that his services were at the disposal of the Headmasters of the nation; but as nothing happened (beyond two stop-gap engagements at Charterhouse and Fettes), he suspected that classical degrees must be a drag in the market, and returning to Cambridge spent an extremely laborious year in acquiring enough knowledge of chemistry and physics to fit him for a Senior Mastership. After four years at Durham School, first under the Rev. A. E. Hillard, now High Master at St. Paul's, and later under the Rev. Harry McKenzie, now Headmaster of Uppingham, he was invited to go back to Fettes, where he spent six happy years. Then last April, owing to a partial breakdown in health due to his having been burning the candle at both the literary and the scholastic ends, he regretfully resigned his post and turned his back for ever on a profession which, whatever its trials and disappointments, provides its adherents with a never-failing supply of the healthiest and most invigorating company in the world—that of the British schoolboy, and incidentally had supplied Ian Hay with material that he had already turned to excellent account in at least one of his novels. For "Pip" is one of the finest and most convincing of schoolboy stories, and in its later phases blends a love romance with great doings at cricket and golf in the most ingenious and glamorous manner imaginable.

As far back as 1901 Ian Hay had begun to coquet with fiction. He had worked fitfully on a school story, the hero of which was, he confesses, modelled on a certain Fettes boy of his acquaintance. He called him "Pip," and what has now become the third chapter of the novel was the first serious attempt at fiction that he ever made. The tale grew in a desultory way through several years: sometimes he did not touch it for six months at a stretch; sometimes he took it up again and interpolated a chapter into the hero's past; sometimes he grafted an episode on to his future. The school scenes were written first; then the love scenes; then the first two chapters, that deal with the somewhat neglected home life of Pip and his sister Pipette, and give an amusing record of their experiences at the local kindergarten school kept by Mr., Miss Mary, Miss Arabella, and

Miss Amelia Pocklington. Among the good things in all Ian Hay's novels are his humorous or reflective asides, such as those in "Pip" on the fascination of golf; on how the schoolmaster realises early in his career that "he is not a universally popular person"; or on how Pip's father, a widower and an overworked medical man, discovers that he has not acted wisely in leaving his two children too entirely under the influence of his servants, for it has come to pass that to Pip and Pipette etiquette and deportment are "summed up in the following nursery laws, as amended by the kitchen":

"I. Girls, owing to some mysterious infirmity which is never apparent, and for which they are not responsible, must be helped first to everything.

"II. A boy must on no account punch a girl, even though she is older and bigger than himself. (For reason see I.)

"III. A girl must not scratch a boy. (Not that the boy matters, but it is unlady-like.)

"IV. Real men do not play with dolls. (However, you may pretend to be a doctor and administer medicine without loss of dignity.)

"V. Real ladies do not climb the trees in the garden in the Square. (But you can get over the difficulty by pretending to be a boy or a monkey for half an hour.)

"VI. Girls never have dirty hands - only boys. (For solution of this difficulty see note on V.)

"VII. You must *never* tell tales. Girls must be specially careful about this, not because they are more prone to do so, but because boys think they are.

"VIII. Real men never kiss girls, but they may sometimes permit girls to kiss them.

"IX. You must eat up your bread-and-butter before you have any cake. (This rule holds good, they found out later, all through life.)

"X. Do not blow upon your tea to cool it: this is very vulgar. Pour it into your saucer instead."

Having an uneasy suspicion, as the story progressed, that he was making Pip too much of a bread-and-butter hero, the author deprived him of all his money and sent him out to earn his living as a chauffeur; then, as a last straw, he says, he invented a mildly lurid episode which he labelled "The Principal Boy: An Interlude," and dovetailed this into the narrative immediately before Pip's final apotheosis; and by this time, as he puts it, "the original Pip had faded almost entirely from the scheme of things. It nearly always happens when one sets out to include a 'real live' person in a 'made-up' story that the exigencies of narrative make it necessary to develop this character in some unexpected direction. Hence the stolid, immovable features of my original Pip were stretched and strained to a quite unrecognisable

degree. But, in spite of the liberties which I have taken with his character and (probably) history, I still have to thank my Fettes friend for supplying me with the original materials—his devotion to cricket, his entire lack of imagination, and his freakish memory—for my first story."

Early in 1907 Ian Hay looked over what he had done, and recognised that he had written a book; so he had it typed, and dispatched it on a short journey of a mile or so to the historic offices of the house of Blackwood. Six weeks later it was accepted, and in the following autumn it was duly published; as Mr. Beith was anxious not to offend the susceptibilities of his sensitive scholastic profession by associating it with anything so frivolous as fiction, he cut off the last third of his name, and "Pip"

appeared with the now familiar pseudonym of "Ian Hay" on the title page. It was very favourably reviewed, and an especially appreciative notice in the *Spectator* gave the sales such a fillip that before long the book was in its second edition, and it has gone on growing in popularity ever since.

"Pip" is only Ian Hay's first book, however, so far as the public is concerned. Two years previously, he had issued a small, privately printed volume of University sketches. That earlier work is not to be had now for love or money, but Ian Hay owns that more than once he has employed small portions of it "to season later dishes," and he impenitently hopes, all being well, to do the same again. Nevertheless, "Pip" was his real beginning, since he wrote that first chapter of it, which is now the third, as long ago as 1901.



Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

Ian Hay.
(Mr. Ian Hay Beith.)

In the spring of 1908 Mr. William Blackwood suggested to him that he should follow up the successful "Pip" with a book to be published that autumn, and, nothing loth, though he had taken six years to evolve his first story, he set to work to write the second in six months. Possibly the fact that it was definitely commissioned work acted as a stimulant; anyhow, "The Right Stuff" was finished by July of that year, and was scoring a new success in October. The third book, "A Man's Man," appeared serially in *Blackwood's* before it made its appearance between covers, and I ranked it as the very best of his books until I read "A Safety Match." It had originally been called "Sole Trustee," but, happily, at the eleventh hour Ian Hay re-christened it over the telephone. The heroes of "The Right Stuff" and of "A Man's Man," unlike each other in almost every other respect, have this in common—that each is a man's

man. It is a type that particularly appeals to Ian Hay, though he knows and depicts many other types with equal insight, and his gallery of women characters is a full and wonderfully varied one. No more subtly feminine, pleasantly provoking, utterly natural girls and women live in fiction than some of those that have their homes in his books. He has a very intimate understanding of children, too, and there are charming passages about them that I had marked for quotation; but my space is running out, and I give instead these two characteristic asides from "A Man's Man" concerning woman in general:

"My general experience—and it has been wider than you might think—has been that, once a woman takes a fancy to you, you may run counter to every canon of honesty, sobriety, and common decency, and she will cleave to you—probably, I fancy, because you arouse all the protective maternal instinct in her. On the other hand, once you get into her bad books—it may be because you deserve it, but as often as not it is because you have hot hands or once trod on her skirt in a waltz—nothing that you can do will prevent her shuddering at the very mention of your name."

"In her relations with her male belongings a woman does not expect much. Certainly not justice, nor reason, nor common sense. That which she chiefly desires—so those who know inform us—is admiration, and, if possible, kindness, though the latter is not essential. The one thing she cannot brook is neglect. Attention of some kind she must have. Satisfy her soul with this, and she will remain all you desire her to remain—*toute femme*—something for lonely mankind to thank God for."

In the eighteen months that elapsed after the publication of "A Man's Man" Ian Hay published nothing but "Bill Bailey," a short story about a second-hand motor-car; but he was busy on his fourth novel, "A Safety Match," which, after running serially in *Blackwood's*, came out in volume form in the autumn of 1911, and has proved the most successful of his books. Some

striking dramatic episodes in this story arise out of a coal strike and a final disaster in one of the mines, and to get local colour for that scene Mr. Beith went down into a Lanarkshire coal-pit, under the guidance of an experienced friend, in order that he might study the working of a colliery at first hand. "The friend has since expressed his disappointment with the inadequate use which I have made of the opportunities thus afforded me," he remarks, "and, although I have pointed out to him that technical precision must occasionally give way to dramatic exigency, I fear he still regards me as a thoroughly unsound writer of fiction."

Mr. Beith has lately completed a new novel, which will start serially in *Blackwood's* about the end of the year. Its title, "Happy-Go-Lucky," is intended to indicate the disposition of the hero, who is usually addressed by his friends as "Freak"; and the tale concerns itself mainly with his love affairs, which owing to his largeness of heart and constitutional reluctance to disoblige a lady are more numerous than discreet. On its more serious side the story emphasises the truth that the most amiable butterfly, provided he has the right stuff in him, usually undergoes a complete transformation when taken in hand by the right girl. Of this mingled yarn of good and ill, human weakness and human strength, all Ian Hay's novels are woven; the quaintest, shrewdest vein of spontaneous humour sparkles through his pages; but there is a mind and a heart behind his laughter; he has the quick, exquisite sense of pathos that always goes along with the sense of humour, and his whole outlook on life is sane, and wholesome, and kindly. His success has been rapid: he has gone farther in five years than most novelists go in a lifetime, and nobody can read these four books of his without feeling that he has it in him to go very much farther yet.

X.

NORMAN ANGELL.

THERE are two ways of achieving fame; one—infinitely the easier of the two—is to sit down and write a sensational novel, and the other to write a serious and specialised book. It sounds simple in theory, but in practice it is another matter, and the story of how "The Great Illusion" came to be written illustrates strikingly the slow, painstaking methods of genius. A few years ago Mr. Norman Angell, then quite an unknown personality in the greater world of letters, set before the public in a thin octavo volume of about a hundred pages the epitome of his studies in international politics. The fate that befell "Europe's Optical Illusion"—as the book was then called—was pretty much the same that has befallen books that have been destined later to be regarded as "epoch-making" in the true sense of this much abused term. It fell absolutely flat; it was ignored both by the Press and the public alike; and now at the present moment it is being translated into seventeen languages! Mr. Norman Angell has every reason to feel grateful to whatever

gods may preside over the fates of authors for the fortunate turn of events that has placed him almost at a bound as it were in the forefront of European authors.

The career of the author of "The Great Illusion" was not always passed in the study poring over the problems of peace and war. Indeed, to anyone who knows Mr. Angell personally, and the facts of his life, it is a matter for wonder that he could have found the time necessary to devote to the study even of his own particular subject and the strenuous work of putting his ideas into book form. For unlike so many beautiful and artificial creations in literature "The Great Illusion" was not the work of a night; it did not "arrive" by accident; the author did not dream it as the poets both great and small dream poems; he built it steadily bit by bit in his brain, as the builder builds a monument and the work took years of patient and laborious study.

The life of the author of "The Great Illusion" belongs more to fiction than to fact. We can only find a parallel to it in the careers of some of our novelists. Stevenson

would have shaken hands with him, not for his book, which he might not have perfectly understood; nor have appreciated the simple and direct style in which it is written, being a craftsman of elaborate designs; but for having lived the wild, open life under broad heavens and rolling plains and *not* having made a romance out of it. Therein is matter for congratulation! Perhaps after all the exotic career of Lafcadio Hearn comes nearer to that of Mr. Angell in the matter of personal adventure.

Mr. Norman Angell, who is still well under forty, was born in England. He received most of his education in France and migrated to Western America. It was here in this last country that that large slice of adventure befell him, and where he awakened to those unique ideas on world politics that were later to stir and influence all deep-thinking men both at home and abroad.

The life of the frontiersman, which includes such a pleasant variety of occupations, as ranching, mining, "cow punching" etc., probably taught him more than all the schools; for one learns living close to nature what the man who is habituated to a hum-drum city life can never learn to the full extent; those sterling qualities of resource and decision which are as necessary in an author as in a man of affairs; and Mr. Angell is both. He was always an eager student of political and abstract questions, and in his journalistic work of this period one already traces the style and methods of the present author of "The Great Illusion." We next find him in France stemming with success that seething vortex of newspaper life in Paris; and then came the great opportunity of his life when he became connected with the business direction of one of the biggest journalistic enterprises in the French capital which brought him into immediate contact with the foremost political and commercial minds of Europe and indeed celebrities of all kinds who helped and encouraged him in his great work of political reformation. Such is the brief epitome of the twenty crowded years which resulted in "The Great Illusion."

The book itself has been subject to such a variety of misconception and misrepresentation that perhaps a few "explanations" may not be out of place in an article ostensibly dealing with the work and personality of the author. It is of course always the obvious things, the simple things, that are most subject to misinterpretation, and before a proper understanding of the thesis of "The Great Illusion" has been arrived at a few "illusions"

will have to be cleared away. For example, any of the following propositions would be cheerfully accepted and have been accepted, not only by the ordinary "man in the street," but by the enlightened leaders of our thought and opinion as well, as the fundamental thesis of "The Great Illusion":

- (1) That war is impossible.
- (2) That war does more damage to the vanquisher than the vanquished.
- (3) That war would spell instant ruin to everyone concerned.
- (4) That as England would be just as well off under the Germans as under the English we might as well let the Germans come.
- (5) That Bourse panics will stop war.

(6) That bankers will stop war because they find it does not pay.

None of which resembles in the remotest degree any of the propositions which Mr. Angell has laid down in his book. The whole idea of "The Great Illusion" is simply that war is an unprofitable undertaking in the twentieth century, both to the nation and to the individual who is part of that nation owing to the delicate interdependence of trade and finance. We are blinded by traditions that have passed away; haunted by shibboleths and have never really paused to think the matter out in a clear and logical manner. Mr. Angell preaches the gospel of peace but objectively; that is to say, if he had felt that any real profit, moral or material, could arise from the art of war as it is conceived and practised at the present day there would have been no

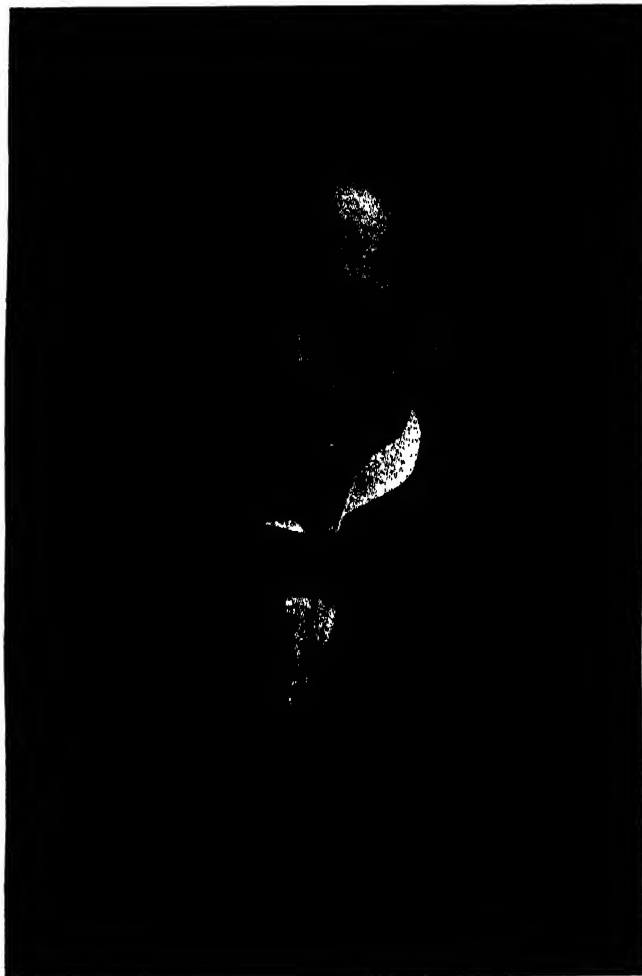


Photo by "Daily Mirror"

Mr. Norman Angell.

need for his book and the slow, patient years in which he devoted himself to the problems of international warfare would have been given to more profitable things; but feeling and having expounded in "The Great Illusion" the folly and fallacy of war he advocates peace: it is the only alternative. He does not say, remember that war is impossible, which is a favourite misinterpretation; it is more than possible; it is even likely; and it is because it is so probable that "The Great Illusion" has become such an important factor on all questions touching on international policy. Mr. Angell endeavours in "The Great Illusion" to put the clock right for us; we are slow by several centuries; and while we are so advanced and have made such gigantic strides in other things in the domain of international politics we are absolutely stationary and remain rooted where we were at the beginning of history when plunder was the price

of war, and the rough and ready methods of the Huns and the Vandals will not work in the twentieth century. Mankind has developed materially and morally since then (whether they know it or not) and at the present moment when the nations are more than ever bound by economic interdependence and considerations of trade; when the division of labour is a tie between State and State and man and man, war and the benefits that war is supposed to bring is an individual and national "illusion." It is not war we want, but co-operation, not strife but federation. That is the real and only possible interpretation of "The Great Illusion," if read with the usual modicum of light and understanding. But one must read the book for one's self and not simply listen to what others say about it who are prejudiced in favour of war.

It is a matter of satisfaction to think that in spite of such misrepresentation that men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Winston Churchill have allowed the tenets of "The Great Illusion" to shape their thoughts and to mould their policy; and that the work has been honoured by complimentary reference in the French Chamber—an unusual experience for a book. There is even an opinion expressed in various quarters that Mr. Angell stands a very close chance of being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize; and as he is now engaged in the active work of propaganda on the lines laid down in his book, there is probably not in Europe to-day a personality who would put it to a better use than the author of "The Great Illusion."

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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Mrs. Fred Reynolds,

whose new novel, "Letters to a Prison," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. With Mrs. Reynolds are her son and daughter, the latter known already as the author of a successful book "Red of the Rock."

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 WHITE, FRED. M.—The Corner House. 7d. net.



Thames Warehouses.
(Whistler.)

THE READER.

THE TRIUMPH OF WHISTLER.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

(Joint Author with Elizabeth Robins Pennell of the Authorised Life of Whistler.)

HE being dead yet speaketh." Never were these words better exemplified than in the case of Whistler. It is true that only nine short years have passed since his death, but in these nine years great things have happened to the memory of the artist whom Sir E. J. Poynter insulted by calling "the Idle Apprentice," after his death, at an Academy banquet; though Whistler's greatness as an artist was acknowledged before the close of his life—and he lived long enough to know that his place was among the great. His eminence among artists is now assured, as almost all his most important canvases have been secured by the most important galleries of the world. His few great pictures still in private collections would at once be acquired by other great galleries if they could be acquired. And nothing counts more for the fame of an artist than to live, hung in a great collection, with the great works of all ages and all lands.

In portraiture, in his nocturnes and marines, he is the modern master.

In etching he is the supreme artist of all time, and his supremacy is universally acknowledged.

His pastels and water colours and lithographs are among the triumphs of the art of our day.

His works thus cover nearly every phase of the graphic arts, but as he himself has said, "the man who can't paint everything, can't paint anything."

In literature—for he was no mere painter—"The Ten O'Clock" and "The Gentle Art" are classics that, founded on the rock of tradition, will endure for ever.

By his personality and his wit he will live with Dr. Johnson and Cellini. But this is not all. His theories are

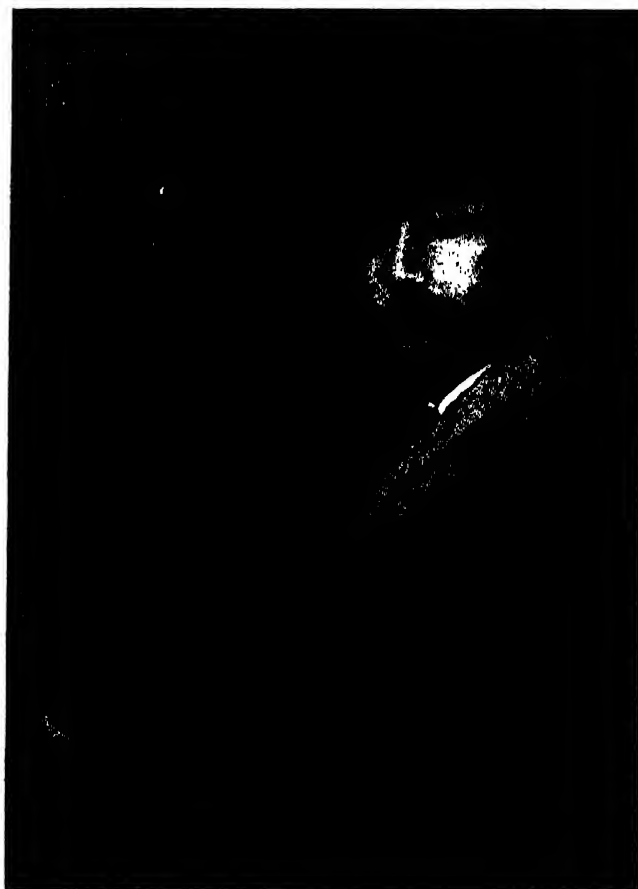
accepted by those who never knew he propounded them, as well as by those who have always known he was right when he uttered them.

His sayings -- and the things he never could have said -- are the stock-in-trade of the journalist, as well as the author, now they have ceased reviling him -- reviling the very things they now quote and praise.

His pictures, which for years he could not sell, are found in reproductions in every home and on the popular postcard.

His etchings and lithographs are the base of every collection -- and their possession the ambition of every collector.

Surrounding and growing amid these facts are the strangest fictions, for to the world he was a man of mystery, and from this mystery fantastic tales are being woven.



Portrait of Whistler,
by Himself.

In the George M'Culloch Collection.



**Major George
Washington Whistler,
Father of the Artist.**

From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

tation, contention and appreciation, in the struggle for the right, and to carry on tradition which, as he said, carries everything onwards.

The tributes to his memory in writing are endless and increase year by year. To most men a biography is the end of a life, the pigeon-holing of a personage.

Though he is no longer with us, his spirit broods over the world, and, as in his life, almost everything that happens in the world of art revolves around his work and his word, and he, as always, is the subject of controversy, quo-

Whistler has been the inspiration of a whole library of literature, and what passes for it. From the point of view of *THE BOOKMAN*, this literary tribute to his memory is astounding—and therefore worth discussing—

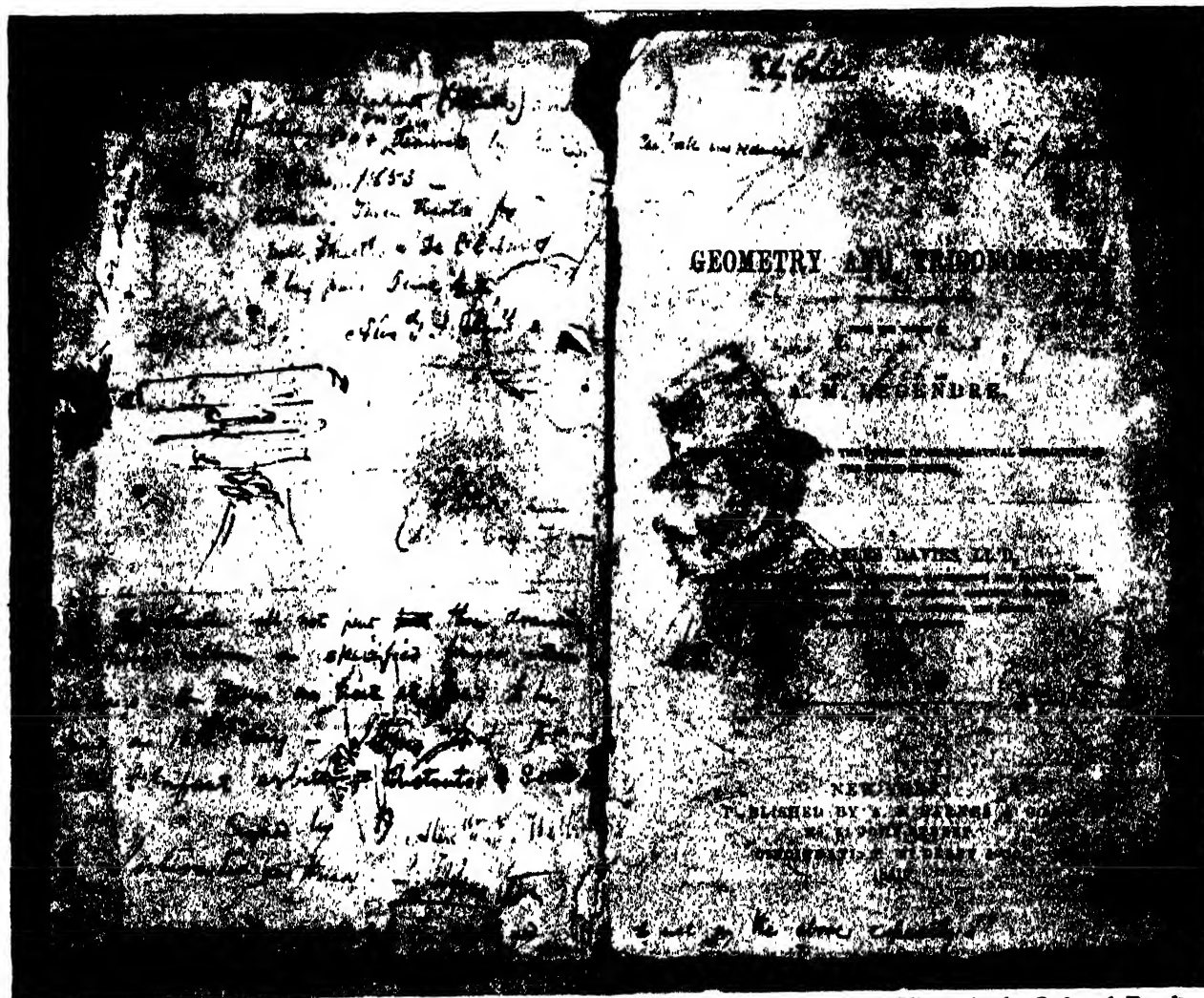
and it has, save by us, scarcely been referred to. In the nine years since his death, between sixteen and twenty complete books about him have been published.

Within a short time after his death the first volume appeared—"The Art of James McNeill Whistler," by Messrs. Way and Dennis, who say their book was prepared before his death with the intention of submitting it to him. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they did not do so, for Mr. Way had broken with Whistler, and Mr.



Whistler's Mother

From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).



Title Page of one of Whistler's School-Books.

In the possession of Thomas Childs.

From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Dennis, I do not think, had ever seen him. Still another chapter of "The Gentle Art" was lost to the world because he was not consulted, but the book was interesting, especially the part about lithography, and it went through several editions.

Then came the "quick and ready" Mr. Mortimer Menpes, with "Whistler as I knew him," though no one I ever met could recognise Mr. Menpes' subject. This volume was saved by its illustrations, and it is extraordinary that it—in the large paper edition—was no success, for it contained an original etching, "The Menpes Children," by Whistler; but the text still lingers in my memory, as does much of the Menpes' family writing—a strange thing, but their own. An inundation followed. Mrs. Arthur Bell got out a volume, though I believe in this, or perhaps another form, it had been referred to Whistler shortly before his death, and he had objected to it. Then—I cannot give the order, I haven't the books by me—a volume in German by Prof. Dr. Hans W.

Singer was issued and was later done into English. The feature of this was that the author had neither seen the artist nor many of his paintings. He explains that he came to England for the purpose, and was received, he says, by the sound of whistling behind a safely locked door. But Dr. Singer's study of the etchings and lithographs is of value.

A Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary appeared in America with a very brief life, a very long appreciation, and the first attempt at a catalogue of Whistler's paintings, but as she, too, had never seen most of them, it was not strange that she made an almost incredible mess, and so proved herself most amusing without meaning to. Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy told of many things, but the



Paul Moody House, Worthen Street, Lowell, Mass. U.S.A., where Whistler was born. 1834.

From a photo supplied by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Emma Palmer.
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition) by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

best were his "Recollections" of the times he posed for the painter and became known in his native town of Chicago as "the man Whistler painted."

Bernhard Sickert did a little book mostly about Whistler's art, and he had something to say. He made a better list than Miss Cary of the works, but Sickert is an artist. His brother Walter has been threatening a book on Whistler for years.

Otto Bacher wrote from knowledge, he was there, "With Whistler in

Venice." This book contained, in the first edition, some most extraordinary letters, and Miss Philip—Whistler's executrix—having eventually seen them, suppressed the volume. It was never issued, I think, in England. She also descended upon Mr. Haldane MacFall who, during the London Whistler Memorial Exhibition, 1905, rushed in and out with "Whistler, Butterfly, Wasp, Wit," embellished with Butterflies Caught—as he should not—and Miss Philip suppressed him too.

An amusing fact about this work was that the first editions were dedicated to Mrs. Pennell and myself, but as the Committee of the Whistler Memorial Exhibition felt sure that entanglements would be inevitable with Miss Philip, they refused to place it on sale in the show, so the author removed the dedication to us from later editions: one of the most comical performances I ever encountered.

A series of suppressions seized on Miss Philip. She stopped a circular which contained a butterfly—Whistler's butterflies being copyright; she went for the International Catalogue, which did not contain any then—though some were put in afterwards; she suppressed a Mr. Gallatin; and she tried to injunct, seize, and prevent the



**The Two Brothers
(Whistler and his Younger Brother, William).**

From the miniature lent by Miss Emma Palmer. Formerly in the possession of Mrs. George D. Stanton and Miss Emma W. Palmer.
From *Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

publication of the "Authorised Life," dragged us into the Court of Chancery, and succeeded in proving legally that we were authorised to write the "Life of Whistler"—at considerable cost to herself. This book, which has gone through a number of editions, and is being translated, has proved a mine of information to hacks and thieves. It is incredible that the new law of copyright, in both England and America, is so imperfect that two whole volumes have been made out of our "Life" already, and the authors—or thieves—have been praised for their discoveries—discoveries they made in our volumes and printed with scarce the change of a word—and no acknowledgment.

M. Théodore Duret, an intimate friend before we knew Whistler, and an intimate friend till his death, wrote an admirable essay—"Whistler"—which is now out of print.



Limehouse.

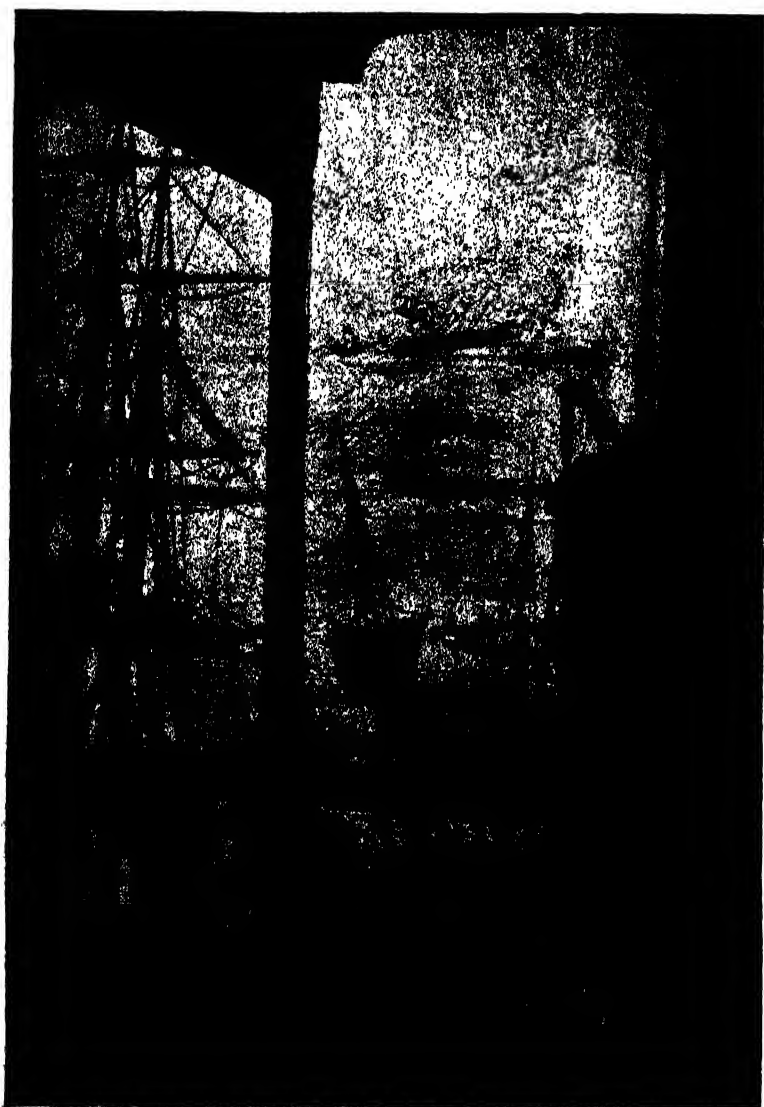
One of Whistler's series of Thames etchings.

Mr. Way has just issued a volume of "Memories," notable for two things. His account is most complete of Whistler as a lithographer—for Way printed almost all of Whistler's lithographs, and his book is, therefore, authoritative—and for the reproduction, for the first time, of many most interesting notes and sketches.

There are several other volumes, some of which I cannot recall—many of them are in the bibliography signed "Don C. Seitz," the contents of which strangely resemble the work of a vanished Mr. Shallard, who was at work on the same subject, sent round prospectuses and specimen pages, and then disappeared.

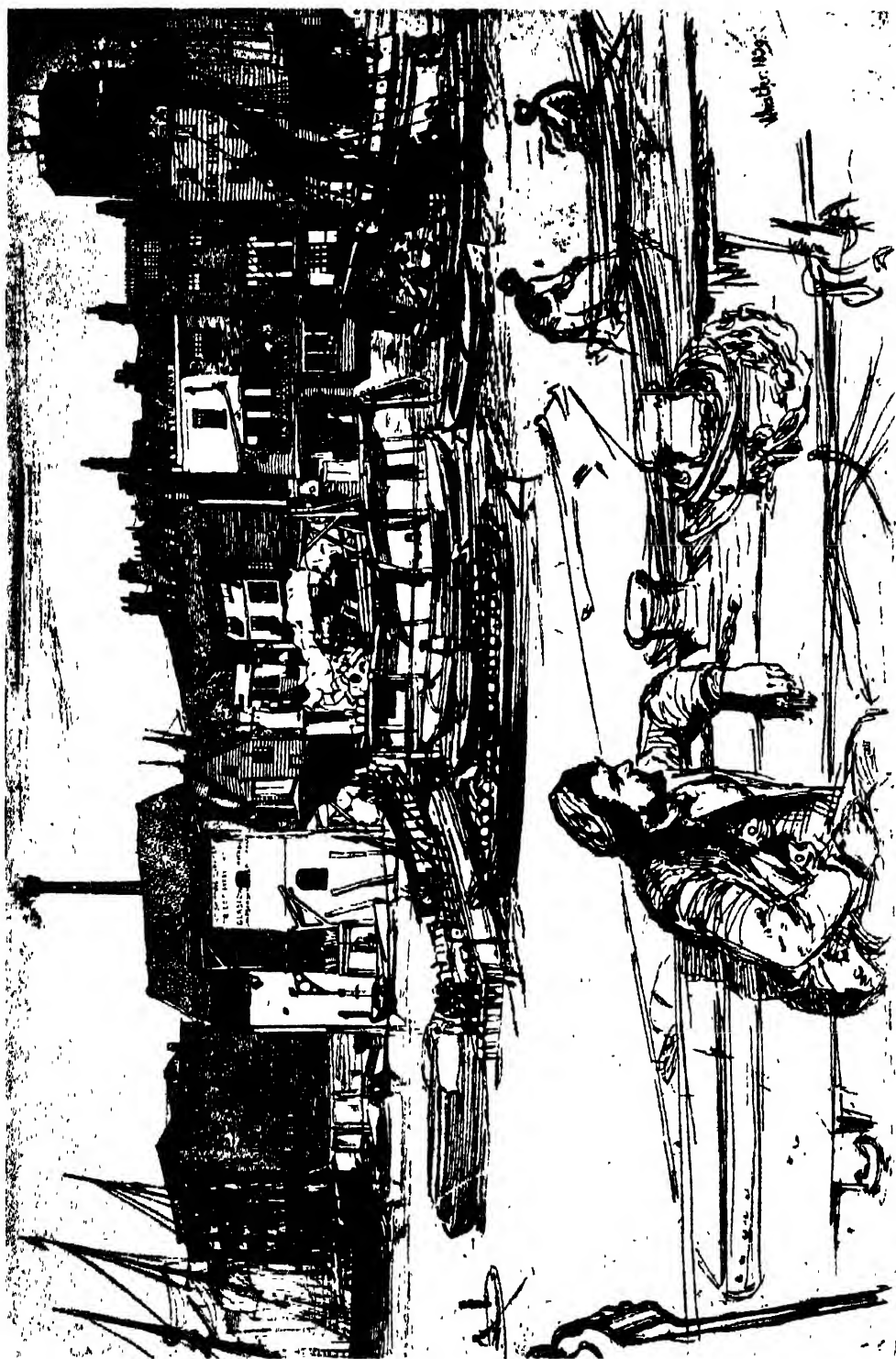
There are also a large number of books, either more or less devoted to the artist and his work, or containing essays by writers, from Duret—whose "Critique D'Avant Garde" was the first serious study—to Wedmore who, at last, has swallowed himself in his endeavour to be on the right side. Then there are George Moore, Meier Graefe, Zola, Holman Hunt, and, last of all, the author of "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris," whose article on Whistler when it was submitted to me was the poorest trash I ever read.

"Golly, what a crew," as Whistler would have said. There are some fifty of them, I imagine, and as for magazine and newspaper articles, I have collected more than fifty folio volumes since his death. I advised the Board of Education to do this for the South Kensington library, but they did not cut the necessary knot of red tape in time, and they could not untangle it, any more than the British Museum could continue to buy his prints. After purchasing—this was done by Sir Sidney Colvin's predecessor—more than one hundred of them, Colvin discovered that the works of living artists could not be bought, and this discovery has cost the British nation the loss of endless treasures for ever, as well as endless and unnecessary expense in the future.



Rotherhithe.

"Whistler in 1860 devoted more time to painting on the river and less to etching, though the Rotherhithe belongs to this year."—*Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).



Black Lion Wharf
(Whistler).

"*7 Thames Warehouses and Black Lion Wharf*" won him recognition as 'the most admirable etcher of the present day.' "*Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann)



Etched by himself (1859).

Whistler.

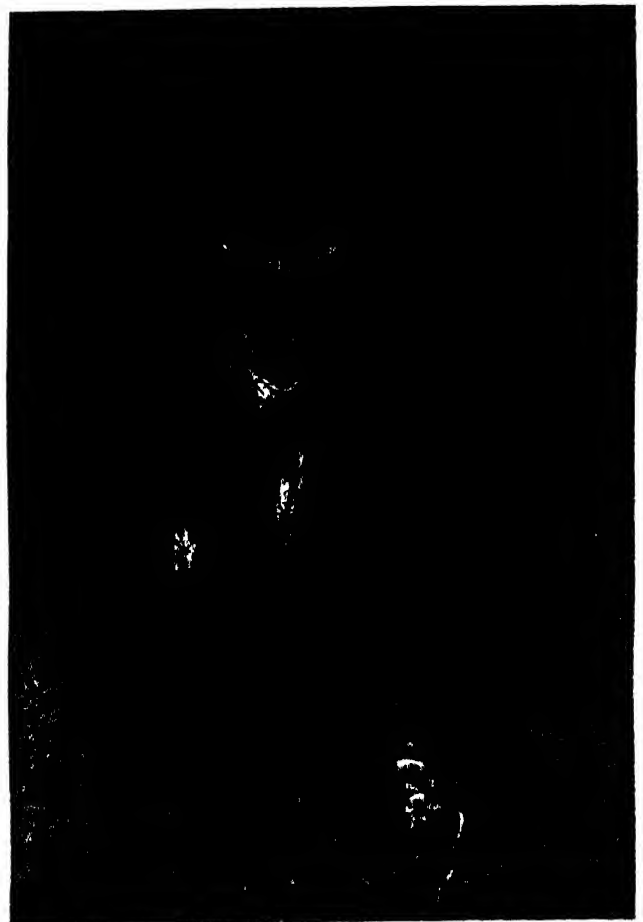
His work, too, has been the sport of cataloguers, beginning in the early seventies with Ralph Thomas's catalogue of his etchings. Then Wedmore, "refreshed with money," as he says, blundered in and produced the worst catalogue I can conceive of—and he even had some help from the artist, he says. It went through two editions, and was exposed by "An Amateur," who corrected the most obvious blunders and filled in the most glaring omissions. It, however, is still used by people who don't know better, and still puffed and praised by its author.

**Whistler in the Big Hat.**

In the possession of Charles L. Freer.

"It is evident that his own portrait, *Whistler in the Big Hat*, was suggested by Rembrandt's *Young Men in the Louvre*"—*Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Mr. Howard Mansfield, after years of work, prepared a complete catalogue for the Caxton Club of Chicago, which would have been almost perfect, had he not fallen into a slough of states and proofs. Mr. E. G. Kennedy, soon after, got out a huge monument in four folio volumes for the Grolier Club, which is a most unfortunate example of misdirected energy. The plates which have been described are not described finally, or even at all, only referred to by numbers, and it requires a library—very inaccessible—of other catalogues to use it; the feature is the reproduction of nearly all the plates. Mr. Freer, the great American collector and admirer of Whistler, did everything he could—to interfere. But the worst thing is the arrangement and make up of the book which would have horrified Whistler, and it is further disfigured by an essay by an American journalist, whose name and

**Whistler.**

A chalk drawing by himself.
In the possession of Thomas Way.

knowledge add nothing but avoidupois to the volume. Since Whistler's death, Way has brought out a final edition of his catalogue of lithographs, though he acknowledges there are more prints to be added. The etchings have been repeatedly noticed and catalogued in the Keppel Booklets, a series which has circulated as many as 50,000 copies of some of the volumes. Mr. Keppel, too, wrote a pamphlet "One day with Whistler," which the subject I fear—had he seen it—would scarcely have delighted in—though he was delighted with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's *Journey* ("Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists"), roaring over it—but I believe the book and its author are taken very seriously in the United States.

The fullest general catalogue of "Whistlers" was that of the Memorial Exhibition of the International Society



Miss Annie Haden.

Dry point etching by Whistler (1860).

From the Royal Collection, Windsor.

of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, London, 1905. I wrote this—with Mrs. Pennell. It was badly copied by the Paris Memorial, worse by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and comically by Mr. Canfield—without even measurements of the works being given. Not even those great and good etchers, Messrs. Brangwyn, Strang, Cameron, Haig and Bone, put together, can equal this list of catalogues—but they have each, I imagine, made more plates.

There is one most important side of the man's life for which the world waits: his letters. When Miss Philip brought suit against us, and endeavoured to get out an injunction to prevent our issuing the "Authorized Life" and failed, she swore that Whistler asked her to edit his letters, and that she was to take her time about it—that at any rate she has done—but even to this day, there are large collections she has never taken the trouble to look at—at least one collection, of the greatest value, has been lost or destroyed—and others are sold and scattered. I have no idea what material she has, but I know much that she has not, and without several collections which she has never seen she cannot do the work properly. Yet others are—by the law of copyright and her enforcing of it—prevented from doing that which they are only too ready and willing to do, and cannot, and she will not. A properly edited collection of Whistler's letters would be one of the most remarkable books of modern times. Miss Philip also possesses,

or did possess, Whistler's attempt at autobiography—only a few chapters of which I believe were written. Had he taken the time and trouble to write it all, a new Cellini—but a Whistler—would have resulted. These chapters were written, read to Mr. Heinemann, and the scheme given up before Whistler asked us to write his life.

This triumph, however—this literary triumph—has not meant only a pæan of praise. The world-wide success of the man and the artist has awakened a new class of enemies and detractors for Whistler.

Pupils have turned into traitors, or others have endeavoured to prove them the creators, the inventors.

Some few writers have always been consistent, and it is better to hate wrongly and honestly, even if ignorantly, than to swallow yourself, simply to be on the correct, or what you think the correct, side. More writers have simply tried to be in the movement, and so praised because they thought they ought to, and usually praised the wrong thing. I, myself, have, over and



Sir Henry Irving as Philip II.

By Whistler.

Sold at Christie's in 1905 for 4,800 guineas, and now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.



La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine.

In the possession of Charles L. Freer.

This painting is a portrait of Miss Christine Spartali, daughter of the Greek Consul-General in London.

over, been accused of praising everything by Whistler, when, over and over, I have condemned things both in the man and his work I did not like—because I did not believe in the way he was painting or acting. But I did it to his face, never behind his back, and this is, possibly, one reason why I never had a quarrel with him, though we had endless fights. It is also said I got on with him because I was American; possibly this is true also, for we were both of that almost extinct

race, American Americans, though his southern and my northern unconstructed beliefs found much to differ in. But, at any rate, I tried to be true to the man and to fight with and for him—in exhibitions—in life—in the Press—and I mean to be true to his memory. I know perfectly well I had something to do with his triumph, and I glory in that—his triumph was the triumph of art, and it was a great and noble thing to have the chance to work for that, which was working for him. A man more devoted to the highest perfection he could attain never lived.

To achieve this, he took incredible and endless pains, and he was a genius, whether taking pains makes one or no.

The world of art has acknowledged his greatness by three great Memorial Exhibitions—a tribute no other modern has received—in America, France and England, though English and American official art had nothing to do with them. The public—which he cared nothing for—has, tamely, blindly, accepted him everywhere.

Interesting also, but a reason of enmity now, is his

financial success on every side. Seeing this, dealers—some of them—and critics—most of them—are doing everything possible to boom their protégés, to send up the financial value of men who have yet a national, to say nothing of an international, reputation to make. It may, in this day of best sellers and biggest prices, be worth while for a moment to recall the sums Whistler received during his lifetime for his etchings and lithographs, and compare them with the sums received for the

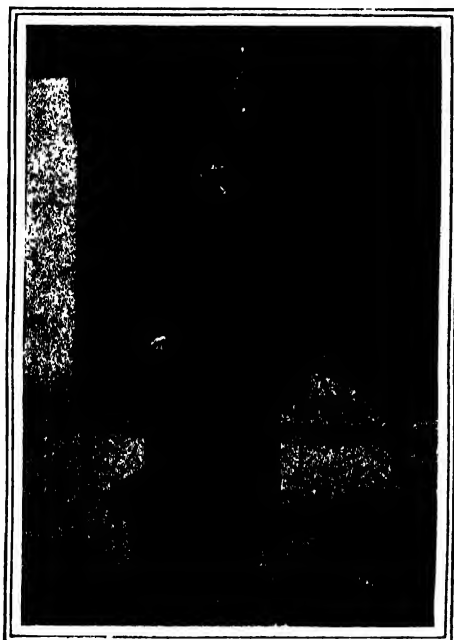
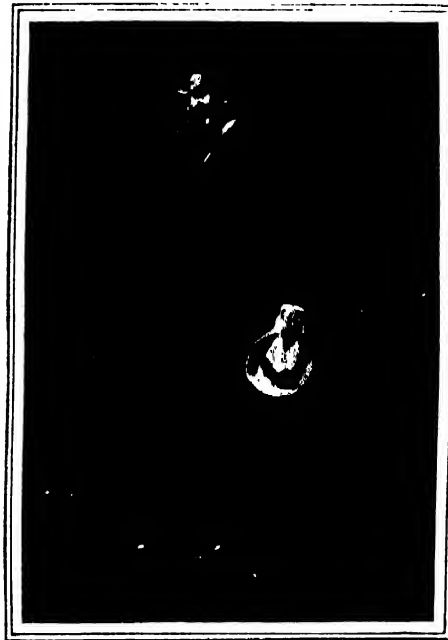
work of budding genius—in some cases there is no sign of the bud, and never will be.

Whistler's "Douze Eaux Fortes" was sold by him for two guineas (or fifty francs) a set of twelve, thirteen with the cover. The sixteen Thames Etchings for twelve guineas.

The Venice Etchings, first set of twelve, sold for fifty guineas, about four each—and it was years before the Fine Art Society got rid of them, and they never issued another set for him, but went back to the London plates, the Thames set, which they sold for from one to two guineas each for years after. The second Venice set contained

twenty-six proofs, and he could only get for these twenty-six, fifty guineas—the same price as for the twelve, and only about one-third the number of sets was printed. He never could get anyone to publish a set for him after this, though he made sets of etchings in France (two), Belgium and Holland.

For single etchings, proofs, he got from two guineas to fifteen, at the end; for his lithographs, until his death, from two to five guineas. Now people one knows nothing



Glimpses of Whistler.

Four snapshots taken by Mr. W. Heinsmann, with whose permission they are here reproduced.

about, as his plates are bringing enormous prices, want the same prices people pay for his work to-day because they cannot get it otherwise. Dealers run up the other people and buy them in, in the hope of a demand made by themselves. There is a slight difference—but the world don't see it.

Whistler never worked for anything but his art. He believed in that, and knew it would be appreciated—as it is. But no portrait painter ever painted so many portraits and yet had so few commissions—and this is true of all his work—but a few did believe in him, and they were enough. He knew it was fatal to be popular, and he spurned popularity—though he made the people he wished look at his things. To have believed in him always was our good fortune, and it was an opportunity which has come to no one since Boswell to be asked to write such a man's life, to be asked by him

to write the life of the greatest artist of modern times and our greatest friend. We have written as strongly as we could and we have nothing to take back—we have told the truth as we know it, and we stand by it. We shall never again see a man in whom we can believe with all our mights and with all our hearts and with all our souls. We know that Whistler was the greatest artist of modern times, and the most interesting man of our time. We have made the world see this, and we have hastened his coming into his own. But without us or any writers, by his work alone he would have been acknowledged the great man he is. We have had the chance to show it—the chance of our lives—and we are proud of it. We have done the best we could. But we shall never have such a chance again, and we know his fame is too secure for any to prevail against it.

WHISTLER.*

By G. S. LAYARD.

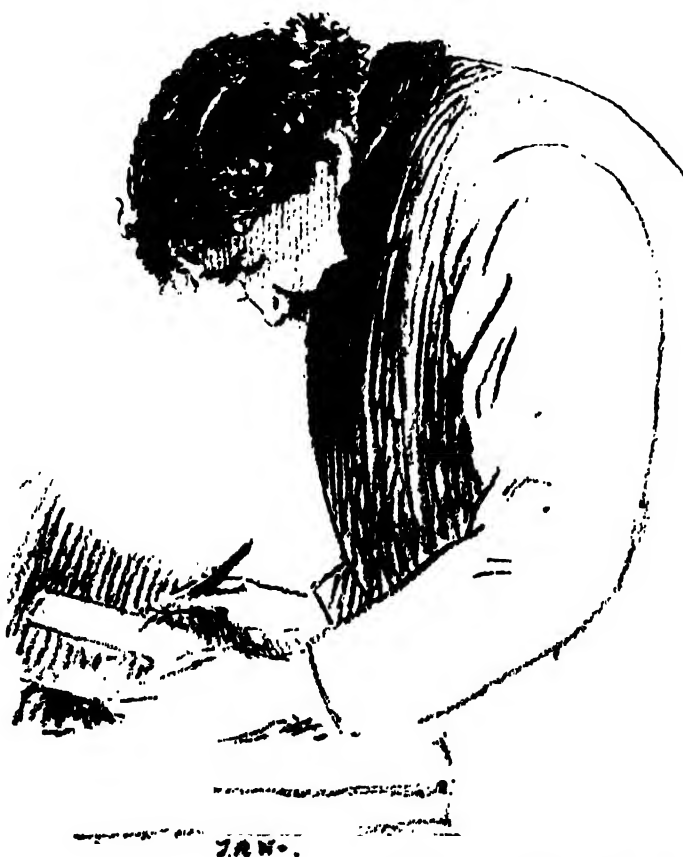
WHISTLER was a diamond with many facets, and being also a *poseur*, he presented himself at different angles to different people. Already we have had him described from the optical angles of Monsieur Duret, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, Mr. Otto Bacher, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, and a host of others. Now we have the opportunity of seeing him from the angle which he presented to Mr. T. R. Way in a little book which, though somewhat desultory, is never dull. It is chatty and has some good stories. But it is not for these that we welcome it. Rather is it for the side-lights which it throws on Whistler as lithographer and pastellist that it will be eagerly read by those who prefer to overlook the "mountebank" and pay homage to the artist.

And when we say "mountebank" it was surely rather the world that was to blame than the man. For the world gets what it deserves, and Whistler was not the only genius who has thought it necessary to descend to the cutting of ridiculous capers for the sake of getting people to listen to his serious message. The man who sings however badly standing on his head is sure of a

great audience. The man who sings however well standing on his two legs may count himself fortunate if he gets any hearing at all.

Discursive though this book is, it yet leaves one definite impression, that of Whistler "as the keen, untiring student and worker, rather than the brilliant figure in society or the keen fighter." And this impression is agreeably intensified by the nature of the illustrations. These being mainly reproductions of sketches and notes for pictures, we seem to surprise the artist at his moments of creation and to hear him as Mr. Way

aptly puts it "thinking aloud." What a great earnestness there was in the man to do the best possible that was in him. How punctual he was to destroy what did not come up to the high standard that he set himself. It may seem puerile to some, but it was wholly characteristic of his passion for completeness, that his care about anything to do with writing was as intense as if he were making an etching or painting a picture, and his great feeling for composition, which is really the basis of all decoration, showed itself in such details as the addressing of an envelope or postcard. "I have known him," says Mr. Way, "to go

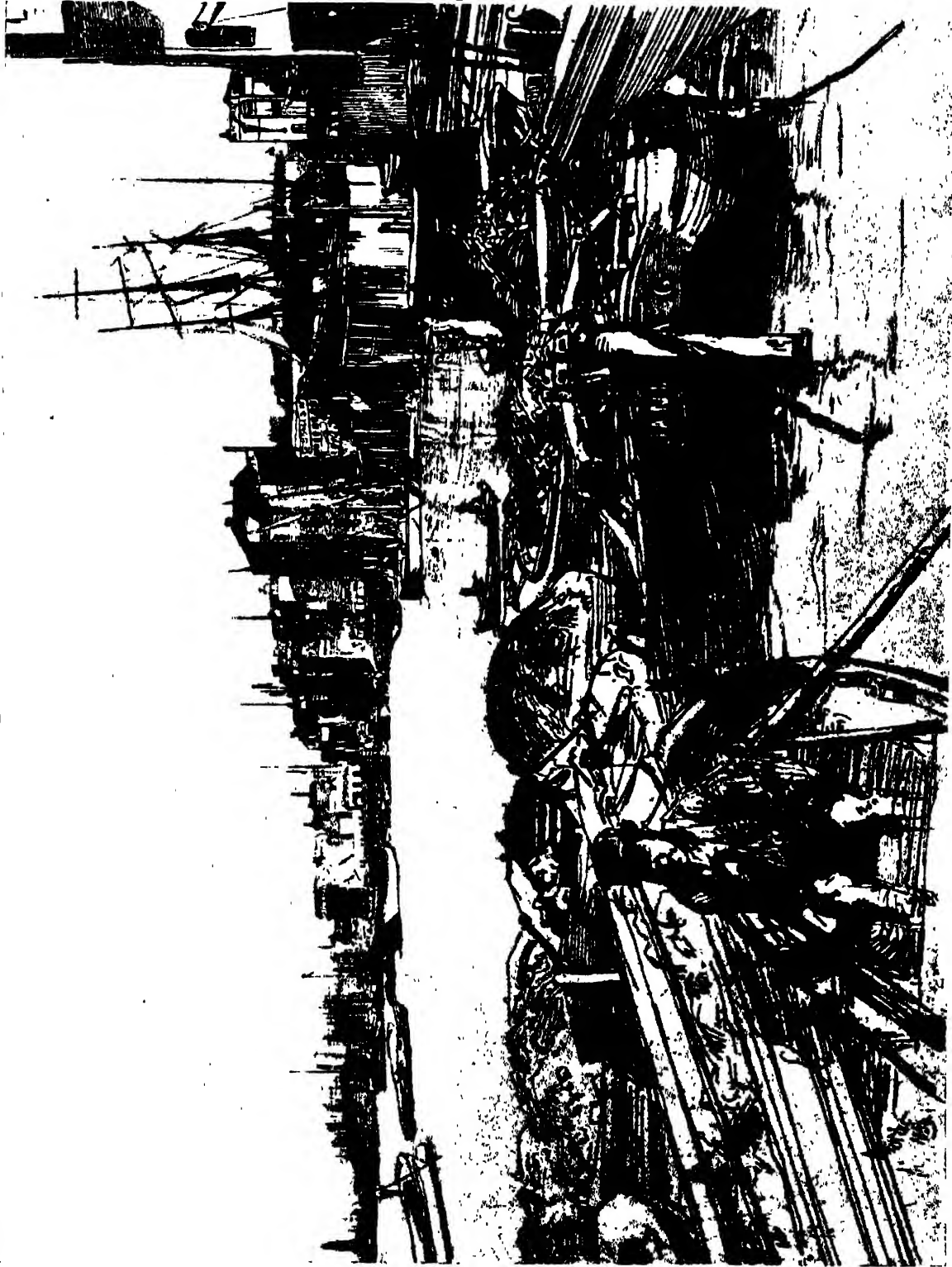


Drawn by T. R. Way.

Sketch of Whistler whilst he was Retouching a Stone.

From "Memories of James McNeill Whistler," by T. R. Way (John Lane).

* "Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist." By T. R. Way. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



The Pool,
(Whistler).

to the post office himself rather than trust anyone else to fix on the stamp for him, lest it should not be exactly in its right place!"

Again and again through the book this note of intense determination that nothing but the best should go forth from his studio is sounded, and the writer of this volume is peculiarly fitted to insist upon this because of the intimate nature of the services which he rendered to the artist. Himself an adept in the process invented by Senefelder, it was lithography that was the cause of Mr. Way's first coming into touch with Whistler. And lithography is a method of reproduction, which besides offering the artist every variety of strength from black to white, and an almost unexplored field of colour suggestion, can legitimately claim to be the one *positive* process by which an artist can multiply his ideas. Like etching it is autographic, but unlike etching, and in this immeasurably its superior, the worker in it is able to see exactly what he is doing and, with experience, to know exactly what the print for which he is working will yield. In lithography there is no possibility of the printer "assisting" the drawing with "retro-usage," or spreading of the ink as is frequently

done in etching. As a result the lithograph is the pure and undiluted work of the artist himself. True, there is a certain quality in Whistler's etchings that is wanting in his lithographs, but this is in a sense accidental, and there is a growing conviction in other minds besides Mr. Way's that for the reproductive side of his art he found in lithography the most sympathetic and perfect medium of all. Certainly Whistler himself looked upon his later lithographs, when he had become the master of that method, as having qualities equal to, though of course differing from, those of his finest etchings. I myself am the fortunate possessor of his works in both media—the lithographs cost me a penny a piece—and I always feel nearer the master, more certain that I have received his message when contemplating those wrought in the less showy medium.

If genius consists in the infinite capacity for taking

pains, which I deny, then certainly Whistler had it. But he had much more than this. He had the power of accomplishing things at which no mere artificer, however industrious, however skillful, and with infinite time at his disposal, could ever have arrived. That I think is the better definition of genius. In other words, he was gifted with the eye of the seer, which could pluck out all that was essential and disregard all that was superfluous. We have all laughed at the story of Oscar Wilde, who, after a hard morning's work, professed to have removed a single comma from a set of verses and, after another strenuous morning, to have put it back again. But we forget the many vacuous mornings of our own in which not even so much as a comma has been wrestled with.

On p. 69 Mr. Way strikes a note which we who

have learned through contemplation of the work of the great artists to see a new heaven and a new earth, should be instant in season and out of season in impressing upon our fellows who look upon pictures as the end and aim of pictorial art. Writing of Whistler's magnetic influence on all who came in contact with him, Mr. Way says "when-ever I had been with him in the



Whistler's Famous Portrait of His Mother.

Now in the Luxembourg.

studio, nature was always full of his pictures when I left." If only everyone would realise the great significance of that, we should not see the bored and bewildered faces which render our picture galleries such melancholy gathering places. If only people could be brought to believe that the great artist is putting down on paper or canvas for all time something of his wonderful insight, something other than a mere transcript of what anyone can see for himself, they would then go out into the world with eyes open and able, in a measure, to pierce below the surface of things and see the essential beauty that exists in the heaven that lies about them.

Isn't it Clementina Wing, in Mr. Locke's clever novel of that name, who says to her sifter: "How on earth do you think I should be able to paint you if it hadn't been for Velasquez?" Now, we can't all be artists

like that clever lady, but we can all learn, like her, to see nature through the spectacles of a Keats, a Velasquez, or a Whistler, if only we will humbly sit at their feet and try to understand.

This, it is clear, Mr. Way has done, and it is

this that makes his beautiful little volume worth reading.

His attitude is the becoming one of the disciple rather than the critic, a refreshing attitude in these days when Jack is as good as his master—and a little better.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS. OCTOBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

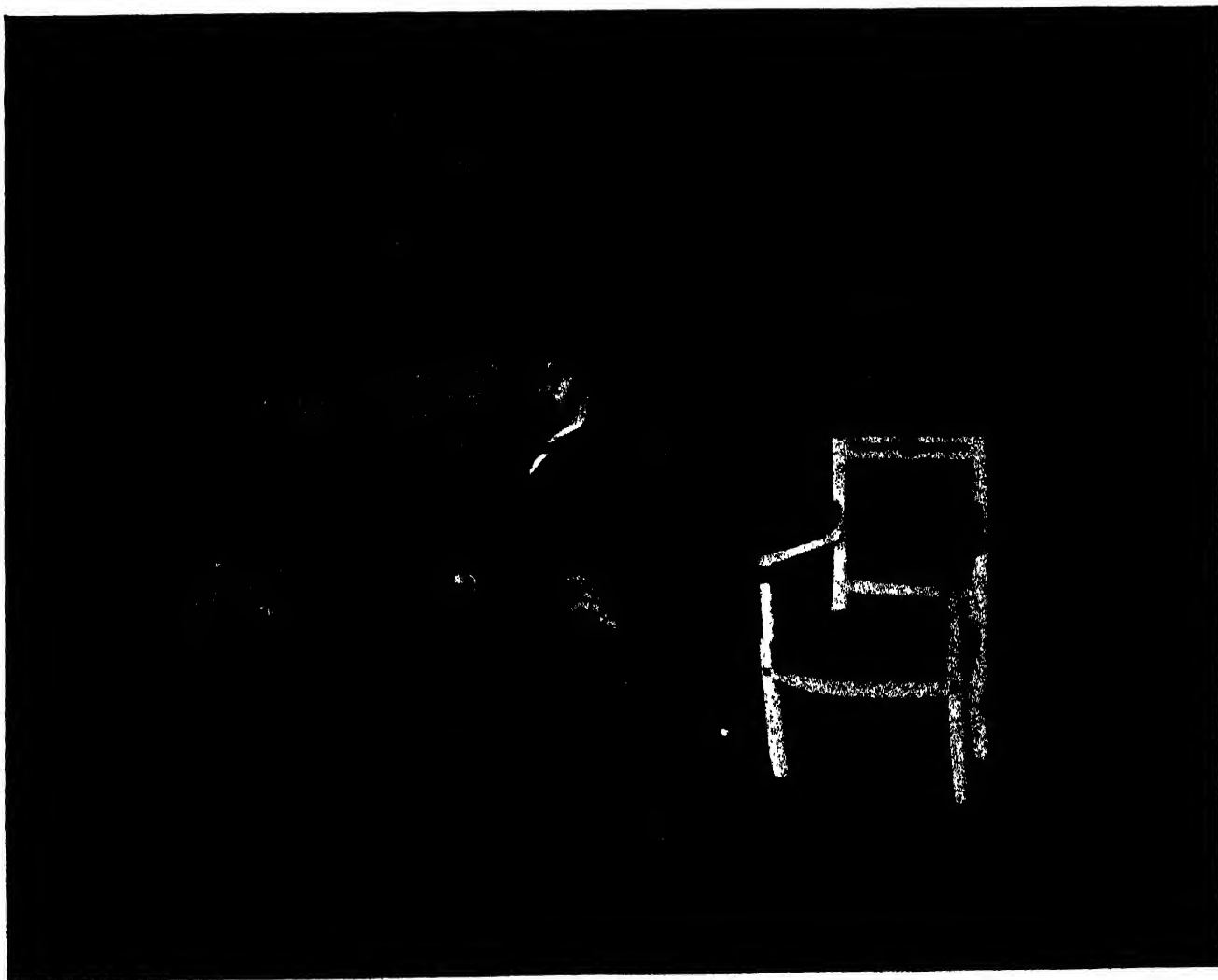
- I. —A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.
- II. —A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Rhymed Alphabet on the books of this autumn and their authors.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for

twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mrs. S. Parker, of Fountayne Street, Goole, E. Yorks, and HALF A GUINEA to William A. Lambe, of 7, Paston Place, Brighton, for the following:

I have sailed many seas, I have heard many tongues, I have seen many lands,
In a world that is fair as Heaven, and foul as the darkest place,
I have kept through it all, as God helped me, the touch of your hands;
I have lived many days by the light I last saw on your face.



Whistler in His Study.

I have gathered me gold, I have
gathered me gems, I have
gathered me goods—
Riches and treasures, men call
them:—I laugh,—I was
rich before:

The memory of all that you said,
that Spring day when we
walked in the woods
Makes me careless of all my
new gains—makes me rich
evermore.

I have seen a new grave, I have
looked on their tears, I have
heard them say "Death"

They say it is you who died,
and have passed from our
hearts away

God be praised that the soul is a
living flame that dies not out
with the breath—

They are wrong, for you live;
you are mine—You spoke
to my spirit to-day!

MRS. S. PARKER

THE PRINCESS CHOOSES

Had I been wise, I would
have passed you by,
On that fair morning when
from out the wood,

Running you came to greet me and I stood
Spell-bound to see such longing in your eye

What could I do but told you to my breast?

I could not fight at all against the power
Of your triumphant love; it was an hour
Of perfect joy, of sorrow dispossessed.

Had I been wise I should have bid you go
Before your lips had kissed my tears away.

Shaming my doubt of you which till that day
Had robbed me of my treasure, brought me woe

Had I not seen the signal, heard the call,
The clear, sweet call which only love can make,

I had not lost a kingdom for your sake,
Had I been wise; but wisdom is not all.

* * * * *

I come to thee beloved, let me lean
Upon thy strength, support me, lift me up,
I shall not shrink to put aside the cup
Of princely favours; let me be thy Queen

WM. A. LAMBE.

We select for printing—

IN SEPARATION.

Dear, though I may not know
How you are faring, as day follows day,
Peacefully blank, monotonously grey,
This heart and soul must go

On an impassioned quest:
"We found you once—our joy and strength and home!
And, till we find again, must ever roam,
Knowing no human rest."

Dearest, your pleading hands,
That often told me what you could not say,
Seem stretched out still to draw me on the way
Through dark bewild'ring lands

Of Time and Life to You!
Still through the mist there shines for me your face!
(O God of Love, in Thine own hour and place,
Make the dear Vision true!)

(Helen K. Watts, Lenton Vicarage, Nottingham.)

A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

My Lady sat in her lonely bower,
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)
Silent she sat full many an hour,
Her hair hung down in a golden shower
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

Her face was wan as a frozen sea;
Her lids were hot as coals might be,
Beneath, her eyes stared woefully.

My Lady heard in the court below
The fall of feet in the crackling snow,
The priests and the mourners, sad and slow.

They bore me by on draped bier,
While throbbing through me sharp and clear
My Lady's heart I seemed to hear.



Old Hungerford Bridge
(Whistler).

They set me down among the dead,
With candles twain at feet and head,
And pallid shroud upon me spread

My Lady came, unseen, unheard,
But I felt her soul like a maddened bird
Fluttering round as the flame-light stirred.

The graven tombs our bodies keep,
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)
But our souls are sunk in slumber deep
Till God shall break their tranced sleep:
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

(Norman Davidge Gullick, 6, Chantry Road, Clifton,
Bristol.)

TOO LATE.

("O for five minutes more of her, to tell her with what love
and admiration as of the beautifullest of known human souls, I
did intrinsically always regard her.")

Carlyle to his dead wife.

If I had known how soon in Death's calm slumber
Your busy hands and beating heart would rest,
Could I have left the gracious word unspoken,
Disguising all the love within my breast?

Reproachful memories around me gather,
The burdens that I might have helped you bear,
The hours I might have made less long and lonely,
The joys you vainly sought with me to share.

It is too late to offer reparation,
And though my eyes be dimmed with sorrow keen,
I cannot bring them back—the years departed,
But only think of all that might have been.
In solitude my pathway now pursuing,
Without your smile, your voice's gentle tone,
I can but seek Heaven's pitying forgiveness,
And cry in penitence—"if I had known!"

O ye, whose daily pilgrimage is brightened
And blessed by some sweet presence at your side,
Remember 'tis the spoken love that feedeth,
By this alone the heart is satisfied
Keep not ensealed your fountains of affection,
No word of tenderness leave e'er unsaid,
Better strew flow'rs of kindness for the living,
Than lay them in despair upon the dead.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road,
South Woodford, N.E.)

A SLEEPLESS SORROW.

1.
I had a sorrow that refused to sleep
Usurping still my restless couch by night,
Robbing my days of comfortable light,
Driving me forth to curse my gods and weep.

2.
I took my sorrow to the woodland wild
Where pigeons crooned and all things seemed at rest,
But still it turned to rend my anguished breast
And send me on my way unreconciled.

3
Where ling and heather crowned
the purple hill
I sought to lay my sorrow in
the grave,
With songs of hope and resolu-
tion brave
No tomb could hold my grief.
It claimed me still

4
I sought a sobbing channel of
the sea,
That in a dark and dreadful
cave made moan;
The surges warred on unrelent-
ing stone,
And crept, and curled, and
spurned my grief and me.

5
Bitter and cold uprose the sullen
tide
With rolling echoes of the tor-
tured deep.
And then, at length, my sorrow
fell asleep
And I forgot, and, in forgetting,
died.

(Irene Barlow, Clogher Park,
Tyrone)

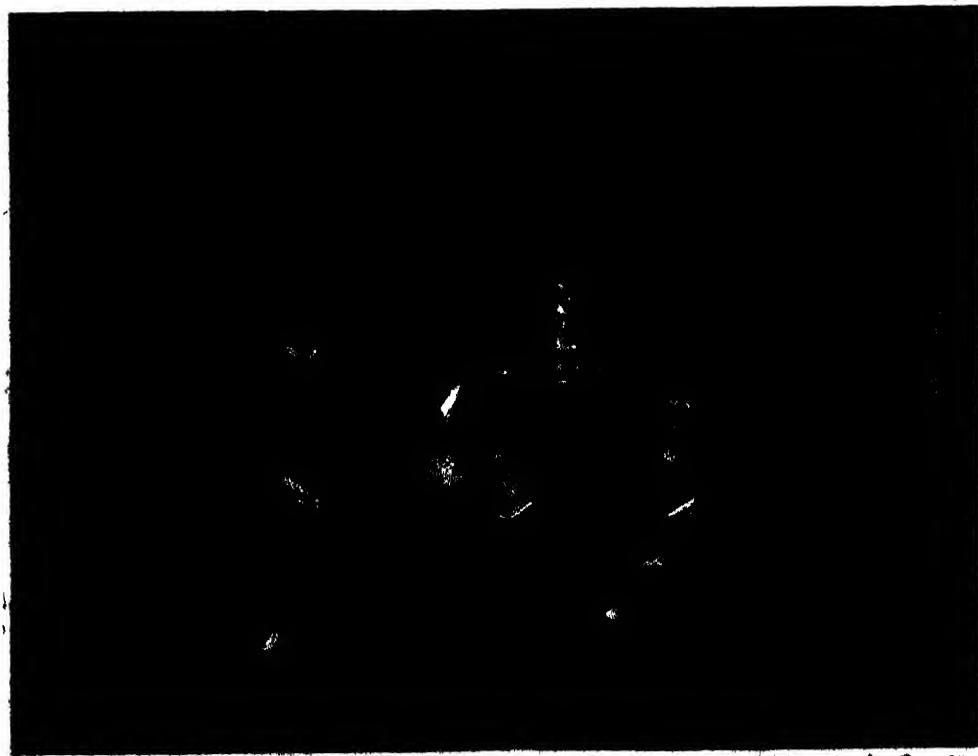
We specially commend
also the Lyrics sent in by
Alfred Barnes (Forest Gate), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury),
Florence E. Briggs (Crown Hill), Katharine Sidebottom
(Bramhall), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Jeanne
Butler (Westbury-on-Trym), Eveline Emily Ife (Plum-
stead), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), S. B. Irene Bell (Lon-
don, W.C.), Martin A. Kennedy (South Shields), Kathleen
Knox (Belfast), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Morris F.
Cock (Ashford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Ethel
Goodwin (Clapham), Helen Lanyon (London, W.),
Elizabeth P. Sholl (Yatton), E. A. Pearson (Fleet),
Mervyn Davies (London, W.), Violet Pascoe Williams,
E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Gwenn F. Narnham (Gil-
lingham), Edward Howard (Putney), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker
(W. Hampstead), B. Vickery (Bradford), Maude Carter
(Redland), W. M. Lodge, Henry S. Baker, Jas.
Thompson (Aberdeen), Marjorie D. Niven (Peterhead),
Grace M. Measham (Newcastle), Miss M. Swann (Great
Missenden), Mary Bradford Whiting (Ramsgate), Doris

Dean (Bromley), Ethel M. Adams (Whitchurch), Miss
G. Hennings (St. Albans), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich),
Amelia D. Light (Enfield), Edith Conquer (Liscard), Mrs.
A. A. Green (Wolverhampton), L. Port (Clapton), Walter
G. Priest (Norwich), D. C. Yarrow (Glasgow), Ursula
Roberts (Rugby), G. A. C. M. (Glasgow), Grace M.
Measham (Jesmond), Gus. Lenorne (Bingley), C. E.
Sladden (Luton), E. L. Fairweather (Leytonstone), D.
McLaren (Leith), Jas. Mitchell (Edinburgh), J. Tarry
(Richmond), H. R. Smith (Newcastle), Mrs. Ring (Bir-
mingham), Edwin Walters (Denmark Hill), Lily Irwin
(Leamington), Thomas Moulton (Manchester), B. G. Brooks
(Wood Green, N.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire),
Wayland Young (Sheffield), Ada Baxter (Leicester),
Florence M. Wilson (Bangor, Co. Down), Harold J.
Taylor (Ramsgate), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke
Grove, W.), Maude Colett (Cheltenham), A. S. Barnard
(Walsall), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton, N.E.), G. G.

Jackson (Northampton), V.
Ford (Clifton), Louie Gray
(Frinton-on-Sea), Margaret
Dickin (Wrexham), Albert E.
Barnes (Beaconsfield), Frank
Garrett (Birmingham), Mar-
garet Painter (Wimbledon),
Mabel A. McMolyneux (St.
Albans), Ethel Painter
(Wimbledon), Edward Grif-
fiths (Liverpool), Dorothy
Poole (Godalming), Gertrude
Pitt (Belsize Park, N.W.), H.
M. Winter (Dublin), Wallace
Davies (Prees, Salop), Lilian
Hyde (Prees, Salop), Mrs. A.
H. Sale (Polesworth), S. Ger-
trude Ford (Bournemouth),
Eric V. Overell (Leamington),
Mrs. Lesley M. Keighley (New
Brighton), Alfred Barnes
(Forest Gate, E.), Beryl M.
May (Farnham), J. G. Horne
(Blairdrummond, Perth), Jean
MacDiarmid (Largs), E. J.
Oliver (Wood Green, N.), Miss
V. A. Callander (London,
S.W.), Violet Gillespie (Forest
Hill, S.E.), G. E. Holme
(Great Malvern), P. Lynch
(Bowes Park, N.), H. Beckett



Whistler's Famous Residence. The White
House, Tite Street, Chelsea.



Group in Whistler's Studio.

From a photograph lent by Ralph Curtis,
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Hainemann).

(Wolverhampton), Effie Philp (Edinburgh), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood, N.W.), E. Hartley (Dacre Banks, Yorks), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby) Maurice Frank (Brixton, S.W.), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), R. W. King (Catford, S.E.), Miss G. M. Clive (Birmingham), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Constance Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell, S.W.), Eric Trayler Cook (London, N.), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), Hugh G. Griffiths (Bury), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Fred W. Quinton-Anderson (Edinburgh), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), J. W. James (Cardigan), M. S. Carter (Brighton), W. Hodgson Burnett (Kensington, W.), E. R. (Hull), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Miss C. Ward (Bridlington), P. Selver (Fulham, S.W.), Isaac Rosenberg (Hampstead, N.W.), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), Florence Bagster (Kendal), C. Evan Jones (Brockenhurst), William Kettle (Streatham, S.W.), C. B. Lugden (Wakefield), H. Faure (London, N.W.), Frank Brebner, jun. (Aberdeen), Janet Agnes Bell (Edinburgh), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), M. Thorpe (Catford, S.E.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), John G. Fletcher (London, W.C.), Olivia Moir (Manchester), Margaret S. Ogle (Englefield Green), V. W. Ware (Southsea), Alfred C. Ward (Hackney, N.E.), Mrs. Sarah J. Cole (Nottingham), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Alice Davis (Folkestone), Crawford Neil (Dublin), A. Kate Hickson (Leicester), Gladys King (Hornsey, N.), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), E. A. Lawrence (Liverpool), and Phyllis Morris (Hove.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss K. Elsie Hurst, of 103, Park Crescent, North Shields, for the following :

SHOULD I GO TO THE BAR?

By J. J. GREGSON SIATER
(Eltham Stock)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
BEN JONSON —*To Chloë*.

We also select for printing :

THE VICAR'S SECRET. By C. E. JEFFREY. (Murray & Evenden.)

"They came and stole my garments,
My stockings, all my store,
But they could not steal my sermons
For they were stolen before"

REV. H. TOWNSEND—*Epigram*.

(G. W. Turner, 17, Lister Street,
Rotherham.)

KNICKERBOCKER DAYS

By HARRIS TWEED.

"Once more into the breach, dear
friends, once more!"

SHAKESPEARE—*Henry VI.*

(Miss Margaret S. Ogle, Royal
Holloway College, Englefield
Green, S.O., Surrey.)

LADY ERMYNTRUDE AND THE
PLUMBER.

By PERCY FENDALL. (Stephen Swift.)

"But they couldn't chat together
They had not been introduced."

W. S. GILBERT—*Etiquette*.

(Miss F. M. Jamieson, 11, Crieff
Road, Wandsworth Common,
London, S.W.)

A CHILD'S VISIONS. BY DAPHNE ALLEN.
(G. Allen & Sons.)

"Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd
And lucent srops, tinct with cinnamon"

JOHN KEATS—*Ecce of St. Agnes*

(George A. C. MacKinlay, 9, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.)

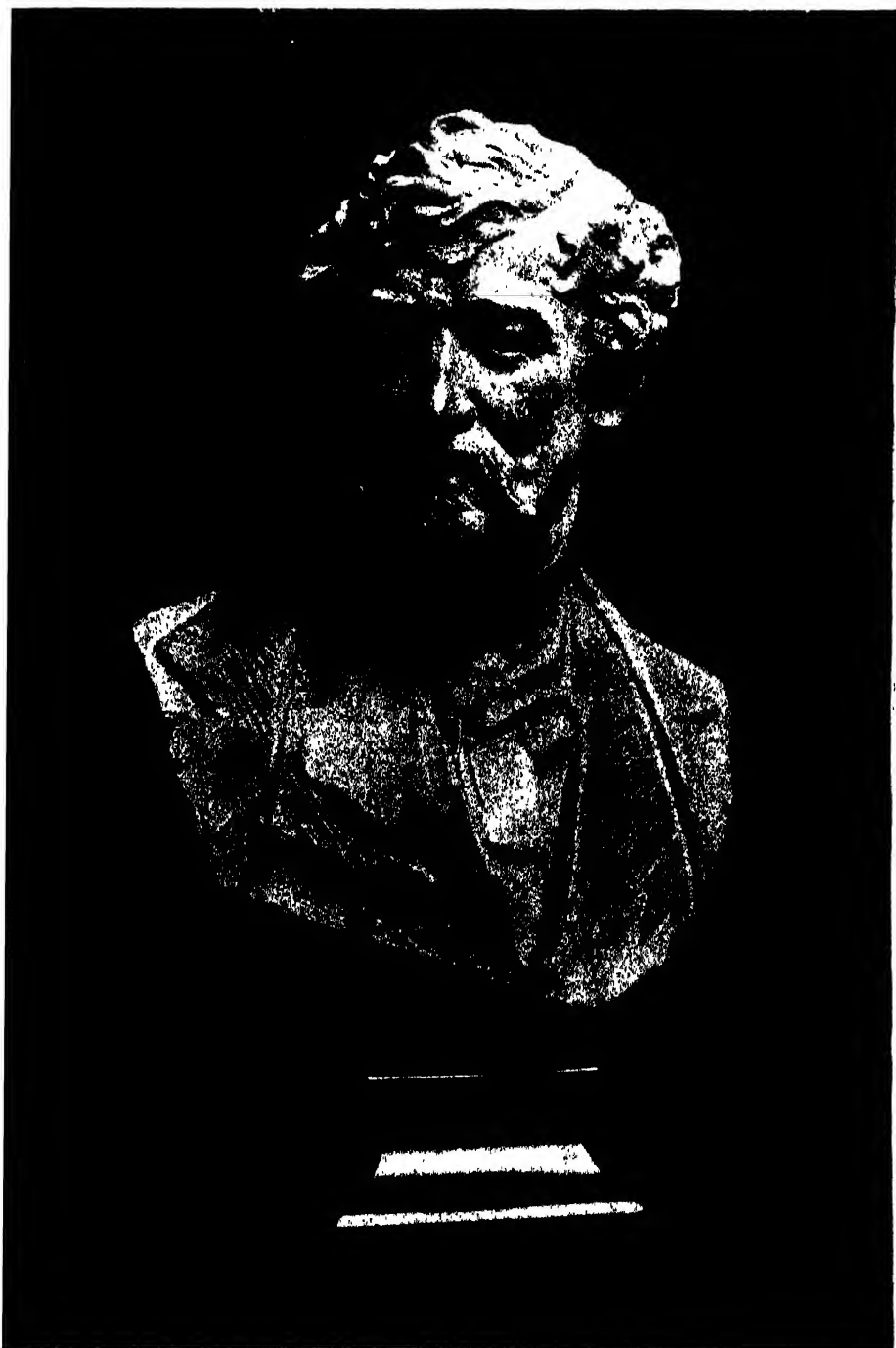
III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Epitaph on the late summer in four lines of verse is awarded to L. A. Pooler, care of The Ven Archdeacon of Down, The Rectory, Downpatrick, Ireland, for the following :

EPITAPH ON THE LATE SUMMER.

Tears are for parting, thou did'st weep alway,
Now storm-begirt, now sobbing soft and low,
Thy "name is writ in water," wherefore we
Dry-eyed do stand, and gladly watch thee go!

L. A. POOLER

The best of the numerous other Epitaphs received are those sent in by A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Mrs. Keighley (New Brighton), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Thos. Ingle (Sutton), Donald R. Gooding (Southwold), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Marion Burd (Llangair).



Bust of Whistler.

In the possession of the Duchess of Argyll.

From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).



Waterloo Bridge from the Savoy
(Whistler).

M. Kennedy (South Shields), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton at Hone), John Cadman (Southport), J. Swinson (Tunbridge Wells), Eric P. Freeman (Bexley Heath), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), J. Gregory (Bradford), Miss M. K. Perkins (Highgate), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Doris Dean (Bromley), M. M. Whiting (W. Ealing), Miss H. M. Anden (Church Stretton), Miss Watson (Newcastle), E. G. Hogan (Nottingham), L. Port (Clapton), J. C. Buchan (Alloa), Amy Ellen Lester (Stoneby), H. J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Geraldine Tatlow (Chippenham), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), M. H. Linkinlater (Great Malvern), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), B. C. Brooks (Wood Green), Wm. Fielding (Haywood), Miss M. E. Campbell (London, S.W.), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Geraldine P. Gallway (Thursk), H. M. Winter (Dublin), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Ada E. Mann (Rhyl), V. F. J. Klammer (Glasgow), B. D. Wright (Edinburgh), M. T. L. (Milton, Hants), Margaret Dicken (Wrexham), W. F. S. Joseph (London, W.), Eva Scott (Streatham), Evelyn G. Lalmore (Bath), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), F. R. Thomson (Finchley), E. Russell (Ashton Manor), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Marcia Knight (Rushden), Caroline Coxham (New Malden), M. A. Newman (Badingham), H. G. Dowling (Portsmouth), Margery Finch (Portsmouth), Miss C. E. Muirhead (London, N.), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), Miss E. M. Cooke (Mold), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), W. H. Burnett (Kensington), Lillie Cole (Pontrilas), H. Caby (Fordham), Miss M. F. Aikman (Glasgow), F. W. Quirton-Anderson (Edinburgh), Miss Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), John Fletcher (London, W.C.), Flora Bacot (Worthing), Miss V. W. Ware (Southsea), Kate Bedford (Brighouse), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Stanley-Hunter (Lewisham), Theodora Martin (Bristol), Florence Macqueen (Bath), Phyllis Morris (Hove), Miss V. Huish (Derby), and Maurice Frank (Brixton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Agnes M. Macaulay, of Portwood, Great Malvern, for the following :

MURPHY—A MESSAGE TO DOG-LOVERS.
BY MAJOR GAMBIER-PARRY. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Amongst stories about dogs, "Murphy" must certainly rank as a classic. One lays down the book impressed with its double "charm"—the charm of style and the personal charm of the writer revealed throughout its pages. Major Gambier-Parry diagnoses dog-nature with the same tender, sympathetic feeling that is shown by a great physician towards a patient. The story

of the Irish "Murphy," intermingled with the author's tentative moralisings, cannot fail to attract those who are genuine dog-lovers. To them this "message" will be ever-welcome.

We also select for printing :

THE DAUGHTER OF BRAHMA.
BY J. A. R. WYLIE.
(Mills & Boon.)

Deep into the mystic heart of India this absorbing novel penetrates—"East is East and West is West" always its underlying *motif*. The tragedy of the pathetic misunderstood David, his marriage with the Brahmin Priestess, the constant fret and jar between two for-ever separated races—the fraud and fanaticism of one religion, the hypocrisy of the other—are boldly and fearlessly revealed. Strong, yet poetical, it pleads for toleration and sincerity. The vivid word-pictures, the subtle analysis of character, its sheer beauty enthral us. Read with an "open mind" it is at once a joy—and a lesson.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plâs Brith, Llandudno, N. Wales.)

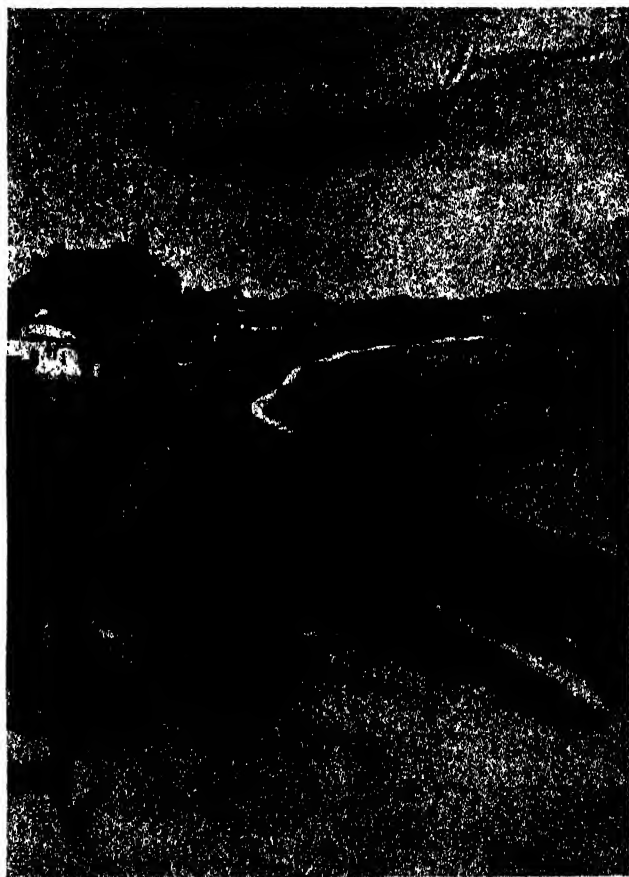
POEMS OF RICHARD MIDDLETON. (Unwin.)

Even if one did not know of the lamentable tragedy of the poet's death, these poems would tell one that they are the bitter sweet, palatable-melancholy works of a poet *manque*. Delicate, susceptible to the most intimate feelings of things alive and dead, Middleton always sang "with earth between his singing lips." The paganism he aimed at was impossible to one who had need so much of sympathy, generous, childlike sympathy (like Francis Thompson he turned to children for comfort in his misery); his striving after the great earthly passions were voiced only in a pallid Swinburnian failure. They are haunting, subtle melodies, of unanswerable sorrow.

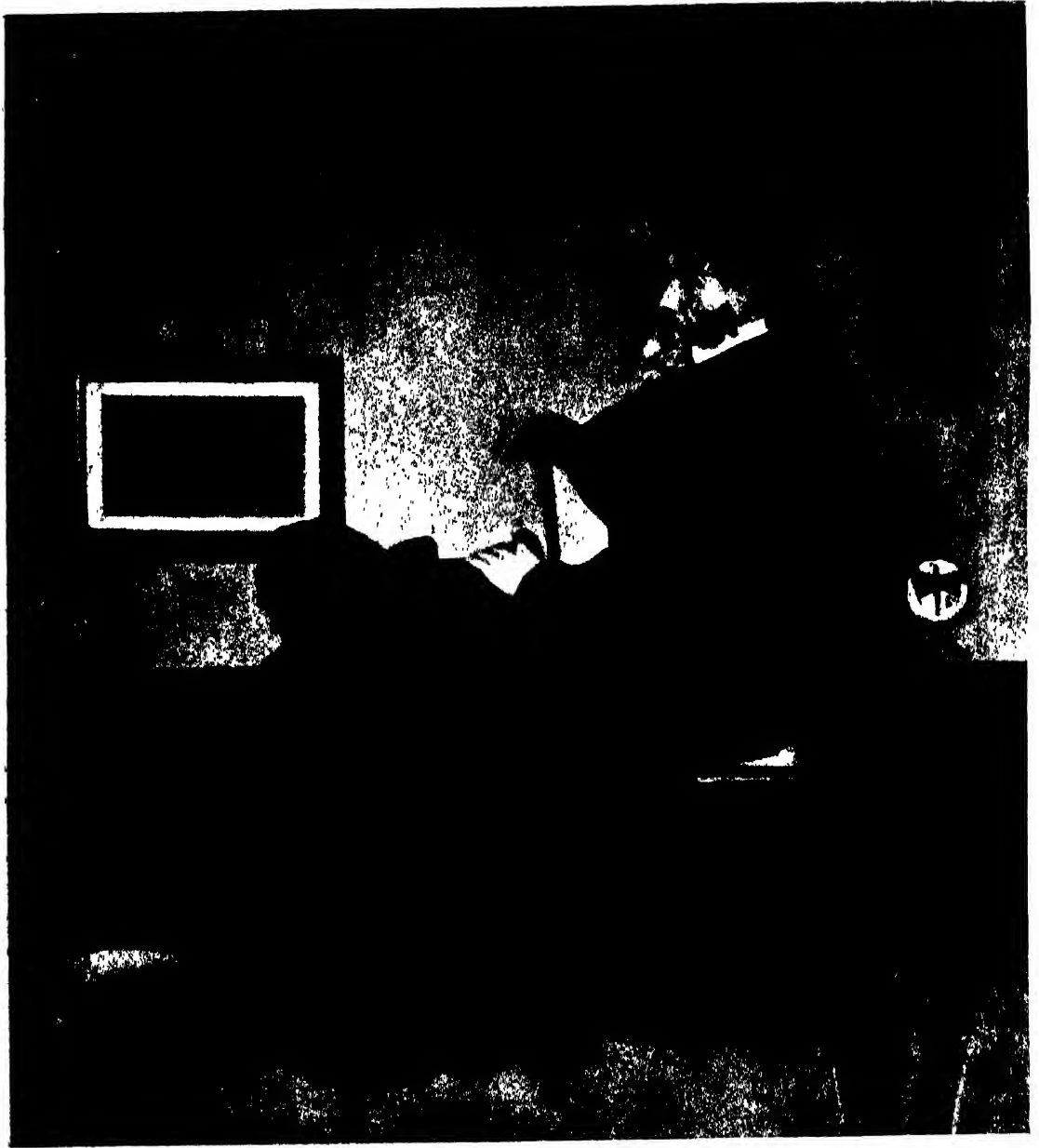
(B. Dobrée, Eushots, Farnham.)

ROSE OF THE GARDEN. BY KATHARINE TYNAN.
(Constable)

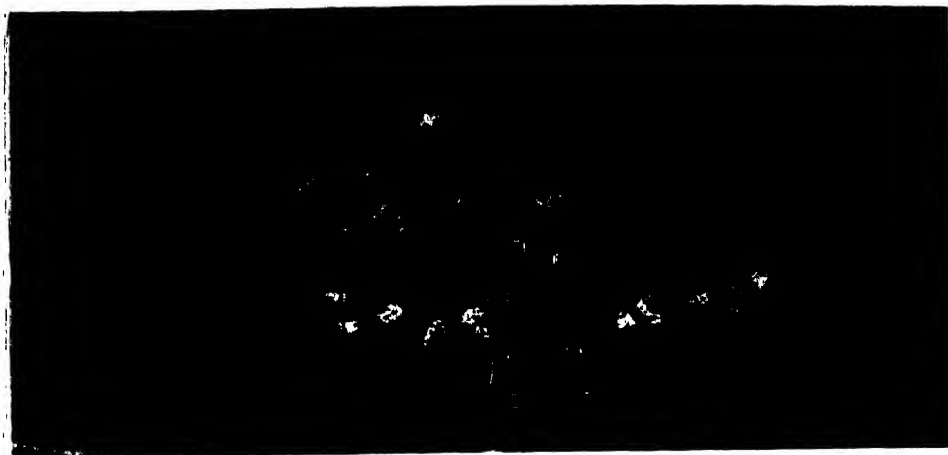
Readers of Lady Sara Lennox's reminiscences, published a few years since, gladly meet them again in a novel (also in correspondence form between her and her dear gossip, "Lady Susan").



St. Ives, Cornwall
(Whistler).



Carlyle.
By Whistler.



Whistler's Grave in Chiswick Graveyard.

"A low railing like the trellis in the garden of the Rue du Bac, with flowers growing over it, - but in the little unmarked plot of ground where Whistler, the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century, lies at rest in a remote corner of the London he loved, not far from the house and nearer the grave of Hogarth, who had been to him the greatest English master from the days of his boyhood in St. Petersburg." E. R. and J. Pennell.

From *Life of Whistler* (first edition) by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Note: A monument to Whistler has only recently been erected over his grave.

"What a charming personality pretty "Sally" must have had. Loved universally from infancy, come to maturity at fifteen, and feeling middle-aged at twenty-two! Pathetic in contrition, candid in explanation, admired for "bravery" even by political enemies. Such letters are not written in telephone days, and the scent of *po'pouree* is grateful to us. We are loth to say good-bye, tho' we leave her encircled by happiness.

(M. M.)

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING. By E. V. LUCAS.

(Methuen.)

This wise, tender, ironical, and unrepresible anthologist has failed to resist an irresistible temptation. He offers us here what may be called an anthology of anthologies. For what are his essays but accretions of musing and fact about a single nucleus? And his novels but bundles of things held together by a single temperament? He can truly say: "Who touches my books touches a man; and what is man but an anthology?" Here is a shilling banquet: twenty-eight courses of the best service, lights, conversation perfect. But the book must be dipped into; one cannot taste everything at a time.

(John G. Fletcher, 18, Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.)

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

(T. Fisher Unwin.)

This is a stirring story of the man in the street—in the sense in which the phrase is used by Journalists, to whom "the street" is Fleet Street, the realm of the Press. Humphrey Quain loves Lillian and abandons her, fearing that she may hinder his work; he loves Elizabeth, and because he will not leave "the street" for her sake she throws him over. The novel is an exhaustive study of Journalism, and the sway of the Press over its subjects is well emphasized in the last scene, where Humphrey, killed in the Vinegrower's Riot, to which he has been sent as Special Correspondent, says as he falls: "What a ripping story this will make for *The Day*."

(Mary Bradford Whiting, Ferriby Lodge, Ramsgate.)

PRIDE OF WAR. By GUSTAVE JANSON.

(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The evils of war are here depicted with a realism so powerful that the publication of this book may substantially further the cause of peace. Every story is entertaining and instructive.

The Arab, the Turk, and the Italian are portrayed with an accuracy which is astonishing to one who has lived in the company of each. But one effort stands out prominently above the rest. Fontanara, the Italian archaeologist, is a psychological study worthy of the highest praise. The tortures this delicate mind endures make the following the only adequate description of war: O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

(C. Harland, 12, Easby Mt., Morley Road, Bradford.)

ONE OF US.

By GILBERT FRANKAU.

(Chatto & Windus.)

One can imagine a reader of some hundred years hence studying this volume in great perplexity, for it is essential to be a member of the present generation in order to understand and appreciate the topical allusions constantly encountered.

To the comprehending, however, this versified satire, chronicling the doings of a "young man about town," is exceedingly entertaining and, while possibly somewhat exaggerated, contains some very true reflections pungently expressed. In short, although some may disapprove of the poem's morality, few can deny the cleverness of its composition.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent.)

YONDER. By E. H. YOUNG. (Heinemann.)

This is a study of two temperaments, similar in that they possess a passionate love of nature and are destined to know something of life's bitterness. From the first sun-lit morning, when Theresa's father came to the little cottage where Alexander lived, the thread of their lives was joined, till eventually the pigmy maelstrom of their pride vanished before the irresistible force of nature. By a subtle and poetical rendering of this bond of the mountains and heather Miss Young creates the book's intrinsic value, which raises it from the level of prose narrative to a burst of spontaneous lyricism.

(Guy Tracey Watts, 25, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by the Rev. T. J. Price (Keighley), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), Gertrude Pitt (Belsize Park, N.W.), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Miss Blair (Stirling), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Miss Madgwick (Wimbledon), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), Miss H. N. Anden (Church Stretton), Edgar Caton (Barrow-in-Furness), Dorothea M. N. Young (Weybridge), Leo Delicati (Bristol), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Louie Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), Mary Kingdom (St. Jacut-de-la-Mer, France), Oscar L. Taylor (Bournemouth), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Miss J. E. Chesham (Cambridge), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. A. Newman (Badingham, Suffolk), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), J. Swanscon (Tunbridge Wells), Miss E. Makry (Folkestone), and Augusta Hall (Hull).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. W. Hodgson Burnett, of 5, Edwards Square, Kensington, W.

THE MAJORITY OF "THE BOOKMAN."

BY SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

THE BOOKMAN has now completed twenty-one years of life. It is a long life for a literary journal, and in these days it is a long period for one man's occupancy of the editorial chair. Those associated with THE BOOKMAN may be allowed to congratulate themselves modestly on the fact that the circulation is, after twenty years, at its highest point, with every sign of increase.

Eleven years ago, when THE BOOKMAN had accomplished its first ten years, I wrote a short article on the subject, and I may be permitted at this stage to resume the theme. While attempting nothing in the nature of an exhaustive survey, I may point out how the periodical has developed from its beginnings.

It was in 1886 that I first resolved to publish a monthly literary journal. At that time I was occupied with various important and difficult undertakings, and it was not till five years had passed that I was free to begin. My plan was to make the journal as popular as I could, and at the same time to maintain its literary quality. There seemed to be a place for illustrations, and I believed, even more firmly than I do now, in the value of paragraphs. It was also my purpose to pay special attention to new authors and to fresh developments of literature. Models in the strict sense I had none; but a monthly called the *Register*, which had a short life in the sixties, suggested some ideas. It contained paragraphs of literary gossip and short signed articles on the chief books of the month. The proprietor, a Mr. Weldon, tried to localise it among booksellers, but with small success. W. M. Rossetti, who had previously written much in the *Critic* and in the *Spectator*, was the chief contributor, and the periodical was readable. Later on Messrs. Scribner, of New York, started their *Bookbuyer*, now long dead. I acted for a short time as London correspondent of this magazine. The *Bookbuyer* had illustrations, and they were well produced. It seemed to me that a monthly combining the best features of the *Register* and the *Bookbuyer*, and somewhat more personal in its tone, might succeed.

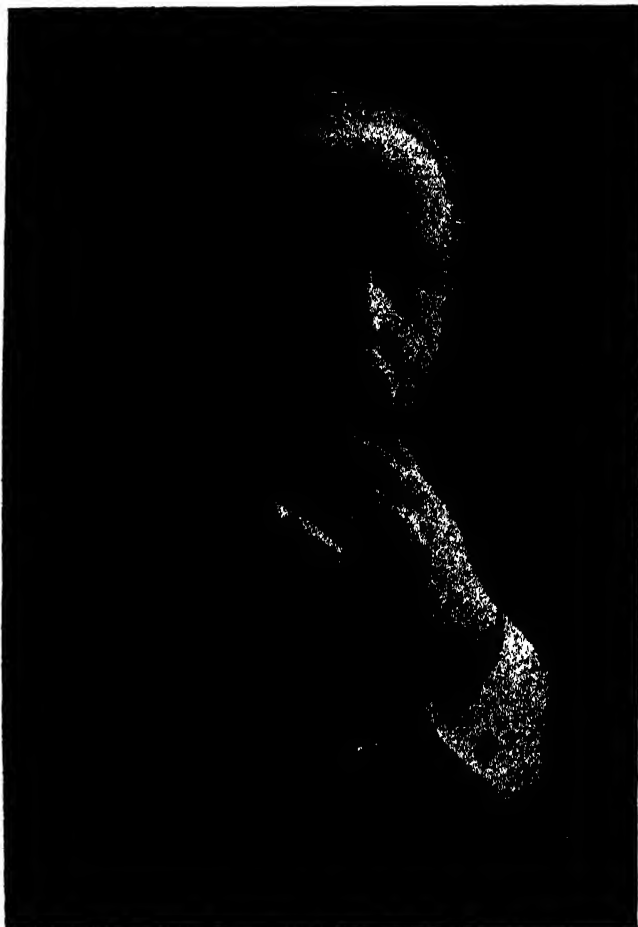
On commencing THE BOOKMAN I set my heart on securing certain contributors. From the *Critic*, a literary paper long published and partly edited by Sergeant Cox, I had learned much. The chief contributor to the *Critic*

was the late Mr. Francis Espinasse. He wrote under many pen names—Frank Grave, Herodotus Smith, Lucian Paul, etc.—and everything he wrote was worth reading. Of English literary history in the nineteenth century he had an unrivalled knowledge, and his style was bright and entertaining. With some difficulty I discovered Mr. Espinasse's place of abode, and prevailed upon him to write his recollections of the Carlyles, with whom he was very intimate, as many passages from letters testify. Mr. Espinasse died a short time ago in the Charterhouse, of which he had been a Brother for a good many years. He was a man of the most honourable and upright character, a very hard worker, and intensely conscientious. But he was difficult to deal with, sus-

picious and irritable. He had thrown up many situations in his time owing to slight misunderstandings, and had found the way hard. But I persuaded him to go on with his articles, and he published them in that delightful and valuable book "Literary Recollections," which stands out still as one of the very best of its kind. Mr. Espinasse was induced also to do a certain amount of reviewing, and showed himself an accomplished but severe critic. My friend Mr. J. M. Barrie took a generous interest in the establishment of THE BOOKMAN, and gave me many paragraphs, as well as an article or two. Later on he contributed his beautiful poem on the death of R. L. Stevenson. But just as THE BOOKMAN started Mr. Barrie resolved to give over journalism and devote himself wholly to fiction and the drama.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.

Another old and valued friend who helped from the first was Professor Minto, of Aberdeen. Minto's contributions to English literary history will long preserve his name. He had much experience of journalism, having been a leader writer on the *Daily News*, and for some while editor of the *Examiner*, which was for part of the time under the proprietorship of Lord Rosebery. He did his best with the *Examiner*, and made it a very lively paper, but he found it impossible to revive a journal which had been shot through the head. In consequence he particularly disliked editorial work, and rejoiced in his appointment to a Chair in Aberdeen University. But he delighted in reviewing, and a fairer, more competent, and more appreciative critic could not easily be found. His literary articles in the Ninth Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" deserve to be



collected. He had a deep interest in all the younger writers, and especially in "Q." He was a contributor till the time of his lamented death.

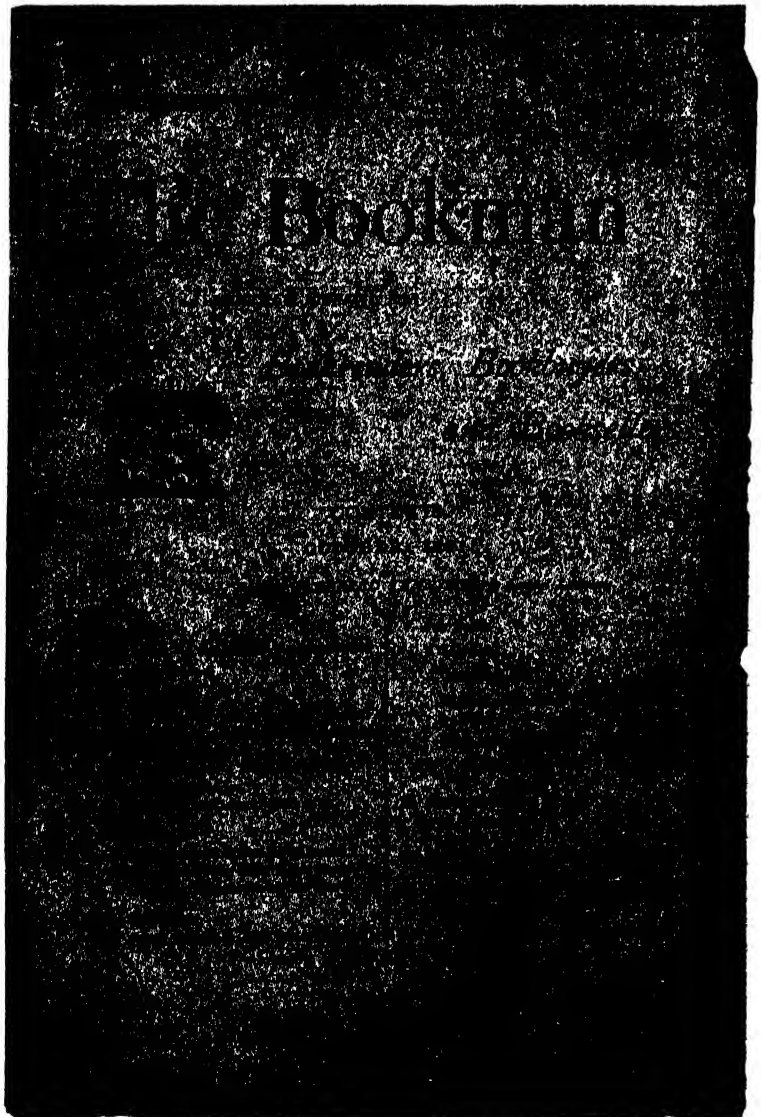
Another Scotch critic of great accomplishments, Dr. William Wallace, lately editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and one of the most popular writers in the *Spectator*, was with me for many years. Nor should I forget the younger men, in particular Mr. A. C. Benson, a contributor from the beginning. Most of his articles were unsigned. I had also the brilliant and versatile L. F. Austin, who is not yet forgotten in London journalistic circles, though he left no abiding memorial of his many gifts. I had also many contributions from Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. William Watson, both in poetry and in prose. Some of Mr. Yeats' finest lyrics first appeared in *THE BOOKMAN*. At that time he was a diligent critic, and was especially earnest in praising the poetry of Robert Bridges. *THE BOOKMAN* has always had the help of the younger men, and I am proud to think that Mr. G. K. Chesterton's earliest articles appeared in its pages. Another early helper was Mr. G. A. Simcox, who was brilliant alike in prose and poetry. Mr. T. E. Page, Professor Wilkins, Professor W. M. Ramsay, Professor C. H. Herford, Miss Jane Barlow, Dr. Hay Fleming, and Mr. Francis Hinds Groome, were also among the active and frequent contributors.

In the *Academy* I had read with admiration many articles by E. Purcell, and before starting *THE BOOKMAN* I made a special journey to Oxford in order to secure Mr. Purcell's help. As "Y. Y." he has been one of our most valued reviewers from the beginning. Later on I had the co-operation of Dr. William Barry, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Professor David Masson, "Mark Rutherford," Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Louis Garvin, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Craigie, Sir Frederick Wedmore, and many others. From Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton we had poetical contributions. When making my arrangements for the first number I asked an article from Mr. Walter Pater. He replied cordially that he was anxious to write on "Dorian Gray," and his article duly appeared in the second number of *THE BOOKMAN*, and provoked much comment. Professor Saintsbury has been for many years a much valued contributor.

When *THE BOOKMAN* was commenced I endeavoured to establish a journalistic department. Among the eminent journalists who helped me were Mr. J. A. Spender, now the distinguished editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, and Mr. H. W. Massingham, the no less eminent editor of *The Nation*. But after a time the claims of books prevailed, and this feature was practically dropped, much to my regret. Another feature, which was for a long time prominent, has been practically discontinued—that is the monthly reports on the Book Trade. I believe *THE BOOKMAN* inaugurated the lists of best-selling books, which have been largely given in English and American papers. The sale of books, however, is now a very complicated affair.

There are authors with a moderate circulation at home who have a very large Colonial sale. There are others, very popular in this country, for whose books there is no demand in the Colonies. What is true of the Colonies is true of America. One has to take the conjunct sale over the whole world before he is able to gauge with precision the popularity of an author. Again, certain authors are prominent in certain parts of the country and not so prominent in others. I was regretfully driven to the conclusion that the lists tended to mislead. There are no means of getting at the total sale, and it is by the total sale that an author would prefer his popularity to be judged. We have, however, introduced features which have been more acceptable. In particular, the illustrated articles on special authors have proved most acceptable. For some there has been a larger demand than for others, but we have scarcely had a single failure. The competitions in which readers have been invited to join have also been eminently successful.

From the first I have had the assistance of very able colleagues. Miss Anne Macdonell was my first assistant editor. Since then her name has become very widely known. Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, now a partner in the firm of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, became assistant editor in 1898, and was most useful in the development of the journal. I have now the valued services of Mr. A. St. John Adcock. What I said eleven years ago



Facsimile of Cover of No. 1 of "The Bookman."

might be repeated to-day: "THE BOOKMAN is read by bookmen all over the British Empire. It has been a great pleasure to edit it; my relations with proprietors, contributors, authors, publishers, booksellers and readers, have been of the most agreeable kind. I do not care to say anything about the future beyond this—that we shall endeavour to develop it steadily—to make it more valuable, more interesting in every way."

One project very dear to me has been reluctantly abandoned. I hoped to establish a quarterly review wholly

devoted to English literary history and criticism. Such an organ is greatly needed for the publication of texts, the re-estimation of authors, the discussion of problems, the making known of discoveries. I still believe that such a periodical could be successfully established and that it might prove of eminent service. It could never be very remunerative, but if the right contributors were secured it ought to meet its expenses. But ever-increasing work of various kinds has left me no leisure for the working out of the idea. I hope it will be taken up by stronger and less occupied hands.

New Books.

MARRIAGE.*

The main plot of Mr. Wells's new novel is extremely simple. Marjorie Pope is a clever, pretty girl of twenty, belonging to a middle-class London family. Mainly to get away from her poor and rather sordid surroundings, she engages herself to Mr. Magnet, the famous humourist with £5,000 a year. The story of this engagement, which takes place at the Surrey house the Popes have taken for the summer, may be called the prelude of the book. It constitutes about the first 150 pages. Then, one afternoon, out of the sky there crashes on to the Popes' lawn, in a wrecked monoplane, an apologetic but self-collected young man. He is Trafford, aged twenty-six, a brilliant scientist, with a great future and a small professorship. Almost immediately he and Marjorie fall head over heels in love with one another, and after some violent family scenes her engagement to Magnet is broken off, while Trafford is turned out of the house. However, they elope a few months later and settle down into a happy marriage. But presently the question of money grows urgent. Trafford has to give up some of his precious research work and deliver popular lectures. A baby is born, and then another. There is still insufficient money, and there are the usual marital bickerings. And so at length Trafford has to surrender all his energies to the one pursuit of wealth. He achieves a fortune in seven years by inventing synthetic rubber and by helping to rig the market in plantation shares. They move into a larger house, with a butler and every comfort. They have now four children and an assured position. But, far from being happier, they are vaguely discontented. Trafford suddenly decides that he must go right away for a year and "think." He fixes on Labrador as the spot, and there, in the depths of the wild, he and his wife winter amidst incredible hardships. But in the end they win, somehow or other, the knowledge of what they must do with their lives, and in winning it they win happiness. Here, on the eve of their sailing for England, the book closes.

It is decidedly a brilliant novel, one of Mr. Wells's most energetic and remarkable achievements, and it is so packed with arresting things and rare vitality that one hardly likes to criticise. And yet there are some criticisms worth making. For instance, the psychology of Trafford and his wife seems to be rather muddled every now and again. They don't always ring quite true, and when they don't they spoil the illusion of reality for us—that illusion which is the secret of a novel. Again, Trafford has that irritating habit of so many of Mr. Wells's creations—of discussing at enormous length the meaning of life and such kindred questions. These endless talks tend to bore one, and tend also to pamphletise the book. Perhaps, indeed, the most successful portion is the earlier part, in which we are introduced to the Pope family and to the ardent and middle-aged Mr. Magnet, and in which the whole tone is light

Mr. Pope, the father, is splendid; perhaps too much of a caricature, but splendid all the same. It was a thousand pities to drop him out of the book at about a third of the way through. And the Labrador expedition, though unconvincing as to the probability of such people ever undertaking it, is a very vivid and masterly piece of description. If only to his consummate ability Mr. Wells could add a really poetic command of words, he would be an impressive artist, besides being, as he is now, a stirring and romantic novelist.

RICHARD CURLE.

ANDREW LANG'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*.

For some while past the student who desired a compendious and authoritative history of English literature, had but one sure resort—he could turn with confidence and pleasure to that marvellously compact store-house of facts and impressions in which Professor Saintsbury had garnered for him the results of a lifetime's reading and judgment. It is doing no injustice to other manuals to assert that the "Short History" held the field from the very day of its publication, if only because of the breadth of its survey, the thoroughness of its author's knowledge and the catholicity and soundness of his taste. That monument of learning which is gradually being built up by Cambridge scholars and their colleagues will accomplish in detail a task which one man's labours could only attempt in outline; but as a summary and a convenient work of reference, the little Saintsbury volume will still be consulted. On the smaller scale none of our critics has seriously challenged the professor's supremacy till the current year; now comes a rival history in miniature from Mr. Andrew Lang, and there must be general regret that its kindly and accomplished writer was not spared to see it in print. Perhaps to his death may be set down certain repetitions in the text, not to mention occasional misprints, which should not have missed the proof-reader's eye. That the name of Sir Walter Scott should turn up like a veritable King Charles's head periodically through the various chapters is a matter of idiosyncrasy, which should merely amuse; that Mr. Lang should reiterate his favourite quotations—thus Jonson's remark on Shakespeare, "sufflaminandus erat," mentioned five times at least—need not offend anybody save your pedant; but it certainly seems a pity that information already given in one place should be reproduced in another, for it argues a lack of skill in dovetailing the book's material. Indeed it is largely on account of Andrew Lang's lack of architectonic sense that I am sure his history, while it may serve as a "second string" to Mr. Saintsbury's book, can never hope to replace it, though it travels just a tiny distance further afield.

* "History of English Literature: From 'Beowulf' to 'Swinburne.'" By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

* "Marriage." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)



James McNeill Whistler.

From an etching by Paul Hellen.

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into modern times. Delightfully as he always gossiped on literary topics, full of scholarship and refreshing allusiveness as were his causeries, Mr. Lang never had the knack of making even his newspaper articles run with easy consecutiveness; his readers were expected to supply the connections of his rather rambling thoughts; form was never a strong point with him as a journalist. He was the last man therefore to be able to cover up signs of scaffolding and to effect smooth joins in a work such as a history of a nation's literature which makes severe demands on constructive ability. It is ominous that a list of authors, equipped with dates of their birth and death, precedes his text instead of being reserved for the end; his book is but too nearly a reasoned catalogue, or rather to be quite fair, it resolves itself much too often into a series of biographies and appreciations. Far too rare, save in the opening sections, is any study of tendencies, any bird's-eye view of the directions our literature was taking at particular periods. I search in vain for equivalents to Professor Saintsbury's inter-chapters, in which he analysed the progress of English prosody or the developments of style. Mr. Lang cannot be said to neglect these points, though he does not deal with them altogether adequately, but his treatment of them at best is in detail. And so from the time of Shakespeare onwards we seem jostling here with a procession of individual authors, and are scarcely ever permitted Pisgah glimpses; the sign-posts are few, and we are too infrequently carried to the hill-tops to see the lie of the land. Undoubtedly Mr. Lang's undertaking was one of difficulty, yet the arrangement he adopts cannot escape the reproach of clumsiness. Thus a consideration of Spenser's place in English poetry is tucked away in a chapter headed "Prose of the Renaissance"; Milton is grouped with Crashaw, Herbert, Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Cowley, Waller, Marvell and Butler, as one of a batch of "Caroline Poets," and his prosodic achievements are far too little insisted upon; Dryden, the reformer of our numbers, is dealt with under the heading of the "Restoration Theatre." I know how embarrassing is the business of mapping out so thick a jungle as is that of English letters, but I am sure it is best to let the big trees show clear above the bracken, and I am conservative enough to think this result might be more successfully effected by such chapter titles as the "Age of Spenser, the "Age of Milton," the "Age of Dryden." So, at least, the masters are not swamped in the crowd of smaller men, though it is true enough, as Mr. Lang maintains in his preface, that each of the former springs from an underwood of the thought and effort of authors less conspicuous.

It is a thankless job to traverse the ground of the Anglo-Saxon beginnings of our literature, but Andrew Lang pushes his way bravely over this stony soil; though he must have heaved a sigh, as his readers will, on coming in sight of the "matter of Arthur" and the morning-star of song, Chaucer. On the rhyme romances and on Chaucer and Piers Plowman he writes with obvious signs of relief and pleasure, and one can easily understand what a labour of love were his chapters on early Scottish literature and ballads and popular poetry. Here he is at home and at his ease, but he devotes far too small a space to the rise of the drama, and his accounts of the miracle-play, the morality and the interlude would have been all the better for amplification. His study of Spenser concludes with a pretty Homeric metaphor:

"'As Hephestus' says the prose translator of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' 'when he fashioned the arms of Achilles, melted bronze and gold and silver in his furnace, so Spenser combined the wealth of Greece, Italy, France, Rome and England in the great crucible of his genius.'"

That would be very well did not Mr. Lang proceed to amplify his metaphor and talk of the Corinthian bronze formed at the burning of Corinth from the molten gold and silver and copper of the temple vessels and images, thereby applying in another connection an historical reference he has already used *à propos* of the Arthurian romances. I may add that Homer is only less frequently alluded to in his pages than Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lang makes short work of

Mr. Frank Harris's theories of "Shakespeare the Man." He brushes aside "nonsense about Shakespeare as a sensual, sycophantic snob, mad with jealousy and foiled desire," and has no patience with the idea that the poet must have been irresolute because in the cases of Hamlet, Brutus and Macbeth, he gave us heroes irresolute in a crisis. But his æsthetic criticism of Shakespeare might have been more thorough, and in reaction from Mr. Swinburne's ultra-enthusiasm he does rather less than justice to the merits of the Stratford man's play-writing contemporaries. To follow him through the labyrinth of Caroline and Georgian literature would mean only saying ditto, for the most part, to his verdicts and admiring his scholarship. I would only point to his little essays on Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, and Milton, as illustrating capitally any strictures of mine on his curiously disconnected style. There is too much narrative in his history, too much quotation without quotation marks, too much paraphrase insufficiently dissociated from the critic's own comments, which are generally as pointed as they are quaint. Incidentally I may remark that Pepys is dismissed very cavalierly, that Mr. Lang, himself an authority on Homeric translation, pays a fine compliment to Pope's version of the Iliad, that he thinks poorly of Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and of Fielding's "Jonathan Wild." With a tartness that occasionally adds piquancy to his pronouncements he declares, "If irony is to be openly and noisily unveiled on every page, then 'Jonathan Wild' may be a masterpiece of irony." On the leaders of the "romantic movement" his decisions are uniformly just; he only shows any prejudice when he approaches quite modern days. Thus he talks of a lack of "natural magic" in Browning's poetry, and repeats the old charge of obscurity. He is ferocious on Meredith's verse, especially "Modern Love," and tells us his manner is "not of the centre," he is frigid in any praise of Rossetti, his admiration of William Morris does not go much beyond the "Defence of Guenevere" volume, he is almost contemptuous of Disraeli's stories, he treats rather inadequately the Brontë sisters—especially Emily Brontë, and he writes in a bored way about the Meredith novels; nor is he very happy on Newman. On the other hand, he remains faithful to Robert Louis Stevenson, and he protests very rightly against the stupid modern practice of under-rating George Eliot; "there has been no better novelist," he asserts roundly, "than she, since the death of Dickens."

If I may seem to have spoken in not too friendly a way of Mr. Lang's "History of English Literature," I hope it will not be supposed that I am not conscious of the toil and thought that have gone to the making of this volume, nor that I fail to appreciate the wide reading or the taste which are the indispensable preliminaries of any such enterprise. Equally willing am I to recognise that in carrying his work through Andrew Lang has given of himself at every pore. The book is thoroughly individual and characteristic of him, and not merely in its constant allusions to Scott, Homer, Thackeray, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles Wogan, and psychical research. My criticisms, such as they are, are but directed to the architectural weaknesses of his scheme, the happy-go-lucky character of his style, and a petulance never revealed save in his treatment of modern topics; in fact if his history is disappointing, it is only so by comparison.

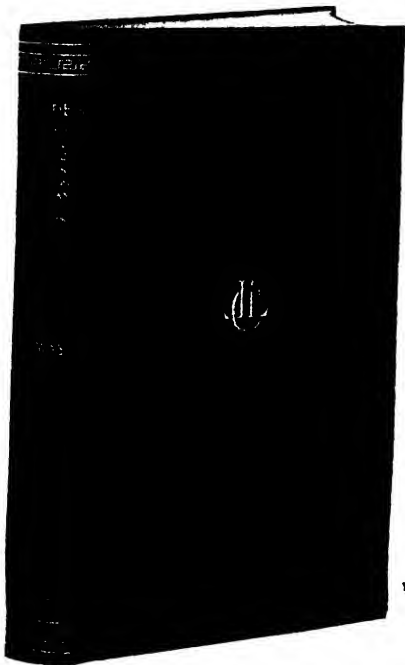
F. G. BETTANY.

DEAN SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

The first two volumes of the Swift Correspondence reviewed in the January BOOKMAN have already been followed by a third, and at this rapid rate of production we shall not have to wait long for the sixth, with the much-longed-for Index, which one seems to miss more than ever. True, Mr. Ball has taken immense pains—he seems almost

* "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift." Third Vol. 1718-1727. By F. Elrington Ball. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Bell and Sons.)

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WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

to know his whole text by heart—to help us as we go along by enriching his footnotes with references back. These *supras* are invaluable, but we pine for the as yet impossible *infras*, and it will be a luxury to gather together by help of the Index all the scattered links in so many interesting chains at present confused and confusing. In truth, even the accurate chronological order of the letters, the result of so much labour, detracts somewhat from their hold upon the attention. Often at an important juncture the thread of interest is broken by an irrelevant, trivial letter which worries us like some impertinent caller interrupting a conversation between Swift and his peers. I do not say these isolated volumes are not interesting to read through steadily. They are; but they seem more pleasant to study by instalments, to wander about in, to pick and choose from—in short to “work on.”

The ten years (1718–1727) comprised in the present volume, represent the prime of Swift's life. His powers, his fame and fortune were at their height; deterioration and decline had not even threatened. Perhaps never does he appear a great personage, a real lion, more than during his visits to England in 1726 and 1727—where among so many illustrious old friends his eminence, if not primacy, seems unquestioned. And that probably because he was so essentially an original, a strongly marked character—as we say now-a-days, a personality. So, too, was Sterne in his way—a way so like and unlike. Their faults were to them assets. Many stray lights from this volume confirm the guesses one has made as to the secret of Swift's hold upon his contemporaries and upon us. It is a kind of tyranny. Saving the few intimates who knew the best of him, his world disliked, distrusted, feared him, refused to gratify his ambitions, but, friends and foes alike, admired and wondered, never doubted his superiority. And we—who of us dares to question his prerogative? who does not bow before the despot? what Englishman is not proud of this king of English originals? But why? Others there have been with minds as powerful and clear and pregnant, and with redeeming faults as many and more attractive. Let us choose two, as typical as Swift of the Eighteenth century blindness to the Beautiful and the Romantic, which to us mean so much. For Gibbon idolatrous admiration; for Johnson respect as profound as affectionate; for Swift unwilling yet absolute submission. As we remember the repulsive things he did, and said, and wrote and meant, we want to hate and despise and forget the low, sordid brute, and are vexed because we cannot. What more repulsively cynical than his two letters of June, 1725, to Tom Sheridan, giving his boon companion advice for his first flying visit to his new living. He is implored to keep sober and be active in ferreting out all about tithes and profits. To Swift's mind the loaves and fishes were everything. But Tom is also told how best to flatter and dupe the good Bishop (Swift's old friend Browne), he is to “make a great appearance of temperance when you are abroad” (*i.e.*, except in privacy)—“not to drink, or pledge any healths in the Bishop's company, for you know his weak side in that matter.” He is warned “not to wet his commission with any of his old crew.” Again, “I would have you carry down three or four sermons and preach every Sunday at your church, and be very devout”—“observe all grave forms.” Most Machiavelian of all—“wherever you lie within twenty miles of your living” (*i.e.*, within the radius of gossip) “be sure call the family that evening to prayers.” How nasty it is—and yet we must swallow it. For somehow we stand more from Swift than from anyone else. He seems to say—“I loved the clever, tippling, dissolute fellow and wanted to serve him. Writing in a hurry, I had no time to clothe my advice with a veil of prudish verbiage, which would have been thrown away upon him. And upon you, too, Sir, unless you be a fool or a hypocrite.” And we are silenced. We own that, artfully paraphrased, and perfumed with pious sighs and gracious euphemisms, his brutal advice would have flowed with unction and edification from the pen of Pusey or Wilberforce. So, too, with much else. His time-serving and flattery of the great—well, no one then

blushed for that. He must needs try his hand, and found that he excelled in a dignified mock sincerity. His double dealing with Harley and Bolingbroke, his contemptuous detraction, so frequent in this volume, of his old patron and idol, Oxford—we almost grant that they deserved it. So with his perversity, his inconsistency, his erratic politics, his brutal coarseness, his scheming, his arrogance, his treatment of women, his contempt for all that is sweet, beautiful and reposeful. Swift somehow coerces us into admitting him as a law unto himself. The secret of his power seems to be the union of powerful intellect, penetrating vision and that independent unsocial instinct which we call eccentricity. In his day, as now, he gave the impression of one who could do almost anything he chose, but did just what he chose and nothing else. And what he would do next, no man ever knew, and many feared. There was, and is, in him, as in Rabelais, a certain imposing irresponsibility, which we respect because we cannot quite understand. The things he did and said, who would not detest in others and blush for in himself? Yet the world only says it was a sad pity, but we cannot make him out, so we must put up with it. By his baffling mixture of frankness and mystification, by his callous contempt for conventional morals and manners, by his cool arrogance—or, if you like, impudence—Swift, like Rabelais and Napoleon, has forced us to accept him as a genius set far above, or rather far apart from us and beyond our jurisdiction. All of us, at least, whose tendency is to respect instead of despising what we cannot understand.

Were Swift's mental and moral aberrations incipient lunacy? Many think so. I cannot. For his superb force and clarity of thought and diction appear not at lucid intervals, but just whenever he chose to display them. Until mental disease had taken firm hold his powers were under perfect control. We were taught at school that Gulliver's Travels was a shocking example of Divine retribution, and that when Swift got to the Yahoos he had gone raving mad with spite, malice and misanthropy. Pure nonsense. The Yahoos are the inevitable climax to which the whole book works up. I doubt if he had the least taint of congenital lunacy. His madness was a senile disease that came on like gout or blindness. He was no visionary, no dreamer, like Poe or Coleridge. Of imagination, he was absolutely destitute. Invention, if you like, marvellously fertile and ingenious and original, but of imagination with its pains and pleasures not a trace. Nor of poetic fire one single spark. A flash now and then perhaps—but it is only a reflection, or a rhetorical accident. In all his writings I can recall no single magic touch which appeals successfully to the softer passions or the sense of beauty. So able a craftsman was he that perhaps, had he tried hard, he could almost have deluded us—almost have charmed—almost have made us cry. Almost—not quite. Alas, that fatal “almost.” There is no “almost” in the “Elegy on Levett.” Pedantic in its strictly classical diction, the thought is as vigorous and lucid as Swift's, and under its majestic simplicity burns the lambent flame of “celestial fire” which irradiates a work of perfect beauty. Mind meets mind in brilliant verse, but so it does in the “Principia” and “Novum Organum.” In true poetry heart calls to heart.

Poor Swift! for after all our awe and admiration it comes to that in the end. He was a failure, and he knew it. What were his real thoughts he has not revealed, but be sure they were great, profound and bitter. Like others, he blamed or deplored not only fate, but himself. Perhaps we get nearest in that finely-written letter of December 19th, 1719, to Bolingbroke, which deserves ample quotation. He flatters and comforts his friend, and no doubt himself too, by the reflection that the great prizes fall to steady mediocrity, not to great genius. In political life “all great geniuses if they had not been so great would have been less unfortunate.” Then this apt metaphor. “Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way? Whereas if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet.” It



A photo by Miss Irene Kathleen Falkner.

Vanessa's House at Celbridge.

From "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift" (Geo. Bell & Sons).

is but the old *laudatur et alget*, only Juvenal did not give the true reason. Swift means, and rightly, that genius is sadly square, and all the best holes so very round. The flashing crystal is all facets and angles; such was Swift. Then in a sally of charming and with him unusual Shandean humour, he goes on to paint himself lapsing into old fogeyism. He has gone through "all his old stories three or four times with the younger people." "I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me. I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry." In vain he "lays traps for people to ask to see what he has written," and "wreaks his spite by condemning their taste." "If I can prevail on anyone to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bits I can carve." "The worst of it is that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true." I only wish I might quote the whole passage. Now is this *épanchement de cœur* sincere? Carefully elaborated and revised no doubt, but I do think it is founded on profound and bitter self analysis. The mournful dominant note under this whimsical gaiety is—to this have I come already: what is to be the end? He felt, he knew himself a brilliant failure.

If reflections suggested by the volume as a whole have engrossed my page, it is not that other matter is lacking. The admirable notes not less than the text teem with novel and curious points on which one would gladly descant. Without going carefully through the book and examining each letter, and compiling a list, it was hopeless to disintegrate the new matter, which might have been asterisked in the Contents—so I will only note the inferiority of the Chetwode correspondence. With regard to Vanessa, Mr. Ball hazards a novel suggestion which to me seems more than probable. Delamy says in the gallant euphemism of the day that "she certainly gave herself up as Ariadne did, to Bacchus from the day that she was deserted." The habit, Mr. Ball hints, may have been of long standing, and explain much of the Dean's conduct. If one examined the letters carefully with that view—I have not yet done so—I suspect that drink might account for her occasional incoherence, and furious solicitations, and that in Swift's letters some obscure passages might point to a secret vice from which he was weaning her, but which, as is often the case, he could not mention openly without enraging her.

One more point. In 1720 Swift's championship of Irish interests starts with his "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture," on which the editor hints that the Dean's economics were really politics, and his politics only anti-English party spirit. In truth, his crusade was neither patriotic nor Irish. He only wanted to enjoy the fun of mischief-making and to annoy the Government. And he knew or cared nothing about the Irish. By Irish he meant the Anglo-Irish within and without the Pale; of the true

Irish you learn less from his whole writings than from one page of Pocock, or Edgeworth, or Carleton. The one he despised as a low grade of English; the other were to him mere autochthonous Troglodites, so it never occurred to him to study them. Which was his loss—and is ours.

Y. Y.

A FINE ODE.*

Originality and purity of form, rare dignity of diction, passionate and lilting rhythm—these are the outward characteristics of Mr. Ronald Campbell Macfie's new poem, "The Titanic (An Ode of Immortality)." Through this splendid veil one perceives the austere lineaments of the informing spirit—brave belief in the goodness and rightness of the Plan, in the wisdom of the Master Will. No blind Fate for Mr. Macfie, no club-foot Destiny stumbling down the eternities, no drunken Berserk amok among the spheres; Omniscience, Purpose, Will for him, God, and the Will of God, and the Love of God that passeth understanding:

" . . . the Soul in whom all beings are
Discerns so deep, foresees so far,
He plans the meadows of a star
Aeons before the star is made,
And in the fire
He moulds to His desire
The tiny blossom and the tender blade.
The deeper meaning of these woes
No mortal knows,
Yet in one web the universe is spun,
Out of the Infinite the finite grows,
And shade and sun
Are woven in one,
And every star is needful for a rose."

Is he not sadly out of time with the age? But is he not greatly in time with the ages? . . . Prophet, prophesying "Courage leaning on the Love of God," and hope—nay, surety—of ultimate knowledge, he is also, unforgettably, artist, giving no high music; and who may dissent from his reading of the dreadful dream that was the world-moving cataclysm of 1912, cannot but applaud what one must call, for lack of a better, and also because it is the only fitting, phrase, the *maestra*, the *virtuosite*, of his execution. For his thirteen swift strophes, he creates as many necessary modes: one would instance Strophe I., where the massy line suggests the leviathan, the sheer bulk; Strophe IV., where the pointed staccato words stab; and Strophe XIII., where one hears the hurried rush of breaking bubbles over the submerged Titan, and then—in the last line—the long, smooth swell of silence:

"Now is the carnate soul
Conscious of body and face,
Conscious of joy or disgrace;
Then shall its wider senses embrace
The rest and the riot,
The song and the quiet,
The hearing and seeing,
The infinite being.
The light and the music of measureless Space!"

Music is behind every line of this Ode; and behind the music, the essential substance and spirit of poetry.

Judge it as one will, "The Titanic" is a great performance, conceived greatly and greatly wrought.

W. A. MACKENZIE.

GODS.†

The two latest volumes of the new edition of "The Golden Bough" tell the story of man's deification of his food supply, especially of his corn supply. So universal

* "The Titanic. (An Ode of Immortality)." By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

† "The Golden Bough." Third Edition. Part V.: "Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild." Two Vols. By J. G. Frazer. 2os. net. (Macmillan.)

are the attentions paid to the corn-spirit, indeed so world-wide is the tale of sacraments and sacrifices connected with it, that Dr. Frazer has felt it necessary to warn the reader in a preface against "the impression, natural but erroneous, that man has created most of his gods out of his belly." There is practically no inhabited place on the globe where rituals to secure the corn-spirit have not survived till the present day. Demeter and Persephone are not dead: they linger on, feeble and disguised, even in the harvest fields of Scotland, where the last sheaf of corn to be cut is known now as the "Old Wife" and now as the "Maiden," being supposed to contain the spirit of the corn. And in Germany, Russia, Bulgaria, Austria, England, Peru, Borneo, Java, Burma, and a hundred other lands, we find the same personifications of the corn-spirit and the same sort of rituals.

In some places the corn-spirit takes the form, not of the lost sheep, but of a human being or an animal. Sometimes the human being is the man or woman who cuts, binds or threshes the last corn; sometimes he is a passing stranger. "All over Germany it is customary for the reapers or threshers to lay hold of passing strangers and bind them with a rope made of corn-stalks till they pay a forfeit." This is a relic of an old ceremony for securing the corn-spirit. In primitive times, however, the corn-spirit in its human representative was not secured so playfully, but was slain and cut in small pieces, and the seed of the next year's corn either sprinkled with his blood or mingled with his flesh. Thus, among the khands of Bengal, when similar human sacrifices were made for the crops, each head of a house was given a piece of the flesh, which he buried in his favourite field in order to ensure fertile crops. Dr. Frazer suggests that the story that the fragments of Osiris's body were scattered up and down the land may perpetuate the memory of a similar method of fertilizing the fields in Egypt, for he holds that Osiris was a corn-spirit, or at least a god who began as a corn-spirit, and that the lamentations of the harvest reapers in the Egyptian fields over the annual death of the corn-spirit were the rustic originals of the tale of the sufferings and death of Osiris.

It is a suggestive coincidence, which Dr. Frazer recalls, that until recently similar lamentations for the annual death of the corn-spirit survived in Devonshire and other parts of England. The custom was known as "cutting the neck." The neck, which was a bunch of corn—generally the last corn left standing in the field—is apparently a far-away survival of the human or animal representative of the corn-spirit which used to be sacrificed in English fields. In South Pembrokeshire, where it was the last corn left standing, with the ears tied together, the labourers tried to cut the neck by throwing hatchets at it. In Devonshire they gathered in a ring round the neck after it had been cut, took off their hats, and stooped and held them with both hands towards the ground. Then they raised themselves, lifting their arms and their hats above their heads, and cried: "The neck!" in a long, harmonious cry. Having done this three times, they changed their cry to: "Way, yen!"—"Way, yen!"—which is said to have had a most wonderful effect at a distance, "far finer than that of the Turkish muezzin." Thus, in an echo of the sacrifice of the corn-spirit and the lamentations for its death, rustic England is linked with ancient Egypt, as ancient Egypt is linked with Greece of Demeter and Persephone and the Eleusinian mysteries.

That the victim was not necessarily human is shown by the fact that the neck used to be known as "the gander's neck" in Shropshire; a fact which suggests that the corn-spirit may have been represented there by a gander, as it has been represented by a wolf in France, and cock in Austria, a hare in Galway, a tom-cat in Silesia, a goat in Prussia, a cow in Switzerland, a horse in Baden, a quail in Transylvania, a fox in Westphalia, a sow in Swabia, and a blue bird among the Toredjas of Central Celebes.

It would be impossible to overpraise Dr. Frazer for the laborious genius with which he has here and in the other parts of "The Golden Bough" brought together and

classified and interpreted the mundane elements in the world's religions. Nor is it possible in a short review to touch on more than one of the dozen inter-related subjects which he treats so fully and with such illumination in the present volumes. Perhaps he is almost too easily led into digression, as in the chapter on "Woman's Part in Primitive Agriculture." But if he is unwilling to leave even the side issues of his subject unadorned with knowledge, it is a noble fault.

ROBERT LYND.

THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.*

Most novels want a view-point: this novel demands it. To get the view-point exactly, you must read it at least twice, and if you happen to be one in whom the effect of political usage is a certain deadening of the humoristic sense, then three readings or even four may be necessary and worth while. The first will bewilder you, a second will make you see, a third will set you thinking, at the fourth (if you are not a Broadbent, a Sir Samuel Clithering, or a Babberly) you will discover the joke—and then mayhap you will read it a fifth time for the pure refreshment of a good laugh.

It is unfair to call the book, as some are calling it, a political skit. It is skittish here and there, and its general trend is in Mr. Birmingham's later manner: the manner, shall we say, developed so successfully since the happy discovery of "J. J." In it Ireland and its affairs are treated in a way quite other than the way of "The Seething Pot," "The Northern Iron," "The Bad Times," "Hyacinth Halvey," and the rest of Mr. Birmingham's incisive studies of Irish problems and manifestations. In those books he was pleasantly sober-minded; in this he laughs, spits this point and that with his rapier and holding it up jests at it, even makes of the whole grim problem of present-day Ulster a laughing matter. The title of the book itself is a jest; for Ulster's hand in it is anything but red. Everything is topsy-turvy, paradoxical, full of whim. And yet for all of us save the Broadbents and Babberlys, no book about Ireland has been written lately of saner and more illuminative kind. Should the portent of Ulster vanish soon, as happily it may, Mr. Birmingham's credit for that mercy will not, one thinks, be small.

It is all about another Irish rebellion, not actual but imagined, a rebellion in the air, an *emeute* as the sublime Clithering calls it, engineered and financed by an Irish-American named Conroy, carried through by ostensible loyalists, and resulting in the achievement of Home Rule, absolute and final, by none other than the Orangemen of Ulster. Its narrator is a mild-mannered and retiring Irish peer, Lord Kilmore, with a taste for literature and a moderate amount of benevolence towards those who do not annoy him, one who eventually comes to dislike being called a man of moderation as much as he disliked being called a Liberal. Kilmore has a nephew called Godfrey, whom he loathes as a dependent and a nuisance, and a daughter called Marion whom Godfrey would wed, but may not, and who, amongst other delightful ministrations, gives help to her father in his task of gathering material for a history of all the Irish rebellions there have ever been.

As fortune would have it, Kilmore's literary endeavours are interrupted by the amazing career of this other rebellion, into the maze of which he is drawn willy-nilly by the machinations of Lady Moyne and other "hired mercenaries of the Capitalist classes," and of which he becomes the unwilling, if interested, chronicler. Conroy does it all. He, son of an ex-Fenian and with hatred of the Saxon black in his heart, conceives the glorious scheme of relieving what he might call the "ongwee" of life by bucking against the British Lion and twisting the brute's tail. He will have a rebellion of his own, and realizing with Bob Power "the absurdity of supposing that the Irish Parliamentary party . . . had in them the makings of rebels," he proposes "to chip in

* "The Red Hand of Ulster." By George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)



Painted by J. McNeill Whistler

From an etching by William Hole, R.S.A.

Whistler

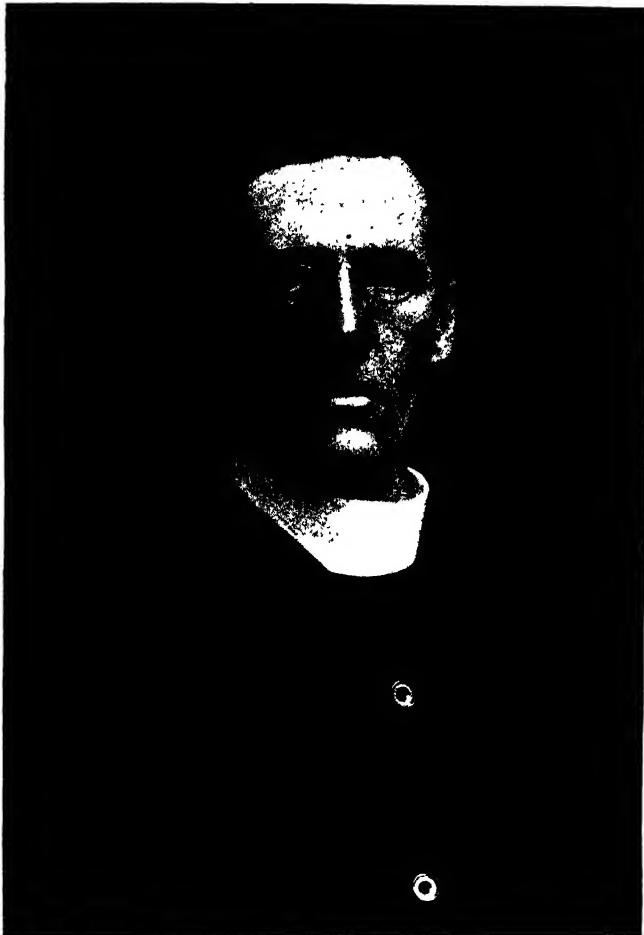


Photo by Russell & Sons

Mr. George A. Birmingham.

with his millions" to the effect of giving Orange Ulster its chance to show England and the world that its threat of resisting Home Rule to death in the last ditch is no parade of bluster.

So we have elaborate preparations of the most mysterious kind, with Conroy smoking his ruminative cigar amidst them, and for abettors in rebellion the absurdest satellites—a Tory peer and his lady, a Fellow of Trinity, a Dean who is honorary Grand Chaplain to an Orange order, a retired Army Colonel who has a mania for big guns, a manager of the Kilmore Co-operative stores named Crossan and himself an Orange Grand Master, a dour Ulster Protestant manufacturer, another Ulster devotee who burns to achieve the destruction of the British fleet by means of the machine-gun in which he has invested all his means, and many more. Conroy's yacht, the *Finola*, goes and comes circumvently, now conveying on apparent holiday the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, generals, bishops, notabilities, publicists; now keeping a midnight appointment with a tramp steamer in the North Sea, now slipping in to land illicit cargo right under Kilmore's study windows. Then there is stealthy going of laden carts uphill from the bay; and in the Kilmore Co-operative stores is harboured now more dangerous goods than creamery butter; and the egregious Godfrey smells a rat; and Lady Moyne is divinely mysterious; and we hear the tramp of armed men on the roads as they come back from drilling on the hills; and Ulster sings its War hymn; and Clithering gets nervous; and Babberly goes about declaring that never, no, never, will the great heart of England desert its Ulster children; and Conroy sits smoking imperturbably, and Colonel Malcolmson unpacks his artillery from the butter boxes, and McConkey fondles his machine-gun that "shoots so bonny."

Then at last, of a sudden, whilst Clithering clithers and Babberly babbles, a crisis! In Belfast are two armies, the British Army, and the army of the Orange revolutionaries, with the Royal Irish between them. But, strange to say, all is peace in Belfast, the factories still at work, and in the streets Tommy Atkins and John Irwin commingling without show of malice. Ah, but stay. Next

Monday all Belfast is going to a meeting of protest against Home Rule, and the Government has proclaimed that meeting, and so on Monday Ulster will show her red hand. It is for Monday Tommy and John are waiting, Malcolmson with his artillery and McConkey with his Maxim. It comes. Of a sudden War, men marching, cavalry charging, shots, a woman and her baby killed right under Clithering's horrified eyes; then wild, mad fusillade, which from the revolutionaries fills half a street with lead, and from the soldiers peppers the roofs. For behold, the revolutionaries cannot shoot straight, and the soldiers will not, and McConkey's Maxim demolishes no more than two tram-cars: and on both sides is deep whole-hearted disgust. "Fight, cowards," shout the loyal Orange revolutionaries. "Let us prove ourselves. We would die. Fight, cowards!" Then from the fleet in the bay comes a shell demolishing the statue of Queen Victoria before the City Hall; and at that dread happening Ulster's loyalty crumbles into the dust. "To glory with England," cry the people with one voice, "clear out bag and baggage—all of you—everyone except your figure-head of a Lord-Lieutenant, whose salary Conroy will pay—and let us ourselves manage the affairs you have muddled these hundred years and more." And England, through her Prime Minister, answers, "It is well, and if within three weeks I know that in Ireland are only trouser buttons left to show that it once was inhabited I shall incontinently rejoice."

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

TWO VIEWS OF THE KAISER.*

It is twenty years since Renan said he would like to live in order to see how the Emperor William would turn out. According to Herr Fried, he has turned out to be the great peacemaker or peacekeeper in Europe. This author's book is really written as an appeal to the Kaiser himself to found a great peace alliance, organizing the nations for international enterprises of commerce and social welfare. Let him hold an international congress, which should discuss trade problems, colonising principles, etc., at stated intervals. "No State should be obliged to bow to the measures decided on by such a congress, but all should participate in the discussions. At the beginning the congress would have no other object than to exist. Its effects would soon be felt." One of them would be the creation of a sense of solidarity between civilized nations, and gradually, the author thinks, the spread of an international *rapprochement*, leading to peace alliances. "The Emperor, if only he took the initiative, might live to be hailed as the saviour of Europe, the universal sovereign, and the Great Pacificist." The book certainly makes out a good case for the Emperor's excellent intentions, but it hardly allows enough for the mailed fist attitude or for the war-party of the Junkers. The Kaiser, powerful as he is, is not the only force in determining the policy of Germany.

Mr. or Herr Schwan takes a less optimistic view of the Kaiser. He is not a prejudiced sceptic, but he doubts the unity of the Kaiser's personality. "It is extremely doubtful whether his mind is strong enough to withstand the clash of his own paradoxes. What path will he tread when he will have to choose between the Socialists and the disillusioned followers of the Iron Fist? A man who boisterously denounces the Yellow Peril and then seizes Kiao Tchou, unmindful of the ensuing scramble for Chinese territory, may be a clever promoter for the House of Krupp, but he certainly lacks the clear vision commonly associated with statesmanship." This is perhaps a less roseate view than Herr Fried's, but it will sound to most

* "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World." By Alfred H. Fried (The Nobel Peace Prize). With a Preface by Norman Angell. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Great Solution." By August Schwan. 1s. (Stephen Swift & Co.)

people more real. Mr. Schwan also wants the passion for armaments checked, but he proposes not a movement led by the Kaiser, but a maritime League of Peace between England, France, and America, which would mean that "the British fleet would be thrown against any Power, great or small, which undertook naval operations in the Atlantic, that the American fleet would fulfil the same rôle in the Pacific, and the French fleet would be used in like manner in the Mediterranean." To make it clear to other European nations that the league is not aggressive, Britain must abandon the Japanese and the French alliances.

Such are the webs of policy spun by these authors. Their intentions are more admirable than their methods, on the whole. Mr. Schwan, for example, wants individual liberty, and for this ideal he is prepared to take all the money of the Church, to use it for education and similar purposes. His hatred of militarism springs from the sense of its waste and folly; but, unlike Herr Fried, he has a doctrinaire theory of the sort of peace which Britain in particular ought to seek. Both books expose with unsparing logic the anomaly of our present foreign policy, and the cost which it involves. Germany's partial responsibility for it is frankly admitted by Herr Schwan; but after all, as both authors show, something can yet be done by Britain and Germany to mend the situation. If books like these, for all their one-sidedness, help to form public opinion, it will be to the good of the world.

J. M.

PARIS OLD AND NEW.*

These two volumes, published at the same time, may be regarded as complementary each to the other. Mr. Henry C. Shelley invites his readers to "an exploration in the spirit" of the Paris of the past, while Mr. Rowland Strong takes us about the Paris of to-day, and is less concerned with historical associations than with the psychology—if we may use so clumsy a word where the treatment is so light—of the Parisians of the present.

"Paris was ever attractive," said a visitor in the year 1814, and the statement is no less true now when the gay city is a century older, and when a writer dealing with "Old Paris" has so much the more material from which to select. Indeed, Mr. Shelley sets out with the sentence, "'Old Paris' is a protean term" (which it may be hinted is not precisely what he meant), and goes on to point out that it may mean the Paris of Hugh Capet or of the third Napoleon, and in his successive chapters to identify it with the Paris of the past, whether of a few decades or a few centuries ago. The result is a book full of quaint and interesting matter, well arranged and pleasantly presented. In it the author takes us along the two banks of the Seine, pausing at the successive cafés, inns and taverns associated with notable men and incidents of the distant and nearer past; he takes us to the "clubs"—an institution borrowed from England as social, but which rapidly changed to political centres; to the salons, so essentially French; to the theatres, fairs, fêtes and other gathering places. The volume is illustrated with a large number of reproductions of old prints and portraits, many of them quaint, and all of them serving to make more real to the reader that "Old Paris" about which Mr. Shelley has gathered such various lore.

Having learned from Mr. Shelley something of the varied and crowded life of the Paris of the past, the reader who turns to Mr. Rowland Strong's volume will find it a lively and attractive presentation of the Paris of the present, by one who evidently knows the French capital from long and loving study of its characteristics, who knows it in something of the intimate life of its people as well as in those more superficial features which strike the hurried visitor. Mr. Shelley has something to say of "Tortoni's," and Mr. Strong begins his book with a description of the last night before that historic café shut its doors for ever, and thus starts by suggesting the atmosphere of the boulevards. He touches upon many aspects of Parisian life, and is never better than when describing things generally by means of particular examples, as in the narratives of "A Parisian Holiday-Making" and "A Parisian Marriage." The title of his book is evidently intended to convey that in it will be found something of the sensations that come, not to the hasty tourists who see superficially, but to those sojourners in Paris who feel as well as see, those who in a sense become part of that which is summed up as "All Paris." Mr. Rowland Strong evidently knows his Paris intimately—and he writes about it well.

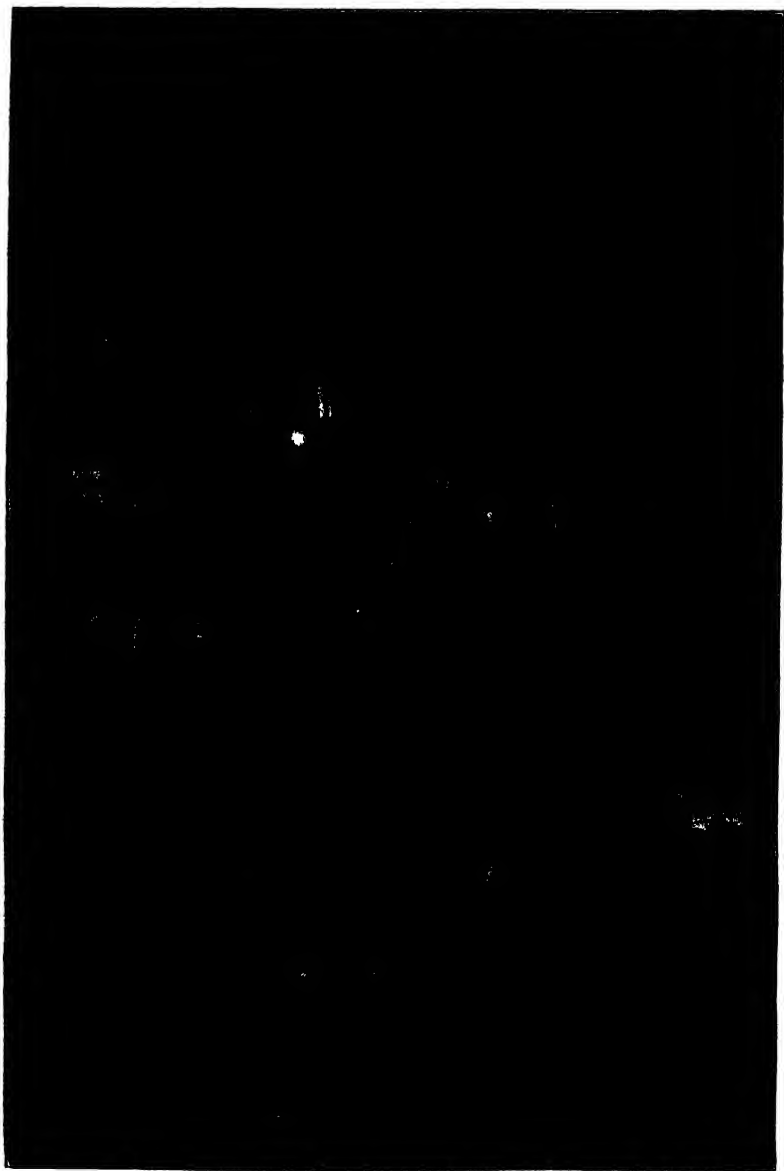
FIRES.*

The consciousness of social questions, which has so affected all branches of contemporary thought, could not be without its influence on the

* "Old Paris: Its Social, Historical and Literary Associations." By Henry C. Shelley. 12s. 6d. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

"Sensations of Paris." By Rowland Strong. 10s. 6d. net (John Long.)

† "Fires." Books II. and III. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net each. (Elkja Mathews.)



The Boulevard by Night.

From "Sensations of Paris," by Rowland Strong (John Long).

arts, or at any rate on literature, the most intellectual of the arts. The merits of this influence in itself are bound up with the meaning of that consciousness, and form far too big a question for discussion in a short review. It must be accepted that such influence exists, and that, essential merits apart, it is seen at its worst in sundry insignificant propagandist plays performed by ineffectual dramatic clubs in aid of unimportant sociological or suffrage societies, and at its best in the novels of Wells and Galsworthy, some of the plays of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barker, and in Masefield's recent poems. These writers, while keeping clear of propagandism and *parti pris*, have taken advantage of the enlarged opportunities afforded by the new interest in a vast segment of society which culture has hitherto ignored or treated, at the utmost, with little understanding.

To the same category, if to a somewhat lower plane than the writers named, belongs Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. At one time finding poetry only in the recognised poetic materials, he has latterly been resolutely and successfully seeking it in the crude facts of the lives of humble folk. But though he has become a realist, he has not become a photographer. If the function of art is to reduce things to their essence and recreate them as types, Mr. Gibson fulfils his function. He has found the quintessence of poverty in certain elemental passions and stark situations, and has solidified it into a series of little narratives which are so simple and so freed of accident or ornament that they indeed seem typical and universal. All of them, moreover, are artistic in proportion and development, working duly to a climax; nor does Mr. Gibson scorn coincidence or poetic justice. He has realised, like a skilled potter, that only the finest form can dispense with ornament. Further, while some of his tales trust to their stark simplicity and sincerity for their poetry, in others there is an element of the supernatural. This, however, is not an addition from outside, but the result of a quickened apprehension of the essence of the matter; it is like the aura, which, after long looking, will blur the bleakest outline. Lastly, while many of these stories are tragic, others are of happy ending.

Thus, Mr. Gibson is no slave of a social creed; neither a revolutionary nor a pessimist. But he has realised that the dramas of life, love and death as played by poor folk are matters for poetry as fine if not finer, and certainly fresher, than the great tragedies of the Gueneveres and Deirdres. At all events they have gripped and kindled his imagination to some purpose, and by adopting themes not conventionally poetic he has proved himself a true poet.

Technically, Mr. Gibson has an extraordinary facility, especially considering how little use he makes of the epithets of the *Gradus*. There is a rightness about his adjectives, an inevitability about his rhymes, which is almost excessive. One takes, almost at random, an example of his manner:

"And then, I heard a sound of tears;
But dared not speak, or let her know
I'd caught a single whisper, though
I wondered long what she had done
That she should fear the pattering feet.
And when those queer words in the night
Had fretted me half-dead with fright,
And set my throbbing head abeat . . .
Out of the darkness, suddenly,
The crane's long arm swung over me,
Among the stars, high overhead . . .
And then it dipped, and clutched my bed:
And I had not a breath to cry,
Before it swung me through the sky,
Above the sleeping city high,
Where blinding stars went blazing by . . ."

Such facility might be dangerous; but seeing that Mr. Gibson has proved himself of so restrained an imagination, there is little need to fear that he will allow himself to be beguiled by his mastery of words.

F. B.



Scala in Subiaco.

From "Italian Travel Sketches" by James Sully (Constable)

ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES.*

Under the title of "Italian Travel Sketches," Professor Sully has collected some thirteen vivid papers contributed, for the most part, to the *Quarterly Review*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and *The Independent Review*. Although originally destined to periodical publication, there is nothing fugitive about these scholarly essays; they are informative, in the best sense of the word, for Professor Sully is too practised "a hand" to pelt us with unpolished chunks of fact; they are illuminating, in that they reveal to us the spirit of Italy, so often unperceived by the average recorder of impressions; and so they well deserve the consecration of boards. To the desultory reader the two most interesting chapters will be, in all likelihood, those dealing with the History of Travel in Italy. Here we have the cream of Professor Sully's wide reading (the "List of Books consulted" is in itself a handy guide to the literature on Italy) and we encounter, for a brief moment, everybody of note who visited this storied land and wrote of it, from John Free who described the aquatic pageant of the Bucintaur at Venice, when the Doge wedded the Adriatic, to Herbert Spencer, who carried his habit of mind with him, and "whose remarks on the quaint optics of Guido Reni's *Aurora* are a quaint example of the forcing of scientific principles upon art." We meet W. Wey, unconscious precursor of Baedeker; and W. Thomas, the author of what is perhaps the first guide-book, *The Historie of Italie, a booke excedyng profitable to redde*; and Sir Philip Sidney who knew Tintoretto and Veronese; Joachim du Bellay, the poet, and Montaigne; Fynes Moryson, who gave us the first complete account of an Italian tour by an English gentleman, and Sir Henry Wotton, and "Mr. Milton"; Tom Coryat, James I.'s "privileged buffoon" and the first lightning traveller—he "did" France, North Italy, Switzerland and Germany in five months!—and Thomas Hobbes,

* "Italian Travel Sketches." With 22 illustrations. By James Sully, LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

who met Galileo at Florence; John Evelyn, and John Ray, the naturalist; and so on, down the years, to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Addison, Smollet, Gibbon, Mrs. Thrall, Beckford, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and the great figures of the nineteenth century. To the reader whose "mind's eye" demands refreshment, one may recommend the chapters entitled "Terracina," "Palermo," "From a Roman Window," "A Ticinese Village," and "Baveno in Autumn." Here, recorded in a charmingly easy style, and with fitting freedom from all feeling of rush, one finds quiet impressions, acute observations, and clean-cut sketches of peasantry, scenery, and all the coloured change and movement of country life. The superannuated traveller will delight in recapturing, in Professor Sully's pages, the bright yet mellow atmosphere of old wanderings; and the arm-chair voyager will, of a certainty, pluck from them courage to forsake his saddlebag and "go see." Professor Sully has added one more bead, and not the least, to the *chapelet* strung in honour of Italia.

TRIPOLI AND HER TROUBLES.*

The descent of an Italian expedition upon Tripoli last autumn brought that little known and lightly regarded corner of North Africa into a fierce and controversial limelight, and many volumes were hastily prepared and issued to meet the sudden demand on the part of the reading public for information with regard to the country. Among these publications that became possible through circumstance Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "Tripoli, the Mysterious" must be assigned its place, for, pleasantly written though it is, it contains so little material and shows so scanty an understanding of the place or the people. The authoress seems to have gone with her husband to Tripoli on two expeditions for observing a solar eclipse, and her book is merely a bye product. She very truly says in her first paragraph: "Properly to write the wonderful story of Tripoli, daughter of sea and desert, one must be not only an accomplished historian, a cultivated archæologist, and an expert in ethnology, but profoundly versed in Arabic, and in the fundamental beliefs and general practices of Mohammedanism, as well as the local customs of that great religion, coloured as it is by differing environment; he must be a thorough student of political economy, too, with a world outlook on cause and effect in government."

But she has little light to throw on these things, and her book of less than forty thousand words is somewhat disappointing.

Mr. Francis McCullagh went to Tripoli as a war correspondent. At first he was wholly pro-Italian, but the progress of the fighting and the barbarities he witnessed daily brought about a complete change in his sentimental attitude, and he became as frankly Arab in his sympathies as he had originally been Italian. That the war is a horrible one everyone admits, many hold that it was wantonly aggressive—that it was undertaken on behalf of a commercial institution, and that the resistance of the Arabs makes it highly probable that Italy has embarked on an extremely difficult and dangerous task. But while holding all these views, and more, Mr. McCullagh goes far to weaken the effect of his own accusations of the Italian aggression and brutality by the manifest prejudice displayed throughout his book. In fact, one is not sure that he would not almost regard with high satisfaction a severe Italian defeat with heavy losses. That he saw dreadful things is certain. That mistakes were made by the Italians is certainly true. But a virulent attack on the Italian troops, on the officers, on everything Italian, can only be regarded as regrettable and lacking in balance and in real weight. The book is in reality a powerful, a terrible appeal to all civilized people against war and militarism, and ought to be read carefully

and studied carefully by everyone who wants to discover something of what it means when nation attacks nation—not the noise of the captains and the shoutings, but the blood, the agony, the mutilations, the changed psychology of the men, the terror, the awful tragic, uncalled-for waste. Surely for a few millions Italy might have procured from Turkey concessions in Tripoli that would have satisfied every legitimate need she can allege as driving her to war.

F. M. A.

THE NEW COUNTRY LIFE.*

Anybody who wishes to find out what is being done in the different parts of the British Isles to put the land to a better and more profitable use than it has, in many cases, been put in the past cannot do better than take Mr. Green for his guide and instructor. It so happens that I know intimately many of the districts which Mr. Green describes, and I can say, without qualification, that, having a good cause, he has made the most of it. Occasionally, perhaps, he is inclined to be somewhat too partisan and sweeping in his statements, but for the most part he is eminently fair and impartial, and he sets out his facts with a charm that robs them of any inherent dullness.

One striking example of the wanton mismanagement and neglect against which his whole book is a protest occurs early in these pages. Not far from Bulford Mr. Green saw a rood of land on which various vegetables were being grown, and he says that from this plot of land the boy cultivator was making a profit which worked out at the rate of £56 to the acre. "On the same field," Mr. Green proceeds, "or the field adjoining, I saw a crop of thistles, among which a mangold plant could only be seen here and there. And this belonged to a farm of over 2,000 acres, rented by the War Office at 2s. 6d. an acre." One can only join in Mr. Green's astonishment that in a district like this, where a splendid market is provided by the military camp, intensive culture should be neglected, or rather repressed; for a number of applications, duly backed by the County Council and the Board of Agriculture inspector, were made, only for the scheme to be held up, somehow or other, in Whitehall.

I cannot hope to give any adequately comprehensive account here even of the comparatively few experiments which Mr. Green has described. The growth of market-gardening round Evesham is, of course, included in his survey. Mr. Green sums up very clearly the contributory causes which have led to the prosperity of Evesham, and, very properly, he lays stress upon the "Evesham custom," whereby the new in-going tenant pays the out-going tenant, and not the landlord, for the agricultural improvements which he has effected.

The most interesting experiment, perhaps, of all is that of "Wayford Tenants, Limited," not far from Norwich. The scheme illustrates the principle of tenant co-partnership as applied to an agricultural colony, with the addition of various distinctive features of its own. Each small holder is tenant and landlord combined. He has to take up shares to the value of his holding, but the whole amount need not be paid at once. Should he wish to leave, his only anxiety is to transfer his shares to somebody else. As Mr. Green rightly says, it is the peculiar economic basis of this undertaking which "marks it out as a unique settlement of small holders, and its further development becomes a matter of national interest." Of the other chapters there is, unfortunately, no room to speak, but a word of special praise should be given to his accounts of market-gardening and stock-farming in the Channel Islands, and of what is being done in Ireland, especially at Glasnevin College.

Nor is it merely with description that Mr. Green's book is filled. He has many constructive suggestions to offer, and he shows clearly his opinion that, great as the awakening in this country has already been, very much still remains to be done. We are still a long way off perfection, while the spirit of individualism is still so strong in a place

* "The Awakening of England." By F. E. Green. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

* "Tripoli the Mysterious." By Mabel Loomis Todd. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

"Italy's War for a Desert." By Francis McCullagh. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

such as Evesham. We are certainly very far from perfection so long as farms can be bought over the heads of the County Council by a near relative of the Small Holdings Committee. It is not satisfactory to know of a case in which the chairman of the County Council and member of the Small Holdings Committee publicly bade for a farm after the reserve price which the Council were prepared to pay had been passed by a clear £1,000. There is a great deal to be said for Mr. Green's plea that members of the educated classes should help to revive rural life in the same way in which young men join University Settlements in slum areas. Of such suggestions, implicit or implied, Mr. Green's book is full. I can only add that in my judgment there is not one which does not appear to be both desirable and practicable.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.*

To most Englishmen in the old country the name of Adam Lindsay Gordon is far better known than his works, but in Australia, especially among the generation that was contemporary or nearly contemporary with Gordon, he is unquestionably given pride of place as the national poet, and his poems are read with enthusiastic admiration. But even there the younger generation are beginning to grow critical of him; they have not come under the spell of his strong and romantic personality as their fathers did, and there can now be no doubt that his reputation rests more on his personality than on his poetry. It is with him as with Chatterton: if his life had been less picturesque and his end less tragic his fame would have taken a homelier flight. Australia has had other poets, and has some now living, whose work in all the essentials of poetry is finer stuff than anything Gordon ever accomplished, but the glamour of his past is still a potent force and his reputation towers above them in the light of it.

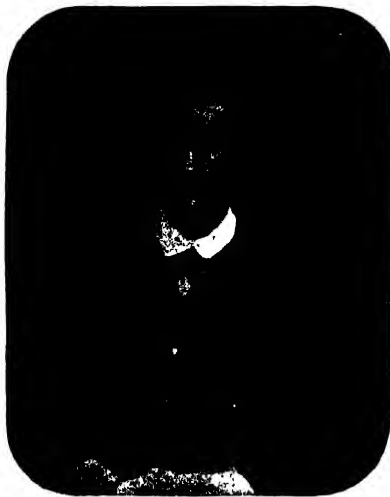
A reader knowing nothing of Gordon, and so blind to that glamour, would be disappointed with the two poems on which, as Mr. Sladen says in his Introduction here, the fame of Gordon chiefly rests: "The Sick Stockrider," and "How We Beat the Favourite." They are, to be frank, very good ballads in the vein that nowadays we consider characteristic of Mr. George R. Sims. They need dramatic recital to get their full effectiveness out of them. But Gordon was not a man of the study, and did not write for students; he wrote for that larger world of men who were living the life he wrote about—the life he was living himself, and they took him to their hearts because they understood him. He was the poet of his people because he was literally one of themselves, picturing their lives, giving vigorous and haunting utterance to their ideals and philosophy; they found their own thoughts, feelings, sentiment—the simple, big-hearted sentiment of the backwoods and the rough mining town—and their own broad, breezy humour vividly speaking to them and for them in his stirring and manful verses. An academic touch would have made these worthless to them, and so worthless to us. As it is, Gordon is the very voice of his age; you read his work not because it is fine poetry, but because it is true poetry; if his Sick Stockrider had spoken with the beauty of phrase and imagery that is natural to Tennyson's Tithonus the whole thing would have been false and of no more value as art than a waxwork image is. Gordon lives and will go on living largely because he has no affectations: he is fully

* "The Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon." Edited by Douglas Sladen. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable).

himself in all his poetry—the gallant, headlong, brilliant, hard-riding, hard-living man, drawing authentic inspiration from his crude surroundings, pouring his heart, his soul, his whole stormy, eager, lovable individuality into everything he wrote. The Australia of Gordon's day had no use for a Tennyson; it gave legitimate birth to its own poet, for he was born there in spirit if not in fact, and he is secure of immortality because his poetry is as perfect as it could be if it was to remain true to the genius of the place and time it strove to represent.

It is Gordon's great merit that he pleases you and interests you. The dash and sweep and go and dramatic descriptive force of his racing ballads make them some of the best as well as the most popular of his poems, he was cunning in the handling of metre and rhyme, especially when he was writing under the influence of Swinburne, but always spontaneous. You would say he wrote his verses at a heat, carelessly jotted down some passing thought, gave the reins to some mood of the hour, told in easy and taking rhymes some story he had heard or imagined and was at little pains in the matter of revision. Mr. Sladen has done his work admirably in this, the first edition of Gordon's poems to be issued in England. The contents are well arranged, and include two delightfully humorous poems that have hitherto remained unpublished. The Introduction is divided into a sympathetic biographical sketch, and a well-considered estimate of Gordon as a poet. There is an excellent portrait, and the other illustrations include three sketches of Gordon drawn by himself

S. J.



Adam Lindsay Gordon at the age of 30.

A daguerreotype sent by him, at the time of his marriage, to his uncle, Miss Gordon's father. Given by permission of Miss Frances Gordon.

From the Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Edited by Douglas Sladen (Constable).

SHADOWS OUT OF THE CROWD.

Uncommon observation, uncommon intensity of emotion, and uncommon skill in words, make "Shadows out of the Crowd" a good book. It consists of twelve stories or scenes of various length, the shorter being on the whole the better. Twice Mr. Curle uses with most pleasant effect the simple form of a grown man remembering his country boyhood. The pure hearty sweetness of country things and people is intensified without being sicklied by retrospection. The resemblance between the two suggests a considerable autobiographical foundation. We are a little surprised that the two should have been given a place in this one book, the author's first, as we believe, with the exception of a quite individual study of Meredith. Fondness alone explains it, for it is not due to failure at more difficult tasks. "Whispers," for example, is a beautiful and vivid picture of tropical scenery, and of a young man's passionate love of life and equally passionate hate of convention and middle age, on one evening amidst that scenery. Mr. Curle has avoided the temptation to let too much depend on the scene-painting, which he does so well. The chapter has the "purple light of love" in it. "The Life Illusion" describes a similar mood of the same temperament, but in unfavourable circumstances. Here, too, the young man is in the tropics, and disgusted by people saying, "There are only three varieties of humming-birds in Jamaica," and so on. Everyone seems to him to have made "a ghastly failure"; he is perilously anxious to avoid doing the same. He wants "the real people," wants to be alone. He is furious at hearing that he will "find out." The tropic night is almost satisfying him in solitude, and he is asking, "Is this it?" when a girl, who has long been haunting him, offers herself to him. He can but

* "Shadows out of the Crowd." By Richard Curle. 5s. (Stephen Swift)

call her a "traitress," and make an end of himself to avoid accepting one of the things that fade. The suicide may be a solution, but it is not a satisfactory end to the story. Two others end in the same way, one after a broken love and a night of too-eager thinking, one in a disordered state of mind following on overwork at an office. These are interesting, and, especially "Appearance and Reality," full of the writer's good qualities; but his grasp varies in them from time to time, and the result is imperfect harmony and reality. One cannot help pointing out that in neither story does the character whom the writer impersonates or sympathises with most deeply dominate, as he does in "Whispers" or any of the others mentioned. That is to say, Mr. Curle's emotional intensity and observation are at present best displayed when he speaks more or less directly for himself. Apart from his egoistic central figures, he is best at subsidiary characters, a silent woman who understands, a negro servant, a cluster of gossipers. His style, too, is richest where he is speaking for himself or for a solitary young man into whom he can fling himself, though even here he occasionally gets into a slightly inappropriate lyricism. But he has gusto and precision, two good rare qualities which we heartily welcome in combination.

EDWARD THOMAS.

TWO DRAMATISTS.*

It is always difficult to estimate literary values; but when these are weaved in with other values that we call dramatic, the difficulty becomes many times more perplexed. Yet that literary values and dramatic values are in some way identical can scarcely be disputed. Indeed, the word identical expresses it exactly. It is not that drama is not great drama until it is polished into literary excellence, but that great drama has its natural expression in speech that is lofty and memorable. How well Synge illustrates this needs no saying; and in the case of Ibsen, his contention with perpetuity would not be half the doubtful issue it is could he only rely on those plays of his in which the literary value is clear, such as "Brand," "Peer Gynt" or "The Master Builder." It is such plays as "The League of Youth" and "A Doll's House" that give him the appearance of one who wears, none too well, the usage of time.

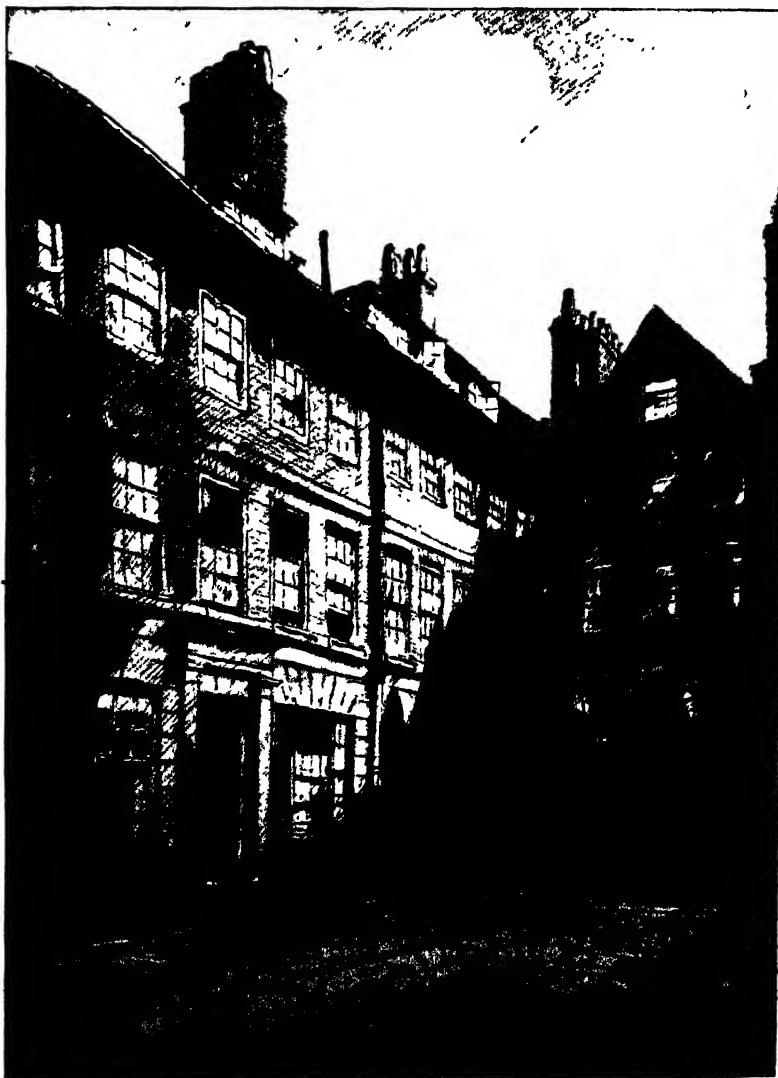
In laying stress, therefore, on Ibsen as the poet, Mr. Roberts shows a very wise instinct. Concerned as he is with the permanent value in Ibsen, he wisely lays stress on that element in any work that always makes for permanence. Ibsen himself wrote once: "I have been more poet and less social philosopher than people generally seem inclined to believe." And if the intended symbolism of "The Master Builder" means anything, it is clear that he had more than one or two thoughts of regret that he had discarded the wine of "Peer Gynt" for the beer of "The League of Youth."

Mr. Roberts does not make it quite clear as to what his thoughts are on this unhappy contention in Ibsen's work. He has unwisely so planned his book that it does not deal with those things that lie at the back of Ibsen's work; but has contented himself with commenting on the plays as they pass in chronological array before him. It is the easier way of writing a book; indeed, one may say

it is not much of a task to write a book on those lines. Only in his last chapter, "Conclusions," does he deal with problems such as these; and he does it so well there that one wonders why he should have elected to take the way of passing comment. Comments on the plays we have elsewhere; many of them; and one more or less does not greatly matter. But such matters as he deals with in his "Conclusions" urgently require such sane, wise treatment as he gives them.

For example, he has some excellent things to say about the "fourth wall" idea of drama. All the comments in criticism of the plays do not enable us to understand Ibsen a whit so well as when Mr. Roberts says: "There is, of course, a fourth wall, but it is not between the audience and the stage; it is behind the audience." A remark such as this throws an extraordinary illumination on the intensity of the third act of "Ghosts." For to say of that final terrible scene that we are harrowed as lookers-on might be is only to realise half of its power. We become identified with the action. But this leads to a further question, that Mr. Roberts does not deal with, but which, nevertheless, supports his statement. It is the curious fact that, even in a picture-frame stage, drama always realises its need, spiritual if not constructional, of an extended proscenium.

One of the most interesting things in the book is Mr. Roberts' examination of Ibsen's perpetual faith in the sufficiency of love to atone for wrong-doing and error. He places, it seems to me, too much stress on this, for Ibsen, in his two years' invariable travail over a play, was always careful to eliminate from it all traces of definiteness—which accounts for the lack of spontaneity that rules



Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

Drawn by Hanslip Fletcher.

From "Fleet Street in Seven Centuries," by W. G. Bell. (Pitman.)

* "Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Study." By R. Ellis Roberts. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

"J. M. Synge: A Critical Study." By P. P. Howe. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

throughout his work. Yet Mr. Roberts makes it pretty clear that this was a definite philosophy with Ibsen; and he shows in play after play how implicit this idea always was in Ibsen's thinking.

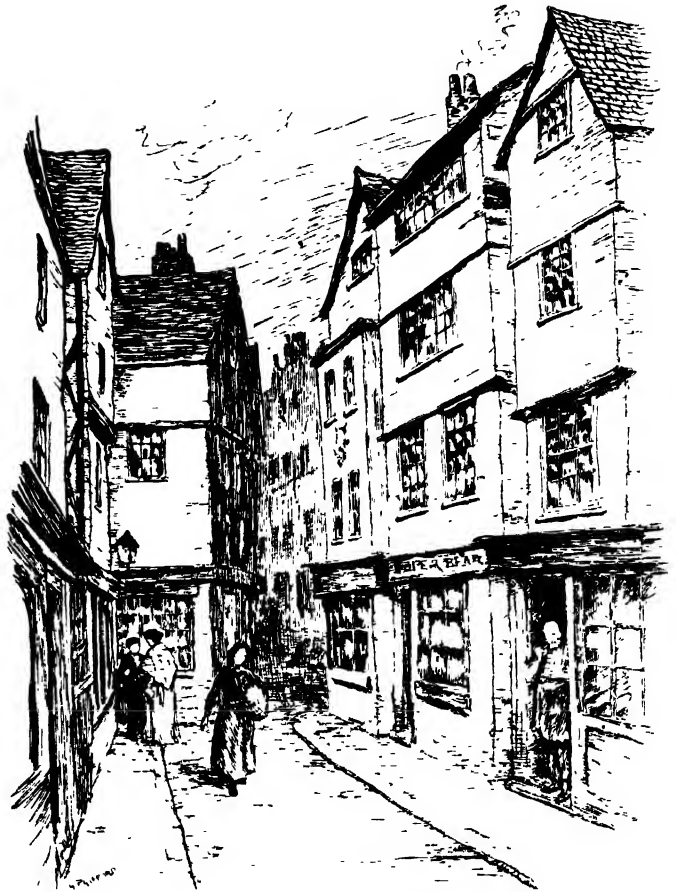
In his study of Synge Mr. Howe had not the same temptation to confine his attention mainly to comments on the plays as he passed them before him. Synge's output was so small that to have attempted this would have been to court disaster. Consequently he makes his book a more varied one. But he would have been wise had he exercised the same balance of judgment that characterises Mr. Roberts' book. I will yield to none in my admiration of Synge. But I cannot believe that it is any service to Synge to praise him indiscriminately. For example, to mention at the outset a few of the book's mistakes, does he really mean what he says in the following sentence? He is speaking of "The Well of the Saints," and adds: "When Mary Doull says, 'And what good'll our grey hairs be itself, if we have our sight, the way we'll see them falling each day, and turning dirty in the rain?' you may think, if you choose, of the superiority of the imaginative life over that of the reason, and find in the remark all that is to be found in the prophetic books of Blake." Similarly he says: "Synge, with an originality more absolute than Wordsworth's, insisted that his readers should regain their poetic feeling for ordinary life," which is not only exaggeration, but unsound criticism, inasmuch as it proceeds on the assumption that Wordsworth's and Synge's approach towards "ordinary life" were the same in nature, whereas they were diametrically opposed. Wordsworth found "ordinary life" the best approach to the realization of transcendental Being: Synge found it its own, and somewhat brutal, self-sufficiency. Or, to give a final example: Mr. Howe declares that "Peggen Mike is one of the most beautiful and living figures in all drama." Now, with her all undoubted excellencies, one could scarcely call Peggen beautiful. It would be a shrewish kind of beauty. Besides, the statement, as a whole, is a tall demand.

To conclude mention of the faults of the book, it certainly was scarcely a happy device to write the book in a kind of paraphrase of Synge's own peculiar style. There is hardly a page of the book that is not reminiscent of that familiar cadence and construction; and this seems a subduing of Mr. Howe's personality rather more humble than wise. It gives the result an air of affectation that is unfortunate.

Yet it is churlish to point only to faults; and it certainly required some courage to write a book on Synge so soon after his death, when his wave of popularity is at its height. The facts about Synge's life are not easy to arrive at, and Mr. Howe disclaims all intention of giving a biography. Nor does there seem much to be said on the plays. On them his best comments are those that deal with "Riders to the Sea," and the deeply interesting contrast he draws between this play and "In the Shadow of the Glen." It is when he comes to "The Note-books" and "The Prefaces" that Mr. Howe is at his best; and the reason partly is that what he has to say about them breaks new soil all the time. It is only a small side of Synge, truly enough. It only deals with Synge's comments by the way. Yet it is important as showing Synge's approach to his art. The poems he wisely regards as part of the note-books; and he might have followed this up by showing the contrast between the few relics from Parisian days, a little stuffy as they are, and the soft fresh breeze that blows through everything of a later date.

Both these books belong to the excellent series that Mr. Secker is doing of recent men of letters. It is a wise scheme, for which there is room; and both these books fill an obvious place in it. Mr. Roberts' is the robuster of the two, as Mr. Howe's is the more various and complete. But they are both books that anyone interested in recent literature that is dramatic, and drama that is literary, would be well advised to read.

DARRELL FIGGIS.



Cloth Fair, Smithfield.

Drawn by Gabriel Gifford.

From "The City of the World," by Edwin Pugh (Nelson).

LONDON AND LONDONERS.*

There are people who will tell you that London, like most women, has "no character at all." But they are wrong, as Pope was. London and most women have too much character; so much of it, that we can never understand them or get tired of trying to. It is only when a city or a personality is so various that we cannot describe it in a phrase and classify it with a single label that we escape out of the difficulty by saying it is characterless. Mr. Edwin Pugh knows his London far too well to say that of it. He knows it as an old, old magic place with a glamorous past, to which Mr. Walter George Bell has just devoted a portly and fascinating volume of over six hundred pages; a place rich in romantic memories, crammed with every colour of ancient story; and he knows it as a brand new, busy city, apt to forget the splendour and squalor, the sin and glory, and all the wonder of its yesterdays. It is rich, poor, old, young, beautiful, ugly, industrious, idle, sinful, godly, a haunt of misery, a home of happiness; it is the whole of human life and character epitomised, a multitude of small towns and cities and villages decanted into one.

"To say London," as Mr. Bell has it, "is to say the world." He limits himself almost entirely to the record of its past. Onwards from his third chapter on "The Medieval Suburb," his story grows naturally in fulness and in interest; every quarter of the city and every aspect of its multifarious life is sketched in faithfully and with knowledge. You may call it a book for the student, because it is so carefully done; but Mr. Bell's picturesque and attractive style makes it also a book that will keep the general reader sitting up of nights to go on reading it. There are excellent dissertations on the old playhouses and the old booksellers; and others that are equally good on Literary Landmarks, on the Age of Johnson, on the old

* "The City of the World." By Edwin Pugh. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

"Fleet Street in Seven Centuries." By Walter George Bell. 15s. net. (Pitman.)

taverns and coffee-houses; and some of us will think there is nothing better in it than the two chapters at the end on "When the Newspapers Came" and "Newspapers of To-day." There have been many books on London's past, but none that is more satisfactory or more entertaining than this.

Mr. Pugh opens with a study of a quaint map of London and Westminster as they were in 1563, and passes to a contrast of the city of our day with the city of four centuries ago. But it is with modern London, and particularly with the motley people of modern London, that he is most concerned. He sets forth on "the quest of the Cockney," and comes rightly to the conclusion that the typical Cockney does not exist. He says some shrewd things in explanation of why the average Londoner has no local patriotism; there are delightful chapters on the children of London, the "Woman at Home," the "Cockney at Play," and a thoughtful and deeply-interesting consideration of the crime and criminals of London, and of its social problems, especially its problems of poverty. He studies the suburbs with insight and the broadest sympathy, and for London at large:

"It is consistent only in its inconsistencies. It is the world's clearing house, the world's spring-board, the home of lost causes, the death-chamber of the past, and the birthplace of the future. . . . Here all the rejected royalties and discredited rulers of the earth resume the torn and tattered insignia of their pristine power and glory, readjust their crowns upon their heads, and wear them as they wear their rue, with such a little difference that only they themselves are sensible of their downfall. London is so big and fine that it can afford not to laugh at departed greatness. It has room in its mighty heart for everything except self-consciousness, and a mind so broad and a brain so vast that it can absorb all the wisdom of humanity, and all the folly, and all the goodness, and all the badness thereof, without remembering very clearly or exactly where they are, or which is which."

Mr. Pugh handles facts here, but he handles them imaginatively, with the keenness of vision, that sense of the tragedy and comedy in human things, that put "Tony Drum" and other of his books among the truest and most living stories about London that have ever been written. He was the right man to undertake such a survey as this, for he knows London intimately, and loves it too well to want to conceal or distort either its faults or its virtues. You may dissent from some of his views and opinions, but they are always acute and suggestive; he has the great gift, too, of being interesting, and in "The City of the World" has added a book of real value to the enormous library of London literature.

A.

A REMARKABLE FIRST BOOK.*

"Vividness and not style is now my line," wrote R.L.S. to Mrs. Sitwell. "Style is all very well, but vividness is the real line of country." Remembering these words, one wonders what Stevenson, were he alive, would make of Mr. F. St. Mars, whose writing is scarcely less "vivid" than the Durbar pictures in colour, recently to be seen at a theatre.

Mr. St. Mars seems, in fact, to have an invisible lantern-operator at work with him, as if for a lecture. A picture is cast on the screen of the reader's mind, and while he or she is yet gaping, open-mouthed, at the amazing realistic effect, the lecturer snaps his finger, as if to signal to his invisible operator to change the slide, and, hey presto! another picture, equally vivid in colour, and equally strong in "high lights" is staring us in the face.

Possibly Stevenson would say of such performance—could he witness it—as he said of one of our few living writers of genius: "But he alarms me. . . . I look on, I admire, I rejoice, for myself; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature, I am wounded." Be that as it may, every page of "On Nature's Trail" proves the writer to be a man possessed and obsessed by a

* "On Nature's Trail." By F. St. Mars. With an Introduction by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Illustrated by Ernest Aris. 6s. net. (Jas. Nisbet & Co.)

passionate love of Nature, and, in the matter of observation and deduction, a very Sherlock Holmes of the animal world.

His style? Well, his style is himself. It stands, as I have already indicated, in much the same relation to literature that the cinema stands to art. Idealisation, there is none—only nude, vivid and sometimes cruel reality. Nor is beauty to be found in his pages. Gaunt, grim grandeur of a sort—the grandeur of great spaces, the aboriginal grandeur of Nature and Nature's wild creatures, in all their greed, fierceness, and savagery, there often is. But his style is too personal to himself, too pungent in flavour (reminding one often of the poet Smart's words of a certain fruit, "The sharp, peculiar quince"), and occasionally too American and too slangy to commend itself to every fastidious student of the literary craft.

Certain it is, however, that no more remarkable first book has appeared for years, nor one which is likely to be more animatedly discussed. Mr. St. Mars will have his admirers and his detractors. By some he will be likened to Mr. Kipling. By others he will be accounted a new Kiralfy of the animal world; but whatever view one takes, none will deny the sincerity of his intense and passionate love of Nature, and many will hold (myself among them) that he has something uncommonly like a genius for observing, understanding, and describing the life of the Wild. For thousands in this and other countries he will open up, and for the first time, a new and fascinating Wonderland.

The book comes to us with the best of backing. Of "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," by Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., Ex-President Roosevelt, himself a notable big game hunter and naturalist, wrote that it was "The most remarkable account of which we have any record," and Mr. F. C. Selous assured us that "No lion story I have ever read or heard equals in its long-sustained and dramatic interest the story of the Tsavo Man-Eaters, as told by Colonel Patterson." When, therefore, Colonel Patterson comes forward to write an introduction to "On Nature's Trail," and to bear witness to the power, the fascination, and the knowledge of Mr. St. Mars' work, he speaks with an authority which none can dispute. Let me close this notice with the following extract from the great lion-hunter's introduction:

"Whether Mr. St. Mars be describing the demoniacal doings of a South American puma in a Scotch deer forest, the lively antics of an Indian mongoose, revelling in an English coppice, the havoc wrought by the winged bandits of the air, or the fearless leadership of 'Magnificent of the Steeps,' away among the khuds and crags of Tibet, he shows himself equally at home with his furred and feathered heroes, and their surroundings. His creatures throb with joy of life, and his artistic touch in depicting local colour is to my mind imitable."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

RECENT POETRY.*

One of the most marked tendencies of modern criticism is that which seeks to label each new phase of poetry as it appears and to adjudicate on it according to the prevalent standards of literary taste. This negative attitude, if so one may call it, is due to the protean state into which poetry has been cast by recent innovators and experimenters in forms, metres and rhythms. Mr. Ezra Pound,* who is among the ablest and most brilliant of this new school, appends some interesting theories on rhythm to his translations from Guido Cavalcanti:

"I believe in an ultimate and absolute rhythm . . . The perception of the intellect is given in the word, that of the emotions in the cadence. It is only, then, in perfect rhythm joined to the perfect word that the twofold vision can be recorded. . . . The rhythm of any poetic line corresponds to a particular emotion. It is the poet's business that the correspondence be exact, i.e. that it be the emotion which surrounds the word expressed."

This is the basic principle of Mr. Pound's poetry as it is also that of his translation. It arises not merely out of an attempt at originality but from the necessity of adapting

* "Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti." Translated by Ezra Pound. 3s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

poetry to the expression of present circumstances. It is scarcely possible to assume that we can judge the practical result of these theories by the usual standards of criticism, based as they are on conditions at least five hundred years old. Nor is it possible, for instance, to compare Mr. Pound's translation with the fragmentary translations left by Rossetti. In both cases there is absolute divergence of method and aim. In the latter we have a strict reproduction both in word and form of the extrinsic characteristics of Guido's poetry; in the former an attempt to render not only the word and the spirit, but also "the accompaniment, that is, that the modern audience must in some measure be made aware of the mental content of the older audience, and of what these others drew from certain fashions of thought and speech," . . . "to embody in the whole of the English" some trace of that power which implies the man.

Mr. Pound does not always succeed in carrying out or in justifying his theories. This is partly due to lack of accuracy and thoroughness. He is so keen and intent on reaching the core and spirit of what he is studying, that he often forgets to guard against many small errors which creep in and would, perhaps, seriously damage his reputation, if many of his readers did not already understand his idiosyncrasies. Apart from such defects, of a mostly extrinsic nature, Mr. Pound's rendering of the soft, yet virile, musicalness of the original, though not entirely free from harshness and obscurity, is nevertheless vigorous and full of colour. He has been especially fortunate in discriminating between the harmonious and expressive clarity characteristic of the *dolce stil novo* and the monotonous intricacies of the *scuola provenzaleggiante*. The book will doubtless prove of use to students of Italian thirteenth century love-poetry, besides rescuing from comparative oblivion the work of one of the most interesting poets of that time.

This is ever an age of contradictions. It is difficult, for instance, to reconcile the disparity of aim, thought, spirit, form, and technique existing between the work of Mr. Pound and that of Mr. Isidore G. Ascher,* Mr. Gwynne Evans,† Mr. Norman Gale.‡ The latter still draw the greater part of their inspiration from the religious and mythological orthodoxy of the nineteenth century. They seem to be attempting, through a new revival of Nature poetry, to neutralise, or at least to oppose, the recent sporadic growth of violently realistic modern poetry, emanating from the great cities. The soul-wearing problems of modern life, either intentionally or otherwise, have only superficially affected them with a vague feeling of sadness and unrest. The perennial charm and mystery of remoteness is the secret of their poetry, which, though somewhat uneventful, is nevertheless pleasant and melodious, contains often pretty imagery, and shows a distinct ability in the welding of thought and expression.

Like his *confrères* of the "Rhymers' Club," Dr. G. A. Greene§ is above all an artist and a craftsman. In the "Song of the Songsmiths," dedicated to them, he gives us the master key to the poetic revival of the "nineties," and its poetry of despair and disillusion:

'Tis in us no crime,
Here in this misty land,
To seek for the fire that was fanned
By the kings of the kingly rhyme.

Ours be the task to prolong
The joy and the sorrow of song
In the midst of the years that beguime;
In the clinging mist of the years,
With reverent toil and with tears,
To hammer the golden rhyme,
Hammer the ringing rhyme,
Till the mad world hears.

* "One Hundred and Five Sonnets." By Isidore G. Ascher. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

† "In Mantle Blue." By F. Gwynne Evans. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

‡ "Song in September." By Norman Gale. 5s. net. (Constable.)

§ "Songs of the Open Air." By G. A. Greene. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Apart from the author's association with the "Rhymers' Club," the "Songs of the Open Air" have an artistic value of their own. They generally adhere to the canons of poetic art, yet are never, on this account, either thin or commonplace in thought. We should wish, however, that Dr. Greene might oftener forget the "weariness, the fever, and the fret" of this begrimed world, and cast away the ever-present consciousness of his own personality. His songs would, we think, gain in freedom and lightness, and perhaps even attain the ecstasy of lyrical rapture.

SIDELIGHTS.*

It would be difficult to imagine two books more different in matter and tone than these. The first tells how the author missed his way in his youth. Incidentally it throws much light upon the general aspects of that way, how others also lost it and how some kept it; but mainly the book is intimately autobiographical, almost pathetically so. Mr. Kebbel, looking back upon a long life, can describe it as a pleasant if not a prosperous one. The record of earlier volumes on his title page recalls much agreeable and informing work from his pen in politics and sport and rural economy. But that work has been done in fields lying aside from the regulation highway stretching out, *via* Oxford, before him when he started forth in life from the Merchant Taylors', and that he should have been forced into these side-tracks is evidently a keen regret to him still. Perhaps the author proposes to follow the present with a more cheerful retrospect. In this one, at any rate, the backward survey is largely taken up with a transition from a career at the Bar to that of political journalism made to the accompaniment of Fortune's very hard knocks. Its tone is the somewhat lugubrious one of its title, "The Battle of Life." Lord Rossmore, on the other hand, is in one sense not autobiographical at all. His recollections are

* "The Battle of Life." By T. E. Kebbel. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Things I Can Tell." By Lord Rossmore. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

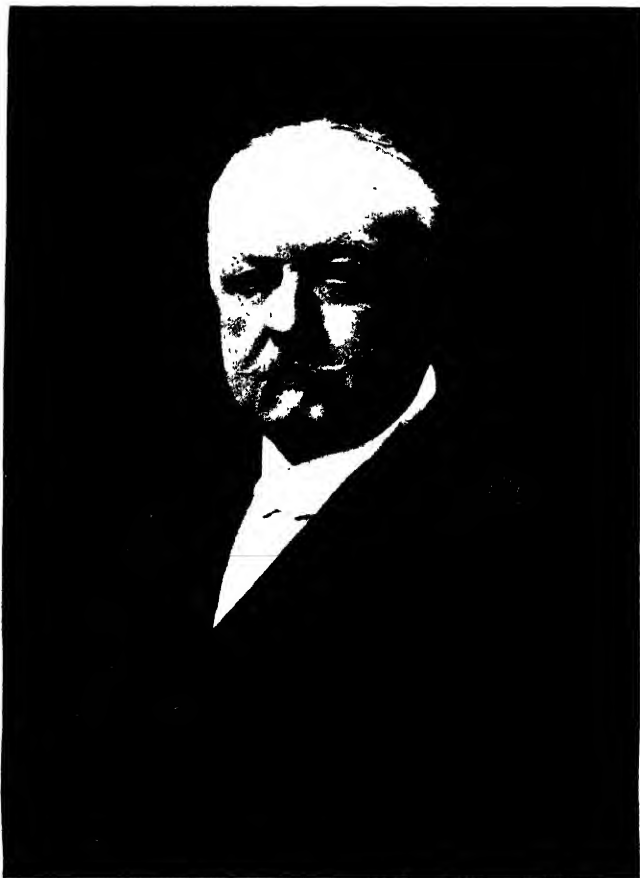


Photo by The Dover Street Studio, London, W.

Lord Rossmore.

chiefly interesting and intimate things about his friends, he himself, so he says, having never done anything important. Whether he is writing of himself or of others, the occasion is always a good story. Fortune having assured him of his niche, he speaks with regret neither of it nor of his manner of filling it. There is not even a momentary note of reproach or doubt in his pages. They assume the author to have been born into the best of all possible worlds, and to have jolly well made the very best of it.

Yet different though they are, the two books have also much in common, and even by contrast they help out the value of both, which is simply that of illuminating the period to which their authors belong. Lord Rossmore exhibits the Irish temperament, of the possession of which he is keenly conscious. Mr. Kebbel, though probably he is quite unaware of it, as obviously reveals the Saxon. The first glories in eccentricity, and the second, as has been said, laments a failure to succeed along conventional lines. The Westenras it seems, have retained nothing brought over by their Batavian ancestor in Charles the Second's days except a stammer, which more than once has proved an impediment to them in public life. They married out of Irish families, and fairly early established a banshee. Lord Rossmore "doesn't care a straw" for the family spook, but would not willingly part with it. Mr. Kebbel's father was vicar of Kilby, in Leicestershire, where the taste for sport is as ingrained as in Monaghan, and Rossmore is not more beloved in the castle than was Kilby by the family in the vicarage. The son's heart remained in the country, though his battle of life was fought in town, and incidentally he has done much to enlighten us about the economy of rural England in the middle of the last century, and has considered deeply, or at any rate much, the changes occurring in it since then. Lord Rossmore's book is not intended to reveal him considering anything much or deeply. The stories that compose it have already given excellent "copy" to the newspapers, the more discreet of which, we observed, refrained from printing the pinkest, and not least amusing. The author's acceptance of things as they are is not less illuminating than Mr. Kebbel's account of how they once were. The gay Irishman has no qualms. The Englishman, on the other hand, seems much troubled to find that the world has been wagging. He notes, amid his admiration for what Miss Austen has revealed of the society of her day, that she has not a word for the condition of the peasantry, though she lived where the facts of it must have been particularly flagrant. The reference to Miss Austen is characteristic. We have always a feeling, when reading Mr. Kebbel, as if we must just have broken away from Georgian times. We expect him to draw his illustrations in politics from Mr. Canning, say, and to accept mid or even early Victorian as a standard of considerable modernity. The social organism seems still to be regarded as constituted out of the fine old elements, sufficiently labelled as "The Clergy," "The Landed Gentry," and so on. Any one of them—"The Peasantry" for instance—may go wrong through mismanagement, just as the partridges have into which has actually had to be introduced an alien strain of red legs. Mr. Kebbel looks back seventy years from yesterday with amazement at the changes in manners and material conditions that have occurred in them, and these changes his memories help us to realise. But of the significance of the deeper and more subtle mutations between yesterday and to-day he gives no hint of understanding. And, indeed, Lord Rossmore's book shows that there is a class—to whom the author does more than justice by his geniality, but less by the relish with which he exposes their follies—where morals and manners do not change, but alike remain vulgar and primitive.

It is in their remoteness from the present moment, and from all that is really vital at the present moment, that these two books come together and cast a kind of dark light upon the world we are living in. There is no reason to believe that those who are bred of the new forces and make themselves their mouthpieces are less careless than one of our authors about the existence of conditions other than their own, or more alive than the other to their signifi-

cance. Two sets of powerful opposing actualities are meeting in the dark, and neither, one suspects, has more than the vaguest notion of the strength and disposition of the other. That, at any rate, is the moral we draw by the aid of these two volumes of sidelights.

D. S. MELDRUM.

THE EARLY NATURALISTS.*

This is an extremely able and interesting survey of the work of the early botanists and naturalists. It needed a man of Mr. Miall's expert knowledge to explain in what degree there was real truth and critical observation in the vast productions of these pioneer writers. And now that we see them in the light of modern research we are struck, not merely at their blunders and at their childish acceptance of the grossest theories, but also at the extraordinary ingenuity and accuracy of many of their deductions and at the wide range of their labour. As Mr. Miall truly remarks, the modern interest in all such subjects arose from the idea that botanical knowledge was essential to a doctor. The revival of botany preceded that of zoology by some twenty years, and almost all the early botanists, such as Brunfels, Bock, Fuchs, Gesner and L'Obel, practised medicine. Then, again, it is interesting to note that all these German and Swiss botanists were Protestants, although several had been brought up in the Catholic faith. There can be little doubt that the emancipation in the Reformed Church affected not only the spiritual but the whole mental outlook of its converts. Of the early naturalists the most remarkable are Belon, who wrote, amongst other things, a history of birds; Rondelet, an ichthyologist, and Gesner, who, besides being a botanist, was the most learned of sixteenth century naturalists. His *Historia Animalium* (1551-87) alone extends to 4,500 folio pages. The first natural history of the New World was published in 1535, under the title of *Historia general y natural de las Indias*. This was the work of Oviedo. It is curious that Englishmen seem to have taken little part in the revival of botany or zoology. Mr. Miall considers that the reason for this lies in their immense industry in other lines and not in a natural apathy. Such herbalists as Turner, Gerard, and John Caius were far behind their contemporaries on the Continent, and it is not till we come to Ray and Willoughby in the middle of the 17th century that we have really distinguished workers in these fields. This brings us to a period in which the science of botany and zoology was assuming a more advanced form. With Robert Hooke (1635-1703) the microscope begins to play an important part. There follow such famous names as Malpighi, Grew, Swammerdam, and Leeuwenhoek, who was the first man to discover bacteria (1683). In that same year the great Réaumur was born, the first volume of whose celebrated *Histoire des Insectes* was published in 1734. Another landmark is the year 1745, in which Bonnet's curious research into the aphides was made public. We can only just mention Lyonnet, whose *Traité Anatomique* is, according to Mr. Miall, "perhaps the most laborious and beautiful example of minute anatomy which has ever been executed." The book ends with chapters on Linnæus, whose *Systema Naturæ* is still a valuable work, and who is, of course, one of the most celebrated of all botanical writers, and Buffon, whose enormous *Histoire Naturelle, générale et particulière, avec la description du Cabinet du Roi*, is contained in no less than 44 volumes.

Even in this short glimpse it will be seen that Mr. Miall has produced a work of great importance and erudition. We shall be surprised if it does not make a considerable stir in the right circles.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "The Early Naturalists: Their Lives and Work (1530-1789)." By L. C. Miall, D.Sc., F.R.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



St. James's Street, June, 1878
By J. A. McNeill Whistler.

POEMS OF LOVE AND EARTH.*

It may seem a little churlish to dispraise a man for his accomplishment, but one is tempted to complain that Mr. Drinkwater has learned his craft too well. As with so much modern verse one is constantly worried by the question, "Where have I read that before?" This is a pity, for the reminiscence is largely a matter of phraseology, and falls very far short of plagiarism. But a somewhat stereotyped diction tends to discount the real freshness of much of Mr. Drinkwater's poetry. For at its best it has the freshness of earth when the sun is shining after rain. "The Feckenham Men," perhaps the best of the shorter poems, is really a valuable addition to the hymnology of Mab, the earth-goddess of the English. There is a divine folly in it which will surely please her.

"These jolly men of Feckenham,
One day when summer strode in power,
Went down, it seems, among their lands
And saw their bean fields all in flower.
'Wheat ricks,' they said, 'be good to see,
What would a rick of blossoms be?'"

"So straight they brought the sickles out,
And worked all day till day was done,
And builded them a good square rick
Of scented bloom beneath the sun.
And was not this I tell to you
A fiery-hearted thing to do?"

It was. "The Crowning of Dreading John" and "Earth Love" are also admirable in the same order, while "Pierrot" has a dainty charm of another sort. But the most important of Mr. Drinkwater's poems is also the longest. "The Fires of God," whether personal or fictitious, is a striking record of psychological growth. And, though it states a special case, it deals with an experience common to many men. The poet looks back on his life and sees

"Poor barren years that brooded over-much
On your own burden, pale and stricken years."

At first he had stood proudly aloof, scorning companionship, intent on his own destiny, which he dreamed to be higher than that of other men.

"So I forgot my God, and I forgot
The holy, sweet communion of men,
And moved in desolate places, where are not
Meek hands held out with patient healing when
The hours are heavy with uncharitable pain;
No company but vain
And arrogant thoughts were with me at my side.
And ever to myself I lied,
Saying: 'Apart from all men thus I go
To know the things that they may never know.'"

To this mood followed reaction, pessimism, despair, and "that most venomous despair, self-pity." His trouble was not

"... the large heroic trouble known
By proud, adventurous men who would atone
With their own passionate pity for the sting
And anguish of a world of peril and snares.
It was the trouble of a soul in thrall
To mean despairs."

His pride is broken. Then his eyes are opened and he discovers Nature. His ears are opened to

"... the choice song
Of exultant, strong
Earth-passionate men with souls of fire."

He learns of heroism and humanity, and girds himself joyously

"To greet the men who lived triumphant days,
And stormed the secret beauty of the world."

"The Fires of God" is a fine poem both in conception and in execution. Its author is a poet to be considered.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Poems of Love and Earth." By John Drinkwater. (Nutt.)

NOTES ON THE VICTORIANS.*

As a critic, William Sharp was for the most part a conscientious and accurate analyst. He was not of those who, by insight and deft expression, can recreate a work of art in a manner to make the new interpretation almost rival the original; nor had he any definite philosophy of art, or of the inter-relation of art and life, by which to weigh and appraise. But he had much skill in separating and labelling the components of an artist's achievement, and was an admirable introducer of classics to the unread. Thus considered, he is at his best in the papers on Arnold and Browning which stand first and second in this volume—the third in the series of selections which Mrs. Sharp is making of her husband's writings over his own name. In the articles on Burne-Jones and Walter Pater, moreover, he is something more than this, and displays an imaginative sympathy which, if it does not entitle him to rank in the little company of creative critics, at any rate justifies his assumption of the rôle of exponent of other men's work.

It is, however, the reminiscent rather than the critical aspect of these papers which gives them their particular value. Sharp was a young man when most of the great Victorians were at the height of their fame. He was fortunate in obtaining a wide acquaintance among a group of men who, taken as a whole, were probably as well worth knowing as any literary generation. The earlier poets of the century may have been more romantic and exciting. Not even Rossetti was the peer of Shelley and Byron in the traditional waywardness of genius. But there were about the Victorians, whatever their branch of intellectual or artistic activity, a certain dignity and magnanimity which it is difficult to parallel. In an age given more and more to materialism and vulgarity, they kept lofty ideals unclouded, and unfalteringly opposed to what was ignoble work of the noblest. Reconsider the annals of English literature: you will find here a More, there a Milton, but nowhere so concerted a phalanx of bright arms against the hosts of darkness as in the mercantile reign of Victoria. Or go to the National Portrait Gallery and view with pride and sorrow the memorial which Watts raised to his contemporaries and peers: pride that such men lived so near our own day, sorrow that they are dead.

To record the quality of these men William Sharp was peculiarly fitted. He displayed towards them the sympathetic respect of the clever man humble enough to recognise his betters. It is no wonder that they took him into their confidence, and that even Rossetti, in his lamentable latter days, accepted him for a friend. Of Rossetti he has some interesting personal notes; and he re-creates the exquisite charm of that sister who, though she was less vivid and compelling a personality than Gabriel, will one day perhaps be deemed the greater poet. Burne-Jones is another whose attraction we are made to feel, and it says much for Sharp's power of sympathetic portrayal that he catches just the note of one of the most beautiful of all biographies, before the publication of which, moreover, his article was written. Christina Rossetti and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in fact, stand out from these pages as heroes worthy of especial worship—that is, if we count personality as more than achievement. There are also admirable portraits of Walter Pater and of two lesser, but very interesting men, Philip Bourke Marston and Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

The editing of this volume deserves a word of censure. Misprints are far too frequent. Further, it would have been no disservice to Sharp to have subjected his essays to some measure of revision, something far less than what he would himself no doubt have given them had he lived to prepare such a collection. A certain clumsiness of construction is characteristic and ineradicable; but here and there are sentences which, in the haste of composition, have been cheated of grammatical perfection. These might well have been revised. Nor should Sharp have been allowed to say that the scene of Swinburne's "Queen Mother" was "in Paris at the period of the Massacre of the Innocents."

* "Papers Critical and Reminiscent." By William Sharp. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

FATA MORGANA.*

There seems to be something in the air of Northern Europe which provokes men, ay and women too, to pessimism. Look at Minna Canth, the cobbler's wife, of Knopio, in Finland, writing her pessimistic dramas in the back room of her little haberdashery shop. It is not only the highly-educated librarian of Stockholm who is subject to this influence of the atmosphere, of the climate, or the race, but the poor little half-educated shopkeeper.

In "The Confessions of a Fool" August Strindberg, who died a few weeks ago, gives an account of his first marriage and its terrible failure. The reader can see from the outset that his marriage with anyone whatever would have been a failure. Before ever he met his Fata Morgana he was, as he candidly confesses, "a fool." He was an avowed Atheist. He belonged to a society for the promotion of free love. He belonged to a club where "the centre of the room was occupied by a table dressed like an altar, in the middle of which stood a skull and a large bottle of cyanide of potassium. An open Bible, stained with punch spots, lay beside the skull." The club indulged in the wildest orgies. As a natural result of the self-disgust engendered, he embraced "Pessimism, the apotheosis of Atheism." Nor had Eugenics watched over his birth. He was "a delicate, nervous sickly youth," haunted by his own spectre, one who climbed up to the top of a pine tree and made a speech to the branches, "endeavouring to drown their voices."

Bring this wholly ill-balanced personality into the presence of a congenial feminine soul and the natural result happens. A stronger man than Strindberg would either have given the Serbonian bog a wide berth or have hammered the "idle one" thrown in his path into "shape and use." For there seems to have been some good metal in the ore. By his own confession the woman was capable of "pure, disinterested, angelic tenderness," although baser feelings predominated. She was not a normal average woman, just as he was not an average man. This it is that robs the story of any psychological value. The striking candour, the remarkable power of analysis, both of his own feelings and of hers, are thrown away. Talents are hidden in a foul napkin.

That the man had talents is shewn more particularly by his fine perception of natural phenomena; a perception more acute than that of many a professional naturalist. He can scent "a breeze laden with the scent of the rising sap of his poplars." He notices that the broad green leaves of his aristolochia "throw death-like hues on a pale face;" that blood-red apples seem in the moonlight but a yellow spot, while greyish apples turn green. Over his head "the purple blossoms of Scotch firs exhale a perfume like that of the wild strawberry." This is all at the beginning of his tragedy: as scene follows scene we sink lower-into the mire, where the only scent is that of corruption and decay.

BOOKS, AUTHORS AND THINGS †

I can forgive much to a book that pleases me, and in the main "The Poet's Chantry" has pleased me greatly, though there is a certain narrowness in Miss Katherine Brégy's outlook that is now and then a little irritating. She has set herself to trace the Catholic note in English poetry, and to this end has written essays on nine Roman Catholic poets. It is rather an arbitrary scheme, for in the best sense nearly all great poetry is religious but not sectarian; when it is, the sectarian bias counts for nothing at all so long as the poetry is fine. Even Paganism has its devotional poetry and some of it is touched with spiritual

* "The Confessions of a Fool." By August Strindberg. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

† "The Poet's Chantry." By Katherine Brégy. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel).—"Peradventure." By Archibald T. Strong. 5s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall).—"Leaves of Prose." By Annie Matheson. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift).—"From a Pedagogue's Sketch Book." By F. R. G. Duckworth. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

ecstasy, but Miss Brégy more than once claims that religious ecstasy in poetry is the exclusive property of such poems as have been written by Roman Catholics. "It is not for the fervour and intensity of their religious emotion," she says, "that the world remembers Milton, or Cowley, or even Herbert." It was needless to say this of Cowley, but she should have gone on to tell us for what else the world does remember Herbert. Again: "One can scarcely conjure up a less promising soil for things Catholic than England of the late sixteenth and middle seventeenth centuries; yet it is a sober fact that the most intensely religious poets of both these eras were of the Old Faith." Surely Henry Vaughan was an intensely religious poet; so too were Herbert and Traherne; and each one of these has his moments of ecstasy that do not leave Crashaw on the lonely eminence in this respect to which Miss Brégy somewhat intolerantly assigns him. "For full two hundred years after Crashaw there was no English poet at all comparable to him in this rapturous beauty of religious singing. Even now, the tale of his successors is quickly told—Dante Rossetti in exquisite moments, Patmore in odes, Lionel Johnson in a few wistful pages, and, finally, Francis Thompson." Well, I have named three poets who should have been added to Miss Brégy's list, and I am not sure that one or two of Donne's religious poems do not entitle him to a place in it, and Christina Rossetti should not be excluded.

But that is the worst of all partisanship, it blinds one to the claims of the other side. It would be a very bigoted Puritan, however, who could not share Miss Brégy's admiration for the nine poets she has written of in these essays with so much charm and such sympathetic insight. One is glad of her thoughtful and beautifully appreciative chapter on that saintly spirit and little known poet, Gerard Hopkins; of her illuminating criticism of Coventry Patmore, and of the considered and just tribute she pays in her concluding essay to the poetry of Mrs. Meynell. There is an interesting paper too on Aubrey de Vere, but Miss Brégy is always interesting, even when she is most provocative, and, after all, since her prejudices serve to give more colour and life to her style we may even be glad that she has them.

Another good book of essays in literary criticism is Mr. Archibald Strong's "Peradventure." He lives up to the motto on his fly-leaf: "The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces;" and writes about what he has read very much as a traveller writes of what he has seen.

"The best criticism," he observes in his Preface, "must always be an intense expression of personality—personality purged of prejudice, and strengthened through self-surrender to the best. The pedant relies on fresh matter for freshness of outlook, and even so may hardly compass it; the true critic is independent of this. He will, indeed, at times turn his back on the huge and populous and opulent continents of literature, and seek out its remote and scattered isles of loveliness; but he knows well that it is not given to every explorer to cry: 'We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea'; and he will be often content to hunt old trails by land or ocean with fresh eyes."

This Mr. Strong has done. He has nothing very new to say perhaps concerning "The Longer Poems of Keats," "Rudyard Kipling," "Swinburne and the Sea," "Charles Lamb and the Stage," "The Faith of Shelley," nor of "Poe and Baudelaire," nor of "Nietzsche," but he is not out to make new discoveries. He is a scholar with the rare gift of gossiping agreeably of the books he knows; he is an evident lover of poetry with a nice appreciation for what is great in literature. The young student will find him a competent, entertaining guide, and the old one will be grateful to him as to a companion who talks intelligently and discriminatingly on familiar but perennially interesting topics. He has the art of apt quotation; his style is fluent and unaffected, and the personal note that sounds through all his pages gives a breezy, invigorating freshness to whatever he has to say.

Miss Annie Matheson's "Leaves of Prose" has an even stronger personal tone and greater variety of subject. It

is a collection of critical and social essays, nature studies, sketches and musings and, despite its title, poems. It is a miscellany of good things. A strain of religious earnestness runs through all Miss Matheson's writings; a passionate sympathy with the poor and the helpless, a lyrical joy in all the beauty of the world and the simple pleasures of common life. Some of her little sketches, such as "London in Spring," "Thyrsis in a London Square," "The Gleam," "In Mid-May's Glory," are veritable prose poems, vivid word-pictures that catch with a delicate cunning the atmosphere and elusive light of the places and seasons they describe. You gather from a thoughtful essay "In Praise of Adam Bede," and a "Note on Silas Marner," that Miss Matheson remains unaffected by the general depreciation of "George Eliot," and from her longer and capable paper on "The Lady of the Lake," that, unlike so many of us who nowadays go astray after strange gods, her enthusiasm for the gallant poetry of Scott remains undiminished. There is no order in the book any more than there is in the most enjoyable conversation. You pass from reflections on "Philosophy, Poetry, and the Labour Party," to a spirited sonnet on "The Election of the London County Council," thence to "The Soul of the People," which is a strong protest against the continuing strife of creeds, and so on. It is just a quiet little book about the everyday affairs that concern everybody, reflecting much of the author's reading and giving frank and simple utterance to her own thoughts on what she has read and seen and experienced. At the end of it are two admirable studies by Miss May Sinclair: one, "A Servant of the Earth," a delicately outlined, pathetic little story of country life, of a certain farm-labourer "fallen in his old age on evil days and the parish," the other a brilliant critical appreciation of Meredith as novelist and poet.

There is something almost forbiddingly portentous about such a title as "From a Pedagogue's Sketch Book," but happily you find when you have opened it that Mr. Duckworth is that rare bird a pedagogue with a keen and racy sense of humour. He may have published his book with a serious purpose; he indicates at the outset that he has done so; but he does not attempt to teach the public by preaching at it seriously; he knows too much for that. He has a profound acquaintance with the human boy, and with the parents of him, and his amusingly satirical presentations of those specimens have a large significance for all who are interested in educational affairs. They tickle you to heartiest laughter, but they leave you thinking. He covertly owns that his aim has been to "enlist the sympathy of the public, and of parents in particular, with the ideals of our public schools, great and small—ideals that are not always appreciated—and with the life of the devoted men who are commonly supposed to live in affluence and leisure, but who really spend laborious days, with no eight hours' limit, for a pittance—especially in the smaller schools—that a miner would scorn as a 'minimum wage,' and without the prospect of an old-age pension when thrown on the shelf." Though surely, by the way, the old age pension is a boon from which none in need is debarred. There is truth as well as humour in "For Value Received," and "Shopkeepers," the first slyly hitting at our public school methods and the treatment of the masters; the second baring the absurdities practised in the appointment of County Education Committees; but perhaps the wittiest chapters are those which deal with the crass stupidity of parents, who, with little or no study of the subject, assume they know better than the schoolmaster how the young idea should be taught to shoot. There is a clever little sketch, "The Ear Specialist," in which a fashionable physician sending his son to school dogmatically interferes in his training:

"It was about half-way through his son's first term that he sent me a terrific long screed all on the subject of how he wanted his son brought up. He detailed all his son's little foibles as well as his strong points. Asked me if I had noticed the boy was absent-minded but chock-full of intellectual interests. Hinted that what the boy required most was a severe intellectual discipline, and suggested how this was to be effected—by extra Latin prose, in which particular care should be paid to minute

points of grammar and syntax; by setting him down to a piano and making him name and strike single notes; by giving him coloured blocks of wood, and making him arrange the colours in different orders, in each case naming the colours before proceeding to arrange the blocks. There was a lot more of this sort of thing flung at my head without reserve or apology or any trace of consideration for any professional pride I might have. When a letter makes me really angry I always postpone answering it at least till the following day. If I can manage to do so, I never answer it at all. I've found that an excellent rule, and it was excellent in this case, as you will see."

For next day the school doctor reported that the ear specialist's son was deaf in one ear, and a tactful reply gently informing the specialist of this fact served to knock the self-assertion out of him and shame him into feeling he would have been wiser employed in minding his own business. If there were space one would like to quote some of the series of letters between parents and the master on this same topic of the management of children. They are irresistibly ludicrous, but wear such an air of reality that you feel they are only slightly burlesqued versions of letters that have actually been written. They twinkle with wry humour, are so seemingly unconsciously funny in their fussy, petty pomposity; and yet you realise how they must have worried and humiliated and exasperated the pedagogue who received and had to reply to them. You cannot get grapes from thorns, but Mr. Duckworth is to be congratulated in having extracted a good deal of genuinely funny farcical comedy from a way of life that is commonly looked upon as monotonously dull.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A FRENCH BOSWELL*

When Guy de Maupassant took François into his service he provided himself unwittingly with a Boswell, and a Boswell who could appreciate his master's talent. It may be urged that his master's powerful mind left its impress on the valet's. No influence of that kind would be sufficient to transform an ordinary individual into an impassioned admirer of an ivory carving, the coronation of King Cloris by St. Remy in the Cathedral of Reims, the disappearance of which caused the good valet such genuine heartache.

François was in full sympathy with his master's bent of mind. This makes his biography valuable. He tells us the essential things, specially interesting to students of heredity is the emphasis thrown on his debt to his mother, his polyglot mother, with her worship of the romantic landscapes of Corsica and her literary style of speaking, "reminding me very much of Flaubert's style," says the gifted valet. The priceless François earns our gratitude by letting us have a good view of his master's turn of mind. The novelist had an extraordinarily precise and painstaking intellect. He would count the number of times a cock crowed on first awaking and compare it with his second bout. The closest attention was given for many hours to the details of the olive-harvest at Cap d'Antibes. Turner himself could not have studied an Algerian sunset more closely. "He finished by the enumeration of the different hues floating above the vineyards. These varying tints depend on whether the vines are still green or have taken on their reddish winter dress." This constant observation of nature and life became so much a matter of habit with De Maupassant, that often he felt it a positive burden and old man o' the sea. "I sometimes struggle hard not to think."

François is an artist, quite competent to depict the three very different sides of his master's nature: the boyish side delighting in practical jokes, "Laughter holding both his sides"; the poetic side, derived from his mother; and the practical side of a man who delighted to order his little estate at Etretat and furnish his various flats to the best advantage. François is an artist, too, in words. His description of the Princess's tea-party could not be improved upon: its prodigious light-heartedness, and drastic but unavailing attempts at self-restraint are pictured with a masterly hand. There is also an inimitable and most touchingly told dog story. We become very fond of François.

* "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant." By his Valet François. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

A LITERARY EPISODE.*

The publication of this handsome volume is a literary episode which should prove of interest to all who have at any time fallen under the spell of that extraordinary *tour de force* by which the name of William Beckford mainly lives, the glamorous Oriental romance of "Vathek." Here are three "Episodes," three separate stories which, in the manner of the "Arabian Nights," the author intended to be incorporated with his well-known book; episodes which had lain *perdu* for many years until Mr. Lewis Melville happened upon them in the course of his researches when preparing his "Life and Letters of William Beckford." It is true that when a popular edition of "Vathek" was in preparation, some years before Beckford's death, there was talk of including the "Episodes," but as the publisher refused to "think in thousands" when it came to a matter of terms negotiations fell through, and the manuscript was forgotten for sixty-five years.

The three stories of which the volume consists were written by Beckford—as was "Vathek" itself—originally in French, and the translation of them into English was the last literary work of the late Sir Frank Marzials. In this volume they are given both in the original and in translation. They are wonderful tales, full of a kind of sinister splendour in the presentation of the records of the way in which certain princes and princesses qualified for admission to the Hall of Eblis. The vivid imagination, the grandiose descriptive style, the impressive rendering of the weirdly supernatural, which have made "Vathek" continue to be read, are to be found in these supplementary Episodes. Here is all the opulence of description and imaginative power such as had won Byron's commendation of the tale itself. We feel as the poet felt, that the Happy Valley of Johnson's "Rasselas" will not bear comparison with the Hall of Eblis of Beckford's story or Episodes. And we may read the stories without seeking to see in them that moral which the author declared was discoverable—the moral "that those who, like the Calif Vathek and his unhappy companions, abandon themselves to criminal passions and deeds of infamy will, by a terrible but just retribution, have their abode for ever in the regions of eternal vengeance."

The Episodes will presumably duly take their place as part of the work for which they were designed, but they are sufficiently complete in themselves, and if their publication is not likely to lead to any great Beckford revival, it should at least be welcomed by those who have felt the spell of a remarkable Oriental tale. Sir Frank Marzials' translation is delightfully easy and tasteful, while Mr. Melville in his introduction tells the story of the writing of the Episodes, and throws further light on the strange personality of their author.

TWO NOTABLE NOVELS.†

There is no reason for bracketing Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. E. F. Benson together except that the newest book of each happens to come from the same publishers, and that they are two of the best novels the new season has produced so far. Mr. Benson has written "Mrs. Ames" in something of the light, satirical spirit of "Dodo," but with an added depth of feeling and knowledge of humanity that carry us far beyond "Dodo"; and in "The Turnstile" Mr. Mason makes something of a fresh departure. He has travelled a long way since he wrote that gallant romance, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and in "The Turnstile," as in the last three or four of his novels, turns his back on the glamour of the past and quarries his tale out of the complex elements of modern life. We

* "The Episodes of Vathek." By William Beckford. Translated by Sir Frank T. Marzials. With an Introduction by Lewis Melville. 21s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

† "Mrs. Ames." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 † "The Turnstile." By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

could count the good political novels on the fingers of one hand, and we do not hesitate to appropriate one of the earliest fingers to "The Turnstile." Without exaggeration and without bitterness Mr. Mason pictures the political world of the present day; some of his personalities may possibly be identified with living politicians; but he did not spend some years in the House of Commons himself without getting to know the game and the players, and he has used his knowledge here to excellent account.

Apart from its political atmosphere, "The Turnstile" is a subtle revelation of feminine character—a powerful and poignant story of the love that grows strong enough to conquer self and bring its personal hopes, ideals and happiness to the sacrifice. Captain Rames was too big and robust a spirit to be finally satisfied with the insincerities, the petty shifts and schemes, and the doubtfully won triumphs of the political arena; he began with other, simpler, perhaps more healthful, ambitions, and he goes back to these just when Cynthia, who had married without love, has come to give her whole heart to him, has subdued herself to his somewhat cynical outlook, has insensibly conquered her shrinking from the unavoidable chicanery of political methods, and is keen to see him grasp the success that seems almost in his hand. Rames had frankly married her because her wealth would help him to achieve his ends in Parliament, but he has learned to love her with a strength that moves him to hide the fact that his earlier passion for Arctic exploration has re-asserted itself, and that politics have become a weariness to him now when all her desires for him are centred in them. There comes a time when she discovers his secret, and that either his happiness must be sacrificed for hers or hers for his, and, though she hesitates over the decision, she is fine enough and very woman enough to make the one that is against herself. The study in these two characters is alone enough to make this a remarkable book, but there are other characters in it that are almost as good, and a story that is as absorbing and as admirably written as any that Mr. Mason has ever done.

The "small affairs" of the market-town of Riseborough—or rather of that select portion of Riseborough which

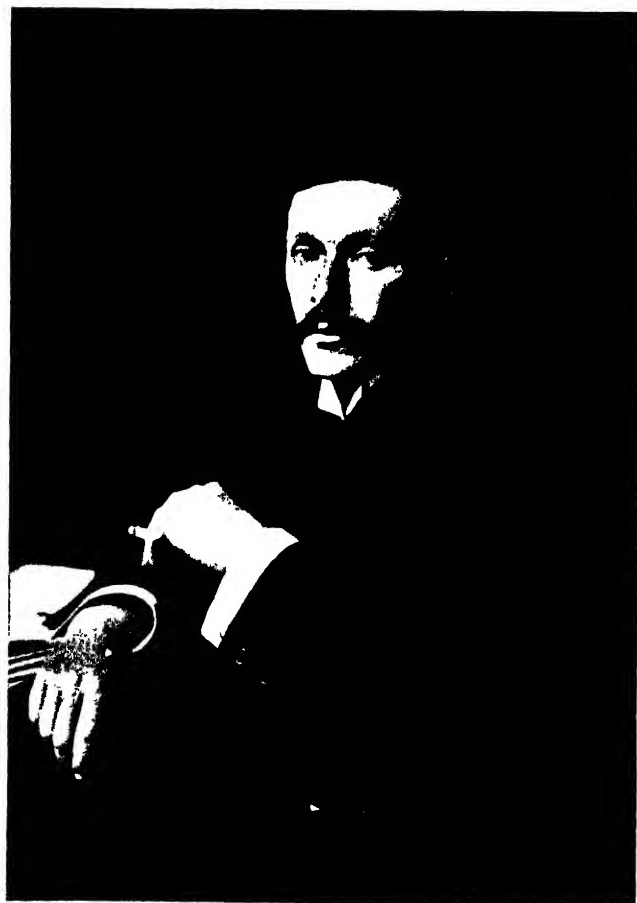


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. E. F. Benson.



Photo by Gustav Mullins, Rye.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

calls itself "society"—come under Mr. E. F. Benson's microscope in this exceptionally brilliant novel of his. And how searching and powerful a microscope it is, how illuminating and relentless, revealing with unerring insight and humour the arid emptiness, the infinitesimal littleness, of Riseborough's conception of life. For society at Riseborough is made up for the most part of retired professional men, whose days are filled by golf, gossip, and the morning paper, and of their wives, to whom a choice piece of scandal is as the very breath of life, and whose ambition does not reach beyond the giving of a successful dinner. Two such women are Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Evans; the former the wife of Major Ames and the leader of Riseborough society, the latter the wife of a doctor. Ten years older than her husband—she is fifty-five years of age—short in stature, with a face that may justly be described as toad-like, Mrs. Ames suffers by comparison with the fascinating Mrs. Evans, a woman of unimaginative temperament, a wife and mother whose emotions have hitherto remained unstirred, dormant. "Neither wifehood nor motherhood had awakened her womanhood. Yet, in that she was a woman, she was that most dangerous of all created or manufactured things, an unexploded shell, liable to blow to bits both itself and any who handled her. The shell was alive still, its case uncorroded, and its contents still potentially violent. . . ." The man who lights the fuse is Major Ames. In vain does Mrs. Ames attempt to recapture her husband's affection; all her pathetic expedients fail, and slowly but surely Mrs. Evans draws the Major into her net. But before the final and irretraceable step can be taken a different Mrs. Ames is born, a product of the fine spirit of the woman's movement, a healthier, larger-minded Mrs. Ames, who proves herself quite capable of tackling the Major and Mrs. Evans and saving the infatuated couple from themselves. The book sparkles throughout with Mr. Benson's best qualities; its people are wonderfully alive; and because you have met them, and secretly laughed at them, in real life you can appreciate all the more Mr. Benson's masterly description of the hum and buzz with which they proclaim the waste spaces of their cramped and undeveloped souls.

HAPHAZARD LITERARY HISTORY.*

"Mr. J. M. Kennedy," so runs the announcement on the wrapper of his book, "has written the first history of the dynamic movement in English literature between 1880 and 1905. The work begins with a sketch of romanticism and classicism, and continues with chapters on Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde, who in their different ways exercised so great an influence on various poets and essayists of the

* "English Literature: 1880-1905." By J. M. Kennedy. (Martin Secker.)

time, all of whom are dealt with." Amongst those who are not dealt with are Meredith, Stevenson, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Henry James, Mr. William Watson, and J. M. Synge. The names of all but the last of these, indeed, do not as much as appear in the book; in the case of Mr. Kipling, who has less than a page, the author excuses himself for his brevity on the irrelevant ground that Kipling will be remembered as a short story writer rather than as a poet. Evidently it is the "dynamic movement" that has dictated these exclusions, though what in the name of logic as language the "dynamic movement" in contemporary literature is Mr. Kennedy has not succeeded in making clear to his readers. They must content themselves with the knowledge that if it is exclusive in some directions it is copious in others, Pater, Wilde, Beardsley, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. Moore, all have their place; so has Mr. Arthur Waugh, an old essay by whom, published in the *Yellow Book*, furnished Mr. Kennedy with five pages liberally dressed with quotation, there are five, too, about Mr. W. L. Courtney, thus, it is to be feared, depriving Mr. Kennedy of a review by a writer whose chief fault is stated to be the admirable one of generosity, for (according to Mr. Kennedy) when "criticising the productions of modern hack writers and pseudo-creative artists he too rarely dips his pen in vinegar." And in the chapter entitled "Beardsley and others," Whistler is one of the others.

Of course a book so glaring in its omissions, so casual and hap-hazard in its election of the men and movements of the period which it aims at describing, cannot be called literary history. To omit the names we have mentioned—and many others too—is to fall so far short of what ordinary people would expect, and have a right to expect, from a book called "English Literature, 1880-1905," as to make criticism from the obvious point of view frankly impossible. It is wiser to ask instead how Mr. Kennedy has succeeded as to the authors who have been sufficiently "dynamic" to attract his attention. Not, it is to be feared, very happily. Literary critics are human, and, though history has nothing to do with a man's private prejudices, one does not grudge if a hint of them slips now and again into the pages of the critic turned historian. But Mr. Kennedy has nothing else. Stripped of its pretentiousness, of its sham-philosophic jargon about "matters of psychological notoriety" and the like, his "sketch" of romanticism and classicism amounts to nothing more than that everything that Mr. Kennedy likes is classic and everything (the most diverse things, too) that excites his irritability or loathing is romantic. This air of off-hand loftiness with his betters hardly improves matters. "From an artistic point of view we cannot award Mr. Shaw any very high praise." Pater "never cleared his brain sufficiently to be able to make up his mind" between art and metaphysics. "The traditions of all these periodicals (i.e., the *Yellow Book*, the *National Observer*, the *Pageant*, and the *Dome*) may be said to be merged to a great extent in the present *New Age*." These are some of the opinions of Mr. Kennedy. He is not even altogether consistent in his handling of them. The greatest target of his scorn is the middle classes. Mr. Wells, he says, has unfortunately never quite shaken off the influence of his middle-class upbringing; "he belongs emphatically to the intellectual bourgeoisie," and the importance he attributes to sex is a feature of the middle-class intellect. If that be so, Mr. Kennedy's intellect is middle-class too. The close of his study of Pater is evidence enough of that. Some of his comments and remarks are amusing enough. "Mr. Chesterton is quite right when he intimates that we cannot stop worshipping God to worship a life-force instead, as if, to use his expression, anyone could worship a hyphen. Shaw, as a matter of fact, writes his phrase without a hyphen; but Mr. Chesterton's objection is none the less apposite." Again, he quotes Wilde's saying that there was "nothing that either Plato or Christ had said that could not be transferred immediately into the sphere of art, and there find its complete fulfilment," and adds "it is true that what Plato and Christ said may be adequately represented in art, and has, indeed, been so represented by the Italian painters of the Renaissance, as well as by several English painters of

modern times But it does not seem to occur to Wilde that such art is utterly inferior." We have permitted ourselves italics, but stupidities of this kind cannot be commented on, they give the reader the same vicarious sense of shame as he would feel in the presence of fatuity in conversation There are more of them in the book

But it is, perhaps, unfair to judge Mr Kennedy in sentences. As a sample, here is the way he deals with the *Yellow Book* —

"Among various miscellaneous articles and stories contributed to *The Yellow Book* must be mentioned Harland's *Rosemary for Remembrance* in No 5 The pathetic story of the little Italian girl is told almost without an artistic flaw In No 4 there is an excellent article on *Stendhal* by Norman Hoppood *The Foolish Virgin* in No 8, is a very fair specimen of Gissing, and there are several contributions, of course by Ella d Arcy It may seem not a little amusing to us at the present day to think that Austin Dobson Dolf Wyllarde and Vernon Lee appeared between the same covers as Max Beerbohm Henry Harland, and Ernest Dowson In the artistic section there was much work good bad and indifferent by various artists well known and otherwise—Walter Crane Muirhead Bone C J Sullivan, Walter Sickert and Patten Wilson to take a few names at a venture"

Or take the following from a luminous account of the influence on English authors of other European literatures

"Another French poet whose work influenced writers of this period to some extent was Baudelaire, but a still more profound influence was Verlaine, who was so enthusiastically studied by Mr Arthur Symonds One has only to read over such a piece as 'Mon Dieu m'a dit' to realise how Verlaine would appeal to the English romanticists And of course, there were Guy de Maupassant Flaubert, and Zola Russia made the influence of her melancholy realism felt through Tourgenieff and Dostoeffski and Shaw, too was the means of introducing many new Continental ideas into England

These passages show Mr Kennedy at his average, not at his worst, as in the execrable passage about Pater already referred to and not far off his best So he marks time industriously page after page, working hard without going forward, stirring up the dust, and thus with liberal quotation and large type and fine printing do a series of very highly opinionated, hap-hazard reviews become the first history of the "dynamic movement" in contemporary literature.

G H MAIR.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICTION *

George Borrow says Mr Thomas Seccombe, interpreted autobiography as autobiographiction and, ugly as the portmanteau word is, it is perhaps the happiest single word in which Borrow's contribution to literature can be summed up His works are likely long to attract readers for their inherent interest and fascination but it is no doubt owing to the fact that autobiography and invention fact and fiction, are so skilfully woven together in them that the personality of the author sooner or later fascinates the reader who has once fallen under the spell of Borrow Some months ago three studies of Thomas Love Peacock were published in rapid succession, showing that as many enthusiasts had at the same time been moved to express their enthusiasm in book form, and the same triplication bids

* "George Borrow: The Man and His Books" By Edward Thomas 10s. 6d. 90t. (Chapman & Hall)

fair to be repeated in the case of Borrow It is but a few months since Mr Herbert Jenkins published a biography of Lavengro, as his gipsy friends dubbed him, now we have here a handsome monograph by Mr Edward Thomas, and there are rumours of a third work of which he is the inspiring figure being in preparation, a sufficiently remarkable thing when we are reminded that 'Lavengro' in 1851 and 'The Romany Rye' in 1857 failed to impress the critics or the public† The interest in Borrow's personality, on the part of those who made something of a Borrow cult, led, before the close of the nineteenth century, to a revival of interest in his work, and the consequent reprinting of his chief books in cheap forms appears to have reacted again and so led to the wider interest connoted by this multiplication of books about him—to lead perhaps, in turn, to a still further widening of the circle of his readers As it is always preferable to read an author's own books rather than books about those books a work such as this of Mr Edward Thomas is to be welcomed as a means to that end—in that it may lead others to read Borrow for themselves Those who are already good Borrowians will wish to read it as a fresh estimate of a man who appears at once strangely enough to have been fascinating and repellent We feel his fascination when following the adventures and self revelations of one who—if it be true as one biographer has it could not invent—had a veritable genius for embroidering the fancy work of what might have been on the stuff of what was

Mr Thomas tells the story of Borrow's life as it has been ascertained and as it may be pieced together from the passages of autobiography—fact glorified as it were by fiction—to be found throughout his writings and with the story of his life has woven appreciation and criticism of his work has indeed never lost sight of his purpose, that of presenting both the man and his books It is true that in the books we have not only much of the author's individuality expressed, for Borrow's work may be taken as an illustration of the old finding that the style is the man,

† In connection with 'Lavengro' a bibliographical item ignored by Mr Thomas may be noted In Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature" after mention of 'Lavengro' in three volumes comes the following 'Autobiography London 1 vol 12mo 1851' In the bibliography appended to Knapp's bulky biography of Borrow there is no mention of any edition between the first of 1851 in three volumes and the third in one volume of 1872, beyond the note 'No 2nd edition is known to the publisher' Can it be—despite Mr Thomas's statement that Borrow never called the published book his autobiography—that the second edition was issued in 1851 entitled 'Autobiography'?



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It is a curious coincidence that another great literary egotist, but one of most diverse character was, as Mr. Thomas points out, not without influence on Borrow. That other writer was William Cobbett, who, however, imported less of the art of the fictionist into the passages of autobiography which he scattered about his voluminous writings. It is in the fictionising of fact that much of the literary charm of Borrow's work lies, and the seeking to establish the dividing line as one writer puts it "will always be a fascinating task for literary conjecture." Mr. Thomas has drawn largely on Borrow's autobiographical passages and has succeeded in presenting what one feels is a satisfactory portrait of a strange wayward personality, a man who was possessed at once of curious powers of fascination, and a gloomy moroseness which made him sometimes a difficult companion. Those who know Borrow and delight in his books will find much to admire in this fresh presentation of his story, it is an able piece of work though marked by some small irritating affectations, such as the half-page Chapter VI., the single-page Chapter VII., both of which properly belong to Chapter V. Possibly the work would have gained by greater compression, but in this respect it is far superior to Dr. Knapp's inchoate accumulation of biographical materials.

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THE RAT-TRAP. By Daniel Woodroffe. 6s. (Laurie.)

The fault of "The Rat-Trap" is that it is either too serious or not serious enough. Daniel Woodroffe's purpose is, obviously, to attack the conventional idea of the sanctity of the marriage tie, so she starts by presenting a hard case—so hard that it cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered typical, though we are altogether willing to admit its occasional possibility. She ties her hero to a homicidal maniac, she introduces him to his affinity, and she puts divorce out of the question. The author does all this in a very efficient, not to say attractive, manner. The characters are all well realised, and the hero and heroine are very likeable. The reader scents a problem. What will the hero do? It is disappointing to find that he does nothing in particular. The author just bundles all the important characters except the wife, who by this time is safely in Hanwell, into a ship bound for the West Indies. She kills off the heroine's mother, who is the only person who has any influence over the girl, she wrecks the ship, and casts the principal characters on to a lonely island, inhabited only by a number of sinister black slaves, and a more sinister Brazilian half-breed, who is their owner. There they play out a pretty little drama of violence and sudden death, and the hero and heroine end matters by quietly wandering off together. This sort of thing is no use for "the man in the street"; he cannot afford to spend his life sailing round the West Indies with his affinity, and the author has burked her own problem. Nevertheless, "The Rat-Trap," is an excellent book to read, and that is the main thing. The less the reader bothers about its purpose the better.

THE BRIDE'S BRIEVIARY. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The anonymous author of "The Bride's Breviary" has given us a book that has an attractive title with an attractive cover to arrest the eye of the passer-by; and should he pick it up and dip into it he will at once find himself caught by the fascinating, gay, artless style of Sandra Phayre—by whom the story is supposed to be told—and his curiosity will be rewarded by the finding of an exceedingly attractive novel. Sandra becomes a real personality to us long before the middle of the book is reached. She is a young American girl, an heiress, who comes to England on a holiday and records her thoughts and doings in a Self-Book—her only outlet, as her mother is dead, and the relatives with whom she is travelling are uncongenial company and do not understand her. Her adventures, and the story of her strange marriage and what happens after it keep the reader intensely interested to the finish. The plot is very well constructed.

SALLY. By Dorothea Conyers. 6s. (Methuen.)

The supreme self-confidence of Miss Conyers' heroine makes her rather an awkward young person wholly to sympathise with, and it says much for the art of the author that we never can really dislike Sally, much though we may desire sometimes that she may be taken down a peg. But—ourselves aggravated and resistant victims—we are compelled to admit her charm and her freshness. The scene of the book is laid in Ireland, in a country where fox-hunting is impossible, and where, accordingly, they *do* hunt, seeming to have a very much better time than they would have had in the English Midlands. Miss Conyers, as everybody knows, is a skilled exponent of the humours of the Irish character, and in this respect "Sally" is quite up to her average. In fact, we have enjoyed it. It is a thoroughly jolly and readable book—just the very thing to keep you awake and amused after a long day in the open air.

THOSE OTHER DAYS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In these days our conception of the bulk which a story should possess to qualify as "a long complete novel" has become a very elastic one. It ranges from a volume—or even two—by William de Morgan to the now well-established feature of the monthly magazines. To this last category, doubtless, belongs the story entitled "Those Other Days"; as regards the other tales in this same cover—some eighteen in number—they are short stories properly so-called. Mr. Oppenheim excels in the art of opening up a story. He hints with tantalising restraint of some ghastly secret or tragic mystery; he arouses interest by a veiled suggestion of a haunting sorrow, of a great unhappiness, of things supernatural. "Those Other Days" tells of a young artist, full of enthusiasm for his profession, who is robbed of "the fairest gift of life" by a serious illness. "For, after weeks of half-unconscious pain and suspense, there came upon me in the night a sudden darkness, which the light of day could not dissipate, and there crept upon me a horrible suspicion that I was blind. . . . I besought them, with my voice choked with sobs, to tell me that it was not true, but I heard no encouraging voices bid me hope, only the sound of a woman sobbing quietly by my bedside, and answering my piteous appeals with evasive tenderness." Accompanied by his sister, the blind man goes to Cromer, there to add to his hopeless misery by falling in love—first with a woman's voice, then with the woman herself. The story relates how the artist's sight was restored and at what terrible cost; in this, however, as in most of the stories in this characteristic volume, Mr. Oppenheim sees to it that love smiles triumphant when the curtain falls.

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When the daily papers were daily chronicling the great and stately doings in India last December, hundreds of loyal English men and women faithfully read several columns of description each morning between breakfast and luncheon. But there were many hundreds of, perhaps, equally loyal Englishmen and women whose spirits sank a little before the task of eye-climbing down those hundreds of closely-printed lines; who contented themselves with a visit to the cinematograph, or left the whole thing alone. For each and all of these, and for those who were fortunate enough to be actually present at the Durbar, Mrs. Bradley's new book will be a lively pleasure. It is not seriously great in style; it is neither literature nor history; but it is a light, vivid account of a great historical event, and it threads two or three simple love matters in and out of the pages, to add personal interest and verisimilitude to the whole. Mrs. Bradley wrote an earlier volume, "An American Girl in India," and showed herself then to be a charming unmarried girl. In the present volume as a married woman, a countess, and a wife, little anxious as to the reality of her husband's love, she

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THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Charles Inge. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The relation of its title to the story is somewhat enigmatical, and is symptomatic of what is the chief defect in this

book—a certain over-labouredness and unreality. There is good writing in the novel, easy and natural dialogue, and undoubted power of characterisation; but with all this the author has failed to make his people really vital. The book, in fact, appeals to the intellect only, and leaves us a little cold. Stripped of its accessories, the essential story is conventional enough. Robin Peverell is but a sorry hero. Leaving the army, he devotes his leisure to dabbling in eugenics, and undoubtedly the best things in the book are the satirical descriptions of the meetings of the pseudo-scientists. Mr. Inge has succeeded best with his most unpleasant character, a middle-aged siren whose interest in eugenics might be called by a harsher name than "scientific." Her capture of the impressionable Peverell is an incident in itself very credible, but it is not justified by Mr. Inge's plot. We have no further interest in Peverell when we find that his disappointment at being refused by the blind girl whom he loves drives him for consolation to the entirely hateful Miss Charlotte Blagden. And the least pleasing feature of the plot is Peverell's jaunty forgetfulness of this "incident," and his return to win from Beatrice Lavener the happiness which there is nothing in the book to suggest that he deserves.

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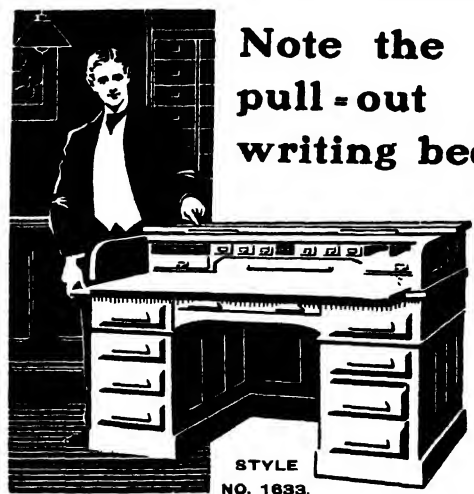
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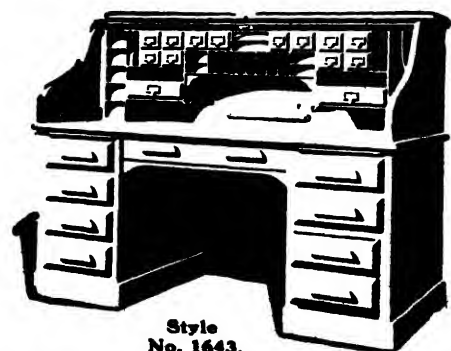
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Subscription rate 11s. per annum post free.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
Published Monthly.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December BOOKMAN will be a Christmas Double Number—or we name it such from force of habit. It will, in fact, be at least a Quadruple Number. The Christmas BOOKMAN last year was, by common consent, the best as well as the largest Christmas Number we had ever published, but we venture to think that this year's will surpass it in both respects. The pictorial contents will include a Presentation Plate Portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, specially taken for this issue of THE BOOKMAN; a portfolio of beautiful colour pictures, and numerous full-page colour plates by well-known artists. The Number will be very fully illustrated throughout, and among the literary contents will be articles on "Rudyard Kipling," by Dixon Scott; "Meredith's Letters," by Dr. William Barry; "Meredith's Poems," by

Mrs. Alice Meynell; "Loeb's Library," by Professor Postgate, Litt. D.; "Among my Books," by W. E. A. Axon; "Rodin," by Holbrook Jackson; "William Morris's collected Works," by Edward Thomas; "A Stepchild of the Czar," by George Sampson; "Fountains in the Sand," by Richard Curle; "Mrs. Gaskell's Birthplace," by Mrs. Ellis Chadwick, "Literature in Little," by W. H. Hudson; "Gissing," by Edwin Pugh, etc. There will be also a long article reviewing the new colour books; and, in addition to all our usual features, two large and lavishly illustrated Supplements dealing with the gift books and other new books of the season.

The price of the Christmas Number this year will be 2s. net. We would remind our readers of the advisability of placing their orders for it at once as, though we are printing an extra quantity, we anticipate that it will be out of print even earlier than usual.



Sir A. Conan Doyle.
An original silhouette by E. O. Hoppé.

For much assistance with the illustrations to our article on Sir A. Conan Doyle we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and Mr. Greenhough Smith, the Editor of the *Strand Magazine*.



Photo by Rita Martin.

Lady Sybil Grant,

whose remarkable book of stories, "The Chequer Board," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. F. E. Green, whose striking book "The Awakening of England" (Nelson) we reviewed last month, has written a further study of English rural conditions, "The Tyranny of the Countryside," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* is changing hands. It has been taken over by Messrs. Iliffe, of London and Coventry, and will appear under their proprietorship from January next. The new editor is Mr. Louis Vincent, who was formerly editor of the *London Magazine*.

Mr. Foulis is publishing this month a book by Mr. Edwin Pugh on "The Charles Dickens Originals." It is not so literal as its title seems to indicate, but aims at getting away from the literalness of most Dickens commentators and presenting a study of the man and his work, as well as a review of his characters and their prototypes.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing "Chronicles of Avonlea," by Miss L. M. Montgomery,

in which the delightful "Anne Shirley" of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea" plays some part. When she wrote "Anne of Green Gables" Miss Montgomery was a school teacher at Cavendish, in Prince Edward Island. Last year she was married to the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, and after a wedding trip to Alloa, in Scotland, they are settled down at the Manse, Leaksdale, in Ontario.

With the publication of "The Dop Doctor" Richard Dehan became at once a popular novelist; and the appearance of "Between Two Thieves" a few weeks ago proved to the satisfaction of critics and public that the writer of that remarkable South African story was not going to be a one-book author. But she had proved that already of course, for every one knows now that Richard Dehan is Miss Clo Graves, who has a long list of plays and novels to her name in the indispensable "Who's Who." She was born forty odd years ago in Ireland, where her father, Major W. H. Graves, of the 18th Royal Irish, held the post of Staff Officer of Pensioners. When she was nine years old her family emigrated to England. She had seen a good deal of barrack life, and at Southsea, where they went to live, she acquired a large knowledge of both services in the circle of naval and military friends they made there, and this knowledge is turned to account in "Between Two Thieves." In 1884, Miss Graves became an

**Mrs. Schofield,**

whose new novel, "Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess," published by Messrs. Duckworth, is reviewed on page 127.



Miss Clo Graves
at the age of 4.



Miss Clo Graves
at the age of 21.



Photo by Ellis & Walery

Miss Clo Graves
("Richard Dehan")
at the age of 34.

Art student and worked at the British Museum Galleries and the Royal Female School of Art, helping to support herself by journalism of the lesser kind, amongst other things drawing little pen and ink grotesques for the comic papers, *Judy* and *Fun*, that were owned and edited by her friends the Messrs. Gilbert and Charles Dalziel. She had begun to write for the same publications some years previously. By-and-by she resolved to take to dramatic writing, and being too poor, she says, to manage in any other way, abandoned Art and took an engagement in a travelling theatrical company, and in 1888 came her first chance as a dramatist. She was back in London, working vigorously at journalism, writing verse and articles for the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Lady's Pictorial*, when Augustus Harris needed somebody to write extra lyrics for a pantomime then in preparation, and Mr. Alfred Gibbons, editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, sent her to him with a note of recommendation. It ended in Miss Clo Graves writing the pantomime of "Puss in Boots," the death of Blanchard having left the theatre at a loss for an author. Later, she was indebted to the generosity of Sir Augustus Harris for the production at a Drury Lane matinee of her first

play, an eerie tragedy called "Nitooris," the scenes of which were placed, says Miss Graves, "like the allegory of Mrs. Malaprop, on the banks of the Nile." One of her plays, "The Mother of Three," brought Miss Graves not only high compliments but a sufficiency of coin, and lately, under the name of Richard Dehan, she has done work of larger scope and finer quality than ever before, for "after twenty years of trying," as she puts it, "I am beginning to know how to write."

Messrs. E. C. & T. C. Jack have just published "A History of the British Nation," by Mr. A. D. Innes. It is a large book of a thousand pages, so written that it appeals "not to the school-master or the schoolboy primarily, but to everyone who understands or wishes to understand and enjoy our nation's story," and its amazingly cheap price brings it within the reach of all. It contains four hundred illustrations and maps, drawn almost exclusively from contemporary sources, which derive an additional value from a descriptive appendix by Mr. S. G. Stubbs, who has been entirely responsible for their selection and arrangement.



Mr. Robert Halifax,
whose new novel, "A Slice of Life" (Constable), is reviewed
on page 119.

"Early Christian
Visions of the Other



Miss Rosamond Napier,
whose new novel, "Tamsie," is reviewed on page 127

World" is the title of a new book by Canon MacCulloch, D.D., author of "The Religion of the Ancient Celts." It will be published by the St Giles's Printing Co., of Edinburgh

Mr. J. M. Kennedy's "English Literature 1880-1905" is published by Messrs Stephen Swift & Co. We are sorry that our reviewer last month erroneously named Mr. Martin Secker as the publisher.

Mr. John Murray announces a complete collection of the poetical work of Mr. Henry Newbolt.

In common with many other reviewers, we spoke of the author of "Windyridge," Mr. W. Riley, as a woman. We hear from Mr Herbert Jenkins the publisher, that when his readers reported on the novel they were under the same illusion, that he himself in accepting the work addressed the author as "Miss," and he admits that even now when he

looks over the story, he is puzzled to understand how it can have been written by a man. Nevertheless, the author is of the sterner sex. He was born in 1866, and is the son of Mr. Joseph Riley, a Bradford stuff manufacturer and merchant. On leaving Bradford Grammar School he joined his father and elder brother in their business, but a little later developed a Slide publishing business, which was finally turned into a limited company, the shares in which are all held by members of his family. He is a Wesleyan Methodist; a local preacher; but has long made a sort of hobby of literature, and some while back contributed articles and short stories to various papers. He began to write "Windyridge" solely for the amusement of certain of his friends, and allowed the heroine, Grace Holden, to tell her own story, he had no plot and no idea at the outset of what was going to happen from one chapter to another. He started Grace at the writing of her memoirs, and the tale grew naturally as she went on. The book has been compared to "Cranford" and has not only justified itself with the critics, but has caught on with the public, and is already in a third edition



Miss St. Leger,
whose new novel, "The Blackberry Pickers," is published by Messrs Putnam & Sons.

Two months too late, unfortunately, for our special Colonial Number, we have received an interesting letter from Mr Everard Browne, the son of "Rolf Boldrewood," who kindly encloses some notes of his father's career. "I found my father had your letter some time before he mentioned it to me, otherwise I would have replied sooner," writes Mr. Browne. "He is still, I am glad to say (at the age of eighty-six), in good health and wonderful spirits; in spite of not being able to walk about much nowadays. He reads his own books now with great interest and amusement, and his diaries and sketches of years gone by. Luckily his eyesight has kept good, and he



Mr. W. Riley
Author of "Windyridge." (Herbert Jenkins.)



J. H. Brown

"Rolf Boldrewood"
1900

Rolf Boldrewood, in 1909.

enjoys reading as much as ever, and is well able to amuse himself. His many old friends look him up when they are in town and give him a pleasant



Mrs. H. H. Penrose,

whose novel, "Charles the Great" was published last month by Messrs. Methuen.

hour or two." As a novelist, Rolf Boldrewood is still a comparatively young author, for he dates his literary career from the publication of his first and most successful novel, "Robbery Under Arms," which he did not write until he was sixty-two. He had written only a few occasional sketches before that, and Mrs. Browne tells us this was how he happened to become an author: "My husband went to inspect a station which he thought of purchasing. After inspecting it, he went in quest of his horse, which he had turned loose, and it kicked him. He was laid up for a time, unable to walk, and devoted his enforced holiday to the writing of a sketch called 'A Kangaroo Drive,' which appeared in the *Cornhill*." Questioned about his own works, Rolf Boldrewood thinks their popularity is largely due to the fact that they are based on a long and intimate acquaintance with the country life of Australia, "which is, of course, its distinctive life."

He has been a pastoralist, both in Victoria and New South Wales, and had been Police Magistrate in the Gold



Rolf Boldrewood
(1862).

Fields and Commissioner before he wrote his first novel, and "the daring rogues who figured prominently in 'Robbery Under Arms,' were the sons of an employee of his. This man, transported for some early offence, possessed exceptional ability. He built the house which for a time we lived in, in the country, and he could do well whatever he took in hand. All his lads were daring. Fortunately for himself, one of them enlisted, served in South Africa, distinguished himself, won the Victoria Cross and, going home, married a lady of family."

Miss Rose Boldrewood, the author of "Complications at Collaroi," thinks that where the painting of Australian life is concerned her father may prove a too formidable rival to her, and on this point Rolf Boldrewood remarks, "There is room for pictures

of Australian life from many standpoints. The tendency of Australian books, taken haphazard, is to give rather a false view of our country. So very many of them deal with the very undeveloped section of the community far back, and this section is, after all, a comparatively small one." That first sketch of Rolf Boldrewood's appeared in the *Cornhill* as far back as 1865, and "Robbery Under Arms" ran serially in the *Sydney Mail* in 1888. Almost as popular in Australia has been his "Old Melbourne Memories," which appeals especially to many veterans who "have lost their taste for lollies and novels." Son of the late Captain Sylvestre Browne, of the East India Company's service, Rolf Boldrewood was born in England on the 6th August, 1826, but "he is to all intents and purposes an Australian, for he came out to New South Wales in 1830. He was educated at the school of a Mr. Cape, in Sydney, and with Mr. Cape proceeded to Sydney College, of which that educationalist was head master. His schooldays were not unduly drawn out. At the age of seventeen he took a herd of cattle to the Port Fairy district of the then almost unknown Colony of Victoria, and from that time on the world has been his book and experience his teacher." In 1862, he married Miss Riley, daughter of William Edward Riley, of Raby, New South Wales; he has had five daughters, one of whom inherits much of his gift as a novelist, and four sons,



Mr. Charles O'Mahony.

Author of "The Viceroys of Ireland" (John Long).

two of whom are still living—Mr. Everard Browne, of Melbourne, and Mr. Gerald Browne, who is partner in a firm of mining engineers in London.



Photo by J. P. Bamber, blackpool.

Mr. Joseph Whittaker.

Author of "Far Off Fields."

It was in the Michaelmas week of 1812 that the publishing firm of Murray entered into occupation of their present premises at 50, Albemarle Street, thereafter to become one of the literary shrines of London. We congratulate Mr. John Murray, the fourth of his line, on this happy birthday of his House. What a change in literary times and manners those hundred years have seen! In 1812 the Peninsular War was in progress; Lord Liverpool became Prime Minister; and America declared war upon us. Earlier in the same year—in March, in fact—the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" had suddenly brought Byron's name into prominence. He had awoke and found himself famous. Since then Albemarle Street has been an intellectual centre of interest. In the drawing-room, which in those days was over the shop, for the present business premises at 50A were opened subsequently, such men as Byron, Scott, Tom Moore gathered; and among other great names connected with this House during its century are Gladstone, Disraeli, Borrow, Coleridge, Stanley, Livingstone, Milman, Darwin, and Dufferin. The House of Murray has a glorious history: founded in 1768, it is one of the oldest London publishing houses, and is still as vigorously alive and full of enterprise as the youngest.

**Mr. Stewart Caven,**

whose first novel, "Palmer's Green," Messrs Putnam are publishing.

of twenty-eight, he is married and withdrawn into the country to devote himself entirely to literature. "The Viceroy of Ireland" is his first book; he is at present engaged upon a novel of Anglo-Irish life.

Mr. Joseph Whittaker, who has just issued a new book of poems, "Far Off Fields," is the author of four other books of verse and an admirable volume of short stories, "Tales of Tumblefold." He was born in 1871, and his "Tumblefold" stories are largely drawn from the life of Townwell Fold in Wolverhampton, where his early years were passed. He began life at the age of twelve as a pawnbroker's assistant, in the East End of Wolverhampton; and later whilst he was working as a warehouse clerk wrote much in verse for various papers, and in 1892 published his first volume by subscription. In 1897 he became a journalist on a Blackpool newspaper, and later was engaged for four years on the *Gazette News* of that town, and for nearly six on the *Blackpool Herald*. For the last five years he has been reporter in charge of the *Dartford Express*. In the interval he suffered much from ill health and the usual ups and downs that await the journalist, but continued the writing of stories and verse, and the publication of his books brought him many friends. In his pawnbroking days he wrote a sonnet on Faed's picture, "Milton's Dream," and subsequently Faed wrote to him warmly commending one of his volumes of poems; last year the late Sir Gilzean Reid, attracted by his journalistic work, took a special interest in his books, expressing himself "surprised to see how wonderfully fertile your mind has been and how rarely varied your literary gifts are." He went on to say that in the "Tales of Tumblefold," and in the poems he

Mr. Charles O'Mahoney, whose book on "The Viceroy of Ireland" is published by Mr. John Long, has been engaged in London journalism since 1904 when he acted as dramatic critic for the *Daily Mirror*. He has since occupied a similar position on *Vanity Fair* and the *Sportsman*. Nowadays, at the age

found "true poetic feeling, fine pathos, and a literary faculty which ought to get a better chance of being known more widely." He also wondered as others may be inclined to, "Why are the books produced in Blackpool and not on the housetops by a well-known London publisher? My experience is not favourable to local publishing of books."

Mr. Rex Beach, whose new romance, "The Net," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, has led the breezy, open-air, adventurous life that readers of "The Spoilers" "The Barrier," and others of his stirring, vigorous stories would naturally credit him with. He was born in Michigan, and later went to school at Florida, where his father was engaged in the business of growing oranges. In due course, he was sent to Chicago to study law, but preferred playing at football, assisted his team in winning

**Mr. Rex Beach,**

whose new novel, "The Net," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

the championship, and did great things as a record swimmer. He never took to the law; it bored him, and he was so little of a speaker that he says the only eloquence he developed was when he drove a dog team. Getting tired of his clients, he went gold-seeking into Alaska; then after trying various other enterprises, he embarked in the building line, and proceeded to erect chimneys, furnaces and power plants. He gave this up when he met a friend who was making a lot of money by writing fiction, and following his good example was soon a popular contributor to the American magazines and presently growing rich as the author of "The Spoilers," and other novels, and as a very successful playwright. He says he still feels that he ought to be digging somewhere or carrying something, and goes big game hunting from time to time in order to get rid of his superfluous energy.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

November 1st to December 1st, 1912.

Messrs. Allen & Co.

(Incorporated with Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

- ADDY, S. O.—Church and Manor. With 40 Plans and Illustrations. 15s. net.
 BRODIE, R. H.—Who Pays: The Real Incidence of Taxation. 1s. and 2s. 6d. net.
 DUNKLEY, REV. PREBENDARY (Editor).—The Official Report of the Church Congress, 1912. 10s. 6d. net.
 JOHNSON, REV. THEODORE (Editor).—Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary for 1913. All bindings with round corners. Pocket size: Cloth, limp, 3s. 6d.; roan, gilt edges, 5s.; roan, gilt edges, with pocket and tuck or flap and elastic band, 6s.
 LOVEMAN, LEONORA.—The Snow Queen. (From Hans Andersen) 6d. and 1s. net.
 RUDD, EMILY A. (with Music by BRIDGE, SIR FREDERICK).—Christiana and Her Children. From "Christian's Progress" ("Standard Play" Series.) 6d. and 1s. net.
 SCHULTZE, PROFESSOR RUDOLPH.—Experimental Psychology and Pedagogy. Translated by Rudolf Pitner, M.A. (Edm.), Ph.D. (Leipzig) With over 300 Illustrations. 15s. net.
 STEEL, GRIZELLE S.—With Lute and Lyre. 10 full-page Illustrations and 6 in text. 3s. 6d. net.
 STILLER, PROFESSOR.—Germanic Philology. Translated by Professor J. D. Jones. 4s. 6d. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

- AMERY, L. S.—Union and Strength. 12s. 6d. net.
 COLLIE, SIR JOHN, M.D.—Malingering. 7s. 6d. net.
 SEDGWICK, ANNE DOUGLAS.—The Nest and other Stories. 6s.
 STEWART, H. L., D.Ph.—Questions of the Day in Philosophy and Psychology. 10s. 6d. net.
 WARE, FABIAN.—The Worker and His Country. 5s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

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THE READER.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

I.

IF Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had been more of a conventional man of letters—if he had been just “a book in breeches,” as Sidney Smith said Macaulay was—it would not be so difficult to know where to make a beginning when one sits down to write of him. But no author could be farther from being “all author” than he is; he is much too keenly interested in life to do nothing but write about it, and would, I am convinced, more than half agree with Byron in his scorn of “the mighty stir made about scribbling and scribes,” and in his preference of doers to writers. He has read much, but he has lived more, as a novelist ought to, and has found the world a good and wholesome place because he has gone far enough out into it and has given so freely of his time and thought and sympathy to lives outside his own. Morbidity, cynicism, pessimism—these fretful little moods have no place in his books because they have none in his life; he is essentially a big man and writes always like himself, with a complete freedom from affectation, a naturalness, a vigour and breadth of outlook that cannot be developed within the four walls of any study.

“One of the singular characteristics of the present age,” he remarked to me recently, “is a wave of artistic and intellectual insanity breaking out in various forms in various places. If it stops where it is it will be merely a curious phenomenon. If it is a spreading movement it may be the beginning of vast human changes. It attracted Max Nordau’s attention twenty years ago, when he wrote ‘Degeneration.’ But look at the strides it has taken since then! It is the difference between queerness and madness, between Pre-

Raphaelites and Post-Impressionists, between Wagner’s operas and Elektra, between the French Symbolists and the Italian Futurists. One should put one’s shoulder to the door to keep out insanity, for it threatens to submerge us. It is something akin to the grotesque Byzantine art which pushed out the splendid Classical styles, but it is more insane than anything Byzantine. Perhaps in Art as in History a sort of French Revolution is due from time to time, odious in itself, and yet inaugurating a new and better era formed rather as a reaction against it than as a direct consequence of it. There is no need for this extravagance, for surely there is plenty of scope for originality without going over the borders of reason. That is why Tennyson seems to me so great. His head was among the stars, but his feet were always firm planted on the ground.”

This is the masculine, courageous, healthful spirit which breathes through all that Conan Doyle has written. He does not shrink from facing the darker facts of existence, but he has known them too nearly to take them at their surface value, and he has none of the fussy, self-important, warped views or little eccentricities and

posturings of the little literary man who is merely literary. Very characteristic of him is this reflection in “The Tragedy of the Korosko”—“When you see the veil of cruelty which nature wears, try and peer through it, and you will sometimes catch a glimpse of a very homely, kindly face behind”; and equally so are the words put into the mouth of Lord Roxton, in “The Lost World”—“There are times, young fellah, when every one of us must make a stand for human right and justice, or you never feel clean again.”

Such a time came to himself, you may depend,



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

A corner of the billiard room at Windlesham, Crowborough.
Specially taken for *The Bookman*.



Sir A. Conan Doyle
At the age of 4.

Field Hospital, and wrote that striking pamphlet which was distributed in hundreds of thousands all over the world in defence of the British cause; it came again when his passionate hatred of tyranny and wrong moved him to champion the martyred natives of the Congo; and now again when he has taken up the case of Oscar Slater and is pleading for a re-trial of the man who is serving a life-sentence for a murder that Sir Arthur demonstrates by a masterly review of the evidence was never brought home to him.

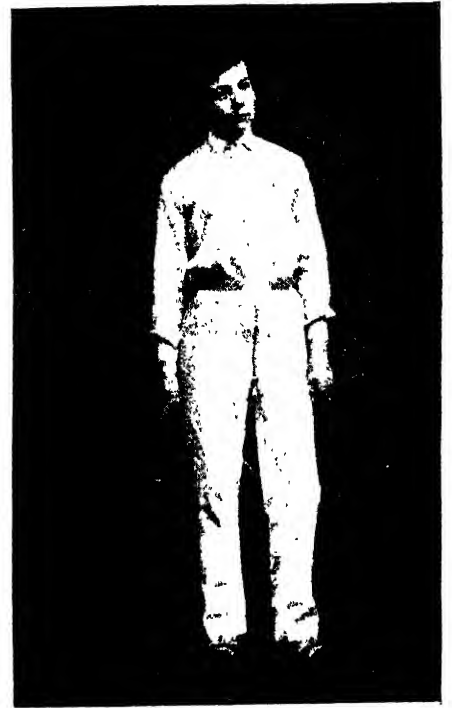
There is no need to say more at this time of his patriotic services in South Africa that were to some extent recognised by the accolade; nor of his strenuous fights in the interests of justice at home; these things are within the knowledge of nearly all of us; but I doubt if many of us realize yet what humanity owes him for the noble, disinterested work he has done in the Congo. My view counts, of course, for nothing on such a subject, so I have gone to one who is better qualified to speak of it than almost anyone living, and Mr. E. D. Morel has been kind enough to send me this authoritative note:

"In the spring of 1909," says Mr. Morel, "the Congo reform movement found itself confronted with considerable difficulties. It had succeeded after eight years' efforts in wiping the 'Congo Free State' from the map of Africa, and

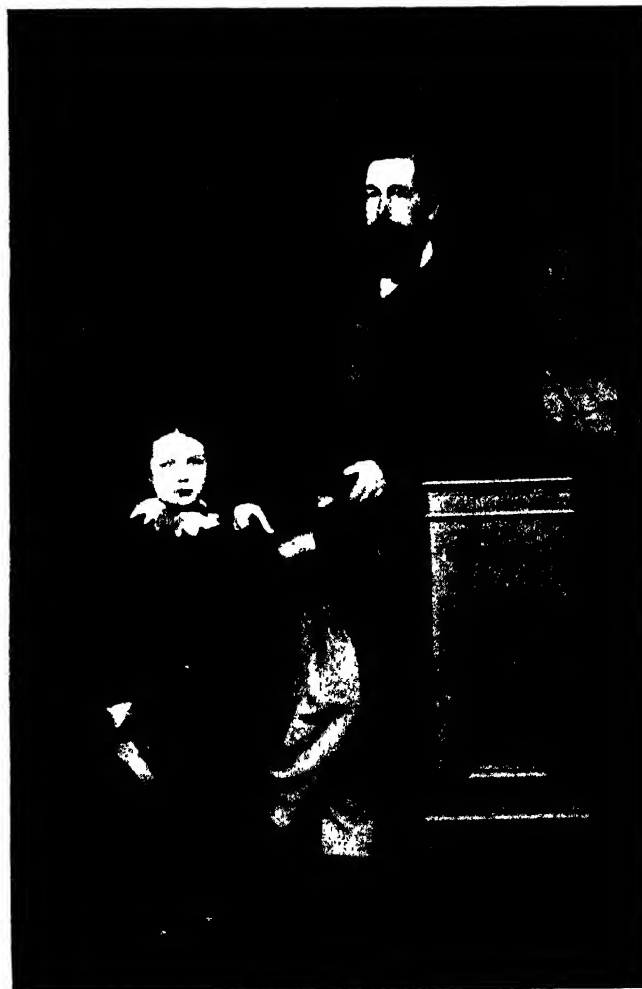
when, convinced that George Edalji had been unjustly convicted, he published the results of his own inquiry into his case and would not rest or be silenced until it was re-opened and Mr. Edalji proved innocent and set at liberty, it came again when he threw everything else aside and went out to the Boer War as Honorary Senior Physician of the Langman

in suppressing the more odious of the abuses inflicted for so long upon the unhappy Congolese. But the British Government, with all the trumps in its hand, had committed the grave mistake of permitting the Belgian annexation to go through on terms which ensured the perpetuation, under the Belgian flag, of the same evil system of administration which had flourished under King Leopold's personal rule. The policy which laid an embargo upon the soil's products and compelled the natives to pass their lives in collecting those products—chiefly rubber—for the benefit of the administration, or of financial groups allied with it, remained. Moreover, the British Government, which, three months after annexation took place, had seemed to recognise its error and had indited an admirable despatch to Belgium demanding 'immediate' changes, had suddenly and unaccountably weakened. Its demand had been treated with something like open derision by the Belgian Government, and this, far from having a stiffening

effect, had apparently resulted in producing vacillation and timidity. For months, appeals to the Foreign Office from all quarters had fallen on deaf ears, and when an irritated House of Commons had interpreted the views of an astonished and irritated public, the Foreign Secretary had delivered an alarmist speech plainly intended to damp down the movement. Thus the Congo Reform Association had not the least intention of permitting, if it could help it and it set to work to remove the fears which Sir Edward Grey's speech had created. But some people had become frightened, others whose views were superficial were inclined to quiet themselves with the illusion that everything was bound to come right now that the Belgian Parliament had replaced King Leopold as arbiter of the fate of the Congo peoples, while hostile elements were proportionately gratified. It was at this critical juncture that one day the post brought me a warm letter from Conan Doyle. We met for the first time shortly afterwards in the smoking-room of a London hotel. I talked. He listened—mostly. Before we parted he had



Sir A. Conan Doyle
At the age of 14.



Sir A. Conan Doyle and his father, the late Charles Doyle.

From a photo taken in May, 1865.



Photo by L. O. Hest.

Windlesham. Front view of Sir A. Conan Doyle's house at Crowborough, Sussex.

offered to write a short popular booklet summarising once more the most piteous tragedy of modern times, to hand any profits he might make out of its sale to the Association, and to respond to my call, when I made it, to address a number of large meetings we were organising for the autumn. I came away deeply stirred by the magnetism of his personality, touched and grateful. Here was a friend, indeed! And right well did he prove it in the days that were to come. I pitched all my voluminous scribbings at his head and he set himself to master every detail of a most complicated and protracted struggle. For a couple of weeks, hardly a day passed without a letter from him. Then, when he had probed the whole thing to the bottom, he shut himself up in his study and worked like a demon, hardly giving himself time to shave, as he put it. He wrote the book right off in a week. 'I finished my book to-day' 45,000 words in eight days, one of which I spent in London. I think it is about a record.' 'The Crime of the Congo' he called it. I shall always be proud to think he dedicated it to me. It was just what was wanted, had a tremendous sale, was widely reviewed, and was translated into German and French. The closing words of the Introduction breathed the spirit of the man: 'If all Europe frowned upon our enterprise, we should not be worthy to be the sons of our fathers if we did not go forward on the plain path of national duty.' The book came out in September. On the 7th November we faced together an audience of 3,000 people in the Town Hall at Newcastle. On the 18th we spoke at Plymouth at the Guildhall, which was packed, hundreds being shut out. On the 19th we attended the wonderful demonstration at the Albert Hall, over which the

Archbishop of Canterbury presided. On the 23rd we were speaking in the Artillery Hall at Hull, on the 24th at the Sun Hall in Liverpool, on the 25th in the Synod Hall at Edinburgh—where Doyle received an ovation—and on the 26th in the Town Hall at Manchester. A week crowded with glorious life. I can feel the thrill of it now. In every case the audience was very large, going up to 5,000 in Liverpool. Doyle's intervention at that time exercised a decisive influence on the course of events. It provided the best antidote possible to the reactionary influences at work against us. It effectually prevented that most fatal of all diseases to a movement of this sort, public lassitude. Yet it was not his book—excellent as it was, nor his manly eloquence on the platform, nor the influence he wielded in rallying influential men to our cause, which helped us most. It was just the fact that he was Doyle; and

that he was with us. I do not think any other man but Doyle could have done for the cause just what Doyle did at that time. His whole personality appeals to some of the finest and most robust qualities in the race. And the mere fact that he had flung himself so whole-heartedly into this great human cause was in itself a tremendous uplift for that cause, an immeasurable asset. From that day to this his interest has never flagged. Whenever he has felt that he could put in a useful word he has done so effectively, going to the root of the particular situation which required elucidating with his simple straightforward diction. Now that we are nearing the end of a long fight, he shares in our satisfaction and makes light of his own efforts in those critical years, 1909-10. Of his generous friendship to myself, I can only say that the memory of it will never fade."



Photo by E. O. Heppé.

Windlesham, Crowborough. From the garden at the back of the house.

These and other such activities may seem outside a consideration of Sir Arthur Doyle's work in literature, but they are not, any more than his enthusiastic love of sport is, for you find their bracing influence everywhere in his books: in the details of some of his stories, the vigour and directness of his style, his healthful, broad outlook and his genial, charitable, sane philosophy of life. He is a man of action, a lover of the open air, and the qualities that keep a writer's blood sound prevent his ink from getting muddy and slow. Sir Arthur plays as strenuously as he works: he has tasted the delights of battle with his peers at football, cricket, golf; he has made a balloon journey and an aeroplane ascent, introduced ski-ing into the Grisons division of Switzerland, did excellent work in the opening up of miniature rifle ranges when that idea was still young in this country, he can hold his own with the foils, and is a formidable boxer; he is a fisherman in the largest sense, for he has been whaling in the Arctic Seas, he used not long ago to ride to hounds, and is a good shot, but he denies that horse racing is sport, and says in "Some Recollections of Sport," that he contributed to the *Strand Magazine*, "I cannot persuade myself that we are justified in taking life as a pleasure. To shoot for the pot must be right, since man must feed, and to kill creatures which live upon others (the hunting of foxes, for example) must be right, since to slay one is to save many; but the rearing of birds in order to kill them, and the shooting for amusement of such sensitive and inoffensive animals as hares and deer cannot, I think, be justified." Boxing he ranks as the finest single-man sport, and Rugby football as the best collective one. He regards the old prize-ring as "an excellent thing from a national point of view, exactly as glove fighting is now. Better that our sports should be a little too rough, than that we should run a risk of effeminacy." And it is certainly to his personal experience of boxing and his large acquaintance with the history



Photo by Laithe Charles.

Lady Conan Doyle.

and in another, again in spontaneous recognition of his national services in South Africa, is the silver bowl subscribed for by Sir Arthur's neighbours (and the grooms and gardeners of his neighbours), when he was living at Hindhead, here hangs a blood-smeared bandolier taken from a soldier who was killed in battle on the veldt; there, a haversack containing a set of cheap chess-men. This too is a relic of the Boer War. As Sir Arthur was riding with a small party across country, they were stopped by a native who told them a dead or dying Englishman lay some little distance aside, and they found a soldier, dead of his wounds, with one of the

of the prize-ring that we owe his novel of "Rodney Stone," and his play of "The House of Temperley."

Just as you find Sir Arthur's 'everyday' doings reflected in his books, so you find them reflected in and about his pleasant house at Crowborough. In the hall hangs the mud-encrusted cricket-bat, with which he made a century, on a wet wicket, in the very first match he played at Lords; in one room is a beautiful silver statuette of Lord Roberts, presented to him by the members of the Langman Hospital staff in recognition of the work he did during the Boer War;

and in another, again in spontaneous recognition of his national services in South Africa, is the silver bowl subscribed for by Sir Arthur's neighbours (and the grooms and gardeners of his neighbours), when he was living at Hindhead, here hangs a blood-smeared bandolier taken from a soldier who was killed in battle on the veldt; there, a haversack containing a set of cheap chess-men. This too is a relic of the Boer War. As Sir Arthur was riding with a small party across country, they were stopped by a native who told them a dead or dying Englishman lay some little distance aside, and they found a soldier, dead of his wounds, with one of the pawns out of this haversack of his clasped between a finger and thumb. Trophies of sport are on many of the walls, and pictures of famous prize-fighters and prize-fighting; in one of the windows is a large bust of Sherlock Holmes, modelled in clay and sent to the author by an unknown admirer from Manchester; and, to say nothing of many other similar mementoes, on the floor of the billiard room stand two huge fossil-feet of the prehistoric Iguanodon, and on the table above them is the flint head of an arrow that has survived from the Stone Age. It was the discovery of these relics on the downs that stretch for miles before his own door that set Sir Arthur's imagination at work on the period to which they belong and resulted in the creation of the astonishing Professor.

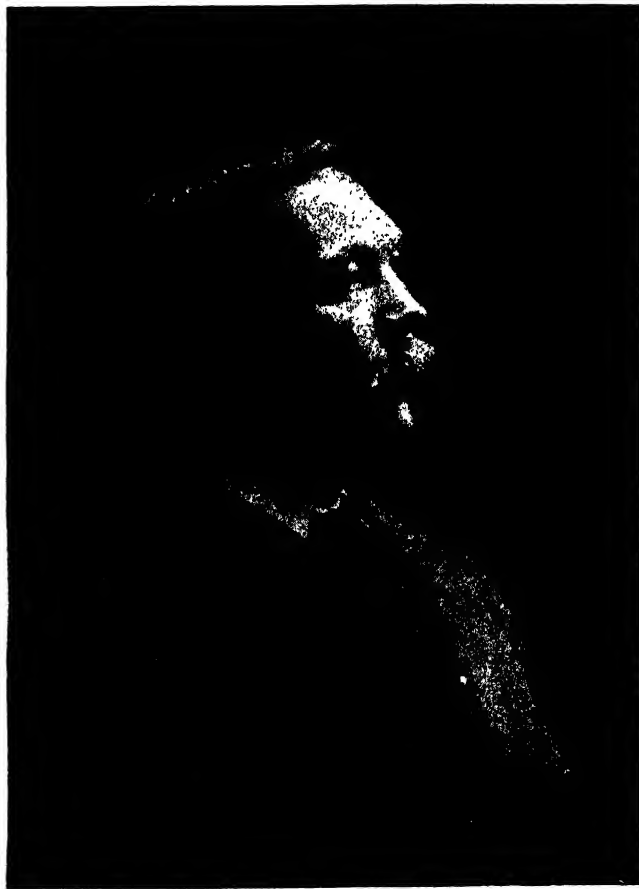


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.



The Drowning Seaman's Vision.

From a water-colour painting by Charles Doyle.
Charles Doyle (Sir A. Conan Doyle's father) was the brother of Richard Doyle (the *Punch* artist), and son of John Doyle ("H.B.") the caricaturist.



Sir A. Conan Doyle's two younger sons, Denis and Adrian.

Challenger, the sending of him and his search-party to that almost inaccessible plateau in the wilds of South America which they find still inhabited by men and animals of the prehistoric type, and, in a word, in the writing of "The Lost World," which is at once one of the most realistic and one of the most romantic of his books—its wildest imaginings wearing an air of sheer reality from the Defoe-like, matter-of-fact manner of their narration.

II.

Born at Edinburgh, in 1859, Conan Doyle had commenced writing stories of adventure by the time he was six, and it was natural that he should illustrate these



Sir A. Conan Doyle and his youngest son.

From a snapshot taken at Bournemouth.

productions with pen and ink drawings of his own; for he was born into a very atmosphere and world of art. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the well-known political caricaturist who for over thirty years concealed his identity from the public under the initials "H.B."; his father, Charles Doyle, and three of his uncles were artists, one of them being that Richard Doyle whose name is inseparably associated with the early years of *Punch*. But anyone who has seen the remarkable water-colour paintings of Charles Doyle will wonder that he should have remained so little known to the world at large; they have a fantasy and grace that at times remind one of the work of Richard Doyle, but they have at times, too, an imaginative grimness, a sense of the eerie and the terrible that lift them beyond anything Richard Doyle ever attempted; and you find this same imaginative force, this same

bizarre sense of the weird and terrible in certain of Sir Arthur Doyle's stories—in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," in some of the shorter Sherlock Holmes tales, in many of the "Round the Fire Stories," and some of those in "Round the Red Lamp."

In 1881, after five years of medical studentship at Edinburgh University, Conan Doyle secured his diploma, and a year later, after a voyage to West Africa, he started as a medical practitioner at Southsea. But all through his student days he was giving his leisure to literary work, and in one of the professors at Edinburgh, Dr. Joseph Bell, a man of astonishing analytical and deductive powers, he found the original from whom, in due course, Sherlock Holmes was to be largely drawn. His first published story, a romance based on an old Kaffir superstition, appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1878 and brought him three guineas; but it was not until nine years later when "A Study in Scarlet" came out in *Becton's Christmas Annual* for 1887, that Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson made their first appearance in print. During ten years of hard work as medical student and practitioner Conan Doyle had been going through the usual experience of the beginner in literature; he had suffered innumerable rejections, had contributed short stories to the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, and other of the magazines, and never in any year had his literary earnings exceeded fifty pounds. His first long novel, that great romance of the Monmouth rebellion, "Micah Clarke," after being rejected on all hands, was sent to Messrs. Longmans and accepted for them by Andrew Lang, whom Sir Arthur looks upon as one of his literary godfathers, James Payn being the other. "I used to send all my short stories to Payn," he says, "but not more than one in six found favour. As his writing was absolutely illegible, each answer of his gave rise to a long period of horrible anxiety, trying to discover if it was acceptance or rejection. In one letter I could only make out three words, which were 'infringement of copyright,' and to this day I do not know what that particular letter was about."

"Micah Clarke" appeared in 1889, and was followed in the same year by another Sherlock Holmes story, "The Sign of Four." In 1890 Messrs. Chatto & Windus published "The Firm of Girdlestone," and "The White



"The dying gladiator listened with intent interest"
From "Through the Magic Door." (Smith, Elder.)



"I saw the figure of a man upon the tor."
From "The Hound of the Baskervilles." (Smith, Elder.)



"I looked back and waved the blood-stained sabre in the air."
From "The Adventures of Gerard." (Smith, Elder.)



"They shouted and stamped and raved in their delight."
From "Rodney Stone." (Smith, Elder.)

Scenes from four of Sir A. Conan Doyle's books.

Company" began its serial appearance in the *Cornhill*. Shortly afterwards, taking his courage in both hands, Sir Arthur resigned his practice at Southsea and came to London. Presently after practising for a while as an eye specialist the success in their widely differing kinds of "The White Company" and "Sherlock Holmes," decided him to abandon medicine and devote himself wholly to literature. He had endured the usual weary and un lucrative writing of the youthful specialist and often declared in after days that he had not deserted his profession until it had deserted him.

There can be no question that the Sherlock Holmes stories were largely responsible for the early popularity of the *Strand*—the ordinary rates of the magazine were paid for them at first, but it was not long before Sir Arthur was receiving very substantial sums for the serial use of each story. I am not attempting any detailed criticism here, but shall content myself with a summary of the work Sir Arthur Doyle has accomplished in the twenty-five years since he wrote his first book and an indication of the wide scope and variety of that work by ranging it in the separate series into which it naturally falls as thus—



Sir A. Conan Doyle at the wicket—bowled by A. P. Lucas.

Reprinted from the *Strand Magazine* by permission.

Police or sensational romances—*A Study in Scarlet*—*'The Sign of Four'*—*The Hound of the Baskervilles*—*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*—*The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*—*The Return of Sherlock Holmes*—*'The Firm of Girdlestone'*

Historical novels—*'Sir Nigel'* and its sequel (though it was written first)—*The White Company*—these two covering the period between 1340 and 1360, *Micah Clarke* (1679)—*'The Refugees'* (1670)—*Rodney Stone* (1804). Then come four novels fashioned round the glamorous figure of Napoleon—*The Great Shadow*,

'Uncle Bernac'—*The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard*—*The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*—and a romance of modern Egypt, *The Tragedy of the Korosko*.

Then there are short novels of modern life and books of short stories such as *"The Dongs of Raffles Haw"* and *"The Parasite"*.

A Duet and an *Occasional Chorus*—dealing with the domestic humours and emotions of average lives—*'The Green Flag'*, *'Round the Fire Stories'*, *'The Lost Galley'*—the collection of medical stories in *'Round the Red Lamp'*—*'The Stark Munro Letters'*—again reminiscent of their author's medical experiences and vividly and realistically revealing the thoughts and opinions of a young man on life and the world in which he is living, one book of literary criticisms, *"The Magic Door"*, two of poetry, *"Songs of Action"* and *"Songs of the Road"*, and one notable volume of history, *"The Great Boer War"*. Also, besides the books and pamphlets on *"The Crime of the Congo,"* the Edalji and Slater cases, and the Boer War, there are the plays *"Halves"*, *"A Story of Waterloo,"* in which Irving made one of his great successes as Corporal Brewster; *"The Fires of Fate"* (a dramatic version of

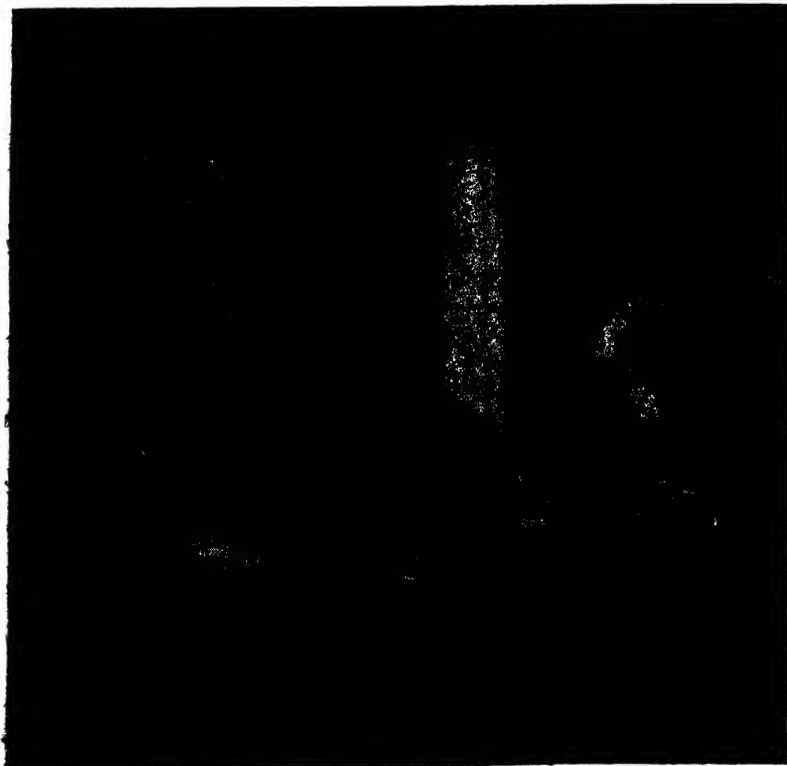


Photo by L. O. Hoyle.

Sir A. Conan Doyle in his Study.

Specially taken for *The Bookman*.

"The Tragedy of the Korosko"); "The House of Temperley," "The Speckled Band" (a Sherlock Holmes adventure), and "Sherlock Holmes," which was dramatised by Mr. William Gillette, who himself played the title rôle.

When Mr. Gillette was constructing his drama he had thoughts of introducing a love element into it, and cabled over to Sir Arthur asking: "May I marry Sherlock Holmes?" and though the notion must have come as something of a shock to Holmes's creator, he promptly cabled back, "You may marry him, or murder him, or do what you like with him." So far from sharing Dickens's horror of seeing his stories on the stage, Sir Arthur confesses that when he saw Sherlock Holmes before the footlights he was interested and delighted with what Mr. Gillette made of him.

But then his Sherlock Holmes stories are not those that are nearest to their author's heart; his own preference is for "Sir Nigel," and "The White Company"—these, in his regard, are "the least unsatisfactory" of his books; and many of us share his preference, and some of us do not hesitate to place these two beside the great English historical romances, not far, indeed, from "The Cloister and the Hearth," which Sir Arthur names as the greatest historical romance in the language.

Howbeit, there is no getting away from Sherlock Holmes; he has won the suffrages of the million, and in point of popularity at least leads all the rest. He has had scores of imitators—but where are they now? Not since Pickwick was born has any character in fiction taken such a hold on the popular imagination and so impressed the world in general with a sense of his reality. He is

commonly spoken of as if he were a living person; there are tales of how actual detectives have made a study of his methods; and when in 1904, it was announced that he was about to retire into private life and devote himself to bee-keeping, letters poured in, some addressed to Sir Arthur Doyle, but most of them directed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq.," care of the author, at Hindhead, expressing regret at this decision, and several applying for employment in his service. One of those to Sir Arthur is:

"Will Mr. Sherlock Holmes require a house-keeper for his country cottage at

Xmas? I know some one who loves a quiet country life, and Bees especially—an old-fashioned, quiet woman.
"Yours faithfully, etc."

And here are two of those, evidently written in all seriousness, to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq.," himself:

"DEAR SIR,—I trust I am not trespassing too much on your time and kindness by asking for the favour of your



Sherlock Holmes and twelve scenes from his career.

The sketches in this composite picture, except for one by Simpson and one by Twiddle, were drawn by Sidney Paget, and are reproduced by permission of the *Strand Magazine*.

autograph to add to my collection. I have derived much pleasure from reading your Memoirs, and should very highly value your famous signature. Trusting you will see your way to thus honour me, and venturing to thank you very much in anticipation, I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,
etc.

"P.S.—Not being aware of your present address, I am taking the liberty of sending this letter to Sir A. Conan Doyle, asking him to be good enough to forward it to you."

The other is from a professional lecturer and apiarian specialist:

"DEAR SIR,—I see by some of the morning papers that you are about to retire and take up bee-keeping. I know not if this be correct or otherwise, but if correct I shall be pleased to render you service by giving any advice you may require. I make this offer in return for the pleasure your writings gave me as a youngster, they enabled me to spend many and many a happy hour, therefore I trust you will read this letter in the same spirit that it is written."

There is something curiously charming in that letter; its sincere, spontaneous gratitude is an infinitely better thing than the most laudatory criticisms written by



Statuette of Professor Challenger, the hero of Sir A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Lost World."

those who sit in the judgment seats. I forgot to ask Sir Arthur whether in replying to this and others he made it clear that Sherlock Holmes could not oblige them because, in the words of Mrs. Gamp, "there ain't no sich person"; but I hope he did not. The story is told of a number of French schoolboys who were brought over to London upon a sight-seeing expedition. On being asked what they would like to see first—Westminster Abbey or the Tower—they unanimously declared that they would prefer to go to Baker Street and see the rooms of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

III.

"Through the Magic Door" gives you glimpses of the days when Conan Doyle was a struggling beginner in literature. Discussing the books on his library

shelves, he picks out certain of them, each one of which, bought in student days when he was not affluent, it had cost him a lunch to buy, and he selects Macaulay's "Essays" as the one that had given him "most pleasure and most profit." Next to this, among books that have

influenced his life, he puts the work of Poe, "the world's supreme short story writer"—"the inventor of the detective story." He was fascinated too by Marbot's "Memoirs," and later, has found hints in him and them towards the character and dashing, dare-devil exploits of his own Brigadier Gerard. He has a fine enthusiasm for the "glorious brotherhood of Scott's novels," and delights alike in the "Border Ballads," and Macaulay's "Lays," because of their swing and dash, their strength and simplicity, their love of all that is manly and noble and martial. These and a good story are the qualities



E. D. Malone
(Daily Gazette)

Professor Summerlee,
F.R.S.

Professor G. E. Challenger,
F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

Lord John Roxton.

The members of the Exploring Party.

From a photograph by William Ransford, Hampstead.
From "The Lost World," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

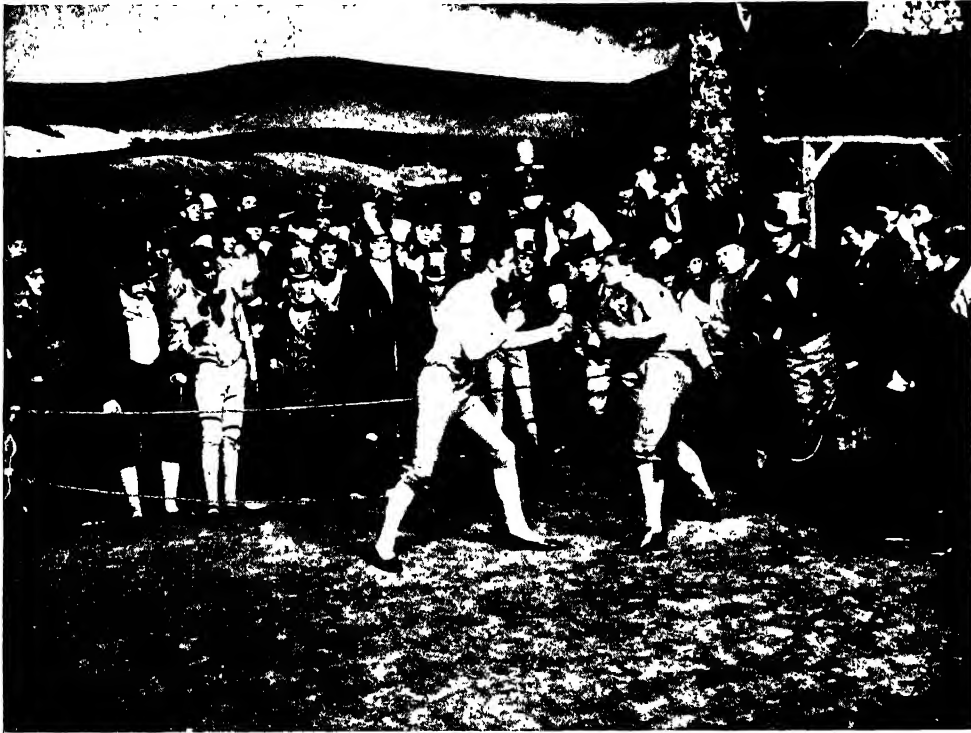


Photo by Foulsham & Banfield

The Fight at Crawley Down.Captain Temperley, Mr. Charles Maude, *Gloster Dick*, Mr. Reginald Davis.

A scene from Sir A. Conan Doyle's drama, "The House of Temperley."

that appeal to him, especially in a work of fiction. He will never write a problem novel. If he is roused to denounce some injustice, to attempt the righting of some wrong, he takes the most direct and downright way of doing it, attacks it in the straightest possible fashion, and will not wait to build fictions about it and undermine it with a tale. As a novelist, he is a novelist pure and simple, and no preacher or political or social reformer. "I have always envied the men who had definite views on art and messages for their age, and that sort of thing," he said the other day; "it must make for a tidy mind and a clean-cut life. I fear I never had any particular views or mission. I have had the one humble idea to have a story to tell, to tell it as clearly as I could, never to be redundant or to wander from the line, and to interest others by trying so far as possible, to write about the things which interest myself. It is a simple rule of life, and I have had no other. I have been an omnivorous and rapid reader all my life, with a fairly retentive memory for general facts, though not a very good one for accurate detail. This has given me a fair sized quarry out of which to get my stones. Some authors

have the enviable power of making the solid things in life the subjects of their novels without spoiling the novel. I have no such power. I only wish I had. It is true that in 'The Stark Munro Letters' I drew the solid side of a modern young man's mind. But that is an exception. I should only bore people if I wrote fiction about the things to which I have devoted most thought and work, the reform of the divorce laws, the Congo question, criminal reform, and the like. That was one of Charles Reade's great gifts—to make the actual interesting."

I recalled whilst he was speaking that preface to the collected edition of his works published a few years ago, in which Sir Arthur frankly sets forth his own

conception of the art of fiction, and some extracts from it are a better commentary than any I could make on the whole of his work as a novelist, for he has all along carried his theory into practice. His conception of the art of fiction, then, is that "our treatment may be as wide as the heavens and as broad as the earth, if it does but attain the essential end of *interest*. All methods and schools, romance and realism, symbolism



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Colonel Egerton attempts to save Sadie Adama.

COLONEL E. (Mr. Lewis Waller): "My God! I can't stand this!" (rushes on the Arab Chief, who strikes him down).—

"Curse you, you brute! You brute!"

SADIE (Miss Evelyn D'Alroy). "Oh, auntie, auntie! They have killed him!"

A scene from Sir A. Conan Doyle's play, "The Fires of Fate," which was founded on his novel, "The Tragedy of the Korosko."

and naturalism, have the one object in view—to interest. They are all good so far as they attain that, and all useless when they cease to do so. . . . Within the bounds of morality all methods are legitimate. . . . You are right to make your book adventurous, you are right to make it theological, you are right to make it informative or controversial or idyllic, or humorous, or grave, or what you will, but you *must* make it interesting. That is essential—all the rest is detail. . . . But there comes the obvious retort, 'You say interesting—interesting to whom?' The difficulty is not a really great one. The higher and more permanent work has always been interesting to all. The work which is the cult of a clique, too precious for general use, must be wanting in some quality. . . . Take the most honoured names in our literature, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Poe, they do not interest one or other social stratum, but they appeal equally to all educated readers. If you were to make a list of the works of fiction which have proved their greatness by their permanence, and by the common consensus of mankind, you would find that no narrow formula would cover them. . . . the only point which they have in common is that each of them holds the attention of the reader. . . . The life of a writer of fiction has its own troubles, the weary waiting for ideas, the blank reaction when they have been used, worst of all the despair when the thought which had seemed so bright and new goes dull and dark in the telling. But surely he has in return some claim



Photo by Foulsham & Hannfeld.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

The scene, in which Sir Arthur is seated, is the doctor's consulting room in his play, "The Fires of Fate." The photo was taken on the stage during rehearsals.

to hope that if he can but interest his readers he fulfils the chief end of man in leaving others a little happier than he found them."

Just now Sir Arthur confesses that he is passing through one of those periods of "weary waiting for ideas." He cannot work on a system; he has not Trollope's gift for sitting at his desk and turning out a regulation number of words for two or three hours a day, week in and week out, all round the year. Like Herrick, he finds that when the good spirit goes from him there is nothing for it but to wait.

"the fancy cools, till when

That brave spirit comes again;"

but when it comes and the idea takes him he works every day at high pressure till the book is ended. Which is not to say that in the interval he is idle. At present, he is busy enough with the Slater Case, and the Divorce Reform Commission, but he has no settled plans for the future yet, except that he is quite resolved never again to stand for Parliament (I could have foretold that myself; for it is simply impossible to imagine such a man cramped in the strait jacket of the party politician), and, unless he is somehow moved to alter his mind, he will not relate any more of the memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. The character of Professor Challenger has greatly tickled his own fancy, and acting upon the rule which he has laid down above he is tempted to trace some further adventures which befell that formidable scientist after his return from the Lost World.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original Fairy Tale with a moral touching on some prominent topic of the day.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- I.—More Lyrics than ever have been sent in this month, but the general quality of them has not been so good as usual. We should divide the prize and award half of it to Miss

Dorothy Poole but for the small technical flaws in her first, second and fourth verses. As it is, we award the PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to Mr. G. J. Holme, of Enderley, Malvern, for the following:



Richard Doyle, of *Punch*.
Uncle of Sir A. Conan Doyle.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

The first faint waft of the breath of the Lady of Spring came over
The slopes of the hills and the valleys, and made the meadow ways burn
With the gleam of the buttercups' gold, and honey-sweet brought to the clover,
And touched the may into flower, and kindled the heart of the fern
And the flute of the cuckoo was heard from the heart of the leafy places,
And the jubilant Spirit of Spring ran riot in herbage and tree,
Made sweeter the song of the birds, and quickened the barren spaces,
And brought fresh hope to the earth, and love to you and me.
But now the Autumn is here, and wind thro' the woodland is sighing,
And sear are the leaves, and sear and vain is the love that we knew
Ah me! in the light of a Spring where the flowers of life are undying,
Shall we find our blossom of love grown perfect of flower, and true?

G. J. HOLME.

We select for printing:

HAY-MAKING

Sweet-scented grass falling over my scythe,
Sad though you may be to die to-day,
One thought I give you to make you blythe
Someone is coming this way;
Blessed by the feet of her
Scent the air sweet for her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay.
Butterflies bright flitting over the grass
Gay though you look in the sun to-day,
There is a beauty that yours will surpass,
For someone is coming this way;
Make the world bright for her,
Paid by the sight of her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay.
Blow from the river you cool summer breeze,
Toilers have need of your breath to-day;
Waft all the fragrance of blossoming trees,
For someone who's coming this way;
Kiss the sweet face of her,
Note well the grace of her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay
The pink clouds have faded, 'tis not long to wait,
Soon work will be done in the fields to-day,
Then I with my scythe will keep watch by the gate
For someone who's coming this way;
God bless the heart of her,
Let me ne'er part from her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay

(Dorothy Poole, South Lawn, Godalming.)

PRAYERS.

I pray my child that you may ever keep
The gift of dreams Here, where you gently sleep
I watch, and know by that sweet baby smile,
That you in dreamland dwell a little while.
I pray that when the years their sorrows bring,
Dreaming, you then may hear the same lips sing,
That softly sang to you, years, years ago,
And feel the love of one who loved you so.
I pray, my dear, no dreamless sleep for you,
But a dream-world for you to wander through,
And wandering, my darling, oh I pray,
That you may sometimes meet me by the way.

(Leslie M. Priest, 5, Greyfriars Road, Norwich.)

NEMESIS.

I have been happy once, for one brief while
The light of Heav'n was found beneath your smile.
It seemed the gates were wide, and voices sweet
Rang forth and made that happiness complete.
One moment, and the ecstasy had passed,
To come no more—it was the first—the last.
Yet dear, I fain would live it all again
And pay the forfeit with long years of pain.

I have been happy once, for one short space
My world was lived at sight of your dear face,
It seemed mine eyes were blind to all things fair,
Ears deaf to every sound when you were there.
One moment, and the happiness had flown,
Leaving no trace behind, and me—alone
Yet dear, if I might live it all again
The balance should be weighed by years of pain

I have been happy once, the world is wide,
And we who love shall walk not side by side,
For life holds something harder, dear—and cold,
Our story was begun—but never told
And yet to live again that moment's bliss
And find my Heaven in your passion's kiss
I fain would pay the forfeit with my tears
Of anguish, through Eternity's long years.

(Ada E. Mann (Lorna Fane). 30, East Parade, Rhyl.)

THE FAITHFUL FAILURE

"There, out of the glorious sun-coloured earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure."

Lord, I have failed in all my way,
Broken the prayers I tried to pray,
Faded, the splendour of my day.

All my fair wine of life is spilt,
Shattered the castles that I built,
Broken, my good sword at the hilt

Lost are the souls I tried to aid,
Vanished the music that I made,
Naught now but wreckage is displayed.

Naught is there here that Thou canst praise,
Finished the story of my days
Me from the dust Thou wilt not raise

Lord, can it be that, looking down,
Instead of spurning with Thy frown,
Thou wilt a faithful failure crown?

So be it, Lord, I come to Thee.
Only Thy Faithful Failure see

(D. K. Boileau, Monkton Combe Junior School, Combe Down, Bath.)

LOVE ASLEEP

Little white wings quietly folded,
Tired limbs in sweet repose,
Dimpled fingers clasping lightly
Summer's latest rose,

Golden ringlets flecked with sunshine,
Golden arrows laid aside:
Stepping softly, come and see him,
Love at eventide

Wake him not for he is weary
With the labours of the day;
See, a tear upon his lashes
For one arrow went astray!

(Alice W. Linford, 47, Langham Road, S. Tottenham, London, N.)

We specially commend the Lyrics sent in by Mrs. G. R. Glasgow (Westbury), E. V. Tempest (Bradford), Guenn F. Newnham (Gillingham), C. Carey Lacey (Bayswater), Mona Garrod Turner (Southwold), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Mary Hughes (Banbury), B. Vickery (Bradford), M. S. Carter (Brighton), Miss A. D. Hill (Walton-on-Thames), Mrs. Darton (Maidstone), R. N. Watson (Southport), R. W. King (Lewisham), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), M. T. L. (New Milton), Will Londen (Dunfermline), Edith Jotham (Isle of Man), Helen Lanyon (London, W.), D. McLaren (Leith), Ethel M. Adams (Whitchurch), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), M. M. O'Connor (Highbury), M. D.

Banes (Teignmouth), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Joan Brock (Monifieth), M. D. Niven (Peterhead), D. Lefebvre (Jersey), Mrs. Mathieson (Dollar), Alice Binks (South Shields), Louie Grav (Frinton-on-Sea), Miss G. D. Hill (Sunderland), J. Tarry (Rich-

mond), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), W. J. Campbell (Edinburgh), Helen K. Watts (Nottingham), E. Howard (Putney), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Joyce M. Bradwell (Nottingham), E. T. Sandford (Salisbury), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Miss E. Shore (Worthing), N. D. Gullick (Clifton), G. H. Cobb (Oxford), Eva Scott (Streatham), Gertrude Chambers (Brighton), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Bertram N. Parker (Bath), Anette Heard (Swanage), "Spes" (Weston-super-Mare), A. J. Caird (Edinburgh), A. H. Green (Wolverhampton), Robert Everall (Plaistow), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), E. D. Bestall (Bath), A. Marshall (Langley-on-Tyne), Florence Bagster (Kendal), G. Lenorme (Bingley), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Elizabeth K. Packard (West Ealing), P. J. Frawley (Manchester), J. D. C. Monfries (Putney), Thomas Sharp (Merton Park), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), J. W. James (Cardigan), Angus B. Mitchell (Shipley), A. W. St. C. Tisdale (Cambridge), Annie Newton (Carnarvon), L. Hodgson (Clapham), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Max Plowman (Enfield), Percy



Licensed to kill

A rough sketch of himself made by Sir A. Conan Doyle in 1881, on learning that he had obtained his diploma as a Bachelor of Medicine.



The Running Wolf.

Sir A. Conan Doyle testing a Norwegian snow apparatus in the Engadine.

Reproduced from the Strand Magazine, by permission.

Thomas (Hornsey), Mollie Barrow (Loudwater), Amelia D. Light (Enfield Wash), E. G. Moore (East Grinstead), Mrs. A. T. Ashwell (Canterbury), N. T. Wright (Clapton), A. M. Berry (Luton), Dolly Seward (Cambridge), Vera Wainwright (Peaslake), C. Emra (Richmond), W. G. Hanson (West Bromwich), Sinah Helen West (Gloucester), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), E. G. D. Liveing (Warwick), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), James F. R. Lyell (Edinburgh), M. F. Aikman (Glasgow), Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood), Malcom Murray (Aberdeen), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Marjorie N. How (Crouch End), D. K. Boileau (Bath), Constance M. Curtis (Ludlow), H. F. Lovell Cocks (Uxbridge), O. Pope (Notting Hill), Gladys E. Warren (St. John's Wood), Eveline Swanson (East Finchley), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne (S. Woodford), Neville Noller (Lincoln), R. B. Boswell (Southampton), C. Stanley Johnson (Seascale), Mrs. Cole (Nottingham), Charles Kingston (Esher), Mrs. G. Keen (Java), Ivor Murray (Bishop's Park), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), H. Evans (New Brighton), W. G. Priest (Norwich), D. Yarrow (Glasgow), K. E. Royds (West Hampstead), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Miss M. Swann (Great Missenden), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Agnes Baker (West Hampstead), J. E. Jones (Cardiff), Christabel Ward (Bridlington), Arthur Waghorn (Addiscombe), Wilfrid M. Appleby (Southend), Annie MacDonald (Bridge of Allan), Monica Barnes (Fleet), E. Irene Seaton (Dresden), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Mary G. Allan (Kilbarchan), Marvyn Davies (London, W.), F. Tait (Gateshead), Ivan Adair (Dublin), P. Selver (Redhill), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), David McCormack (Glasgow), E. R. (Hull), Maude Carter (Bristol), A. Safroni-Middleton (West Norwood), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Mrs. Rose B. Stevens (Finchley), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Doris Dean (Burnley), William Kettle (Streatham), Mrs. C. Stanley Stevenson (Middleton St. George), and Furnley Maurice (Victoria, Australia).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES BY DR. ANDREW WILSON. (Nash)
"I've hope to live"
Measure for Measure, III. 1. 2

We also select for printing:

BILL BAILEY. BY IAN HAY.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
PAYNE.

(Mrs. M. E. Hopkins, 3, Convent Terrace, Swansea.)

PREPARATION FOR HOLY MATRIMONY. BY REV. BERNARD HANCOCK. (Messrs George Allen & Co.)

"Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present"

TENNYSON—*Ode to Memory*

(Miss G. Mary Robinson, 46, Oxford Street, Cardiff.)

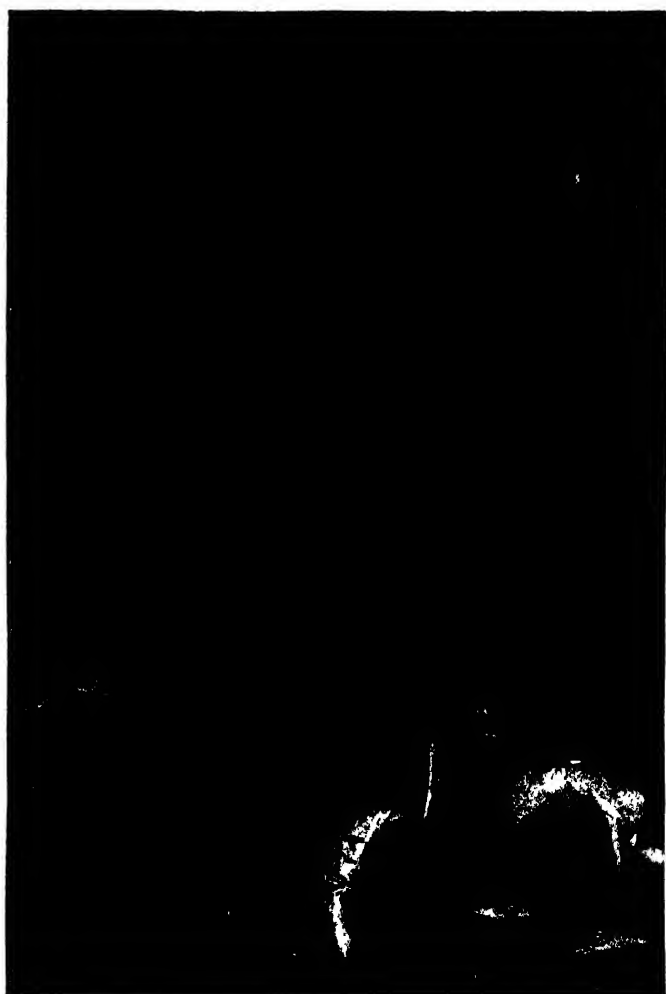
THE IRRESISTIBLE MRS. FERRERS. BY

ARABELLA KENEALY. (Stanley Paul.)

"Take, O take those lips away."

SHAKESPEARE—*Frustrated*.

(Miss A. E. Richardson, 15, Buckenham Square, New Kent Road, London, S.E.)



"I burst with a shriek into my own life."

From "Round the Fire Stories," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder.)

QUEEN ANNE. BY HERBERT PAUL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"She's dead"

SHAKESPEARE—*The Winter's Tale*.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent.)

MORFE D'ARTHUR TENNYSON (Messrs Chatto & Windus)

"Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a *felix-de-se*."

TENNYSON—*Despair*.

(Juliette Samson, Floretta, 108, Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, W.)

THINGS I CAN TELL BY LORD ROSSMORE (Nash.)

"It really might be quite as well

Hushed up among one's friends"

O. W. HOLMES—*To the Portrait of a Lady*.

(Margery Finch, 54, Sheffield Road, Fratton, Portsmouth.)

THE TURNSTILE BY A. E. W. MASON.
(Hodder & Stoughton)

"... Pay, pay, pay"

KIPLING—*Absent-Minded Beggar*.

(Ernest S. Heron, 13, Grange Road, Chester.)

III.—We have received many Rhymed Alphabets on the authors and books of this autumn, but on the whole they are disappointing. The best is from Miss L. Mugford, of Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent, to whom we have awarded the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the following:

A is for Autumn, Ayscough and Avon,

B is for Benson, the one that is shaven.

C is for Chambers, who writes of the "Streets,"

D's *Diners a Deux*, gastronomical treats.

E stands for Ellis with "King's Riband Blue,"

F is for Fowler and "Faustula" too.

G is for Graham, whose "Classics" are "Canned,"
 H is for Hewlett, whose language is grand.
 I stands for "Idylls of East and of West,"
 J is for James and the "Flapper's" young zest.
 K is "King's Favourite," a post hard to hold,
 L's "Lady Married," so beautifully told.
 M is for "Moscow" with memories tragic,
 N is for Nesbit with "World" full of magic.
 O stands for "Outcaste" unlike "One of Us,"
 P's "Pride of War," that's created a fuss.
 Q is the Author and "Queer Little Jane,"
 R is for "Russia" revised once again.
 S for "St. Lo" and a story of France,
 T for "The Turnstile," a stirring romance.
 U is "Unbearable Bassington's" sign,
 V is for Vachell and story of kine.
 W's "White Ear" and although I've looked well
 X has no novel or author to spell
 Y is for Mills Young with "Grit Lawless" true,
 Z stands for "Zoo's Conversation Book II"

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Eric V. Overell, of 56, Holly Walk, Leamington Spa, for the following:

MARRIAGE. BY H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan)

"Marriage" is not a great novel, but it is a brilliant book. Like "The New Machiavelli," it is the latest bulletin of its problem-haunted author's state of mind. Those who find this—the most complex age of history—a fascinating study, those who do not "swallow the universe like a pill," must read Mr. Wells. Though the novelist is sunk in the pamphleteer, the story is well done, and genius guided the pen which drew Mr. Pope. The plot is only a peg? Well, here it is the garments hanging therefrom which challenge attention. A book to buy and keep.

We also select for printing:

THE LOVERS. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

We welcome Eden Phillpotts' latest Dartmoor story, although the glamour of the Moor is overshadowed by the frowning and gloomy War Prison. The two lovers are American seamen, bold and resourceful; their sweethearts Devon to the core. The quarrel between Sir Archer Godolphin, adamant-conservative, and his impetuous, broader-minded son Felix, is dramatic; the son's subsequent association with the notorious Toby-men Workman and Blackadder, and his remarkable escape from the gallows most thrilling. The minor characters live, and the sacrifice of Richard Bolt strikes a high note of tragedy. To its author's renown "The Lovers" adds yet further lustre.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN PALESTINE.

BY R. A. S. MACALISTER. (Cambridge University Press.)

One of the University Manuals, this little book forms a very welcome addition to the series. It is an epitome of Palestine's history. Professor Macalister leads us by delightful steps from the Palæolithic age, right up to yesterday, when the Young Turkish upheaval threw Palestine into ferment. The successive occupations of the country are briefly, yet succinctly, reviewed. A chapter on "Religion in Israel" and a number of good illustrations give to the whole that completeness which makes it, not only a useful book for the student, but also an instructive one for the general reader.

(Keltie D. Dixon, 22, Bonnevill Road, Clapham, S.W.)

LONDON LAVENDER. BY E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen.)

Mr. Lucas gives us his thoughts upon a variety of subjects in this pot-pourri from London. He touches upon such diverse themes as folk songs, country almshouses, Derby Day, the ape-house at the Zoo, and many others. It is written in his own whimsical style, though here and there flashes out in a few ironical words his contempt for some social weakness. Mrs. Wiles, the charwoman, and her philosophical husband, who

inherits a fortune are very amusing. We are grateful for this cheery book in these days when morbid literature somewhat predominates.

(Lottie Hoskins, 65, Chantry Road, Moseley, Birmingham.)

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This well-written novel takes the reader into the journalistic theatre by way of the stage door, and shows him Fleet Street as it really is. The busy scenes of activity inside the offices of *The Day*, a famous, halfpenny newspaper, are graphically depicted. Word by word, nay, almost letter by letter, we see our morning paper "built" for us before our eyes. It is a perfect example of pen architecture, and the love affairs of Humphrey Quain, reporter, leave us somewhat cold by comparison. The book is full of excellent little character studies, and the end is thoroughly artistic.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

We specially commend the Reviews sent in by Lucy G. Chamberlaine (Llandudno), Mary Cleland (Ellesmere), E. Smallwood (Highbury), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), Mrs. F. M. Linklater (St. Leonards), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Miss E. M. Northcott (West Kirby), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Phyllis Wall (Sydenham), Mrs. Kathleen Lefevre (Longford), H. Caby (Fordham), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Dorothy Pratt (Chatteris), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate), A. W. St. C. Tisdale (Cambridge), Ellis M. Brown (Glasgow), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Winifred Crone (Liverpool), Florence Karn (Gloucester), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Bessie Eades (Hamstead), M. E. Bradshaw Asherwood (Colchester), Mrs. Agnes Ward Strong (Monkseaton), Miss E. Moore (Oxford), Leo Delicati (Bristol), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), and Miss A. E. Gowers (Haverhill).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Alfred Victor Waller, of 2, Leamington Street, Sunderland.



Sir A. Conan Doyle, with the Officers of the Langman Hospital in South Africa.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.*

By T. E. PAGE.

THE writings of Rousseau are to-day practically unknown, and the twenty-seven volumes which contain them rest for the most part undisturbed amid the dust of libraries. Yet 150 years ago they moved the world and changed the destiny of nations. Their historical importance is of the highest; as models of style they might be envied even by Voltaire; and yet they are forgotten. But of Rousseau himself there can be no forgetfulness. His thoughts and ideas, so far as they were real and true, have been absorbed into the common mass of knowledge, and what he wrote on education, "The Social Contract" or "inequality" has now chiefly an antiquarian importance, while his theories as to the happiness and virtue of primitive man appear to modern students only the fantastic dreams of imaginative ignorance. But while any interest in humanity survives, Rousseau is a figure that must always command attention. For assuredly never did a stranger being walk this common earth in the guise of man. At one moment his head seems to touch the stars, at the next he sinks below the level of the brute, and whenever you seem to have laid hold of him by a sudden transformation he eludes the grasp. Read St. Augustine's "Confessions" and you know St. Augustine; read Cicero's "Letters" and it is the same; or turn to Montaigne and you see him, as he desired, "stark-naked"; but the "Confessions" of Rousseau leave the man an enigma and our judgment undetermined. Here come revelations that appal, and then passages of supreme and tender beauty. His pen flows with undisturbed ease from an apostrophe to virtue to a description of how he "decided very cheerfully

(gaillardement) and without any scruple" to send his offspring to the Foundling. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*; his inconsistencies are profound; and yet in everything he is wholly satisfied with himself. *Que la trompette du jugement dernier sonne quand elle voudra, je viendrai ce livre à la main devant le souverain juge*—that is how he writes on the first page of his book, and he challenges anyone of "the innumerable throng" that stands before the throne to say sincerely, "I was better than you man." The words almost stagger us, and indeed to read the "Confessions" is to cease to wonder that men have derided Rousseau as a Pharisee and a hypocrite, have spoken of him as a sort of Satyr who could at need assume "The Mask of Cato," or as one who "under the pretence of making himself a Nature-creature" sought shelter in a cottage only that, like Diogenes in his tub, he might draw more attention to his cynic snarls. And yet beyond question he was sincere. Vain he was, no doubt, neurotic, self-deceiving and incapable of judging his own acts in the clear light of truth, and yet both as a writer and a man he was at

bottom honest. Think only of his life. For thirty years he had been penniless, a vagabond, a lackey; one at best whom a great lady might invite to her house but then sent "to dine in the kitchen." With an ardent ambition and an invincible belief in his own superiority he had drunk deeply of the bitter waters of social scorn. And then on a sudden he found himself famous. The Academy of Dijon offered as the subject for a prize essay the question "whether the progress of the sciences and the arts has helped to corrupt or to elevate morals," and, walking one day to Vincennes, he read the notice in a newspaper. Then and there Rousseau, as by some miracle, became a new man.



Jean Jacques Rousseau.
A portrait by Ramsay.

From "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Gerhard Gran. (Blackwood.)

* Jean Jacques Rousseau, by Gerhard Gran, Prof. of Literature in the University of Christiania. Authorised Translation by Marcia Hargis Janson. 12s. 6d. net. (William Blackwood and Son.)

"He could no longer breathe," he writes, "the violent beating of his heart alarmed him," he felt "illuminated," "intoxicated," "inspired," with the result that he quickly composed the famous "Discourse"—the first of his writings—and at once all Paris was at his feet. He hurled invectives at its dearest idols. He poured contempt upon its culture, its intellect, its graces, and the modern Babylon went into raptures over the new prophet. He might have been the darling of the *salons* and the pet philosopher of titled beauties. He might have had pensions and places and all that his heart had long yearned for. But instead for thirty years he went out into the wilderness. He sold his fine wig, his sword, and his watch, though he would have kept his linen shirts—forty-two of them—had they not been stolen, and turned his back on society for ever. "He became," says the present writer, "the world's most famous man . . . he could have acquired riches, glory and titles . . . he could have helped himself to everything the world prizes," and "yet he did not do so," but "continued to the end of his life to support himself miserably by copying work." It was thus that St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia" found him in 1771 (see the beautiful passage in Morley, II., 317 seq.) "in an overcoat with a white cap copying music," with "two little beds of blue and white striped calico, a table and a few chairs for his stock of furniture," while "his wife mended linen" and "the sparrows came for crumbs on the sills of the windows." And yet there are critics who maintain that the man who deliberately chose such a life was at heart a charlatan. Those, however, who know "the signs of a prophet" will possibly form a more charitable judgment.

But indeed there were, as he himself said, "two Rousseaus," the one "a man capricious, singular, fantastic," the other "obliged to work for his living," and content, genius though he was, to do so. Or rather, perhaps, the position was still more complex. For there was in him not only that war between "the flesh" and "the spirit," of which St. Paul speaks, and which, fierce as it is in ordinary men, may, where the brain is active and the body frail, excitable and nervous, become a very struggle to the death; but the spirit also of Rousseau was divided against itself. "The thorn in the flesh" was only one of the evil agencies that "buffeted" him; for, to say nothing of other things, the pride of Rousseau was as the pride of Lucifer. His self-conceit was beyond words. Whatever befell, he never doubted that he was not as other men. He wallowed in the mire, but is assured that he is without stain. He relates acts which discredit human nature, and then asks who can say *Je fus meilleur que cet homme-là*. And yet the words, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Son of the morning!" do not wholly apply to him. Spite of all his failings, there still lingers round him something of a

Divine radiance. And who are we that we should judge a life so marred by sin and sorrow, but yet so illuminated by genius and aspiration? Let us rather try to understand him; and for those who would do so no volume could be better than the present one. It does not discuss his writings or his philosophy—indeed, it ends with the publication of his first work—but is a "psychological" study of the man himself during his first forty years, and, as such, has all the fascination of a novel. Or rather it has more. For in this moving story, strange as any in fiction, every touch is real, and the author writes not only with sympathy and insight, but also with vivacity and force, while he shows dramatic skill in setting Rousseau's life in its proper scenery and surroundings. The opening chapter, for instance, on Geneva, that *ville triste ou tout le monde est de mauvaise humeur*, as Voltaire said, and where you must even have a Biblical name, so that Rousseau, son of Isaac, had to be called "after two apostles," is a masterpiece of historic presentation. And the same may be said of the description of "Paris under Louis XV.," where they "called God M. de l'Être," where "*un bon mot fait fortune*" and to be in love with everyone's wife but your own was a point of etiquette. Nor are these descriptions mere embellishments, for if you understand Rousseau's Paris and Rousseau's Geneva, the history of "His Family," of his "Vagabondage," and of "Maman" (M. de Warens), you begin to understand how Rousseau became what he was. At least you understand the origin of his faults, for the source of his genius remains incomprehensible. There was no reason why he should not have degenerated into an erotic imbecile. Indeed, it would have been almost natural if he had. But, instead, on the road to Vincennes there came a great "awakening," and from that hour Rousseau was one of the leaders of mankind. It is in vain that Professor Gerhard Gran—who here only is professorial—introduces the word "subliminal," and talks of "the psychic stuff that, gained through inheritance, race and early experience, lay settled in his subconsciousness," suddenly finding "a road of communication" to the upper "threshold." For, indeed, such words explain nothing. The poorest of us know something of the "subconscious" activities of the brain, but how Rousseau the derelict became Rousseau the prophet is hidden from all but Him "to whom all secrets are known." If, however, on this point the author may perhaps arouse criticism, everywhere else he is wholly admirable. He has written a book which, once taken up, no one who either loves letters or understands the words *homo sum* can possibly lay down.

For the rest, the translation is, as far as a stranger to the original can surmise, a very excellent one, and it is noteworthy that neither author nor translator uses a single word of "Introduction." Nor have they need to do so, for their work explains and recommends itself.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.*

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL has broken out in a new place in the volume that he has just published on "The Problem of Edwin Drood." The first sentiment of many, perhaps the majority, of those who scan the title will be surely this subject might be allowed to take a long-earned rest. Its place is in the mausoleum of literary curiosities along with speculations as to the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the authorship of the "Eikon Basilike," or the identity of Junius. A large number of keen, detective minds have exercised themselves upon the problem as upon a sharpening strop. Most of them have written books or pamphlets on the subject, and their lucubrations would fill a fair-sized dwarf bookcase. A few fanatical Dickensians may welcome any pretext for poring over the moiety of "Edwin Drood" once more. But the reader who does not take an active part in the Dickensian fellowship may well regard with some coldness the appeal of a book which makes the re-perusal of a fairly long and difficult, though unfinished, work a prior condition of complete understanding. If the general reader is dissuaded by these *prima facie* considerations from the discussion of Sir William Nicoll's latest work, let us say at once that he will incur the risk of missing not only one of its author's most interesting productions, but also one of the most considerable critical performances of recent years. The book's great achievement, indeed, is that it does not depend for its interest by any means exclusively upon the discovery of x in the matter of the specific solution of the Edwin Drood mystery. The present deponent, at any rate, found an interest of no secondary kind in its pages as an investigation of the testimony as to all the circumstances attending the production of Dickens's latest work. It abounds in documentary evidence, it reveals with singular suggestiveness the evolution of Dickens's latest manner, it brings us nearer "Dickens—the last phase" than any book we can remember to have read. With Mr. Lehmann's admirable book on "Dickens as an Editor" it goes far to vindicate the reality of national gratitude to the great novelist, now in his hundredth year. Battered by life, and worn by the many leagues of print which he had traversed, Dickens had indeed journeyed far from "pou sto" of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist." One may not be able to agree with the writer that "Edwin Drood" is one of the best of his works. An analogy is employed between some elements in "Drood" and in "Hunted Down." The parallel is rather damning to the unfinished work of 1870! A more melodramatic, theatrical and unsatisfactory short story than "Hunted Down" would be hard to discover among the works of the reprinted. The bloom and the flush of Dickens's wonderful morning had evaporated long before the day of "Edwin Drood." His style had lost every scrap of that wonderful simplicity and eighteenth century rotundity so remarkable in his first great successes. The marvel is that it should have acquired so many new qualities of distinction.

* "The Problem of Edwin Drood: A Study in the Methods of Dickens." By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The opening passage in the second chapter of "Edwin Drood," for instance, is a far more elaborate piece of prose than Dickens could have possibly imagined in his impressionable youth. Yet how bright that wonderful eye still is, how little undimmed that marvellous vision, and that amazingly vivid power of portrayal. For sheer writing power, in mere force of description, how many authors are there of any age who can stand up against it?

If a descriptive critic of to-day wants a new subject, a *terra incognita*, let him write about the early and undiscovered plots of Dickens. Nobody marks them at the time of reading. *À propos* of his inquiries here our author makes a few remarkable discoveries about them. The plots of most of the novels indeed, from "Barnaby Rudge" to "Our Mutual Friend," are fearful and wonderful things. A monograph might be written (we cannot asseverate that it would be read) about each one of them. But the plot of "Edwin Drood" stands apart, it seems, from most, if not all of them. It is a thoroughly lurid and melodramatic plot; but it does possess a certain interest of its own, and it does reflect a considerable amount of interest upon the characters. For Dickens this is a novelty with a vengeance! In most of his books the plot appears like some malignant parasite draining the life blood of the parent stem of character. In "Drood" the plot has an independent life of its own. Faith in Wilkie Collins, which had germinated a dozen years ago, had now borne ripe fruit.

Without professing in the least to be an expert on this thorny question, I must say that Sir William's solution seems to me eminently sane and satisfying. In the first place, it is extremely tentative and unaggressive. In the second, it is based broadly and unmistakably upon the irrefragable testimony of Forster. Forster, with all his faults, remained to the very end Dickens's chosen biographer and confidante. The suggestion that the great man deliberately misled Forster as to the general tendency of the tale is inadmissible. Forster's hints, therefore, must form the nucleus of any really judicial summing-up of the matter. The first object of the Bench is to cut away the tangled and luxuriant overgrowth of baseless theory. When this is done and a few careful qualifications cautiously made, it seems to me that we have a solution approximate enough for the purposes of any reasonable curiosity. The testimony of the illustrator, Sir Luke Fildes, so far as it goes, is absolutely corroborative of the biographer. Everything points to the conclusion that the villain, Jasper, tried to murder his nephew, Edwin, by strangling him with a black scarf. That Dickens intended that the wicked uncle should have succeeded in his intention seems to me equally certain. Jasper had premeditated and rehearsed the murder in the opium den. The motive was the fierce and wolfish passion for Edwin's betrothed. This passion, revealed finely in one of the original illustrations, was cloaked by a most revolting duplicity. Jasper, says our author, was "an unredeemed villain; he was anything but a fool. He drugged Drood; he strangled him; he put his body in quicklime; he

had time to rob the victim of his jewellery [but for one unknown, recently acquired ring which was ultimately to prove the *pièce de conviction*]; he maintained a threatening and defiant attitude. He had done his business." We are to imagine him working with a Hyde-like malevolence, suggested by his ebullitions against the urchin Deputy, in a night of the wildest tempest. He is a new type of villain rather for Dickens, and a far more successful one than the typically Dickensian, wholly incredible, Carker. His passion, too, is a new element, revealing a considerable change as it seems to us in Dickens's moral perspective. The gradual determination to criminal motives, which set in only after the first efflorescence of his genius seems to arrive at its climax in the lurid plot of "Edwin Drood." The theory that Edwin, after all, was not dead and was to appear in the eleventh or twelfth part *redivivus*, seems to me untenable. There is no iota of evidence to support it, and the only two pleas in its favour are first, that it was rather contrary to Dickens's method to destroy a "title"; secondly, the suggestion conveyed by the design at the foot of the original green wrapper. Our author is not at his happiest, I think, in his description and elucidation of these designs. But he makes the essential point, namely, that they are not to be taken too closely or literally. They are rude hieroglyphics, and like Zadkiel's, are to be interpreted with the eye of faith. After taking immense pains to construct and conceal an elaborate mystery, it was hardly likely that Dickens was going to give it away on the cover. As to the mode of death, there seems to me no evading the express statement made by Dickens to his illustrator that he must have a long black scarf for Edwin to be strangled with. As regards Jasper's ejaculations in the opium den—"Look down, look down"—too much importance need not be attached to them. Miss Stoddart's suggestion on this point seems quite adequate. The idea of flinging Edwin from the tower may have occurred to Jasper and been abandoned. Highly probable, too, is her speculation that the Sapsea monument was to be the destination of the murdered man's remains. Jasper may have conveyed some quicklime into that spacious receptacle before depositing the body there. There was ample opportunity for such operations in the midnight solitude of the precincts. These outlines seem fairly meritable, but the precise manner in which the discovery was to be worked out must remain Dickens's secret. The ring, the opium woman, Princess Puffer, Durdles, Datchery and the Deputy, and finally the suspicions of Mr. Grewgious were evidently to be the main instruments of conviction. Grewgious, whose first appearance

is so impossibly grotesque, but who improves so steadily upon acquaintance, was in my opinion, to play a most conspicuous part. Tartar, of course, marries Rosa, and Crisparkle, Helena. Neville, it seems, was to be spirited away, probably killed in the act of bringing the "wicked man" to justice. All this part of his thesis Sir William appears to prove to our complete satisfaction. Far more than any of his predecessors he has gone into the question of manuscripts, interlineations and erasures. As he recapitulates these we cannot help repeating: What *is* he going to make of all this? Nothing, however, could be more satisfactory than the way in which every ounce of this evidence is made to fit into its place, and to tell upon the volume and weight of the converging mass of proof. This part of the book is an admirable illustration of the judicial method.

When it comes to the question of "Who is Datchery?" the case is altered. Dickens left no clues here of an external kind. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the commentators and much, if not most, of this ingenuity seems to us hopelessly misplaced. Nor can we wholly exempt Sir William from this indictment. His theory that Datchery is Helena is certainly one of the best and the best sustained. It is far more plausible, for instance, than the incredible proposition that Datchery is Drood himself. Both suppositions seem to me to impugn the sanity of Dickens as an artist. Our interpreter uses the erasures and interlineations here with an almost uncanny cleverness. Yet, after all his exertions, the case seems to us less than "not proven." That an artist of Dickens's calibre should be reduced to such a pitiable artifice as a male-impersonator is, to us, a thing too painful to contemplate. The explanation of Datchery saying (to himself be it remembered): "I like the old tavern way of keeping scores" is a marvel of literary gymnastic, but, after all, "it will not do." I am inclined to think that Datchery was a new character and an emissary of Grewgious, probably some sort of relation, and no more. He is a melodramatic figure at best. That is enough, without representing him as a young and beautiful woman masquerading as an amateur detective, and consuming brown sherry and mutton chops! Our author himself, I'm inclined to think, has a slight revulsion of feeling from the strain of such a conjecture. At any rate, he refers to it not at all in his concluding chapter, which is a most admirable drawing together of the various lines of evidence, conjecture and parallel, in what will prove, we are convinced, to the multitude of readers one of the most repaying books on the subject of Charles Dickens that the century of his fame has yet produced.

New Books.

THE "SWANSTON" STEVENSON.*

In the latest instalment of this admirable edition of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson are the books to be regarded as his contribution to the science, art, or sport—

* "Records of a Family of Engineers; Additional Memories and Portraits; Later Essays; Lay Morals; Prayers Written for Family Use at Vailima; A Footnote to History; Island Nights' Entertainments; In the South Seas; Letters from Samoa; The Ebb Tide; Weir of Hermiston; St. Ives." Vols. XVI. to XX. (Swanston Edition.) 6s. net each. (Chatto & Windus.)

whichever it may be—of Politics. He was apparently a philosophic Tory; in practice governed by the most democratic ideals, but withal, when it came to stated principles, a contemner of the "G.O.M.," Home Rule, and Mr. Hyndman. In the happy sanctuary of Samoa, a little king in exile, experiencing the joys of a sort of feudal lord, it seemed to him that Britain, shedding every rag of feudalism as fast as it could, was drifting to perdition. There is an essay on "The Day after To-morrow," in the sixteenth of these volumes which shows his apprehension

of an overwhelming socialism wherein the official inspector should be over-riding all, and our condition something far more like the ant-heap than any previous human polity. In his writings, however, are few such warm deliverances on the problems of his native land; he was out of the fight before the bricks were really seriously flying, and we count it fortunate that his political excursions in the main confined themselves to the isles of his adoption, where the issues were less complicated, and the party protagonists a little more romantic than they are with us at home. "A Footnote to History" and "Letters from Samoa" may have seemed to some readers an unfortunate divagation from the proper business of his life, but these diversions are traditional in the best of imaginative writers, and they serve to prove some human touch with things in actual life. When Stevenson settled in Samoa he found the island with a native nominal king and a half, and German influence obnoxiously pre-eminent; the white officials appointed by the Berlin Convention quite unequal to their task. The "Footnote" and these Samoan letters to *The Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* may have as little influence on his future reputation as the "Defensio Secunda" has on the repute of Milton, and they only partly served their purpose, for, though the two obnoxious officials were withdrawn mainly on his intervention, his friend the dethroned Mattaafa gained nothing by it.

Nor were his other divagations into the history, life, and manners of these ultimate isles quite to the taste of eager Stevensonians. When he began the series of travel papers now known as "In the Seven Seas" it was auspiciously; the Odyssean glamour was about his opening, where we share his wonder and delight in that first landfall. But "The Isles of Vivian," which made him bond-slave for the rest of his life, when seen too long and intimately, refused to sustain the emotional ardour, the subjective beauty of their first conception, and the task he had embarked on with elation speedily began to chafe. We have here, as in the Edinburgh Edition, but a selection from the South Sea articles contributed in 1891 to *Black and White* and the *New York Sun*; with the addition of a half section omitted from the *Edinburgh Edition* describing a visit to the Kona coast of Hawaii and the lepers' port of embarkation for Molokai. That part of the work which best pleased Stevenson himself was the section treating of the Gilbert Islands, and it derives additional interest as describing a state of manners and of government now past away.

The magic air of the Nukahiva landfall is repeated in "The Beach of Falesa," the best tale of "The Island Nights' Entertainments," where the narrator sees his island first at dawn as Conrad's sailor sees the East in "Youth," mysterious and odorous. The very best criticism of it came from the author himself in a letter to Sidney Colvin:—"It is the first realistic South Sea story; I mean with real South Sea character and details of life. Everybody else who has tried, that I have seen, got carried away by the romance, and ended in a kind of sugar-candy sham epic, and the whole effect was lost—there was no etching, no human grip, consequently no conviction. Now I have got the smell and look of the thing a good deal. You will know more about the South Seas after you have read my little tale than if you had read a library. As to whether anyone else will read it I have no guess. I am in an off time, but there is just the possibility it might make a hit; for the yarn is good and melodramatic, and there is quite a love-affair—for me." It is to be noticed that "The Beach of Falesa," in 1892 was regarded as immoral in the absence of a marriage certificate: "It is a poisoned bad world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world," said the indignant author.

"The Ebb Tide, or Stevenson's Blooming Error—about as grim a tale as ever was written, and as grimy and as hateful," was the author's final judgment on a tale which gave him a great deal of trouble, and emerged from his hands at last seriously curtailed in its proportions as intended. In his correspondence, curiously, there is little or no indication of the share that his step-son Mr. Lloyd Osbourne had in its design and preparation, and when it

first appeared, all the good parts in it—as the opening chapters—were ascribed to Stevenson, and all the bad to his collaborateur. A note by Mr. Osbourne to the present edition shows some natural resentment of so unflattering a conclusion, and he explains that the early parts of both "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide," were entirely his as well as the whole inception of Huish's scheme. The collaboration produced a work of considerable popularity; of its kind the tale is excellent, but its dialogue and its narrative style are on different planes, and it lacks the artistic unity of that fine fragment "Weir of Hermiston," or even "St Ives," as completed by Quiller-Couch.

NEIL MUNRO.

AN ABSORBING PICTURE.*

Henry Fowler was essentially a politician, and a politician on a grand scale. So broad was his mind, so well stored with history, that a spirit of most judicial fairness characterised his views. No party man in the meaner sense of the word, his views were treated with the greatest respect both by friend and foe. By the former he was looked up to almost as a Court of Appeal. And this great personality moved amid great events, vital in the history of the nation. His own immediate contribution to that history was in the highest degree worthy of the man.

Of no common interest then should be his biography. We may say at once that it realises all our expectations, and we rise from reading it with a far higher admiration for the man as a politician than we ever held before. With the exception that some of the letters and speeches might easily have been curtailed without detracting from the interest, the political part of the biography is thoroughly well done.

And yet most readers will agree that the chief value of Mrs. Hamilton's book lies in her portrayal of an extraordinarily interesting personality: a personality full of contrasts, at first sight almost irreconcilable contrasts. As we read on, however, we realise that the very greatness of the man lay in his power of combining apparent opposites into one workable whole. Seldom has a character been so cleverly dissected. Seldom have readers been presented with such absorbing psychological problems.

Henry Fowler was a latter-day Puritan, such a thorough-going Puritan as is rarely to be seen. His principles were inflexible, his ideals lofty from the beginning to the end of his life. "Life is real, life is earnest," was his motto. Yet this same man in his political connections was always ready to compromise. Strongly as he held that his views were the best, he was prepared if needs be to accept the second best. On the other hand, while his sound sense forbade any indulgence in exaggerated language at St. Stephens, in his home at Woodthorne the exaggeration of his language was almost a byword among the servants. These contradictions, seeming or real, would fill a page. Never was there a more devoted Methodist, yet seldom has the Church of England had a more genuine admirer. With a mind utterly closed to the beauties of scenery and the gentle influences of art and music, he could nevertheless demand such a noble and beautiful service in Methodist churches as "shall boldly avow in the teeth of a miserable utilitarianism, an obedience to Him Who required that the sockets of His tabernacle should be of silver and the snuff-dishes of pure gold," such a service of song as should be "the noble expression of the melody of Christian devotion by the melody of earthly music." The high-priest of æstheticism, John Ruskin, might have written this.

A mind such as his, moving in the lofty empyrean of thought, could with difficulty descend to lower realms. He could manage men, but not boys. He feasted on facts plain and unclouded: facts seen through a mist of fiction were abhorrent to him. A determined Liberal, he was nevertheless pessimistic as to new ventures. A dour man,

* "The Life of Henry Hailley Fowler." By Edith Henrietta Fowler (Hon. Mrs. Hamilton). 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

he rejoiced in jokes against himself. But it is impossible to give the faintest conception of the scintillating wit and sympathetic humour with which this absorbing picture is painted by his gifted daughter. Her more serious chapters, too, such as the one on Methodism, are illuminating to the last degree.

Illuminating too is the sketch of the household which quite naturally gave rise to "Isabel Carnaby." "We were trained to talk to him and amuse him all our lives." He was constantly "plucking them up by the roots to see how they were growing," and his delight was unbounded when one of his children showed she had grown up by producing a novel that embodied the two things dearest to his heart, politics and Methodism.

THE INDIAN POLICE.*

Mr. Gouldsbury's frankness, simplicity and humour lend such charm to his account of the numerous exciting adventures which fell to his lot while he was on duty as a police official, or hunting big game in the tangled jungles of India, that, though his book comes, as it does, on the heels of more than one volume of a similar character, he need entertain little fear that it will lack readers. His is a hunting as well as a police record, and it is a thousand pities that the commonplace title, "Life in the Indian Police," should give no clue to what unquestionably is the larger and more enjoyable portion of the work. The chief impression that this book leaves is the fact of the Englishman's ability to succeed in a difficult position in a far-off land without any previous preparation for his task. The author, while at school, gave his attention to play rather than to "the less interesting subjects necessary for examinations"; but through the good offices of an uncle, "an official of some influence in Calcutta," he was able to exchange his "dingy rooms in Bayswater" and an annual income of "less than £40," derived from a connection with a firm which did not consider his services "absolutely indispensable," for a post in the Indian police, which not only brought him a comfortable salary, but also gave him considerable authority over a large and populous district. At the time of his departure from England he knew absolutely nothing about money matters or business methods. Before he knew much of the language of the people amongst whom he was placed, and after the briefest probation, he was appointed to the responsible post of "assistant superintendent of police," from which, in the course of a few years, he was promoted to still higher posts. Mr. Gouldsbury does not hesitate to confess some of the awkward situations that arose during his early years of officialdom; but on the whole he seems to have done well. Probably the most interesting observation he makes regarding police matters is his reference to the utter untrustworthiness of native officials, and their inclination to harass those over whom they are placed, their methods of extorting confessions, of which the author gives some examples (pp. 281-2), that are ingenious though positively barbaric. Like so many others of his profession, he maintains that education is driving Hindostan to the "dogs," and takes delight in caricaturing the educated Indians, or "the Babus" as he calls them. But in spite of this, he is not a thorough-going native-hater. He is very generous in his tribute to the detective genius of the Indian police officials, and his stories of the exploits of one, Kali Dass—a native sleuth—make delightful reading.

S.N.S.

SUDERMANN IN ENGLISH.†

It is curious how little interest is taken in England in current German literature. The eyes of our critics are

* "Life in the Indian Police." By C. E. Gouldsbury. With 24 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "Morituri: Three One-Act Plays." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Archibald Alexander.

"Roses: Four One-Act Plays." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Grace Frank. 2s. net each vol. (Duckworth.)

fixed chiefly on France and Russia, and even those few German names that are known to us, the names of Sudermann and Hauptmann for instance, are indeed little more than names. One welcomes, therefore, all the more warmly these two small volumes of translations of seven of Sudermann's plays. Under the collective title of "Morituri" are gathered "Teja," "Fritzchen," and "The Eternal Masculine," and under "Roses"—"Streaks of Light," "The Last Visit," "Margot," and "The Far-Away Princess."

These two volumes are not only of importance in themselves, but they are intensely interesting, as showing the influence of Ibsen on an imaginative and original mind. They certainly have, as a whole, that curious and foreboding atmosphere that Ibsen manages to convey in so remarkable a fashion. They deal with strange problems of the soul with that air as of secret depths below the normal surface of life, of which Ibsen was such a master. And yet they have a delicate personality of their own, which makes them individual and finished works of art.

Of the seven, "Teja" is undoubtedly the weakest. It is a story of the Gothic camp overlooking Vesuvius. The Goths have taken up an impregnable position, but they are dying from hunger, and await daily the fleet of ships bringing them food. It is the marriage day of Teja, the king of the Goths. His marriage is purely diplomatic, and he hardly even notices his bride for some time. The play consists largely of a dialogue between the two, in which her simple nobility gradually wins him to her. He knows, but keeps secret from her, that his fleet has been captured, and that at dawn he, at the head of his men, is going to make a hopeless onslaught on the vast army before him. When she learns the truth she behaves with heroic submission, and the curtain falls at the moment of parting.

There is not much to be said for this play beyond the fact that it shows the rather odd psychological workings of Teja's brain. It is decidedly uninteresting.

The same cannot be said of "Fritzchen," the next in order in the book. It is the story of how Lieutenant von Drosse arrives home to his parents with the knowledge that within twenty-four hours he will be no more. He has created a disgraceful scandal with another officer's wife, an officer who is a dead shot, and the Court of Honour of the regiment are now sitting in judgment upon him. But the agony of his mind is not whether he will have to fight, but whether he will be allowed to fight. The injured officer has horsewhipped him, and it is doubtful whether he will be given the opportunity of a duel. When he reaches home neither mother nor father know that anything is amiss. But it is not long before the father guesses, and, when he is alone with his son, he finds out all. He is at first furious at his son's disgrace, but when the lieutenant points out to him that he had never led such a life till his father had practically suggested he should, he is overwhelmed. This *volte face* is, indeed, too drastic, and adds a touch of melodrama to a powerful situation. He is now as tortured as his son lest the Court will not sanction the duel, but, to his immense and mournful relief, the news arrives that they have sanctioned it. The play closes with the lieutenant taking leave of his parents—the mother still unwitting that he is going straight to death.

The last play of this volume is of quite a different genre. It has the airy unreality of a fairy tale, and yet it is touched with a very caustic irony. Its atmosphere is unique—rather as though Hans Andersen, Shaw, and Anatole France had collaborated to make the reader charmed and uncomfortable at one and the same moment. There is a queen, a painter, a marshal, a marquis in blue, a marquis in pink, a deaf maid of honour, a sleepy maid of honour, and so on. The painter falls in love with the queen, and is plotted against by the marquises. The marshal is ordered to seize him, and, after threatening summary death, ends by becoming his bosom friend. It is an exquisite phantasy touched with a breath of bitterness.

The first play in "Roses" is "Streaks of Light." This and the one that follows next, "Margot," show, perhaps,

Ibsen's influence more precisely than any of the others. There are only three actors in "Streaks of Light"—the husband, Wittich, his wife, Julia, and his wife's so-called lover, Pierre. Julia is of the order of Hedda Gabler—a thoroughly neurotic woman utterly tired of her home. She has become Pierre's mistress, and is hidden by him in the pavilion in the garden of his mother's house. Pierre is a wretched youth of twenty, terrified lest his *liaison* may be discovered, and already weary to death of his Julia. In his querulous selfishness he reminds one exactly of the married son in "Rutherford and Son." It is evening, and Pierre has just slipped over to the pavilion to see Julia and inform her that her husband has been to call on his mother that afternoon, and that he believes that he suspects him—Pierre. As they sit there talking there is suddenly a knocking without, and Wittich enters slowly. He is a big man, and Pierre and Julia are filled with terror. But, instead of behaving in the obvious manner, he is all weak and sobbing. They begin to pluck up heart, and presently are talking to him in a grand manner. All at once Wittich, under some impulse of rage, leaps up and stabs Julia dead. Pierre rushes wildly into the darkness. The curtain falls.

It is what one might call a morbid play, but it is very impressive. The characters of Julia and Pierre are conceived with rare insight into a certain type of disordered personality.

"Margot," as was mentioned before, is another play modelled, apparently, on Ibsen. Its subject is unpleasant, but its treatment highly arresting. It is just this—the psychology of a girl who has been seduced at an early age. The mother has kept the fact from the father, and the only other person who knows about it is the middle-aged family lawyer. These two together have, after three years of scheming, made the man promise to marry Margot. She has consented to their plans until he has actually proposed—when she declines him. This is when the play opens. The mother, who has an idea that this marriage alone will re-habilitate her daughter in her own eyes, brings her to call on the lawyer, and while she is sent out of the room tells him everything. He then sees Margot alone, and their conversation practically constitutes the play. Her character, as shown to us little by little, is, perhaps, the most interesting thing in either of these two volumes. She is compounded of those contradictions that so delight the psychologists of to-day; and, it need hardly be added, she is utterly different from what her mother supposes. Then gradually it comes out that the man she is really in love with is the lawyer, who, fortunately, is really in love with her. The play ends on a note of hope.

"The Last Visit," again, shows signs of Ibsen in its unexpectedness, but it shows them less markedly. A captain has been shot dead in a duel, and the body is lying in the next room awaiting removal. The young girl, whose father and mother used to look after the captain, and who herself used often to take in his meals, is sitting there, when a veiled lady enters bearing a wreath. She was the late captain's beloved, but as she is already married she has to be cautious. The young girl is very quiet and respectful, and retires from sight, leaving the veiled lady (a countess) to talk alone with Lieutenant von Wolters, a friend of the deceased. There is mention of some compromising letters, and she induces the lieutenant to open the desk and search for them. They cannot be found, and the veiled lady, in exasperation, says some harsh things about the captain. Thereupon the young girl enters, hands her a bundle of letters, and begs her to take away her wreath, after what she has heard her say:

THE LADY: What do you say to that, Herr von Wolters? This person acts as if she were the mistress of the house!

DAISY (*proudly*): I am.

THE LADY (*stares at her through her lorgnette and smiles*): Oh, really!

DAISY (*her bearing pure and proud*): The night before he died I became his wife.

That is somewhat in the Ibsen manner, is it not?

The last of these seven plays is "The Far-Away Princess." It is a very light comedy, not without a touch of symbolism. It relates how a princess came to an inn, and was mistaken by a young tutor for a girl of the same class

as himself. He tells her how he has fallen in love with the princess, although he has never even seen her, and he explains how wonderful his princess is, how far above them in every way. The princess, who is an unhappy, ailing girl, listens with secret pleasure, and when he discovers who she is she offers him a rose out of her hat, "because the unreal must always dwell in the imagination." It is a pretty comedy, but its substance is very slight.

So of the plays we have discussed one may say that "Fritzchen," "Streaks of Light," and "Margot," are the most remarkable, "The Eternal Masculine" the most *recherché*, while "Teja" is the least interesting, or rather the only truly uninteresting one.

RICHARD CURLE

THE SPORTING INSTINCT.*

Martin Swayne delighted a host of readers by that book of amazing wit and cleverness, "Lord Richard in the Pantry." He is a young novelist who moves on wholly unconventional lines, and who might take as his motto the ancient saying: "*Nullius addictus sum jurare in verba magistri*." In his new book he is thinking of the proverb "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." He recognises that one of the greatest tragedies of human life is the sudden sweeping away of the material resources on which our earthly happiness depends. Such a loss makes a deeper impression, specially on the middle-aged, than the sharpest bereavement. It may be compared to the physician's overwhelming verdict that death must come ere long by a lingering and torturing disease. Yet that sentence has often called forth unsuspected heroism. The patient rises above sordid and mean concerns, for he sees a way of escape beyond the trial. For the misery of a loss of fortune there are few compensations, if the loser has been accustomed from childhood to a self-indulgent existence. Martin Swayne's heroine, Mrs. Ellershawe, a beautiful woman on the sunny side of forty, is the wife of a country gentleman with a fortune of £3,000 a year, and has a personal income of £400. When the novel opens she is mistress of Branscombe Lodge, a leader of local society, who refuses to invite to her Christmas party the wealthy Fritton family, because their fortune has been made out of a hair-wash. She persists in her refusal although her good-natured husband remonstrates, "Hair is one of the few things that are really worth restoring." Mrs. Ellershawe loves spending money. While the message of doom lies in the house unopened, she plans a visit to the stores in London for new fish-knives, dining-room carpet, and a twenty-guinea electric plate-warmer for the sideboard. When the crash comes she finds herself bound for life to an inferior man, a selfish, greedy child-husband, who settles down apathetically to live on her small means in a villa on the Sussex coast. Martin Swayne's astonishing genius is best displayed in the portraiture of Phil Ellershawe. Here is a vigorous, self-satisfied man in the prime of life, with an enormous appetite, and a taste for out-door amusements. He shouts and bangs tables and utters "inarticulate roars that typify the jungle." "If I was poor," he exclaims, "I would work for my bread and butter and not complain." And again, "If I had had to work, I believe I would have got on. . . . I don't pretend to be a genius. But compared with most men—"

"Fifteen years ago, at his marriage, he had spoken in a very loud voice. Since then, the experiences of life had done nothing to soften it." The loud voice, the roaring joviality, the school-boy brag, tolerable enough to his wife and his neighbours in the wealthy squire, become odious in the tenant of a little seaside villa, whose days are spent on the golf-links, who eats and drinks more than is good for him, and bullies his wife for an occasional five-pound note. She says at last with bitter contempt: "Why, don't you do something to earn a decent livelihood?"

* "The Sporting Instinct." By Martin Swayne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The beautiful, popular woman comes to hate this lazy loafer, and the situation is saved only by the patient chivalry of Major Singleton, a friend with all the innate nobility of Colonel Newcome. We have never read a book which described with such masterly analysis the torments of the pleasure-lover who has suddenly lost riches and social prestige. Without a large income, Mrs. Ellershawe confesses: "I might as well not have lived; just as a flower might as well not have lived if its roots wither just as it begins to bloom." In mediæval torture-chambers, we are shown to-day the narrow space behind a grating from which the judge once listened to the confessions of the sufferers, with the desk at which he wrote, and the lantern which shed its flickering light upon his paper. Martin Swayne has a keen ear for life's tragic undertones, and a lantern that searches to the depths of souls. He has produced a novel of extraordinary merit, daring and original in conception and full of vivacity in detail. The fabric is encrusted with dazzling gems. We can scarcely turn a page without lighting on an epigram, yet there is nothing forced or centrifugal in the talk of any of the characters. We take a few examples at random:

"Without character one is as useless as a railway without rails."

"A woman with so many jewels must have had an interesting past."

"The literature of satisfaction, of the millions of people who have attained pleasure, is unwritten. It is easy to write about sad things, Sir George, but no one can write about pleasure. You cannot write with white ink on white paper."

"A great deal of bread is crumbled by wives in villas because so many situations occur in which it is the only thing to do."

"Since motors were introduced a great impetus has been given to the manufacture of falsehoods in the home, as well as on the rubber market."

"London is full of husbands who never recover from their wives. They marry, and one hears nothing more about them. Occasionally you meet them in the street, wandering along with their eyes on the pavement, in a state of helpless contentment."

"Genealogical trees cast deep shadows."

"Happiness is an act of courage," she said at length. "No one can be happy without the courage to be happy."

"You can't expect a person, after being swept away by an avalanche, to sit up and pick out the edelweiss that has been carried down with it."

Mrs. Ellershawe has been swept away by an avalanche and for a while she is dazed and stupefied. When the story ends she has regained her foothold, and is searching for the white flower of happiness among the rocks above the glacier's edge. Martin Swayne's new novel places him in the front rank of our younger fiction-writers. No book of the season deserves a wider popularity.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.*

The source of half the present social confusion is to be found in our habit of taking words for things. We discuss words; we agitate about words; we legislate for words, and then we wonder why the more things change the more they remain the same. In philosophy this pother about words does not matter. Empiricism, pragmatism, nominalism, realism,—no one gets into a passion over these, nor do they trouble humanity at large. They are merely tools; they are aids to clear thinking. But the social terms are another story. Socialism and individualism the rich and the poor, the upper classes, the middle classes and the lower classes, tariff reform and free trade, capital and labour—these, so far from being tools of thought or aids to clear thinking, are actually the chief means of confusing issues and obscuring thought. There are no things to correspond with these words. The same writer or speaker may use them in a dozen different senses in as many lines; and you may be sure that, when he is hard pressed for something to say, he will cover his ignorance by some abstraction to which he cannot attach any clear meaning. If every person who made argumentative use of such

* "The Decline of Aristocracy" By Arthur Ponsonby 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin)

words could be sentenced to something lingering with boiling oil in it we should be really on the road to better things.

"Aristocracy" and "democracy" are a bad pair of offenders. Someone enthusiastically defends the principle of aristocracy—that is, government by the best—a proposition so obvious and so vague that assent is easy; but then you discover presently that by "aristocracy" he means the House of Lords or the people who live in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the author of this searching and suggestive volume, leaves us in no doubt about his meaning. By the aristocracy he means those who have been educated at the more expensive public schools, and his book is really an indictment of the public school system.

We are hearing a good deal just now about the public school man. He is being rather significantly boomed in newspapers of a certain class. It is the public school man, we are told, who has made England what she is; to which the obvious retort is that it is time another kind of person came along to make England what she isn't. Mr. Ponsonby's criticism is most valuable. Some of it is open to question, and some of it is undeniably true; but the whole issue is one that everybody ought to face. It is this: What kind of person is it, really, who forms the bulk of our legislators, our permanent officials, our ministers of state? Are we satisfied, or shall we change our masters—in all senses of the term? Everybody with a vote and everybody who hopes to get a vote ought to read this book.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

COURT GOSSIP.*

For years the historians of royal personages have been entertaining the public with anecdotes about monarchs and

* "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870." Edited by her Great-Granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. With Portraits 15s. net. (Murray.)



Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, in 1850.

From a drawing by J. Swinton.

From "Correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lyttelton," edited by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham (John Murray)

princes, and particularly about Queen Victoria, culled from the letters of Lady Sarah Lyttelton; and now that these letters appear publicly in volume form they are likely to be eagerly sought after by the many who prefer the whole to the part. They have been arranged, annotated and connected, where necessary, with explanatory paragraphs in a thoroughly pleasant manner by Mrs. Hugh Wyndham, who also contributes an introduction.

Sarah Spencer was born in 1787, and in 1813 was married to Mr., afterwards Lord, Lyttelton, who, dying in 1837, left his lonely wife free to take office at Court, as a Lady of the Bedchamber. Later on her sterling qualities caused her to be appointed governess to the Royal children. The letters begin in 1801 and continue for about sixty years, thus providing not only a biographical account of the family, but a profusion of anecdotes and good stories about illustrious people, with descriptions of travel in Sweden, Russia and Italy.

We feel sympathy with the Maids of Honour whose every going out and coming in was marked, and who would come to beg Lady Lyttelton to allow them "to walk on the terrace" for a little, "or to stroll *just for once alone* on the slope" at Windsor; we are amused at the spectacle of Lord Melbourne trying daily to revolutionize his stomach with "*consommés, truffles, pears, ices and anchovies*," and at the Duchess of Kent who, dissolved into tears because the Queen of Portugal was ill, called Lady Lyttelton to come and see her cry and to comfort her, or again with the same royal lady who, when at a review, fell into "a sad worry" for fear the Queen should catch cold, or Lady Barrington be knocked up (she was the only lady on horseback) or at least that the *riflemen should wet their feet*. We see Prince Albert indulging in floods of tears over the death of his father, so affecting his secretary that he had to retire with an acute nervous headache; and then again we see him with tender fatherly care fitting a tiresome glove on his little son's fingers. Another amusing incident is that of the old Duke of Cambridge who was in the habit of thinking aloud, and who, being at Chatsworth, while on his knees at family prayer, exclaimed, "A d—d good habit this." Here and there we get a happy phrase or a touch of wit, such as that which someone utters, concerning a rainy season, "the winter is come to spend the summer here," most applicable to our past summer.

The pictures of our Royal family are very discreet, so much so that justice seems scarcely to be done to Queen Victoria, who is impressed upon us as a blushing, smiling ingenue, her face always betraying a vivid or complaisant happiness. This however would be caused by the royal command for secrecy about Palace events and is not the fault of Lady Lyttelton, who would, however, be at liberty to say all the pretty things she wished.

Not the least pleasing feature of this book is the delightful impression it gives of Lady Lyttelton herself, with her kindly outlook upon men and things. It contains some interesting portraits and some amusing caricatures from the pencil of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, Lady Lyttelton's mother, who was a woman of very marked personality.

(CLARE JERROLD.)

SLICES OF LIFE.*

One would imagine, to read some current criticism, that the only real things in this world were just those things that the world would be better without. Authors are dubbed realistic because they confine the exercise of their talents within the narrowest bounds and attach an exaggerated importance to the most artificial and least well-known aspects of the human comedy; whereas true realism consists in giving a picture of life in which the light and shade are in their due proportions.

No writer is a true realist who, by his incessant harping upon such details as soil the vision, hurt the soul, and antagonise the mind, raises a spirit of revolt in his reader and offends his susceptibilities. For though we none of us see eye to eye with even those who are most in sympathy with us, there is an approximate common standpoint from which the sane judgment contemplates life in the large; and this is the standpoint that the would-be realist must seek to attain.

For, after all, we do assuredly know that laughter is rather more common than tears, health than sickness, fun than wretchedness, humour than pathos, happiness than unhappiness. We do know that, despite the Psalmist, we are not all desperately wicked and irretrievably cynical or stupid or base, that goodness plays a very much larger part in the affairs of every day than evil, that there is more light than darkness, and that even the darkest night is not so absolutely black as the day is bright, because of the moon and stars which, though their radiance be veiled in cloud, still do something to temper the gloom.

Knowing this, then, it is strange that we should have exalted to the high place which true realism ought to occupy, that false realism which, though exact and accurate in detail as an auctioneer's catalogue ought to be, is often in its total effect as misleading. It is strange that we should seem to prefer to believe in the reality of those things that shock and disgust and depress us rather than in those things that are pleasant and beautiful and holy. Because our hearts do realise that there is, all said and done, more idealism than materialism upon earth, and more nobleness than depravity in man; or the destiny of the human race would not so surely if slowly trend upward, and our gaze would not be so resolutely set upon the sky.

These reflections have been suggested by three books, lying before me as I write, each after its own fashion an essay in realism. And it is proof of the variability of realistic methods that these three books are utterly unlike one another.

First, there is Mr. Pett Ridge, with another of his inimitable studies of London character. Hetty—"Devoted"—Sparkes is a domestic servant; and it has been reserved for Mr. Pett Ridge to discover that domestic servants have other functions in life than that of providing comic relief in second-rate farces and melodrama. He daringly depicts "slaves" as creatures with weaknesses and passions, longings and aspirations, very similar to those which animate the ordinary human being. And that is the queer thing about Mr. Pett Ridge. He deals so faithfully with the facts of human nature and so fantastically with the facts of life. His people are all quite probable, and yet the wildest improbabilities happen to them. In one place his heroine, Hetty, is reminded that "the world was not a play at the Marlborough, where one always felt sure that a happy solution of difficulties would be found just before eleven o'clock." And yet that is precisely what Mr. Pett Ridge himself makes the world out to be. In another place Hetty and her father encounter an acquaintance "by one of those coincidences so frequent that they cease to surprise, at the moment when her name was on their lips." And truly, however much such coincidences may affect us in everyday existence, they have long since ceased to surprise us in books by this author, where the most casual acquaintances are bound to meet again, so that all may stand before the curtain in a row in the last chapter to make their final bow to the audience.

Of the other two books Mr. Robert Halfax's novel, specifically described as "A Slice of Life," is the greater surprise to me. It is a very creditable study of a rather new phase of London life. It tells of the infatuation of a young clergyman for a wild sort of girl, who is half a Cockney and half Greek or Italian. For this girl's sake the clergyman gives up his sacred vocation, and behaves generally in a way that is not only unworthy but unlikely. It would be too much to say that the incidents described are impossible, but certainly they are most unusual, and so the book fails of authenticity. And this is a pity, because the girl's uncle, Mr. Donno, her cousin Bill, the

* "Devoted Sparkes." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

"A Slice of Life." By Robert Halfax. 6s. (Constable.)

"Clara: Some Chapters in the Life of a Hussy." By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (Lane.)

professional pugilist, and most of the minor characters are freshly and convincingly drawn. Moreover, this book is written with both force and humour. The dialogue is especially admirable, and there are some passages of real beauty. Mr. Halifax should astonish us all some day, for certainly he has the root of the matter in him.

And then there is Mr. Neil Lyons. I have exhausted my superlatives on Mr. Neil Lyons, long ago. He is, I think, without question or cavil, the supreme English humorist, if he is nothing more. One does not like to use fine words recklessly; but if he has not some glimmerings of genius I am no better than a soused gurnet. In "Clara" he has given us a book of short stories and sketches, linked together by the most slender of threads, in which there are chapters—such chapters as "Kettles to Mend"—that seem to take you by the throat, as it were, and choke both sobs and laughter out of you. There is an elusive, distinctive quality that no other living author possesses in the wistful beauty of Mr. Neil Lyons' pathos, the rich, full-bodied flavour of his humour that tingles on the palate like good wine, his gracious gift of sympathy, his clear-eyed philosophy—implied rather than expressed—and the delicate power with which he handles the most tragic issues. His people are not merely life-like; they are alive. He does not so much describe a thing as show it to you. His work reminds us not that the stars of Heaven are made of dust, but that it is the dust which makes the stars to light the world.

EDWIN PUGH.

ENGLISH PROSE RHYTHM.*

"Acquit me," says Professor Saintsbury, "of the impudence or the folly of thinking that I could say even an interim last word on the secrets of rhythmical charm. . . . You can never get at the final entelechy which differentiates Shelley and Shakespeare from the average versifier, Cluvenius and myself from Pater or from Browne." But "you can attend to the feature composition of the beautiful face, and so you can dignify and intensify your appreciation of them," and "this is best done in prose, as in verse, by the application of the foot system." "When that partition is mastered, to go over it will, to the right ears and fingers, give a similar pleasure to that given by playing and hearing a piece of music which you have not made for yourself, and which you could not make for yourself." In brief, a pianola. Into this invention, it is claimed, we will be able to slip the great prose-records and otherwise draw out their dumb music.

Well, however ingenious the system and analysis may be, there is a certain ruckiness on some of these pages, only half whimsical, when Professor Saintsbury contemplates results. For, as results go, they are meagre: "the Law of English prose-rhythm is variety"—"what apparently makes the charm of English prose is not uniformity but variety"—"Variety is the moon that governs the waves of prose, Order the sun that directs the orbits of verse"—this is almost the only general law he can deduce; and what does it amount to, after all, but a confession that the law is there is no law, the principle of prose is lack of it?

But it is not in Mr. Saintsbury to be barren, and the joy of this book is its rebelliousness. Once committed to its enterprise, it held indomitably on, but it only manages to sustain it by continually breaking bounds—making unofficial sorties, private raids, blandly disobeying its own orders even while it utters them; and these mutinies are its salvation. He had pledged himself to explain the charm of a sunset, leaving out the elements of light and colour, and of course it couldn't be done; and in a little while, without a word being said, we find him following in the scarlet and the gold. Superbly responsive to beauty of every kind, with every sense alive and sure, Mr. Saintsbury leaps delightedly towards all the other elements that make prose prose colour, content,

*English Prose Rhythm. By Professor George Saintsbury. 14s. net. (Macmillan.)

glimmering association, mirrored image, even (though more reluctantly) the picture-making power of printed letters, the capacity of prose, no longer read aloud, to play a subtler tune for the eye. His relish is amazing, quite unequalled: the glee with which his periods pounce upon a happy phrase and carry it off shoulder-high, singing songs of admiration as they go—the catholicity of his homage, as devout before Carlyle as Pater, as grateful for Malory as Meredith,—and the niceness with which this gusto is discriminated, microscopically graduated for all its giant length—make the book, in spite of much that is wanton, turbulent, otiose, a royal guide to the finer pleasures of our tongue. Running through it all is the golden sense of adventure: in spite of its elaborate inter-chapters, annotations, glossaries, appendices and tables, it still refuses to be thought of as anything but a prolonged improvisation, a happy-go-lucky plunge into the unknown; and the excitement spreads to the reader. There is not a dead, stale, dingy or automatic sentence in the book, and very few that are tedious; and even when he is deepest among his amphibrachs and epitrites Mr. Saintsbury's imagination warms and quickens them with colour, he handles them with much the joy John Davidson took in the terminology he cribbed from chemistry, and often, so great is the crash and revel of the ranging terms meeting and parting in a drama, that even the sceptic is intoxicated and begins to think of pianolas less aloofly. But though that, of course, is an illusion, all the other enlivening properties hold good. The book's main theory will not help us much, but it has made a perfect platform for many utterances that will.

D. S.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.*

One of the surest tests of a writer's skill and power to interest is employed when he produces a volume of essays. The biographer, the historian, the novelist have each their story to tell; they have, one may say, fixed lines on which to weave their work, and they may weave it well or ill. But the essayist weaves each bit from threads which he himself must first spin, and the brilliance and beauty of his work as a whole depends upon his own capability.

Mrs. Andrew Lang is eminently an essayist; the present volume proves it. She is not what we understand by the term "a stylist," but her writing is distinctive by reason of its admirable lucidity of expression, its humour devoid of flippancy, its aptness, and its fine literary sense. In her dozen and a half of essays we have biographical sketches, pictures of social life in past centuries, comments upon ordinary matters, criticisms of literary subjects; and each and all are illuminated by the genial light thrown upon them by the broad-minded and talented writer.

The first essay in the volume is "A Poscuse of the Eighteenth Century." The "poscuse" is Madame de Genlis, and we get what one might call a silver-point-cinematograph portrait of the lady who as a child ran "about the country dressed as Cupid (wings omitted for Church)"; who inspired a violent passion of love at the age of eleven; who was married in her teens; became, at twenty-four, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess de Chartres; and who, later, was selected as "governor" to the sons and daughters of Philippe Egalité. Mrs. Lang gives all the light and shade necessary to the picture of Paris and the "poscuse," with the result that this lady of a past century, with her talents, her loves, her spites, her ideas, re-lives in this little book-of-life of less than a score of pages in length.

Two other essays, short and delightful essays of comment, are "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man" and "Art in Country Inns and Lodging Houses." These show us the essayist, not as a student of books, but as an observer of human nature. In all probability the truths in the former essay will not deter one single bride from matrimony with a literary bridegroom, nor will the latter description give one landlady pause as she ties the ribbon bow over the picture

* "Men, Women and Minxes." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

in her parlour, or places the plush-framed photograph upon her "what-not"; but they will give entertainment to scores of understanding readers.

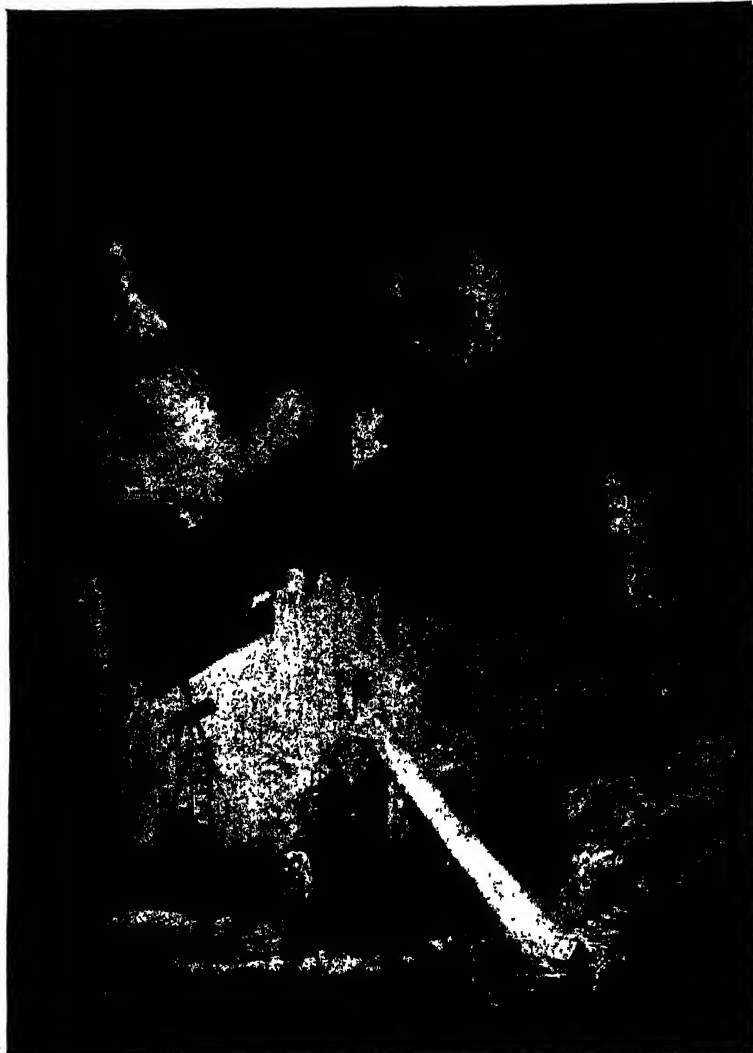
Of the critical essays, the reviews, one may say that Mrs. Lang possesses that valuable knack, the knack of sending readers to the original book. She creams her subject delightfully, skilfully. With genuine excitement we have turned again to that egregious, yet seemingly immortal book, "The Fairchild Family." Mrs. Lang asks what it is "that makes the incidents in the daily life of these intolerable children, and their yet more intolerable parents, stick in our minds." Answering from personal memory, we venture the answer that it is because the children did fall from grace continually, because they *were* so humanly wicked at times, were such sinners in spite of the self-righteous atmosphere in which they lived, that we read with a fascinated satisfaction of their ever-recurring evil deeds. It is a book which appeals to one's sporting instinct in childhood, and one's sense of humour in later years. We have not space to refer to all the essays in the volume, the reminiscences, the memoirs of old families, the pictures of earlier modes and manners. But to bookmen we may remark that in "Morals and Manners in Richardson," they will find one of the most attractive items in a wholly attractive book. It is a piece of sane, clever, vivacious criticism, in which we detect that on the subject of Richardson *versus* Fielding Mrs. Lang is quite sound.

Our grumble comes last. Frankly, we do not like the book's title. Again, there are awkwardnesses of expression which are regrettable in such good work, and should have been set right in "proof." For instance:—"They cultivate surface-emotions as part of their stock-in-trade, on the same principle as the hardest-hearted people are most easily moved by a play" (p. 42); and "There is only one member of society whose testimony is absolutely trustworthy and unbiassed, and that of a younger brother" (p. 48). Then surely Mrs. Lang is confusing Eliza Haywood's novel "Betsy Thoughtless" with Sarah Fielding's "David Simple" (p. 115); and Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid sat up to read the simple *History of Dorastus and Faunia*, not *Dorastius*. We like to see good books free from blemishes of this avoidable nature; but, our small grumble over, we thank the writer for a very charming volume.

THE BOOK OF WONDER.*

"Come with me, ladies and gentlemen who are in any wise weary of London: come with me: and those that tire at all of the world we know: for we have new worlds here." Those who accept Lord Dunsany's invitation will not be disappointed, for here are new worlds indeed: worlds of improbable adventure, inhabited by Gnoles and Gibbelins and other strange beings; Dubious Lands and Cities of Never. Perhaps Lord Dunsany harps a little too often on one theme: the impossible quest, which in ordinary fairy tales is successfully achieved, but here terminates disastrously for the adventurer. It is, however, a theme well suited alike to his power of describing the uncanny and the magnificent and to his ironical humour. "The Probable Adventure of the Three Literary Men" and "The Quest of the Queen's Tears" are gems in this kind. But Lord Dunsany is capable of a higher art than the grotesque. He writes prose of great beauty, with inner rhythm as well as external decoration, and his imagination is of a fine quality. "The Bride of the Man-Horse" is unsurpassable as a piece of rhythmical prose. One hears the beat of the centaur's hoofs as he rushes across the world. "How One came, as was foretold to the City of Never," gives wings to one's thoughts and sends them soaring in the

* "The Book of Wonder." By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated by S. H. Sime. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)



The edge of the World.

From "The Book of Wonder," by Lord Dunsany. (Heinemann.)

wake of the hippogriff. Best of all, perhaps, is "The Magic Window," with its exquisite picture, clear-cut yet remote, of the "medieval city set with towers. Brown roofs and cobbled streets, and then white walls and buttresses, and beyond them bright green fields and tiny streams. . . ." It is the very spirit of Dürer or of Malory. But even more exquisite and more imaginative than Lord Dunsany's stories are the drawings of Mr. Sime. Beauty of line, grace and rhythm of movement, mystery of atmosphere, all characterize them. As illustrations they are entirely satisfactory, blending humour and beauty in Lord Dunsany's own proportions. But as works of art they are self-sufficient; they do not need the text to explain or justify them. In any collection of modern black-and-white, "Zeetazoola," "He Felt as a Morsel," and (above all) "The City of Never" would be notable.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Johnson said: "When men come to like the sea they are not fit to live on land;" he also adumbrated the opinion that "a ship is a prison, with the chance of being drowned," and that "a ship is worse than a jail," etc., of the same kind and very much Johnsonian-thundered dogmatism, with all the mighty, sword-edged-like breadth of the insular Englishman at his terrible worst. We have known women who thought as Johnson did of these things, but not men. Apropos, however, what would the great one have said of such men as the late Captain Joshua Slocum, who, single-handed, with "no dorg nor no cat" even, sailed a sloop around the world; of other men who did similar things during the past century, and now of Captain du Baty?*

* "Fifteen Thousand Miles in a Ketch." By Captain Raymond Rallier du Baty. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Nelson & Co.)

It appears that the last-named, with his brother as mate, a cook, and a "for'ard crowd" of three hands, sailed the *J. B. Charcot* (named after Dr. Charcot, the Antarctic explorer), a Boulogne fishing ketch of 45 tons, from that port to Melbourne—distance, 15,000 miles. They left the Channel in September 1907, and arrived at their destination, July, 1908, after touching at such places as Tristan da Cunha, Kerguelen and the like. No wonder that Prince Roland Bonaparte, President of the French Geographical Society, said to the two brothers: "You are sixteenth century adventurers, who have been lost in the twentieth." And the reason of it all?—apparently no more than that which prompts men to try to reach the Poles, cross deserts when ninety-nine per cent. of persons would just go round, essay to swim the Channel, and other ventures of the same sort: *i.e.*, a desire to do the thing. And it will be a bad day for the human race when none of its members are actuated by such "fooleries." But the du Batys did more than merely cover the 15,000 miles of ocean in a craft that somewhat reminds one of Drake's *Golden Hind*. Says the narrator:

"We explored a good many unknown islands and mapped many uncharted coasts and hidden reefs, and made a great number of soundings in narrow straits strewn with rocks, by which my fellow-sailors of all nations will benefit when they pass that way. We also brought back a good many specimens, geological, botanical and entomological, new to the museums; so that in a scientific way the results of the little trip were interesting."

Still, he adds, this is

"The story of my adventures, rather than of my discoveries. People are still interested in the romance of the sea. I remember with what excitement I have read all such stories from 'Robinson Crusoe' downwards. My narrative may be read in the same spirit."

And in that same spirit the story is told—a simple record of fact, where one's appreciation of things done is not divided by the claims of the manner of their telling.

As in Captain du Baty we have a good example of the true and hardy adventurer, so in Mr. Chatterton* we find an equally fair instance of the summer wanderer on comparatively smooth waters—the coastwise adventurer in flannels or white "ducks," with the smell of the land always at his nostrils, and those store-houses and amenities of civilisation by which trade and inventors have so considerably helped us on the road to "soft jobs," spring mattresses, cigarettes, divan chairs, and a general desire to do nothing. But all things are needed to make a composite whole; and all things have their uses. So while the Slocums, the du Batys, etc., give us the meats and the strong seasonings which our jaded appetites demand in the repast, Mr. Chatterton and his kind furnish us, summer after summer, with the lighter courses—and, yes, at times with the liqueur, the coffee and the cigarette; we cannot say cigar, and still less, a pipe. Yet Mr. Chatterton has in him a sense of the whole meal. Mark:

"There are two ways of taking a cruise. The first is to sail from one port to another for the sheer delight in reaching a definite place. The joy of seamanship, navigation, and life on board is in itself complete."

Just so. Why, cutting out the real dangers, the bitter cold, gales, walrus hunting, etc., what but this was the 15,000 miles passage of the ketch? Mr. Chatterton might almost have doubled both the Horn and the Cape—as he did in miniature along our side of the Channel in the *Vivette* a year or two ago.

"The other plan, however, is to sacrifice none of the pleasures of sailing, but to add to these all the interest which can be derived from the people and the places visited."

So he took his four-tonner to Holland, had dangers and mishaps by the way, traversed some of the level streams, noted the windmills and the peculiar green of the grass and—who shall say?—perhaps the no less peculiar taste of Schiedam before it is "prepared" for market (as we once

* "Through Holland in the *Vivette*: The Cruise of a Four-Tonner from the Solent to the Zuyder Zee, through the Dutch Waterways." By E. Keble Chatterton. With over 60 Illustrations, Harbour Plans and Charts. 6s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

did), conned the ever-smoking men of baggy breeches and *sabots*, and generally appears to have enjoyed himself—as anyone else may do at second-hand by reading his entertaining narrative of the trip. Indeed, as a log full of interest the book is a considerable advance on "Down Channel in the *Vivette*." There is more in this than the former log contained, and not altogether because the change of scene gave more to record. The style has improved greatly; it has become more terse and literary withal. Besides, Mr. Chatterton did not go to the land of dykes merely for pleasure and to produce a literary rendering of his amusement. He went there with a knowledge of the country's former higher place in the scale of nations, and with the well-kept intention of seeing more than the humorous side of superficial matters. As witness:

"The enthusiast who visits Holland only with the intention of studying its paintings is like a person who glues his eyes to one buttress of a Gothic cathedral. He has no idea of perspective; no sense of proportion. He cannot see a cathedral for stones."

Still there is plenty of humour in the book, and with it all the sailing directions that any reader may need in order to follow in Mr. Chatterton's wake. Also the illustrations are to be highly commended, as are the paper and the general get-up of the volume.

In the third book* we have an excellent collection of twenty-five re-told true stories for juveniles. Here Mr. Stead has shown praiseworthy taste and discrimination in compiling a book that should be in considerable demand as a gift to schoolboys, to whose understanding his plain, capital English will offer no obstacles, while the deeds of real heroism, perseverance and fortitude will be fine examples to youthful minds.

J. E. PATTERSON.

CHILDHOOD IN A NEW LIGHT.†

"It may well be," says George Gissing, "that what we call the unknowable will be for ever the unknown." He was thinking at the moment of such great questions as those of the future of the race, but his words are equally applicable to the problems of consciousness in children, in animals, and even in plant life. For gradually as we, the adult, self-expressing humans, become more sensitive, we open out in imaginative sympathy towards other more silent existences; we are always striving to push back the frontiers of the unknowable. This reflection suggests the scope and aim of "Tryfield," for this book, the joint work of two new authors, is a picture of childhood from within. It is as significant in the child world as Algernon Blackwood's work in the kingdom of the elemental.

Literature is full of delightful children: the gamin, the imaginative baby, the rotous schoolgirl or boy, all these move through the pages of Evelyn Sharp, Desmond Coke, and Rudyard Kipling. But it is on the child as jester that the attention of these writers is concentrated. From Peter Pan downwards it is with the child in his lighter moments that we are invited to sympathize. Comparing these delicate studies with one's own childhood, however veiled in the magic of distance that must now be, we have to confess that none of these stories does more than give us childhood before the footlights with accompaniment of slow music. Other things we find in our memories: strange warnings within the nature, passionate resistance to the power of circumstance, then especially typified in the rôle of older people, the sordid fears and deceptions of weakness in the midst of a tyrannical world. It is with such emotions as these that "Tryfield" deals in the person of a remarkably well-realized boy. "Al" Wainwright is the offspring of an unhappy marriage. His mother, a widow at the

* "Adventures in Southern Seas: Stirring Stories of Adventure among Savages, Wild Beasts and the Forces of Nature." By Richard Stead, B.A., F.R.Hist.S. With 17 Illustrations 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

† "Tryfield." By G. and M. Hayling. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

opening of the tale, makes a second marriage with a distinguished doctor, one Sir James Maine, likewise a widower with one son. All his brief life Al Wainwright has regarded himself as the centre of his little world, the protector of his mother, the patron of the two younger children, Muriel and baby Stephen. Now he devotes all the powers of his nature, first to resist his mother's marriage and then, when that is no longer possible, to spite the supplanter, to show him that he, the boy owner of Tryfield, is no helpless nonentity. It is an extremely simple theme, yet in the sure hands of the creators of Al we watch the struggle of the jealous, embittered child with keen pity, even with a half-sympathy. For the fight is so unequal, that of a beetle against a man. Sir James Maine is an admirable person, never failing in patience or tact towards either his own son Chris, or his adopted family. Yet we cannot help feeling, for all that, a certain smug piety in his intense forbearance. For he is so powerful before the tiny might of a small child. He does everything with the best intentions. Yet he seems cruel when once we accept the child's point of view.

And that is the new note we hear in "Tryfield." There is in it no condescension towards the child soul, for we are made to feel its point of view. Al is an ill-conditioned little wretch, ungracious, deceitful and egotistic, but we pardon him exactly as we pardon ourselves when we have acted badly—and recognize it. In Al's case we feel, indeed, as an omniscient judge might feel, because every fibre of the child's jangled nature is in our grasp. Compared with other writers on children, the authors of "Tryfield" are like Russian realists. The extremes of wretchedness are not foreign to their comprehension. The gulf between the boy Al and the more kindly and commonplace children makes his case more vivid. Chris Maine is a gracious, kindly lad, who receives new-comers into his life with ever-ready welcome; Stephen is an engaging creature, who uses his tears as a weapon against the aggressive grown-ups. For "Tryfield" is all through a story of fathers and sons.

The adults occupy a curious place in the tale, a place not altogether consonant with the facts of life. Mrs. Wainwright and Sir James, we are given to understand, marry mainly to further the interests of their respective families, for they are both very good, very firmly devoted to duty. Apparently of personal aims they are as free as the lilies of the field. This attitude is perhaps natural in a person so dependent on children's whims as a somewhat helpless governess, but it is simply incredible in a man of the world. The grown-ups in "Tryfield" are irritatingly unco' guid and pious. And that is where the book fails, even in its point of view, for the authors' opinions clash with those of the child. Yet this attitude is, after all, quite characteristic of the age which is beginning to study children as never before. In this novel the central sun is the child about whom the adults revolve like planets in their orbits. A change, indeed, since the nips and bobs and pinches of Elizabethan authority!

Infinitely minute in detail, "Tryfield" is a psychological study of value, since it directly tends to drive back the frontiers of dull ignorance and stupidity in relation to children. Many boys and girls suffer as Al did, children with a kink in their natures, children ill-born in one sense, yet often with remarkable futures before them. For of how many a great man may it not be said that his boyhood was a martyrdom? We are deeply grateful to the authors of "Tryfield" for opening, not only our eyes, but our hearts.

M. P. WOLLCOCKS.

A KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ROBES.*

Miss Constance Hill adds something to our amusement in this, her latest book on Fanny Burney, and her pleasantly

* "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte." By Constance Hill. With numerous illustrations by Ellen G. Hill, and reproductions of contemporary artists. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

written narrative of the novelist at the Court of Queen Charlotte will doubtless find many readers. This work, however, interesting as it is, is for the general public. It will make little or no appeal to the student of history or to those versed in the annals of literature, because it does not add to the information which they already possess. To them the autobiography of Mrs. Pappendiek, the letters of Horace Walpole, the famous Burney Diaries, and the other sources of which Miss Hill avails herself, are familiar. It is true, however, that Miss Hill has had the advantage, as we learn from her preface, of studying carefully the seven volumes of the "Diary and Letters" in the original manuscript, which were prepared for publication by the writer, when she had attained to the patriarchal age of four-score years, with the assistance of Mrs. Barrett, her niece. "The only change made in the manuscript was to leave out the first and last words of letters, so that the whole might be read in the form of a diary," Miss Hill tells us:

"As regards the erased passages, they are treated in two ways—some being completely obliterated, others, on the contrary, merely marked for omission by two strokes of the pen. Among these latter there are some amusing scenes, which probably their writer considered too light and trivial to place before the world, but which have now become interesting as giving further pictures of her daily surroundings at Court, and which, therefore, are introduced into the present volume."

We are glad to have these hitherto unpublished passages, for everything that concerns Miss Burney is of considerable interest. The value of the book, it may at once be said, is much enhanced by the well-selected portraits, and by the delightful drawings, scattered throughout the volume, by Miss Ellen Hill.

Comedy is the keynote of the short period which Fanny Burney spent at the Court of Queen Charlotte, and though some writers affect to find the story tragic, the author of the "Diary," as all are aware, found in the situation much material for rich humour, that is, when she was not tired or bored, or out of spirits, as was sometimes the case. The post at Court offered to Miss Burney was that of Second Keeper of the Queen's Robes. The First Keeper was Mademoiselle Schwollenberg, a lady who has been handed down to posterity by her colleague and others in no very amiable light. A martinet she was, to be sure, and a very strong believer in the divine right of Queens. She placed her royal mistress on a very high pedestal, and prostrated herself, and expected others to do likewise. Above all, she was a loyal, if not always a discreet, servant, not seeking, in spite of her detractors, self-aggrandisement, albeit she had a keen sense of her own importance, an opinion unalloyed by any sense of humour. What Miss Burney wrote of her, and to her detriment, is too well known to be repeated. As a contrast to the novelist's account—and it must be remembered the pen of a novelist is a little inclined to embroidery—it is pleasant to find John Watkins, a biographer of Queen Charlotte, describing her as: "A well educated and highly-accomplished woman, extremely courteous in her manner, much respected by all the domestics of the royal household, and devotedly attached to the illustrious family with whom she lived, who, in their turn, entertained for her the sincerest affection."

"With great respect I here assure you, Ma'am,
Your name our common people loudly damn;
Gentle folk attack with silent curses."

Thus "Peter Pindar," most wanton of lampooners, when "the Schwollenberg" left England in 1789 on a visit to Germany. The unpopularity with the English of a German woman at the Court was a matter of course. The truth probably lies somewhere between the eulogy of Watkins and the depreciation by Fanny Burney.

If some space has been here devoted to Mademoiselle Schwollenberg, it is because she has ever been regarded as the principal objection which Miss Burney had to living at Court. Had the First Keeper really been so unpleasant, nay, so cruel, as the diarist insisted, is it conceivable that this lady would never have been provoked to retort upon her, or to treat her to some exercise of that considerable

fund of humour of which she was possessed? It is inconceivable. There were other objections, and probably more serious ones, to the enjoyment of the post in the royal household. Their Majesties were pleasant enough, but, as Macaulay put it:

"They fancied that to be noticed by them, to serve them, was in itself a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affections and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair and holding a pair of royal gloves."

An essay might be written about the vanity of princes, and another essay on the excuses to be made for them. The point at issue is, however, that Miss Burney voluntarily surrendered "health, wealth, freedom, domestic affections and literary fame"—not literary fame, for did she not at Court write much of the "Diary and Letters"? There was no necessity for her to do this. She was not in any state of destitution, she had many and valuable friends. She yielded to the opinions of those who thought that such a post was suitable, nay, a boon, for her. When later another body of her friends decided that such a post was not suitable for her, she resigned it. It is surely a little difficult to find much sympathy for one who left, or seems to have left, a decision of such moment to be decided for her by others, for, be it remembered, she was not a child when she went to the Queen's House, but a woman of four-and-thirty. She suffered there, most certainly, being deprived of the company of her friends; but, though she knew it not, she suffered for the benefit of posterity and to the great ultimate enhancement of her fame, for is there anything in her writings so good as that part of her "Diary and Letters," in which she describes her life at Court?

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MRS. MARRIOTT WATSON'S POEMS.*

Mrs. Marriott Watson belongs to a little school of poets wistful and dreamy, of the 'eighties and 'nineties, which had reached the last perfection in what, for want of a better word, one must call exquisiteness. Mr. Arthur Symonds at his best, Dowson, who had a greater gift than either, were her only rivals. She was an essential poet.

Her husband's pious task of putting her poems together has been undertaken, perhaps, in a somewhat too inclusive spirit. I say perhaps, because while the mass of poetry, including the *Juvenilia*, takes from the perfection, by which she must stand, those *Juvenilia* and all the rest have their interest for the poetry-lover. In themselves the *Juvenilia* are remarkable. If her art later on attained to the exquisite, I do not think there is anything in the earlier poems that is negligible.

She had the true ballad spirit, and she had the Celtic temperament that is afraid of the dark. "The Blind Ghost," in the volume by which she came to be known, "The Bird Bride," is full of the feeling for the dark, for shadows, for ghosts. The fear rustles in the hair of the reader. But when all is said and done, hers was a very modern spirit. She was full of regrets and wistfulness. The solid earth was unstable beneath her feet. There was nothing of the stoic in her. She was in love with life and passionately afraid of death—so afraid that it makes the book sad reading. One feels the desire to comfort this poor frightened child, to tell her that out in the dark there is only freshness and dew and the stars—and the Infinite Mercy over all. She is modern in her phrases. Personally, I do not like in poetry words such as "crepuscle" and "nimbus": they are too deliberate. But having woven them into a web of many colours where they shine like strange jewels, she ends up on a magical

* "The Poems of Rosamond Marriott Watson." 5s. net. (John Lane.)

note, clear as a bird's, although one hopes no bird was ever so sad:

"When I lie hid from the light
Stark, with the turf overhead;
Still on a rainy Spring night
I will come back from the dead."

She dreaded the darkness and yet she loved it. Few could render the rain on the boughs, the darkness of trees, as she could: yet it is characteristic of her muse that there was a lamp in her tree rather than a star; perhaps because she was afraid of the dark and the loneliness of the country, she was an urban poet. She knew the truth which the Londoner of imagination knows, that never, never, can the country put forth anything quite so exquisite as the first green on the black London trees, that never is a song in the depths of the country half so heartbreakingly beautiful as the song of the thrush or the blackbird sung from a tree whose feet are held in stones. She loved the country as only the Londoner loves it, with a passion that can never become staled. Oh, a wet spring night in London, and the west wind wandering in, bringing the quiet dark country in his breath! She is sensitive to the call and the magic:

"The air is dark and sweet,
This wet Spring night.
Spring, of the wandering feet,
The soundless flight,
Calls through the slow, soft rain,
O voice of gold!
Calls to me once again
As oft of old.

"The darkness sighs and stirs,
Blind, blind and slow;
Night-wandering loiterers,
The veiled airs go,
Mutes of the viewless spell,
The hidden power,
These, but my heart knows well
Its magic hour.

"My heart's one festival,
O far or near,
The Spring could never call
And I not hear.
Deep under graveyard grass,
It could not be—
The Spring could never pass
And I not see.

"My heart, my heart would break,
Could it be so;
To think that Spring should pass
And I not know."

She has the sense of vision with any poet one knows, and the gift of making lovers of her poetry see as she sees, feel as she feels. But one is oppressed with the desire that one might have given her hope. A veiled figure terribly loth to go, she passes out to a darkness she dreaded. But in this very note of hers lies her distinctiveness. In a sense her passion of revolt held within it a seed of hope and faith. She could not be indifferent. Life had given her good things besides the infinite beauty of the world. If the darkness did not hold something for her she would not have been so rebellious. There is nothing here of the cheerless cheerfulness of negation.

Perhaps some day there may be a small volume of selections—one does not quarrel with the collection—and may there be the right person to do it, someone in sympathy with her delights and her pangs.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL POET.*

As a complement of his new edition of the poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Mr. Douglas Sladen has written in collaboration with Miss Edith Humphris the amplest and most satisfactory biography of Gordon that has yet

* "Adam Lindsay Gordon and His Friends in England and Australia." By Edith Humphris and Douglas Sladen. With sixteen sketches by Gordon and numerous other illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

been published. Moreover, he has laid various surviving friends of the poet under contribution for personal recollections and opinions, and devotes one particularly interesting chapter to a talk with Gordon's widow, by Mr. C. R. Wilton.

The arrangement of the book is rather in the nature of patchwork. The first chapter contains an admirable account of Gordon's career, written by Mr. Sladen himself. This is followed by a collection of the epigrams and proverbial philosophy from Gordon's poems; by the talk with his widow; records gathered from friends of how he rode in Australia; his cousin's reminiscences of him; a table of his descent; a chapter about his father; other chapters about his boxing and racing experiences; a critical chapter, again by Mr. Sladen, on Gordon's poetry; then a key to the principal allusions in the poems; some poems not included in the collected edition, and a few bush songs attributed to Gordon. Here endeth the first part. The second part starts with "The Romance of Adam Lindsay Gordon," by Mr. Sladen, and is a pleasant story of his first love affair; this is succeeded by four chapters by Mr. J. M. Bulloch dealing with Gordon's ancestry; then come two of the most delightful chapters in the book containing Gordon's letters to Charley Walker, and others of his friends, with Mr. C. D. Mackellar's notes on the Gordon country in South Australia, and those reminiscences of various persons who knew Gordon to close the volume.

It is not perhaps an ideal arrangement, this giving some seventy odd pages at the outset to an outline of biography, and then amplifying and adding to it through nearly four hundred pages of appendices—for that is what the succeeding chapters actually are. But apart from its scheme the book fulfils its purpose very thoroughly. Its final merit is that it does leave you with a definite, vividly intimate picture of Gordon as he was known to men and women who were his contemporaries. You see him a mischievous schoolboy; as the most fearless of horsemen; as a member of Parliament, who "instead of thinking seriously of

public affairs," was "as usual scribbling poetry most of the time. He used to throw one leg over the saddle while he was riding, in order to rest his paper upon it, and while he was engaged in composition it was no good speaking to him. He would give no reply. At the best of times he was uncommunicative, but under such circumstances he was deaf to outside affairs." His widow says also, "He was always too good to others, and he never thought enough of himself. Yes, if he had a fault, it was that he was too good, too open-handed, and too generous." Sir Frank Madden says he "rated horses above men," but Mr. George Riddoch says he "was not fond of talking horse; the only thing he cared to talk about much was poetry"; and so from one and another you get a composite portrait of a large-hearted, impulsive, recklessly courageous, curiously attractive and essentially masculine personality, and it is this same personality that you find living and moving through all his poetry.

"Beyond dispute," writes Mr. Sladen, "Gordon is the national poet of Australia. In Victoria and South Australia nearly every family owns Gordon's poems, and they are better known than any English poet's are known in England. And rightly, because Gordon is the voice of Australia. But for him Australian literature would be less loyal than it is to the Old Country. For all Australians respect a man who was so much after their own heart, who would stand up to anybody with his fists, or put a horse at anything; who loved the bush like a home and extorted the admiration of all bushmen; who founded Australia's school of grim fatalism; who voiced Australia's code of honour."

Whether we share Mr. Sladen's high opinion of his poems or not, there can be no question that Gordon was the authentic voice of the Australia of his generation, and that his influence on Australian life and thought has been and still is considerable. His wayward, fascinating character and romantic career make him a far more attractive, picturesque subject for biography than poets usually are, and it is not too much to say that in this handsomely produced, and well-illustrated volume, Mr. Sladen and Miss Humphris have profited by their opportunity and written one of the best and most interesting of recent literary biographies.

ASPECTS OF EXISTENCE.*

With the drama in the doldrums, thanks to the public preference for music-halls and picture-palaces, the Novel has become the prime means of expression of the national sense of art; and it is somewhat discouraging to realize how far from truly-excellent its average is. But we need not despair! The output of the novelists is enormous, portentous, even preposterous. The world groans under the weight of printed fiction, but the quality is not so bad as it might be. Here and there, popular favourites achieve successes which their works do not justify, for evidently that jade, Fortune, pours out royalties, as she does kisses, more according to favour than to desert; but we are not down-hearted. The earnest endeavour shown in the large majority of the novels published gives continuous cause for hope. They may be inadequate, but are generally wrought with conscience, and although there is no promise of genius that way, there is still good scope for entertainment. Every one of the books mentioned below is carefully written; indeed, one or two would have been better for a little, let us say, semi-divine carelessness. But we may as well be appreciative of their honesty of intention, and "to their faults a little blind."

It is a sordid world to which Mr. Grant Richards introduces us. Good food, rich wines, well-dressed women,

* "Caviare." By Grant Richards. 6s. (Richards.)—"Molyneux of Mayfair." By Duncan Schwann. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham." By Gerard Bendall. 6s. (Lane.)—"The Wind Among the Barley." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Larkmeadow: A Novel of the Country Districts." By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"The Five of Spades." By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Iamorna." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)—"A Bottle in the Smoke: A Tale of Anglo-Indian Life." By Mrs. Milne Rae. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"General Mallock's Shadow." By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)



The Mecca of Australian Literature.
Gordon's Monument in the Brighton Cemetery,
near Melbourne.

From a photo given by the late S. Milbourn, jun., to Mr. Sladen for reproduction.
From "Adam Lindsay Gordon and his Friends in England and Australia,"
by Douglas Sladen and E. Humphris. (Constable.)

waltz-music, glitter, rush, and gambling: a common enough experience, doubtless, to not a few; but still a strange world, the *demi-monde*, just heartless, selfish, and insincere. The Amiable Charles, is a younger son, troubled with enough means to be idle. He knows European restaurants too well: head-waiters beam on him everywhere, and enough dishes are referred to—how Mr. Richards loves talking menu!—to give an ordinary gourmet indigestion. Then he meets Alison, the daughter of an American financier who is sowing elderly wild-oats in Paris; and loves, loves so decidedly that he induces Poppa to let him be her suitor, provided that within a year he "makes good,"—we cannot help using Mr. Richards' Americanisms. How the Amiable Charles accomplishes this, and wins his wishes, is almost miraculous. He makes a million on the New York Stock Exchange within a couple of days; and, otherwise, proves able to do more than merely wear a monocle. "Caviare" is unusually interesting. There is no question of its cleverness; but it will, indeed, be Caviare to such of the general public as do not care particularly for the technicalities of the gaming tables or the false lights and glitter of the half-world.

Two other novels which, also, in different ways, treat of the half-world which the comfortably-off may indulge in, are Mr. Duncan Schwann's "Molyneux of Mayfair," and "The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham," which Mr. Gerard Bendall, with his effective and flippant pen, makes play with. Mr. Schwann's Molyneux is a complete bachelor of forty, possibly a distant cousin of the aforesaid Amiable Charles. He is cynical and selfish; his aspect of life is largely concerned with froth and with trills. His passages and experiences are amusing. It is so unflaggingly bright that at times its very brightness tends to cloy. Mr. Bendall gives us more of a "plotty" story. His dear friends, the Bressinghams, are well-off and attractive. She is lovely; he distinguished-looking; but, in their retirement, for they are wealthy and have passed the bridge of forty—forty is growing fashionable to the heroes of modern fiction—they find the world apt to stale. He, thereupon, spends a good deal of time with his niece, Stella Harrington, a light-comedy fluffy actress who loves Offenbach; while his wife admires the *beaux yeux* of a young artist, Orlando; but their philandering is all very harmless. Both are at loose ends when the Fate that looks after the wedded, carries them to Paris, and there, in rather a French manner—this book would go better in French—Bressingham sees his wife with new eyes, and falls in love again.

The next two books treat of life in English villages, Larkbeare and Larkmeadow, and, spite the similarity of names, there is great difference in the nature of their inhabitants. Miss Willcocks' folk are generally genial; and have retained some of the old-world illusions. She writes with insight, and sympathy; and thoroughly well entertains. The book suffers through its necessary disconnectedness; but there is full measure of entertainment to be won from "The Wind Among the Barley." Mr. Pickthall's novel is not so confident and happy. He has no illusions about village life, and presents us with rather an unpleasant series of people. The story has mainly to do with a retired solicitor who would be a landed gentleman, and brings himself into conflict with some detestable yokels over a question of common rights. The subject needs deft characterization; and that is what in this case it particularly lacks. Mr. Pickthall has done better work than "Larkmeadow."

Mrs. Philip de Crespigny is the only author in this group of nine who approaches the shocker. In the best part, the beginning, of "The Five of Spades" she promises us lurid excitements, better written than usual; but too soon—at the tossing of a coin—we guess who is the hidden culprit; and thenceforward the interest lapses and the style becomes looser, until we cease to care anything about hero, heroine—another Alison—or anyone else. Simon Armytage had been accused of cheating at cards. He had brought an action for defamation of character, obtained a farthing damages; and that had damned him. Much more might have been made of the tale; and, truly, we are surprised that such a

nice couple, as Simon and Alison are meant to be, should have cared even twopence for the sort of society they seemed eager not to lose, and whose rudenesses they suffered from. A colony of empty brainpans!

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "Lamorna" is a capable and clever work; but she has over-drawn her characters, making Lamorna too good and quite unnecessarily clever, for a heroine, and Wigan the villain, villainous indeed. He wants to marry her: she loves another—an artistic person; and she is artistic too. Wigan, therefore, says, "Very well, I shall expose Pansy"; and Pansy, Lamorna's flighty cousin, could not afford to be so exposed, because she had behaved very indiscreetly with Colonel Auray, and was herself engaged to be married. So, you see, there was a pretty kettle of fish for somebody's frying! Fortunately Lamorna would not budge; and we have happy endings. Quite a good story of the sentimental sort; and one that is worth reading.

Of the earnestness of Mrs. Milne Rae there can be no question. "A Bottle in the Smoke" is one more attempt to deal with that more-than-difficult question of the relations of the whites with the half-caste or coloured folk. Doubtless, this is a question of complexity, and Mrs. Milne Rae deserves great credit for her courage in tackling a not over-worked subject and for the conscientious earnestness of her endeavour. The dialogue is a little too copperplate; but that is a fault on the right side. It means over-care, which is better than under-care. The many who appreciate serious fiction will be interested in this novel, and will, probably, amply approve the humane endeavours of Mark Cheveril and pretty Hester.

Last comes Mr. W. B. Maxwell, with "General Mallock's Shadow"—a fine and moving story, written with sincerity, force and success. It is a sad telling, no doubt, but the ending is happy and completely redeeming. Once on a time General Maxwell had surrendered Andalkund. He had maintained the defence under great odds, and had then only given up on the specific condition that the women and children in his charge should be spared. The pledge was given; and then was broken. The women and children were slaughtered; and General Mallock had to bear a heavy burden of responsibilities for the lapse. The Shadow gathered about him. He was asked by the War Office to resign. His friends gradually dropped him. People kind to his children would not be kind to him; he was slighted, injured, wronged. Death would have been a happier fate; but, true man, he held by his ideals, though isolation soon seared him with some of its effects; until, fifteen years afterwards, the opportunity came, and he recovered honour and standing. There was a strike. The miners had the idea that Gilchrist, a tyrannous superintendent, was hiding in the General's house. They tried to secure him by violence. General Maxwell resisted, stood the siege, organised his men-servants; and so not only won back his reputation, but recovered himself. The hour of crisis had brought out the man; even the War Office for once redeemed itself. This is a stirring, admirable book. Its every character lives and is real.

B.B.B.

Novel Notes.

THE HAPPY FAMILY. By Frank Swinnerton. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Swinnerton has placed the scenes of his new novel for the most part in the drab, shabby-genteel neighbourhood of Kentish Town, and he tells a very natural, very human story of everyday people with a sympathetic understanding of them, and with real power. In the Amerson family he has drawn a group of characters, such as may be found in many a lower middle class London street, and has drawn them so minutely, with such subtle analytical touches that long before the book ends one knows them as intimately as if one had lived under the same roof with them. Their story, with all its little ambitions, hopes, loves and weaknesses, is just the natural, unsensational

sort of story that makes up the lives of average humanity, but it holds our interest unerringly because of the interest we grow to feel in each one of the Amersons, especially in Mary and her love for Roger Bennett. A more original character, and perhaps even more interesting, is the brighter, more perverse, less staid and gentle Viola Bright—she is a veritable creation, and Mr. Swinnerton not only describes her charm, he makes us susceptible to it. The story has humour; it moves in its somewhat grey atmosphere with a lightness and buoyancy that make very attractive reading, and it is written with a deftness and ripe ability that give Mr. Swinnerton's work claims to be considered as literature. In a word, this is a novel of much more than ordinary interest and capacity, and will add appreciably to its author's steadily growing reputation.

TAMSIÉ. By Rosamond Napier 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Tamsie" is a powerful novel, written in a strong vivacious style and exhibiting a keen insight into human nature and an abundant acquaintance with the wild, gypsy life of the last century. Tamsie is the ward of a clever Egyptologist, who is astonished at finding himself suddenly in love with her. Because of his age and poverty he decides he cannot marry her, and returns to Egypt alone. David Guest has known Tamsie's guardian in Egypt, and has adequate reasons for disliking him, and for wishing to cut himself off from his own people. Therefore he joins a band of Romanes and wanders with them from place to place. By a strange chance he and Tamsie come together and their mutual unhappiness forms a bond between them which gradually ripens into a deeper feeling. The lives of the gypsies and the "Gorgios," or gentiles, mingle together delightfully, though it is from the gypsy portion that the book derives its glorious atmosphere of freedom—an atmosphere that is sufficiently tinged with sordidness, to convey a sharp impression of reality. The character studies are admirable. Miss Napier has a vivid, virile, picturesque English, which can scarcely be too highly praised.

ELIZABETH, BETSY AND BESS. By Lily Schofield 6s. (Duckworth.)

"I considered Elizabeth to be very good, Betsy muddling and stupid, and Bess very naughty and exciting; yet they were the same person, and that person was myself." So says the heroine of Mrs. Lily Schofield's new book, a heroine rather difficult to understand and sympathise with, but, nevertheless, an interesting character study. The story is appropriately divided into four parts. "Betsy," "Bess," "Elizabeth," and "Which?" From these divisions one can gather the lines on which it runs. Betsy is introduced to us first: a little wild Irish girl, living in a big house on the borders of a bogland; her mother is dead and her father hardly ever notices her, until one day he sees how tall she is growing and decides to send her off to a boarding school in England. She hates the idea of boarding school and prefers her free, lonely life; so she goes to the school rebelliously and turns into Bess. Her many adventures, her weird visit to a convent, her friendship with Aveline Urquhart (a fine character), and the love story of Drake Marsden, are told in an easy, light style that makes the book very entertaining reading.

THE DEBT. By William Westrup. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Westrup's new book is in our opinion one of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most readable, South African novels we have ever come across. The story is concerned with the development of the character of Harry Ryan, who saves the life of a young "city man" in the person of Frank Lensford. In return the latter—a sympathetic and exceedingly well-drawn character—introduces young Ryan to life in Johannesburg, where the latter eventually gets into bad company, arouses the jealousy of Feinbaum, the villain of the story, and by him is involved in a very serious difficulty. It is hardly fair to give away the manner in which Lensford repays the debt he owes to

Ryan; it must suffice to say that the scheme of the book is ingeniously worked out to its inevitable conclusion. Mr. Westrup's writing is full of picturesque vigour, and his sincerity is obvious. "The Debt" is really a fine novel, and a close and accurate study of character.

MRS. LANCELOT. By Maurice Hewlett 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Meredithian manner wears off as this novel proceeds; or rather it remains a manner, and never develops into the genuinely Meredithian spirit, even when the author is handling a situation in which Georgiana stands not far off Diana or Aminta. "A comedy of assumptions," he calls it. That is, the girl, a grey, shy, slim creature, is married to an ambitious young politician, without either being stirred to the realities of love and passion. Charles Lancelot assumed he was desirable, Georgiana assumed she was desired. Then came her friendship with the Duke, whom it is not difficult to identify. It was not his doing that their friendship was only platonic, and the strongest scene in the whole novel, apart from the last, is Georgiana's refusal to be his mistress. In these scenes, and especially in the description of the young poet's rapturous pursuit of the woman, Mr. Hewlett allows the reader to feel that there is red blood in the veins of his characters. "Two men love you," says this bold lover, "but you love neither. How can a woman avail unless she love?" It is her whole nature. It is her function. Without it she is a phantom, an empty vase. Lovely you are, but you are empty. Love." So Georgiana loves, and the two men who love her, her husband and the Duke, magnanimously let the poet have her. Why he fascinates her is not obvious. Why she fascinates the Duke is still less clear. It is not intellectually, for Georgiana was neither an Aspasia nor an Egeria, and at first at any rate it was not sentimentally. Neither does the figure of the Duke become real against the background of the opposition to the Reform Bill. These are points where Mr. Hewlett's exceeding cleverness has made him so pre-occupied with his puppets and their wires that he has forgotten to mix reality with their ingenious comedy, forgotten to realize that such assumptions as he sets in motion create a situation in which people must be hot and direct sometimes. But it is a subtle novel, when all is said and done, subtly conceived and subtly—too subtly—written.

THE LOVERS. By Eden Phillpotts 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Phillpotts has cast back to the period and scene of the "American Prisoner," and written another romance of love and adventure in his best style. The tors are here, but they are not too much in evidence. Now and then the reader is reminded of them in the background, but it is mainly in descriptive passages. "Little larks rose and fluttered before the pedestrians, sometimes a lizard scrambled off a mossy stone, sometimes a grass snake uncurled and streamed away at their approach. The rolling hills spread and faded into the mist of the horizon. Sheep and cattle clothed the undulations, and other signs of life there were none save where, still far away upon the immense bosom of the Moor, there spread a grey circle of granite, dwarfed by distance to a mere fairy-ring cast here in midmost desolation of the tors." Once the tors are at this distance, Mr. Phillpotts is free to look at life rather more generally than usual on Dartmoor, and though this book has its own touch of tragedy, there is no lowering cloud of destiny over the characters. A book with such a title could hardly be anything else than a "romance," and escapes of prisoners from the Dartmoor prison naturally form the staple of the plot. But the girls outside, aristocratic and rustic, and their Tory fathers, are drawn with the author's skill in portraiture, and he has thrown in some gay highwaymen. The contrivance by which Felix escapes the gallows is not quite new. Still, it is worked out with every detail of ghastly excitement. Probabilities had to be strained a little to round off the book with four happy lovers, and we had much rather Mr. Phillpotts took some liberties in this direction than in the service of a fatalistic theory which reduces men and women to the level of lizards and

cattle. He has forgotten to be philosophic. But, even in describing adventures, he has not forgotten that style and characterization are essential to a fine romance—and "The Lovers" is a fine romance from start to finish.

DR. TUPPY. By Stephen Townesend. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The very name of the hero suggests something unheroic and even disrespectful. It was when Mr. Jingle called Mr. Tupman "Tuppy," that the mild Mr. Pickwick was moved to fling an inkstand at the audacious creature who ventured to insult his friend by abbreviating his name. But Dr. Tuppy was not originally Dr. Tupman. He was a medical student of that name in London, a foolish-looking, short-sighted, shy, little man, the butt of his colleagues and the byword of the wards for clumsiness. Humorous books of a medical cast are apt to be full of horseplay or of technical phrasology, which makes them unattractive to the outside public. Mr. Townesend has avoided these errors, and put some clever characterization into his story. It is a whimsical piece of work, which traces the adventures of the hero in love and medicine, till the "fool" comes out with all the honours. There are some delightful scenes of social comedy, not only in the hospital but in the house of the eccentric Canon, who is Tuppy's father, and the novel is a decided success in its own rather fresh and difficult line. The love-affair of Nurse Jessop and the anti-vivisectionist enterprise of Lady Milner make delightful reading. Dr. Tuppy was closely bound up with both, and he proves himself a chivalrous little lover and a loyal nephew, who is rewarded richly at the end. There is a vein of good fun in the book, which deserves to win a circle of grateful readers, they will be relieved perhaps, as the present reviewer was, to find that an up-to-date medical novel has escaped any reference to the Insurance Act.

THE VIRGIN FORTRESS. By Max Pemberton 6s (Cassell)

The stories of Mr. Max Pemberton never lack colour, and it is generally the glowing colour of romance and high adventure. With the impregnable city of Metz, the Virgin Fortress, for the setting, and the time of the Franco-Prussian war for the period of his new novel, Mr. Pemberton has a splendid opportunity for a series of breathless doings, and he makes excellent use of it. The story is mainly concerned with the daring escapades of a small band of German spies who pass in and out of Metz during the siege. Attached to this band is an Englishman, a Captain Gerald, who has entered the German army because he believes it to be the finest in the world. "He had been born a soldier, with a soldier's brains. Life stood to him for an adventure, with one woman (or more) at the back of it." The reader will find that one woman, and more indeed, connected with the gallant captain's feats of espionage in the Virgin Fortress; and that Mr. Pemberton has contrived a number of thrilling incidents, which by reason of their sheer effrontery capture and hold in thrall the imagination.

LETTERS TO A PRISON. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

These letters, written by a young wife to her husband in prison, are full of tenderness and poetic fancy. Innocent, though silent in his innocence for the sake of another, the man is sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and his wife goes alone to the little Welsh village where they met twelve months before, to write to him the sympathetic, interesting letters gathered into this book. She tries to give him as much of the outside world as pen and paper can convey; paints him word pictures of the things and people around her; there is a pretty romance of the Welsh girl, Nesta and blind David, her lover, which threads its way through the letters, but the chief charm of the book lies in its fresh, bracing, open-air atmosphere, the fulness of life and colour introduced into its pages, its impressionistic word pictures, its kindly philosophy; there is a gentle background of pathos which gives a pensive tone to its thoughts without making them altogether sad.



Photo by Scarle-Ires.

Mr. St. Clair Harnett.

Author of "Rusted Hinges." (Andrew Melrose.)

RUSTED HINGES. By St. Clair Harnett 6s (Andrew Melrose)

Mr. St. Clair Harnett is a bold man. It is not every newcomer into literary life that would dare to signalize his arrival by a prompt acceptance of the challenge of any well-known literary weekly to produce "a novel on a new plan." We can add without any mental reservation, however, that we admire Mr. Harnett's new form of novel equally with his courage. He has not, it seemed, troubled to invent a heroine of surpassing loveliness or a hero of uncommon dexterity and bravery, but he has essayed to make the actual reader of "Rusted Hinges" in turn his hero and heroine, and has conducted them through a series of adventures from Malplaquet to an isle near Crete, from Fontainebleau to a romance laid in Tintagel, and has moved at ease from the spacious days of Henry IV. of France to the bitter faction fights in the old Italian town of Lucca. In all these varied and widely separated scenes he has found love, laughter, material for thought, and oftentimes deeds that provoke tears. Some of the events are woven wholly of "the stuff that dreams are made of"; other characters come stalking down to us from the great legends of chivalry or those blood-stained records of bygone times when brave men died, and died for love. Mr. Harnett calls himself "the old dream merchant," and this series of dissolving pictures that he has invented has many of the haunting and elusive qualities of the visions that deck our lives in the still hours of the night. In fact, he contends that each of us is naturally born into this dream world "a king or queen, the lord of a boundless territory, a golden land where always summer reigns, a refuge in which boredom cannot enter, nor sameness pall." True, we throw it away with ease, but he contends that we so abandon unwittingly the means of "letting-in upon our drab prosaic lives a flood of beauty and romance"; hence the "Rusted Hinges" of the title.

LONDON LAVENDER. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is said that Mr. E. V. Lucas prefers to call his stories "Entertainments" rather than novels; it is a wise preference—for the word novel may denote anything from, say, "Richard Feverel" to "Dr. Nikola," whereas an entertainment honestly named must be entertaining. That "London Lavender" may be thus honestly described will

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be obvious to the reader of the first chapter, and will become only more patently so as he passes on from episode to episode until he reaches—all too soon—the brevity of the last one, and closes the book reluctantly, and lingeringly recalls the pleasant company of people to whom the author has introduced or re-introduced him. Re-introduced, because Mr. Lucas allows characters from the trio of earlier entertainments—"Over Bemerton's," "Listener's Lure," and "Mr. Ingleside"—to "break in" to the new story. What is that story? It were as helpful to describe the sight and scent of a plump well-established floriferous lavender bush in August as to summarise this book in a paragraph that should attempt to indicate the story. And after all, it is not the story, in the conventional sense, it is the naturalness, the varied but never unpleasant humanity, the lightness of humour, the urbane satire, the "atmosphere" by which Mr. Lucas first charms us and then holds us spell bound. There is something of delicate comedy—the comedy which is more antipodal to fate than is tragedy itself—in this delicate presentation of, and comment on, modern London life which the supposititious Mr. Falconer gives in the story of his life in rooms in the Regent's Park district. Mr. Lucas has most happily utilised the gifts of an essayist in the field of fiction, and has given us as it were something of a new *genre*, in which clever characterisation of people, descriptions, incidents, and musings are blent into a most engaging whole.

The Bookman's Table.

JOHN JONATHAN AND COMPANY. By James Milne. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The title page goes on: "Being a full, true and particular record with observations, reflections and confessions of a bachelor honeymoon over the Atlantic, through America and Canada, and home again to England, all duly set down in a proper manner, with a frontispiece by Charles Pears." Which very concisely and intelligibly describes the scope and nature of Mr. James Milne's delightfully gossipy chronicle. He, or the imaginary writer, is engaged and new marriage, and the lady of his heart gets fearful that there may be "the possibility of a doubt in my man's heart about you," so she sends him away on a holiday tour that he may, in absence, make quite sure she is the woman of his life, "the undoubted one," and also that she may, in the same interval, test herself. This book is the outcome of that experiment, and in it the traveller not only keeps a pleasant shrewdly observant record of his journey, places he visits and people he meets, but he sows it thickly with his reflections on life and the great problems of existence, as what he sees and hears by the way give rise to them. It is all done in the form of letters to the girl who has been left behind, and some of the musings and bits of philosophy are suggested by his recollections of their past talks together, as "You were right; the small talk of the heart is more in marriage than worldly prosperity, although that smooths the path greatly, and is not to be sneered at." On the voyage he describes and discusses his fellow passengers. There is a finely realised picture of New York and some suggestive probing after the soul of that sleepless city; clever studies of American women, and comparisons of them with the women of the old country. One of the best chapters deals with the American maid and man, and concludes that the system of making the girl a sort of comrade and general sister, though it has advantages, has even more disadvantages. "The perfume of mystery which fills the air between the sexes in the Old World carries with it a want of comradeship, the easy, delightful American communion between the sexes which is platonic and beautiful. But does it not breathe romance, sentiment, that something spiritual, that poetry of the soul which you miss in America?" America is sentimental, says Mr. Milne, but lacks sentiment, and he illustrates his meaning with some admirable instances. From America the traveller pro-

ceeds to Canada, and every Canadian ought to read the good and the true things Mr. Milne has to say of the great Dominion. Incidentally he relates some excellent anecdotes about the present Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, and pays a warm tribute to him as "the Prince of Democrats." "He has many graces," a well-known Canadian said to me, "but no airs." This is a charmingly written and altogether interesting book. Whether you are married, or going to be married, or resolved never to marry at all, you will read it with profit and with keen enjoyment.

THE CUMBERLAND LETTERS: Being the Correspondence of Richard Denison Cumberland and George Cumberland between the Years 1771 and 1784. Edited by Clementina Black and now printed for the first time 16s net (Martin Secker.)

All readers with a liking for good familiar gossipy letters will feel warmly grateful to Miss Clementina Black for having rescued these documents from the limbo of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, and as they reach the close of the volume will gladly recall that line in the preface which announces a further selection from the Cumberland Letters as now in preparation. The brothers whose correspondence is now put before us were second cousins of the dramatist, men who made no stir in the

world but who now enjoy a literary resurrection which should give them a comfortable niche among the delightful company of familiar letter-writers. The elder brother went to Cambridge and became a country clergyman, the younger early entered an insurance office—soon to be irked by the "desk's dead wood" as was Charles Lamb a little later at the East India House—and they kept up



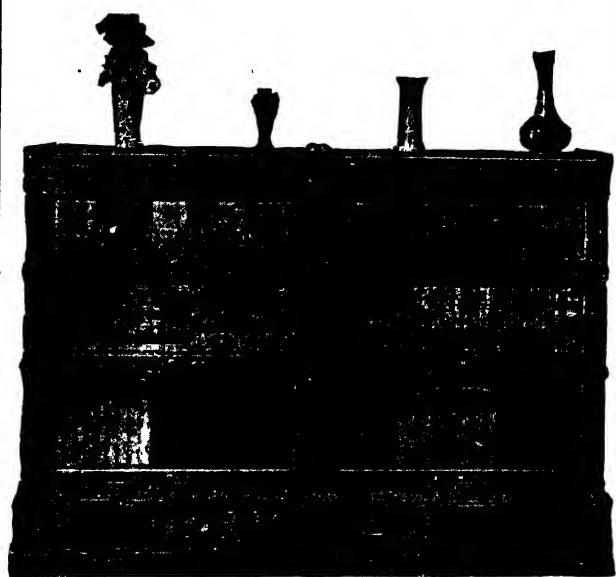
Richard Denison Cumberland,
aged 21.

From "The Cumberland Letters." (Secker.)

from their different centres a pleasant correspondence, telling of their own doings, of family affairs, and occasionally of notable public events. On the day before the "Royal George" sank Richard Cumberland had been all over the vessel with a cousin, and wrote a description of the tragedy from Portsmouth, adding "Don't send any extracts from this to the *Morning Post*, as it is wrote in a hurry and I cannot be certain as to the numbers lost, etc." This indicates that, besides his many other activities, George contributed occasionally to the papers. He was a very busy person, with many interests of his own and ever depended upon to be doing services for others; yet he found time to write admirable letters, and stands out in this volume as a very engaging personality. The correspondence affords fresh light on the middle-class social life of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and is one of the most welcome works of the kind that we have had for some time.

ROUGH ROADS. By Dyke Wilkinson. 2s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

"Rough Roads" is Mr. Wilkinson's second book. His first was "A Wasted Life," which he published ten years



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ago, and of which he speaks in his preface in a manner that can only be described as blatant. This preface, in fact, is a mistake, and we very strongly recommend prospective readers not to look at it. It is utterly unlike the rest of the book and might easily give the reader an entirely wrong impression. Aside from the preface, the first thing that strikes you is the author's remarkable frankness. He assumes that everything he tells you is going to interest you, and—probably for this very reason—it does. As he is possessed of none of the literary graces, this is exactly the right attitude to adopt. Mr. Wilkinson is resolved to tell the exact truth about himself, and his sincerity—sometimes almost shameless—makes his book absolutely enthralling. His experiences have been varied. He started as an apprentice to a rule-maker in Birmingham, disliked his job, ran away, and eventually got two months in gaol for breaking his articles. He was then an inventor and had thoughts of becoming a parson. However, he fell in love, wrote poetry, ran away, and became an actor for a few months. Later he was a manufacturing jeweller, journalist, newspaper proprietor and editor. He took up an "infallible" betting system and lost all his money at it, and this experience really determined the greater part of his life. "I would not admit defeat, that which had broken me should mend me again." And so eventually he became a bookmaker. We should never have suspected that members of "old firms" could be so interesting, and indeed there is little room for doubt that Mr. Wilkinson is an exceptional case. However, the point is that he has written a book which must appeal to everybody, not only the betting man. It is a truly extraordinary autobiography.

THE SHADOW SHOW. By J. H. Curle ss. (Methuen)

In place of the stanza from Omar, which gives the book its name, Mr. Curle, who has a taste for familiar quotation, might have set on his title page the well-known lines from Tennyson's "Ulysses." For he has certainly seen "cities and men." Few can have travelled more widely. His profession of mining engineer would of itself take him about the world, but Mr. Curle has the wander-thirst highly developed. He was in South Africa when Jameson made his raid, and was one of the chosen "revolutionaries." He knows China and Persia and India, South America and all Europe. He has not only seen but reflected and compared. His reflections are often to the point. When he writes of the abstract, he is not amazingly original. On politics, however, he has some words of wisdom. Typically British, compact of common sense and sentiment, he believes in sound finance as the chief essential of sound government, and can write of Ireland and South Africa with sympathy and imagination. It is not for his ideas, however, but for his power of description that he should be read. The first (and best) part of "The Shadow Show" might be the work of an exceptionally good special correspondent, vividly retelling things seen. His chapters on South Africa and the East are worthy to rank with the work of G. W. Stevens, and may be compared with "From Sea to Sea" without too great disparagement. If Mr. Curle had been a journalist, he would probably have made a big name. He has a really remarkable power of catching and conveying an impression. What he describes, he makes one see. He has had many unusual experiences: as, on a small scale, when he conducted an operation to the tune of the "Mikado's Song," or, on a larger scale, when he shared in the excitement of the Raid. He is one of the people to whom things are always happening. Even when he visited Stevenson's grave in Samoa, he was struck by the sun and lay on that famous tomb in a most entertaining delirium. There seems no reason why Mr. Curle should not write another such book. We hope he will. But if he do so, we would humbly advise him to reflect that there are dozens of writers who can opine much better than he, but very few who can describe nearly so well or have a tithe of the experiences worth describing.

JAPAN AS I SAW IT. By A. H. Exner. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

Without any useless prefatory apology or any of the claims which so monotonously appear as forewords to the literary efforts of tourists, the author of "Japan as I Saw It" proceeds straightway to tell the reader what he has learned of the history of Nippon from standard books, and what impressions he has gathered of the Mikado's subjects during his sojourn in the Sunrise Empire; and to such good purpose has he studied existing literature and used his eyes and ears, that when allowance has been made for the fact that he has nothing new to tell, and that his investigations were necessarily perfunctory, the volume is eminently readable and useful, and those who wish to gain luminous impressions of the land and people of Nippon without going there cannot do better than obtain it. The *résumé* of Japanese history with which Mr. Exner begins, while omitting nothing of great importance, has the merit of being short, plainly written, and accurate. His running comments are unprejudiced. Here and there, however, he loses the thread of historical sequence. To mention a single instance, he first describes (on p. 78) the participation of the Japanese troops in the suppression of the Boxer troubles of 1900-1, and then (on p. 79) retraces his steps and mentions the China-Japan war of 1894-5, in doing so using the phrase "a couple of years before" to denote the interim between 1894-5 and 1900-1. He does not attempt much word-painting, but he is observant and his descriptions of scenery, temples, and bazaars, though they make no pretence to literary brilliance, do quite vividly reveal real Japan to the reader. He escapes many errors into which the tourist is usually betrayed. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by numerous colotype illustrations and half-tone reproductions of artistic prints and drawings.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

The latest addition to Messrs. Mills & Boon's series of travel impressions is something more than a readable volume. It is possessed of real importance. Miss E. S. Stevens has already made a reputation as a writer upon Oriental subjects, and she is quite at her best in *My Sudan Year* (10s. 6d. net), a clever study of the peoples of the Sudan and their rulers. The book affords a critical but sympathetic study of the English Government and officials, who have done much during the last ten years to advance the progress of one of the most backward of countries. The volume contains forty very effective illustrations.

MR. W. J. HAM-SMITH

In *Written in the Sand* (6s.) Mr. G. R. Duval tells the story of a man's love for a woman who realized his worth too late. The main incidents are enacted on the yellow sands of Sahara, where Eric Lagarde, a young French officer, is stationed at the Arab village of Douz. Lagarde had overcome the monotony of the desert, he enjoyed to the full its wonderful beauty, and revelled in the freedom of the life. Then came to him one day Lady Rosalind Karth, with a letter from his General requesting that every attention should be offered to her on her travels. Rosalind, who was tired of "Society," and was attempting to throw convention to the winds and lead a more or less Bohemian existence, came upon Lagarde as a beautiful vision. She sets out with him on an expedition which was not without danger, but the prospect of being with her and seeing her all day long decided him. And this was the first act in a tragedy which is told with considerable power and with sustained interest.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Her Majesty the Flapper, by A. E. James (6s.), is a light series of episodes in the life of a school-girl. The Flapper and her cousin Bobbie take turn about in writing the stories. We are told, amongst other things, how the—we were going to say "young lady," but that appellation hardly fits her, so let it be "Flapper"—being desirous of joining her parents at Southampton *en route* for a sea trip, tries to induce Bobbie to aid her in running away from school; when he fails to do so an unknown gallant obligingly drives her in his car. And so the narratives pursue their way through the length of twelve chapters. At the age of seventeen the Flapper has to submit to the authority of a chaperone, and her comments on this functionary, though hardly edifying, are certainly amusing. We cannot but feel some sympathy with Bobbie in his attempts to help her in sundry difficult scrapes, but the inevitable ending compels us to leave them to aid each other.

THE BOOKMAN

Christmas Double Number

WITH WHICH IS PRESENTED

A PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS IN COLOUR

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Illustrating Scenes from Edgar Allan Poe's Poems.



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The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No. 255. VOL. XLIII.
Subscription rate 11s. per annum post free.

DECEMBER, 1912.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.
Published Monthly.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We are still old-fashioned enough, in sentiment, to find a pleasure in beginning this Number by wishing a very Happy Christmas to all our readers, and to all who would have been our readers had it been possible. It will be sufficiently obvious at a glance that the production of this enormous Number has involved a great amount of heavy and continuous work for some weeks past, and we are glad to say the success of it has already been more than gratifying. We printed a considerably larger issue than of any previous Christmas Number; nevertheless, before going to press the whole of that edition was sold out, and we are left with orders for between five and six thousand more that, unfortunately, we are unable to fulfil. A larger sale was anticipated, but not such a much larger one as this; all arrangements for our many colour plates were concluded long since, and to print further supplies was impracticable.

We mention this as an explanation due to those who have failed to obtain copies of the Number, and beg they will accept this expression of our regret that we too modestly under-estimated our own popularity.

The January BOOKMAN will be a Lord Morley Number and will contain a special article on "Lord Morley as a Man of Letters" by A. Mackintosh.

We regret to find that there is a reference to Mr. Haldane Macfall in Mr. Joseph Pennell's article on Whistler, in our October Number, that is open to misconstruction. Mr. Pennell mentioned Mr. Macfall's "Whistler: Butterfly, Wit, Enigma," and said it had been suppressed. The facts appear to be that Whistler's executrix took legal proceedings to restrain the publication of the book solely because the butterflies used as decorations on the cover and in the margins were Whistler's copyright. The Court deciding that this was so, the book was published without the offending butterflies, and in this form the work has not and could not be suppressed—on the contrary, it has sold in thousands, and is still selling.

Messrs. Maunsel are issuing a pocket edition of the works of J. M. Synge. Four volumes, containing his plays, have already appeared, and four new volumes containing "Poems and Translations," "The Aran Islands," "In Wicklow" and "In West Kerry," are just ready. The books are well printed and tastefully bound in half-parchment; the set of eight volumes is to be issued in a box, when complete.

Two of the ablest of our younger novelists are away among the War

Correspondents with the Balkan Allies—Mr. Perceval Gibbon representing the *Daily News*, and Mr. Alphonse Courlander the *Express*.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has collected another volume of her short stories, and it will be published by Messrs. Methuen early next year.



Photo by Herman Lea.

Mr. Thomas Hardy. A new portrait.

Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a new edition (The Wessex Edition) of Mr. Thomas Hardy's works in prose and verse. Each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure and a Map of the Wessex of the Novels and Poems.

Margaret Westrup (Mrs. Margaret Stacey) has written a new novel, entitled "Tide Marks," which Messrs. Methuen are publishing immediately. Mrs. Stacey made her first success with her first book, "Elizabeth's Children." It was published by Mr. John Lane—anonymously, at her request, and she says nobody could have been more surprised than herself when it proceeded promptly to run through six editions in England, to say nothing of meeting with a remarkably favourable reception in America. Since then she has given us five other books: "Helen



Margaret Westrup
(Mrs. Margaret Stacey.)

From a portrait painted by her husband, Mr. W. Sydney Stacey, and photographed by Messrs Russell and Sons.

Alliston," "The Coming of Billy," "The Young O'Briens," "The Greater Mischief," and what is perhaps the most delightful of her novels "Elizabeth in Retreat," a sort of sequel to "Elizabeth's Children." The scenes of her new book, "Tide Marks," are laid largely in London, but part of the story takes place in Cornwall, near her own home. Mrs. Stacey has lived in Cornwall since her marriage two years ago. "I do a good deal of sailing in the summer," she says, "and am fond of riding and walking—with plenty of dogs. When the weather



Mrs. Sarojini Naidu

whose new volume of poems, "The Bird of Time," is reviewed on page 171.

lets me I like to write in the garden; at other times I write in my husband's studio whilst he paints."

The success of Mr. Charles Murray's "Hamewith" should go some way towards re-inspiring publishers



Photo by Heppé.

Mrs. Alice Meynell

whose new book, "Mary, the Mother of Jesus" (Lee Warner), is reviewed on page 176.



Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

Mr. Charles Murray

Author of "Hamewith" (Constable).

with a belief in poetry as a paying concern. The book was issued by Messrs. Constable in the Autumn of 1909, and has since sold 5,000 copies at five shillings, and a new edition is now almost ready for

**Mr. W. L. George**

*The book on the Feminist movement, "The Woman of To-Morrow," has been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.
Number and
Morley as a N

publication. The fact that the poems are all in dialect has not prevented the book from achieving something of a record sale among recent poetry. Mr. Murray was born in the village of Alford in the wild romantic district "at the back of Bennochie," and not very far from the town of Huntly that gave us George MacDonald. He spent so many years of his life in South Africa that when "Hamewith" first appeared he was commonly spoken of as a South African poet, but if he wrote many of his poems in South Africa his heart was never there; it was the memory of "Scotland, oor Mither" that moved him to sing them:

'Scotland, oor mither,—we've bairnes ye've never seen—
Wee things that turn them northward when they kneel
doon at e'en;
They plead in childish whispers the Lord on high will be
A comfort to the auld wife --their granny owre the sea."

Many native Indians have written poetry in English, but very little of it has been very good.

The most notable exception is, perhaps, the Brahmin poetess, Sarojini Naidu, whose remarkable book of poems, "The Bird of Time," has just been published by Mr. Heinemann. Mrs. Sarojini

**Mr. H. M. Tomlinson**

whose new book, "The Sea and the Jungle,"
Messrs. Duckworth are publishing

Naidu came to England some eleven years ago for study and experience, and went to Cambridge. She showed an extraordinary gift for writing verse, and while in her teens published, with Mr. Heinemann, a volume called "The Golden Threshold," which won the admiration of Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has always shown great interest in her work, and has written a preface to her new book. She is now married and living in India, and this second volume represents a comparatively small selection of what she considers her best work.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor has written a novel which Messrs. Putnam are publishing under the charming title of "Little I Thank You."

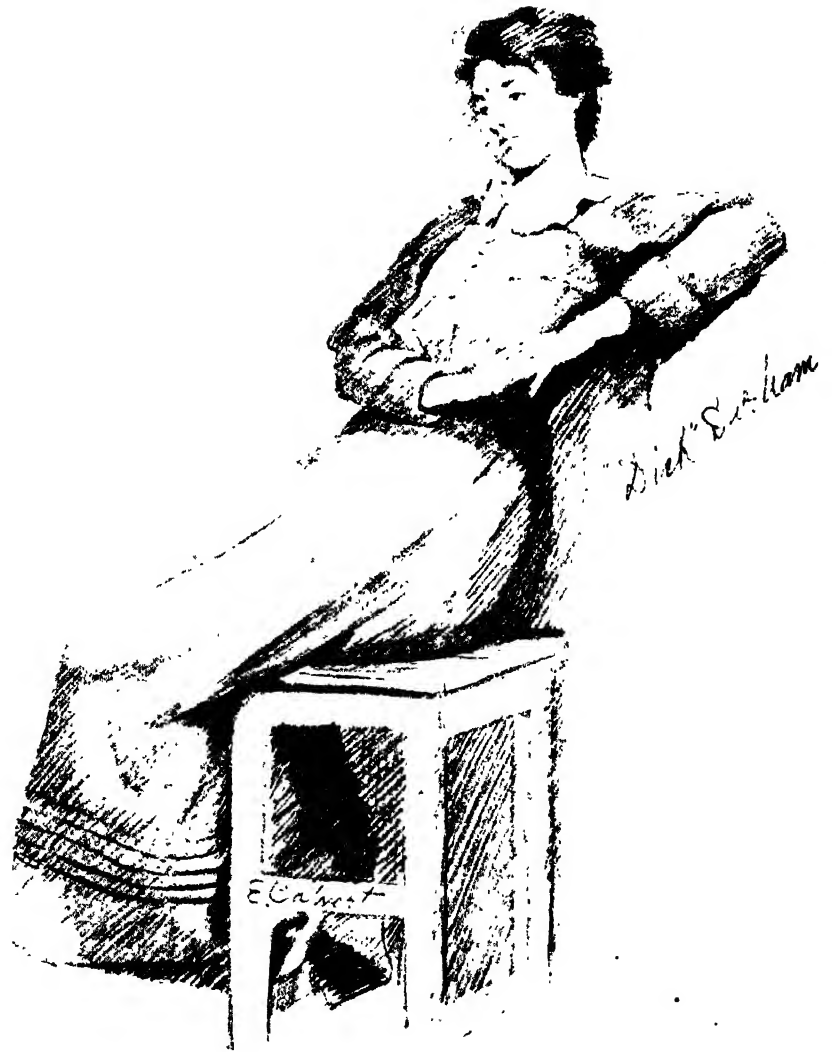


Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson

whose clever new novel, "The Happy Warrior" (Alston Rivers), is outvaling in popularity his successful first book, "Once Aboard the Lugger."

With "The Happy Warrior" (Alston Rivers) Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson has scored his second big success as a novelist, and it is a success that he has worked hard for, though he ascribes it all to "luck." He began writing about eight years ago, when he was a medical student; but his ambitions lay in another direction and he did not drift into journalism—he deliberately walked into it. "I always intended to earn my living with my pen," he says, "and took the plunge when I had about one short story, two articles (for *Punch*) and some verses (for *Scraps*) accepted. I did not know a soul who had the remotest connection with literary work, but I was—and have been—frightfully lucky." He wrote all manner of things all day long for three months or so; some of them attracted the notice of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, and he presently obtained a place on their magazine staff. For a while he was assistant editor of the *Royal Magazine*, then co-editor of the *Rapid Review*. Then he "made another plunge;" he cut himself adrift from editing with a good practical knowledge of what the magazines require, "thanks to the pains that had been taken with me," he remarks, "by Mr. P. W. Everett, Pearson's magazine

editor." He cut himself adrift simply because he wanted to make headway in other fields, and hearing that the *Daily Graphic* wanted a leader-note writer, he sent in some specimens and secured that appointment. During this period he wrote "Once Aboard the Lugger"; as soon as it was finished he found a publisher for it without difficulty, and it was immediately and widely successful. In the same year (1908) he was appointed night-editor of the *Daily Graphic*, of which he has recently been made editor.



Miss M. Edith Durham

whose book "The Burden of the Balkans" Messrs Nelson are publishing.

Miss Durham, the first Woman War-Correspondent, is representing the *Daily Chronicle* with the Montenegrin Army.

From a drawing made by Edith Calvert (Mrs. Elkin Mathews) when she and Miss Durham—then known as "Dick Durham"—were students together at the Royal Academy Schools.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

Mr. Hutchinson devoted four years to the writing of "The Happy Warrior;" partly because he had very little leisure, chiefly because he took the most laborious pains with it. He could have published it two years ago, but it did not satisfy him, so he set to and re-wrote it from start to finish. "It was a dreadful task," he sighs. "Some of the scenes in it have been written a horrifying number of times, but I found, when the thing was done, that so far from tiring of it I had grown uncommonly fond of Percival and the rest of the characters." He confesses that "The Happy Warrior" is a kind of expression of his feeling that novels might very well go back to what they used to be, and become stories again. Nowadays, they seem to be mostly profound analyses of psychological or sex problems, and in attending too closely to this part of the business he thinks the author loses sight of his story. They leave him with an impression that there is no gayer, stronger or better sort of life than is pictured in their pages, but he has an idea that there *is*, and in his two novels he has shown that happier and more wholesome life as he has known it.



Mr. J. O. P. Bland.

Author of "Recent Events and Present Policies in China" (Heinemann).

John Ayscough's new idealist romance, "Faustula" is attracting a good deal of attention, one prominent critic ranking it higher than Kingsley's "Hypatia." It is an open secret that "John Ayscough," is the pen-name of the Right Reverend Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, Protonotary Apostolic, and Prelate of the Papal Household.



Photo by Whitfield, Cosser & Co., Bath.

John Ayscough.

Author of "Faustula" (Chatto & Windus).

Mr. J. O. P. Bland, whose "Recent Events and Present Policies in China" is published by Mr. Heinemann, is the son of Major-General E. L. Bland of Whiteabbey, County Antrim, and holds civil rank as a Chinese Official under an Imperial Decree that also conferred upon him the Order of the Double Dragon. Mr. Bland became known to English readers by the remarkable book, "China Under the Empress Dowager," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. E. Backhouse, the eminent Oriental scholar. It was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1910. Recommended to the notice of Sir Robert Hart by "Chinese" Gordon and Sir Richard Wallace, Mr. Bland was appointed to the Imperial Maritime Customs in 1883, and served for thirteen years. Amongst other appointments, he acted for two years as Private Secretary to Sir Robert Hart and Assistant Chinese Secretary at the Inspectorate General. Resigning from the Customs in 1896, he became Secretary and chief official of the Municipality of Shanghai, which post he occupied for ten years. Later, from 1906 to 1909, he represented British financiers at Peking and negotiated several railway loans with the Chinese Government. He was also *The Times* correspondent at Shanghai, and afterwards at Peking, from 1907 till 1909, in which year he retired, and his wide and exceptional experience of Chinese affairs has borne fruit in these

two books and many notable articles that have appeared in our leading reviews.

Early in December the Year Book Press will issue Mr. Patrick MacGill's new collection of poems, "The Dead End." Mr. MacGill's previous volumes, "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap-Book," and "Songs of a Navvy," are said to have had quite an enormous sale for a book of verse, and the best poems



Photo by Lambert Weston & Son.

Winifred Graham
(Mrs. Theodore Cory)

whose new novel, "The Gods of the Dead," Messrs Wm. Rider are publishing

from those two volumes, in addition to many new poems, have been gathered into "The Dead End."

Mr. John Ouseley asks us to announce that his personal connection with the publishing firm that bears his name has come to an end. The business will in future be conducted by the present directors, whilst the retiring founder and organiser of the firm is at present pursuing a special engagement with a well-known publishing firm in the West End.

Mr. Gerald Christy has extended the scope of his well-known Lecture Agency by instituting a Literary Agency Department which will be under the sole management of Mr. Leonard P. Moore.



Photo by Gilman, Oxford.

Mr. Stephen McKenna

whose brilliant first novel, "The Reluctant Lover," is published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, is a nephew of the present Home Secretary.

We have received from Mr. Edward Baker, of Birmingham, his latest catalogues of secondhand books. There are many interesting book-bargains in them, and readers who have a taste for first editions, as well as those who are contented with any good edition of a good book so long as the price is



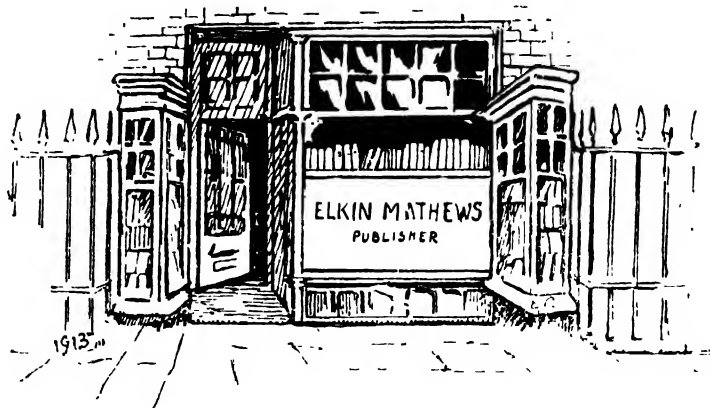
Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop

whose new novel "St. Quin," has just been published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.



"Poets' Corner" in Vigo Street, shortly to be vacated by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The business was founded here by him in 1887.



Mr. Elkin Mathews's new premises in Cork Street, W.

moderate, will find it worth their while to apply to Mr. Baker for copies of his new lists.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is leaving the well-known haunt for lovers of belles lettres that he founded in the little inlet on the north side of Vigo Street in 1887. For seven years before that date the premises had been in the occupation of Mr. Dunthorne who called it "The Cabinet of Fine Arts," and it was this that gave Mr. Mathews the idea of naming his famous series of original poetry "The Vigo Cabinet" series, which has in little more than a dozen years extended to over a hundred volumes. In association with Mr. John Lane he published *The Yellow Book*, *Oxford Characters*, a new series of *The Hobby Horse*, and the early volumes of Francis Thompson, John Davidson, Oscar Wilde, John Addington Symonds, Lord de Tabley, Arthur Symonds, and many other distinguished authors. The autumn of 1894 witnessed "Parnassus divided into two peaks," as the *Athenæum* put it; Mr. Lane left the firm to found a publishing house of his own, and Mr. Mathews remained in the old quarters, whence he has since issued, amongst other important books, volumes of short stories by Sir Frederick Wedmore and Ernest Dowson, and of poetry by W. B. Yeats, Lionel Johnson, Laurence Binyon, Stephen Phillips, R. D. Blackmore, Selwyn Image, Maurice Hewlett, Henry Newbolt, etc. Recently the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Mathew's landlords, have sold their

Vigo Street property, and the new owners requiring the premises for their own occupation, Mr. Mathews has found it necessary to look for new ones, and has secured a more commodious and more convenient house in the neighbouring Cork Street, to which at the beginning of the New Year he will transfer his "garden of the Muses."

Cork Street, by the way, has an interesting history and something of a literary atmosphere of its own. It was named after Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork (1659-1753); and among its famous residents have been Field-Marshal Wade, of whose house here there is a view in the "Vitruvius Britannicus;" Erasmus Lewis, secretary of Lord Dartmouth, an intimate friend of Swift and his circle; and later we read of Gibbon, the great historian, coming round from his lodgings in Bond Street to pass an occasional evening and drink a pint of claret at the Cork Street Tavern with his friend Peter Elmsley the bookseller, who helped to form the club of booksellers which published Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." To-day Cork Street is largely given over to ladies' clubs, hotels and fashionable tailors, and it is good that Mr. Elkin Mathews should establish his new "Poet's Corner" there to minister to that inner man who is not provided for by tailors or hotels.

The portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling on our cover is from a camera portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JOHN BUCHAN.

AMONG those who have set the seal of their individuality on modern letters none stands out in a more distinctive light and deserves more honourable mention than Mr. John Buchan. He has breathed a new life into the moribund art of the novel; he has made the short story what a cameo might be when it is cut by the hand of a master, and he has even contrived to make

the light essay and occasional article an entertaining and scholarly production. Mr. Buchan has "played the sedulous ape" to one great master with success—R. L. Stevenson—and with the brilliant exception of Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch he has inherited more of the Stevensonian spirit and tradition than any other modern writer, although with more classical restraint. Stevenson would

not only have found in him a literary disciple ; we feel sure that the spirit of the elder Scot would have responded gaily to the author of " Scholar Gipsies " and " Grey Weather " and found in him a boon companion ; Borrow would have loved him ; and we know that Mr. Hilaire Belloc who has roamed a continent throwing conventions to the wind in his mode of progression finds in him a congenial spirit on many a ramble among the Sussex Downs. For the author of " Scholar Gipsies " loves the sun and the wind ; the purple moorland lying under grey skies attracts him as the Dartmoor landscape attracts Mr. Eden Phillpotts ; his feet as a mountaineer are set in perilous places ; the high hill has an irresistible charm for him ; the silver stream winds its way through all his dreams as well as through the prose he writes ; and we believe at odd moments when he is not brooding over some obscure point connected with the practical side of publishing his mind is off to the Spanish Main ; he is back in the great sea fights of history with Raleigh and Drake and Morgan. It is this peculiar blend of what one might call the pastoral and the picaresque that one finds so attractive in the writings of Mr. Buchan. He may lay his scene in lowland Scotland when the sheep-shearing is on the hills and nothing breaks the drowsy stillness of the summer afternoon but the sharp bark of the farmer's dog and the cries of huddled sheep, but it is ten to one that the vagrant spirit of the author will throw off the burden of the peaceful scene and plunge light-heartedly into his favourite atmosphere. At one moment he is playing on an oat-stalk a caressing pastoral ; the next he is wielding a cutlass.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. John Buchan is still well on the sunny side of forty and that he has a long leap in front of him before he arrives at the terrible barrier that divides youth from middle age, when one considers the formidable row of books that stands to his name. He seems not only to have " lisp'd in numbers," a comparatively easy matter when one is born an author ; he seems almost to have lisp'd in tomes. When other men were still looking round for the choice of a profession Mr. Buchan was already half way up Olympus looking down at the stragglers at the foot of the hill. He was born in 1875 and was brought up in Tweeddale, the land that provides him with the pastoral note of his writings and which he loves as only a Scot can love the land that gives him birth. He was educated at Glasgow University, and from thence he went to Oxford as a scholar of Brasenose. While a student in Glasgow he already

possessed a clear idea as to his walk in life. He had blossomed out as an author ; he had become the slave of a prodigal Muse and he had contributed at least one brilliant essay to *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Glasgow could not hold him long. He exchanged the murky glade of Kelvin for the dreaming spires of Oxford and here it was that the brilliant young Scotsman went through a period of intellectual activity that at one time threatened to rival in scope and abundance the feats of the Admirable Crichton. He carried off the Stanhope Historical Essay, the subject being Sir Walter Raleigh, a theme which he has taken up and developed in later years ; and the Newdigate Prize and a brilliant First in " Greats " fell to the list of his Oxford honours. He became President of the Union in 1899. He then exchanged the cloisters of the university for the Temple where he became a barrister in 1901. Mr. C. L. Graves has thus described

the soaring spirit of the man in a set of dedicatory verses :

" Every Tuesday morn,
 careering
Up the stairs with flying
 feet,
You would burst upon us,
 cheering
Wellington's funereal street,
Fresh as paint, though you'd
 been ' raring '
Up from Scotland all the
 night,
Or had just returned from
 scaling
Some appalling Dolomite."

But the law could not tie his ardent spirit down. He was in search of further laurels and he got them when he became private secretary to Lord Milner who was then High Commissioner for South Africa. Here, according to the author of " ' The Times ' History of the South African War," he showed that indefatigable activity and resource in affairs that have distinguished his later and no less brilliant career.

One cannot be long in the presence of Mr. John Buchan without coming under the spell of a singularly charming and genial personality. There must have been something wrong with Sydney Smith when he gave vent to that astonishing observation that has unfortunately become proverbial about the surgical operation necessary before a Scot can see a joke, and the good-humoured growl of a Doctor Johnson against the dwellers north of the Tweed has long ceased to be taken seriously. The Scot is not only a humourist, but he has the imagination to go to the very root of a joke and extract from it all its possibilities of humour which will serve him for days when the ordinary mortal is content to laugh and get it over and pass on to something more substantial. The humour of the Scot is the one great asset he possesses

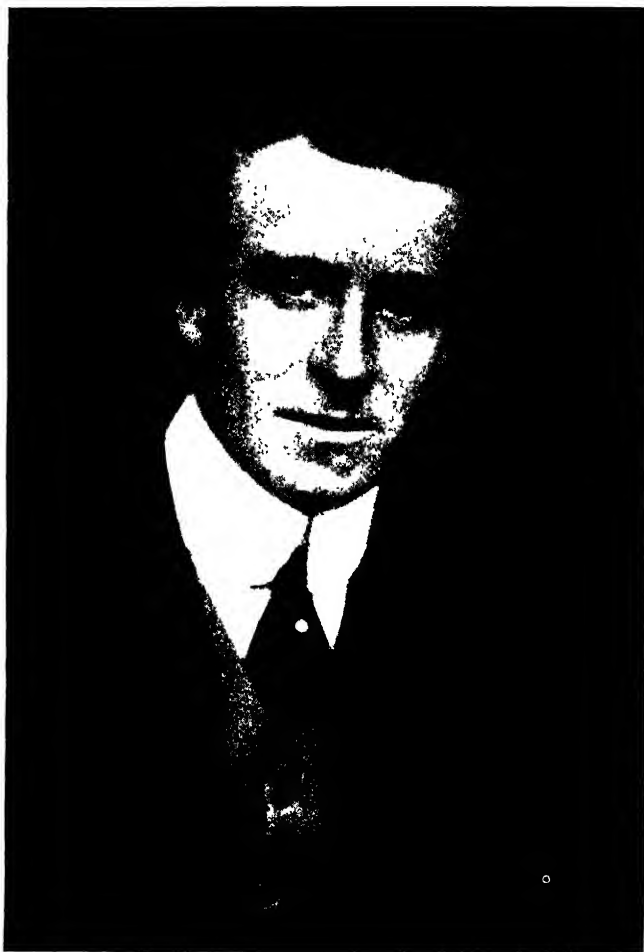


Photo by G. C. Eversford.

Mr. John Buchan.

against the boredom of life. Mr. Buchan's humour is perhaps more a matter of personality than a matter of creative art. There seems no room in his vivid pages for anything but colour and romance. But even when he is the serious man of affairs, and most when he is the man of the world, the features of the imaginative man struggle through the mask. He will toss it aside as an encumbrance like the old conventional college gown and reveal himself a fantastically Stevensonian personality, blithe and debonair, brimful of humour and the high spirits that make for happiness—a veritable Florizel of letters.

It is difficult, and always invidious, to define the exact place a contemporary man of letters holds in modern literature. In the case of Mr. John Buchan the difficulty becomes even more accentuated. The very scope and variety of his achievements perplex the critic. Besides novels and stories he has written on law, history, politics, metaphysics and sport. The probability that he will produce as much again before he has done coquetting with the "grissette of literature" as Mr. Barrie whimsically calls her, makes the duty of the critic both premature and supererogatory. We may, however, lightly sketch the character of the author, dwell on his style and methods and call attention here and there to a glowing phrase, a felicity of expression, perhaps even a conceit, but beyond that we dare not venture. Mr. Buchan is essentially Stevensonian both in the matter of literary style and in his outlook on life. He is the child of fancy. The world in which he moves has no attraction for him as an author except when he deals with a contemporary type that has no real place or business in the modern world; ordinary life has no meaning for him beyond the fact that it has got to be lived. We do not mean to say that he would go so far as to consider it a desecration of the printed page to introduce a vignette from real life; he has done so more than once; but he finds his inspiration in the romantic past and in the shadows of things that have become romantic. His great background is Jacobite Scotland, when he is not rapt in some peculiar myth or lost in the maze of some weird superstition. His earlier works, "Scholar Gipsies" and "Grey Weather" were in the true pastoral vein; his romances such as "John Burnet of Barns," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," and "Prester John" are all cast in the true Stevensonian mould. It is only in his last book "The Moon Endureth," that he has broken away in some respects from the traditions of the Stevensonian manner. In this book he has probably found his true *métier* in the short story, which he has developed and brought to artistic perfection in such tales as "The Grove of Ashtaroth" and "The Lemnian." "The Moon Endureth" contains his best and most mature work, and in this perhaps more than in any other of his books he represents the classical-romantic school, with all its restraint and severity of style; its poise and balance; the coldness even of its romance; the clear-cut, concise phrase:

"The little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away!"

In his own peculiar manner he is probably the best modern exponent of the short story. His stories are perfect cameos of expression, delicately cut and delicately rounded, that stand out clear and distinct from their background of romance. "The Lemnian" opens with

an almost Homeric dignity and roll. It is a brilliant example of the cold classical restraint that distinguishes the author's best work:

"He pushed the matted locks from his brow as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts—Carians with thin bird-like faces—were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar weals and the lash marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before the storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Aegean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. . . ."

And this beautiful vignette from the same source deserves quotation:

"Then, while the waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs looking over the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool winds would be blowing and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled at any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the chequered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's breast. It was not regret but joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island creed the death he was waiting for was not other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows."

Mr. John Buchan has gone further than most men go in a life twice as long and he has achieved much in many rôles. He is an accomplished writer in a rare and difficult manner; he has written verse that will at least stand the test of contemporary poetry; he is the author of some half a dozen novels and he has visualised the African Colony for us in a vivid volume of travel. We feel that he will go further in the future, and it is of interest to note in view of the many-sided character of the man that he has of late devoted himself to politics and has been adopted as Unionist candidate for the counties of Peebles and Selkirk, with which he has been so long associated. As a writer he has to some extent freed himself from the shackles of tradition and he has proved himself a brilliant artist in the short story. If we may intrude a note of personal criticism we feel that he has but to weave some of the joy and laughter of his own sunny personality into his work to reach that wider public that demands that an author shall amuse as well as enthrall. Let him launch out into a new atmosphere by giving real life a chance now and again; let him deal with things as he sees them; not the abnormal but the commonplace; not the supernatural, but the natural; the everyday things that lie about his feet; for a little real life is worth a great deal of tradition. Romance does not always lie buried in some half-forgotten legend. It is often the things that are commonplace to-day that are the legends of to-morrow. Mr. John Buchan has now attained his literary majority; we still wait for the great work; the more ambitious flight of his matured imagination.

R. B.

THE READER.

RUDYARD KIPLING.*

By DIXON SCOTT.

A WRITER'S reputation is often a kind of premature ghost that stalks between him and his audience, blurring their vision; but in Mr. Kipling's case this doppel-ganger has proved specially pobby and impervious and full of energy. The convincing autobiography it rattles off runs something like this: "I came out of the East, a youngster of twenty, but wiser than your very oldest men. Life had told me her last secrets, I could do anything I liked with words, and I tossed you tales of twisted deaths and queer adulteries with the nonchalant neatness of a conjuror and an air of indulgent half-contempt. I was an uncanny mixture of bored pierrot and bland priest, and in my splendid insolence (I was only twenty, mind you), I made poetry learn slang and set her serving in cauteens. 'Born blasé,' muttered one of your own writers, maddened—himself reckoned something of a prodigy. I was the cleverest young man of my day.

"And then I came West to your dingy, cosy Babylon, and tasted fame and flesh-pots: very good. And the brightness died out of my colours and the snap from my tunes. Your snug horizons benimed me in, I lost my vision, I relied contentedly on tricks I'd learned before. I wrote a bad novel and it made a worse drama. I made money, I made speeches, I spoiled my paints with party politics. And now here I am, sir, the popular favourite. — *Vide* Max.—Seen the *Post*? 'Save the King!'"

Well, the main desire of this article is to denounce all that as perjury—force aside the phantom—gain a glimpse of the real man behind; to suggest, that, instead of depreciating, the quality of his work has constantly improved, that his technique has never been so amazing as now, nor his artistic integrity more Lutheran,—and that instead of immensely precocious and worldly-wise—"born blasé" as Barrie (it was Barrie) once said—this young poet has always been, far more than Barrie himself, one of those who never grow up, who are never quite at home in the world, but who wander through it, like Hawthorne or Poe, a little alien and wistful,

* "The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling." 20s. net (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a little elf-like,—and that this quality of envy of "the happy folk in houses," of the practical grown-ups and worldlings, is indeed the essential characteristic of the man and the key to and core of his work.

* * *

Now to get the first glimmer of the ghost, to follow this Jekyll-and-Hyde from the outset, it is necessary to go back to the days of the "Ditties"—so swiftly did the severance begin. Many readers, not yet aged, will no doubt still remember the stab and glitter of the first Kipling furore, and the way the critical raptures went rocketing up, breaking into a superior fire of epigrams,

eager to announce the discovery. A new star had arisen, a rival to Loti, and the elect were at once in full song. Perhaps the hour was specially apt for such an overture. It was the hour of the 'eighties, the ineffable, amateur 'eighties, when a recondite vulgarity was the vogue; and æsthetic London was not at all unanxious to display its capacity for enjoying raw sensation. Hedonism had deserted the Oxford of Pater for "The Oxford" of Marie Lloyd and Walter Sickert. If you were a poet you were ashamed not to be seen in cabmen's shelters; and a little hashish was considered quite the thing. A superior hour! And so, when the rag-time chords of the "Departmental Ditties" flicked and snapped an introduction to the laconic patter of the "Tales," and when the "Tales" themselves, with their parakeets

and ivory, their barbaric chic and rubricated slang, proved a mixture of Persian print and music-hall, then the "ten superior persons scattered through the universe," were persuaded that their hour had found its very voice, that they were listening to the last delicious insolence of æsthetics:

"'Er petticoat was yaller and 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's queen,
An' I see 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud
Wot they called the great Gawd Budd
Pucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
her where she stood."

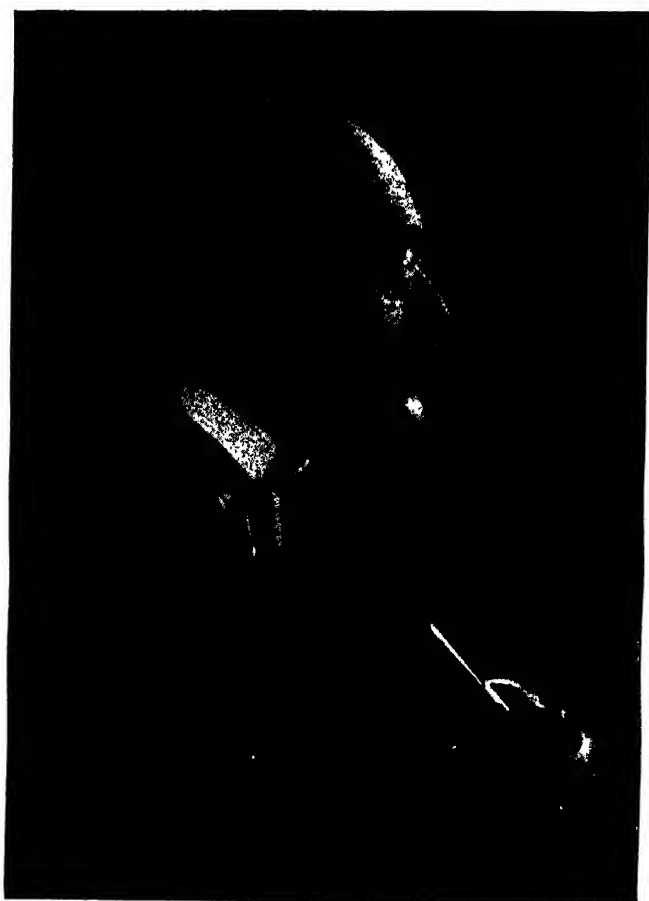


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

More daring, this, than even lithographs of music-halls: bizarrerie of the best. The youngster was bracketed with Beardsley, was bracketed with "Max." Mr. John Lane began to collect his first editions; Mr. Richard le Gallienne was told off to Bodley Head him. Mr. Gosse (this is perfectly true), Mr. Edmund Gosse spake publicly of "the troubling thrill, the voluptuous and agitating sentiment," which these tales sent through his system. The little sun-baked books from Allahabad seemed if anything more golden than "The Yellow Book." The proof of the literary epicure was his palate for the Kipling liqueur.

And then the exasperating fellow became popular.

* * *

What do you call the apostles of the Cubists? Cubicles? Very well then. Consider the consternation of the cubicles if the general public began to clamour for Picassos. Think even of Mr. Roger Fry's chagrin if we made a popular favourite of Matisse. A consternation not dissimilar, we may be sure, shuddered through the initiates of the 'nineties. Absurd, of course, to suggest that the paling of critical approval, the soft extinction of the starrier estimates, was entirely due to the widening blaze of popularity; but even critics are human, and it helped. It was impossible to watch their liqueur being drained like Bass without having doubts about its quality. They felt that the public's enjoyment of Kipling was too true to be good. They grew querulous, they qualified, they discovered defects.

The defects they discovered, the demands which they made, and the effect of all this hedging and shuffling on Mr. Kipling's development, we will consider in a moment. Remark, parenthetically, first, what an entirely wholesome and satisfactory thing that wider popularity was,—and is. There is probably no living writer who is regarded, in England, with such widespread and unprompted veneration. It is the nearest thing we have nowadays to the reverence that used to be excited by the great literary figures of last century. It is touching, it is beautiful, it is altogether honest and good. Bank clerks and clerics, doctors and drapers, journalists, joiners, engineers,—the average sinful jurymen and his usual daughters and wife, all speak of this man and his work much as another kind of people speak of Wagner. Only, honestly. There is no priggishness about it, nor any desire to impress or be improved; and yet they find beauty in his work, they find magic, they find hints of strange forces and powers and constant reminders of something unimaginable beyond; they experience that delicious commotion of the blood we call romance, and are thrilled and shaken and renewed by it much as others of us are supposed to be renewed and thrilled by poetry. And at the same time, unlike so much of their "romance," it is never a mere dallying with lotus-land sensations, a coloured refuge from the drudge of day. Its action is always to excite their zest for life, to send them back into reality more exultantly—not (of course) because of any policy it may preach, but because it so crisply handles, names, and sanctifies, the tools of each man's trade. Much has been written of Mr. Kipling's capacity for picking up knowledge from experts; far too little of the lessons the experts have learned from him. He has renewed the workman's pride in his work and restored their mystery to the crafts. He has done more than any

man of his time to make the middle-classes less middle-class.

But all this the ten superior ones were in no position to foresee. Said they, "Yellow Book?"—we meant yellow press. Said they,—but he *likes* the music-hall? And, to him,—these little tales are very neat, very clever; but before we can take you seriously you must produce a full-length novel. This is striking—but is it Art?

* * *

And the real Rudyard Kipling? Had been meanwhile moved, one avers, as little by a desire to please the great public as by the desire to *épater* it. Essentially a dreamer, born in exile, he was oddly innocent of all the motives men ascribed to him;—and it was an accident of environment, and a streak of sinful pride, and a sort of homely emulation, that really determined his first choice of tone and topic,—the violent topics and the casual tone of those "Plain Tales from the Hills." He had no notion of exalting the common soldier. He wanted rather the soldier to reverence the pen. His spur was the kind of half-resentment from which many writers suffer—the emotion that probably had a good deal to do with the making of "Don Juan," and that is accountable for Mr. Shaw's affectation of ferocity and that perhaps prompted Mr. Maurice Hewlett's early hectics. It is the artist's human retort to that intolerable tolerance with which the workers, doers, men of action, regard his anæmic indoor trade. It was Beetle's way of enforcing respect at Westward Ho! It was young Kipling's way of adjusting things at Simla. He would prove that ink is thicker than blood and the pen more masculine than the sword; and that a certain small spectacled sub-editor fond of poetry was not quite the lamb that he looked. And so he borrowed tales from the bazaars and the barracks, and Bret Hartened them and pointed them with Poe; and wrote them out, with an infinite cunning, in a hand like an indifferent drawl. One of the ways of out-Heroding Herod is to yawn when the head is brought in. Mr. Kipling's yawn was a masterpiece. His make-up was perfect, the deception complete; the mess-rooms were duly impressed: it was another victory for the pen . . .

But a mask is a dangerous thing; it often moulds the face beneath. Left alone with his soothing Simla success, quietly sheltered behind it, young Kipling might indeed now have softly discarded his make-up and let his instincts find their native expression. But there leapt out upon him from Europe our roar of applause, and that riveted him to his rôle. Even the dabs of deprecation, the raps from falling rocket sticks, perversely whipped him in the same direction. "You can write these little tales," said they, "but are you knowing enough to write long ones?" He did not know enough: he was never meant to be a novelist;—but even less was he adapted for letting taunts slip by unanswered, and so he set his teeth, took up the challenge, and produced "The Light that Failed." It did fail; and the critics who were really its sponsors had their moment of mean triumph. But by now his pride was in pledge; he would write a brilliant novel if it broke him; and for ten years he fought out fresh perfections of technique, using his convention of violence to hammer out new details of equipment until at length by dint of sheer virtuosity he achieved the protracted tale called "Kim." He



Specimen Illustration from "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"
By OLIVER GOLDSMITH
Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON, LONDON)

himself, it is said, considers "Kim" his master-work. He might well view it as a second vindication; his work hence-forward, if I see it aright, stands for one long attempt on the part of his relieved genius to loosen the bars it had built about itself, and to twist an alien and artificial technique into an instrument for its deeper desires.

* * *

For it is the books that followed "Kim"—it is "Traffics and Discoveries," "Actions and Reactions," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies," and the concurrent verse—that betray to us most clearly this queer subterranean disharmony and feud. If a reader will take these four books and consider them apart; if he will let their characteristics form a picture in his mind, an image of the kind of man who wrote them; and if he will then apply this reagent to the books that came before "Kim," he will see how it eats out their accidentals. The falsities fade, there is a linking up of lighter touches, certain qualities, unrecognised before, rise glittering like veins. This fundamental filigree, this clear resultant mesh, is a map of Kipling's mind.

Now of this fundamental Kipling the cardinal qualities are three. The first is a passion for definition—a spiritual horror, almost desperate, of vagueness—a hunger for certitude and system. The second is the imaginative instrument of the first: a prodigious mental faculty, namely, for enforcing design, compelling coherence, for stamping dream-stuff into shapes as clean-cut and decisive as minted metal discs. And the third, on the physical plane, is the almost manual counterpart of these: a craftsman's cunning and capacity for fitting these terse units into complex patterns, adjusting them like the works of a watch with an exquisite accuracy, achieving miracles of minute mechanical perfection.

These are the three faculties, often bitted and strained, that form everywhere the sinews. Take, first, because most obvious, the so-called technical elements of his style. "There is a writer called Stevenson," he once said, "who makes the most delicate inlay-work in black-and-white and files out to the fraction of a hair." Kipling's own work is no less free from fluff or haze or slackness. The rhythms run with a snap from stop to stop; every sentence is as straight as a string; each has its self-contained tune. Prise one of them out of its place and you feel it would fall with a clink, leaving a slot that would never close up as the holes do in woollier work. Replace it, and it locks back like type in a forme, fitting into the paragraph as the paragraph fits into the tale. There are no glides or grace-notes, or blown spray of sound. Most prose that loves rhythm yields its music like a mist, an emanation that forms a bloom on the page, softly blurring the partitions of the periods. Kipling's prose shrinks stiffly from this trustfulness. The rhythms must report themselves promptly, prove their validity, start afresh after the full-stop. Lack of faith, if you like—but, also, constant keenness of craftsmanship.

Turn next to the optical integers—the sudden scenes which stud his page like inlaid stones. "*The leisurely ocean all patterned with peacocks' eyes of foam.*" "*I swung the car to clear the turf, brushed along the edge of the wood, and turned in on the broad stone path to where the fountain-basin lay like one star-sapphire.*" "*When his feet touched that still water, it changed, with a rustle of*

unrolling maps, to nothing less than a sixth quarter of the globe, with islands coloured yellow and blue, their lettering strung across their faces." And these are no mere decorations. These tales are jewelled, as watches are; it is round these tense, irreducible details that the action revolves. What is the emotional axis of "The Finest Story in the World?" It is that "*silver wire laid along the bulwarks which I thought was never going to break.*" Are we to know that a man was struck dumb? Then "*just as the lightning shot two tongues that cut the sky into three pieces . . . something wiped his lips of speech as a mother wipes the milky lips of her child.*" The motive of all his tales, as of "At the End of the Passage," is a picture seen in a lens. Even the shadowy outer influences that brood over Kim's life, the inscrutable Powers that move in its background, come to us first in shapes vivid as heraldry—as a red Bull on a Field, as a House of Many Pillars; and before the close are resolved into the two most definite, clean-cut, and systematic of all earthly organisations: the military mechanism of India and the precise apparatus of Freemasonry. Kipling must have pattern and precision—and he has the power as well as the will. He can crush the sea into a shape as sharp as a crystal, can compress the Himalayas into a little lacquer-like design, has even in "The Night Mail"—that clean, adroit, contenting piece of craftsmanship—printed a pattern on the empty air. He is primarily a pattern-maker; and the little pieces thus obtained he builds into a larger picture still. As the sentence into the paragraph—as the paragraph into the page—so do these sharp-edged items click together to form the geometrical pattern called the plot.

"The pattern called the plot." It is here that we come very close to the irony that has ruled and wrenched all his career. Switch this map-making, pattern-making faculty upon the third element in fiction, the element of human nature, and what is the inevitable result? Inevitably, there is the same sudden stiffening and formulation. The characters spring to attention like soldiers on parade; they respond briskly to a certain description; they wear a fixed suit of idiosyncrasies like a uniform. A mind like this must use types and set counters; it feels dissatisfied, unsafe, ineffective, unless it can reduce the fluid waverings of character, its flitting caprices and twilit desires, to some tangible system. His characters will not only be definite; they will be definitions. His heroes will be courage incarnate; his weak men will be unwaveringly weak; and those who are mixed will be mixed mathematically, with all their traits clearly related to and explained by some neat blend of blood and race and caste behind. Is not all this true of Kipling's characters? They are marked by a strange immobility. They strike certain attitudes and retain them. Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd live long but never alter; Kim never grows up. And indeed it is this very fixity that makes the short stories so effective. Their maker took these frozen gestures, rigid faces and tense attitudes, and fitted them together to form his effect; and whilst the inflexibility was exactly what he needed for neat mosaic-work, for making the sudden star called the story, the vividness of the details ("life seen by lightning-flashes" someone called them) seemed to prove the piercing humanity of the writer. It was only when he tried to

construct a novel with them that the stiffness of these details turned to obstinacy, and their numbness became a kind of death. A short tale can be told in tableau—but a novel is not a long short tale. The pattern of "The Light that Failed" is as neat as the most successful of the *contes*, but it is the static symmetry of decoration and stained glass. It is applied art,—that is to say, misapplied art. Its logic is not that of life. The characters are stowed into the interstices of a design that relies upon them remaining fixed quantities.

Perceive, then, the almost maddening position! The very qualities that made the first tales tell, that seemed to prove his supreme capacity for fiction, are exactly the qualities that cut him off from the ability to write novels. The novelist is essentially the explorer, the questioner, the opener of doors; and the only law of human nature he knows is that the exception is the rule. But Mr. Kipling's first word is obedience; he is all for rules and rivets; for regularity and a four-square plan. Born under the sign of the Balance, his emblem is the compass and the square—and it is not with tools like these that men's motives can be measured. His vision of the world, like the Lama's, is a Wheel of Life with a neat niche for the individual; and even his famous militarism, his worship of the apparatus of war, is nothing more, in essence, than a longing for quiet comeliness and order. It is the mind, if you like, of a martinet—incapable therefore of complete imaginative sympathy. Any lapse from efficiency fills his craftsman's nature with disgust, and the only characters he can handle with perfect satisfaction are the Stricklands, the Mowglis, the Kims, as unconquerably capable as machines. His voice indeed is never so tolerant and humane as when he is dealing with heroes and heroines that are not human at all—with beasts and ships and polo-ponies or those odd little half-animals called children. His "Jungle Books" are among his best because here a psychology as elementary as Æsop's serves to convey the sense of an unusual understanding. A like reason gives its race and richness to his dialogue the moment it takes refuge in a dialect. For dialect, in spite of all its air of ragged lawlessness, is wholly impersonal, typical, fixed, the code of a caste, not the voice of an individual. It is when the novelist sets his characters talking King's English that he really puts his sympathy for the unconventional and capricious to the strain. Mr. Kipling's plain conversations are markedly unreal. But honest craftsmanship and an ear for strong rhythms provide him with many suits of dialects. With these he dresses the talk till it seems to surge with character.

And so, in this way and in that, the actual words he wrote joined in the conspiracy to keep him toiling, still hopefully, after that *ignis fatuus* of fiction. Until at length he made his supreme effort, fitted all the lore he had gathered—the sharp-set scenes, the well-cut dialects, the crisp impressions of life—into a single zoetrope, set it whirling on one of the spindles of the Indian machine, the secret spindle called the Great Game, and so created that spirited illusion of a novel which we know as "Kim."

* * *

Thenceforward his work in prose has been a wonderful attempt to make his qualities cure their natural defects—to make sharpness and bright neatness produce their

natural opposites—depth and shimmer and bloom. And by dint of an incomparable dexterity he has succeeded. There is no space left me now to trace the process with completeness—but roughly it may be described as an attempt to superimpose, as when you furl a fan, all the elements which in "Kim" had been laid side by side. The best example is perhaps "Rewards and Fairies." If the reader will turn back to those wise fairy-tales he will see that each is really four-fold: a composite tissue made up of a layer of sunlit story (Dan's and Una's plane), on a layer of moonlit magic (plane of Puck), on a layer of history-story stuff (René's plane and Gloriana's), on a last foundation of delicately bedimmed but never doubtful allegory. And he will note, too, the exquisite precision of the correspondences, a kind of practical punning, so that the self-same object plays a different part in every plane. One instance will suffice. Puck kicks a bunch of scarlet toadstools idly. Why? Simply so that the red colour may stain back through all the textures till it matches, in the third, with the name of Rufus. This is not the mere swagger of virtuosity. The result of these impositions is a very beautiful imposture. It gives the tales an opalescence that had hitherto seemed foreign to his work. It gives them the milkiness of a magic crystal and makes them the completest symbols of life he has yet produced. These fairy tales for children are far more realistic than "The Plain Tales from the Hills." For half of life is moonlit, and the image that would copy it exactly must be vague.

Nor is this all. If there be any logic in the lines of effort we have traced it is not here they find their consummation: they leap forward through this magic haze, emerge beyond it strangely clarified; they make it impossible not to believe that this woven obscurity, this new delicate dimness, is indeed but a curtain—a mist—not of dusk, but of dawn—that will dissolve to reveal Kipling carving his true master-work. Released at last from the conventions thrust upon it by pride and accident and the impertinencies of criticism, his system-seeking genius can now openly take up its true task, the task it has hitherto attempted only intermittently, and begin the sustained practice of that colossal kind of craftsmanship for which it is so singularly suited. It will beat out for itself a new form of imaginative prose, as unclogged by characterisation as his verse. The devices of drama it will use no doubt, and some of the tricks of narration; but its true medium will be massed impersonal things—tangles of human effort—the thickets of phenomena—the slow movements of industry, so muffled to the average eye—the general surge and litter of sensation. What his genius can do with material of this kind we have already in some sort seen. Driving into the darkness that beleaguers us; swirling and thrusting like a search-light in a forest; it could bring out the essential structure of events and display the soaring pillars of contemporary achievement. It might not be the perfect definition; it might tend too much to turn the tides into firm floors, the branching constellations into rafters; but it would be enormously exhilarating. It would give toil a conscious habitation; like actual architecture, like statuary, like all firm material forms, it would create, instead of merely copying, the emotions it lacks power to reproduce.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKSHELF.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE NEW COLOUR BOOKS.

IN his recently published volume, "The Fascination of Books," Mr. Joseph Shaylor has a very interesting essay on "The Christmas Book" in the course of which he remarks that "during the early part of the last century Christmas books, as we now know them, did not exist. There were, of course, a number of books published suitable for Christmas presents, but they were of a general, solid, or technical character, and not special Christmas books. In looking through the book catalogues of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century one cannot help remarking upon the few volumes published entirely for the Christmas season. It is also impossible not to be surprised at the small number of books issued for the entertainment of women and children."

Well, we have quite reversed all that, and the surprise now is at the enormous number of books published especially for the Christmas season, and at the bewildering variety of them. Men, women and children of all possible tastes are amply provided for; nor is our improvement only in the matter of quantity and variety; never was the Christmas book more beautifully or artistically produced than it has been in these latter years. I am not forgetting those famous Annuals, *The Amulet*, *Friendship's Offering*, *Forget-Me-Not*, and the rest of them, but after all there was something finicking about their fineness, and in point of general interest and in wealth and beauty of illustration they are not to be compared with the best of the splendidly produced Christmas books of our own day. Sometimes the book is an ancient or modern classic newly illustrated; sometimes, as in "The Uffizi Gallery,"¹ the illustrations are reproductions of Old Masters and the text is new; sometimes the book is specially written for this season, and the pictures specially painted for it.

Of the eight nature studies in Maeterlinck's "Hours of Gladness,"² one, on "Our City Gardens," now appears within covers for the first time; the rest are selected from two other of his books, but the translations have

been carefully revised by the translator who has introduced into them all the author's latest additions and corrections. There is no need for me to praise these delicate, fanciful, subtly suggestive essays of Maeterlinck on flowers, their intelligence and their perfumes, and the glory of the garden in spring, or to say more of the new essay than that it has all the charm and gracious philosophy that delighted us in the older ones. Mr. Detmold's illustrations, here and in his edition of "The Fables of Æsop,"³ are in his happiest mood and style. His birds and flowers in the one series and his animals and birds in the other are painted in with a boldness of

colouring and a vividness of decorative effect that are unrivalled outside the work of the great realistic artists of Japan. It is characteristic of him and right that he should illustrate Æsop with birds and animals that are things of grace and beauty; but it is characteristic of Mr. Arthur Rackham, and equally right of him, that he should illustrate "Æsop's Fables"⁴ in a wholly different vein. It is the queeriness, the quaintness, the fantastic grotesquerie of Æsop that has appealed to him, and not his birds and animals only, but his very trees and inanimate objects are alive with a weird, amusing and at times grimly uncanny humanity. The same grotesque fancy and bizarre imagination runs



Andrea del Sarto (1486-1531).
Florentine School, No. 1,112.
"The Madonna of the Harpies."

From "The Uffizi Gallery" (Jack).

riot through his wonderful pictures to "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens."⁵ See how cunningly he plays with his trees there and makes them humanly alive. At a first glance they look like ordinary trees strangely contorted, but at a second you see, in that painting of the trees warning Mamie, for example, or in that of the elderberry hobbling across the walk to talk to the young quinces, that their trunks and branches are transformed into amazing arms and legs and they are mysteriously endowed with nightmare heads and faces. But you have glimpses in Mr. Rackham's work of the loveliness as well as of the oddity and fantasy of fairyland, and it is because he can so deftly mingle grace and quaintness, beauty and ugliness

¹ "The Uffizi Gallery." By P. G. Konody. Edited by T. Leman Hare. Illustrated with 50 Plates in Colour. 21s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

² "Hours of Gladness." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by E. J. Detmold. 21s. net. George Allen.)

³ "The Fables of Æsop." Illustrated by E. J. Detmold. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁴ "Æsop's Fables." Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

⁵ "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

that I have always regarded him as the ideal illustrator of any story in which Peter Pan is concerned.

I was talking just now of the realism of the Japanese artists. If you are not acquainted with it, you may make acquaintance with some remarkable examples of it in Mr. Yoshio Markino's unique illustrations to the new edition of Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt's well-known anthology, "The Charm of London."¹ Take any one of them—this of "Regent's Canal": how vividly true it is. Dull, sluggish stream, dull sky, drab banks, commonplace trees and houses, a floating mist, lamps twinkling through it, the gleam of them here and there reflected in the quiet water—there is no separate item of the picture that you would call beautiful, and yet how rhythmically beautiful is the effect of the whole.

¹ "The Charm of London: An Anthology." Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. With 12 Illustrations by Yoshio Markino 5s. net (Chatto & Windus.)



Frontispiece to *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.*

New illustrated edition. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Yoshio Markino finds the spirit of beauty in London's streets and smoky atmosphere, as Mr. E. W. Waite finds it in the clearer skies and country fields and leafy woodlands that Richard Jefferies with such loving and exquisite intimacy and artistry describes in "The Story of My Heart;"² or as Mr. James Heron finds it in the ancient, more picturesque, more romantic looking streets and byways of Edinburgh. "The Story of My Heart" is, as Mr. C. J. Longman says in his Preface, "one of the most singular books that man of genius ever wrote. . . . It is an outpouring of Jefferies' innermost soul." Not the story of his everyday existence, but of his inner life, his emotional experiences, his intellectual delights. Stevenson's book is of a wholly different class; but no little of his heart was in "Edinburgh;"³ he has put some of his most magical and glamorous writing into this volume about it, and to say that the pictures of Mr. Heron are worthy of Stevenson's beautiful prose is to give them very high praise indeed.

The serene philosophy of Marcus Aurelius⁴ has never perhaps been more fittingly housed than it is in this tasteful binding of blue and gold, nor more fittingly embellished than it is by Mr. Russell Flint's thoughtful and delicately toned water colours; and there is a similarly perfect fitness about the style in which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have produced Tennyson's stately poem, "Morte D'Arthur."⁵ Printed in red and black Gothic lettering on pages richly illustrated and illuminated in colour and in gold after drawings by Alberto Sangorski, its ancient missal-like

² "The Story of My Heart." By Richard Jefferies. Illustrated by E. W. Waite. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

³ "Edinburgh." By Robert Louis Stevenson. With 24 Illustrations in Colour by James Heron. 12s. 6d. net. (Seeley & Co.)

⁴ "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." In the Translation of George Long. Illustrated after the Water Colour Drawings of W. Russell Flint. 10s. 6d. net. (Lee Warner.)

⁵ "Morte D'Arthur." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Reproduced in Gold and Colours after original Illuminated Drawings by Alberto Sangorski. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)



LITTLE BO-PEEP

*Specimen Illustration from "OUR NURSERY RHYME BOOK."
Edited by LETTY and FRANK LITTLEWOOD, with a Preface
by S. R. LITTLEWOOD, and Twelve Coloured and numerous Black
and White Illustrations by HONOR C. APPLETON. 5s. net.*

appearance is harmoniously in keeping with the old-world grandeur of the mediæval legend. Mediæval, and earlier and later stories go to the making of "The Book of Saints and Heroes"¹ in which Andrew Lang retells some more of those deathless tales of the good and the brave that nobody could narrate with quite such ease and lightness and pleasant skill as he, and that he will never tell us any more of. An ideal book, this, for younger readers, with some excellent colour and black and white pictures by Henry Ford.

Shakespeare has not been so freely laid under contribution in the colour books of this winter as of last; the only play of his that has come my way in this form is a sumptuous edition of "Romeo and Juliet,"² illustrated with a series of masterly paintings by W. Hatherell—paintings that body forth with most delicate fidelity the touching youth and beauty of Juliet and are alive with the essential poetry and passionate romance of this greatest of all love stories. Another that is sure of wide welcome is a new translation of Anatole France's dainty fairy-tale, "Bee: The Princess of the Dwarfs."³ Swift, our merciless English satirist, left us in "Gulliver" one of the most popular of nursery books, though he never intended it to be that; and here we have the greatest living French master of satire and irony deliberately turning his back on the world of grown-ups to tell a charming tale for children that will live in future along with Gulliver. It is sweeter than Gulliver, kinder, more gracefully fanciful, more of the sort of wonder-story that a child loves to imagine for itself, and Mr. Charles Robinson has illustrated it in the same gracious, delicately imaginative spirit. The children in his pictures have in their faces and figures all the innocent helplessness and wonder and simplicity of childhood; his Princess is just what a child would wish her to be; and look at his dwarfs! Curious, quaint little men, droll, mischievous, large-headed, incalculably old, and painted cunningly, imaginatively, with a brush that has been dipped in the very colour of dreams. Fantastically imaginative too and alive with the beauty and eeriness and elusive magic of that eternal wonderland that can only be rightly seen through the eyes of a child are the verses and pictures that Miss Florence Harrison has written and painted for her "Elfin Song."⁴ Whether you are flying with the Wood Witch who scatters the snow-flakes down:

"What do you there blowing
Up in the starry waste?
'I set the clouds a-snowing
Over the world in haste.'"

¹ "The Book of Saints and Heroes" By Andrew Lang Illustrated by Henry Ford. 6s. net (Longmans)

² "Romeo and Juliet." Illustrated by W. Hatherell. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

³ "Bee." By Anatole France. Retold in English by Peter Wright. 20 Coloured Illustrations and many other Decorations by Charles Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

⁴ "Elfin Song: A Book of Verse and Pictures." By Florence Harrison. 6s. net. (Blackie & Son.)



From "Bee" (Dent)

"They made their way through meadows enamelled with flowers."

—or whether you are seated with little Robin out in the forest, watching for the fairies:

"Through the grasses playing
Golden pipes, they came,
Calling, ever calling
Robin by his name."

—you are in the tricky land of make-believe where nothing is impossible and the best things are always happening. Every child who is fond of gnomes and fairies will be fond of "Elfin Song." Every child, too, will be delighted with "Our Nursery Rhyme Book,"⁵ with Miss Honor C. Appleton's fascinating pictures in colour and in black and white. How pretty and dainty her sketches of children are, and how jolly and how instinct with life and movement! The youngest editor and editress that ever did any editing—one aged six and the other three—have chosen all their favourites from among the old Nursery Rhymes, Nonsense Verse, Riddles, Alphabets and Games, and here they all are in the prettiest of books with the prettiest of pictures.

Another artist who is his own author this year is Mr. W. Heath Robinson,⁶ but he writes in prose and relates an amusingly marvellous romance of the old mushroom

⁵ "Our Nursery Rhyme Book." Edited by Letty and Frank Littlewood. Illustrated by Honor C. Appleton. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

⁶ "Bill the Minder." Written and Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable)

gatherer, Crispin, and of Crispin's wife Chloe, and their ten children, nine of whom are shockingly bad-tempered. There is a Sicilian Charwoman in the book who would be worth any amount of money if you could employ her to come and talk to you whilst you scrubbed the floor; and a doctor, a musician, a real soldier and a lost grocer, to say nothing of an ancient mariner, each of whom it is a sheer joy to be acquainted with. The humour of this tale of "Bill the Minder" and the humour of the pictures is so delicious that when you look at it you almost wish you were a child again yourself, and when you read it you are one, and don't want to grow up any more.

But since you must grow up again, whether you like it or not, here for your consolation are excellent new editions, excellently illustrated, of the greatest of English historical romances, "The Cloister and the Hearth,"¹ and of one of the gayest, breeziest and most idyllic love romances of recent years—Jeffery Farnol's story of "The Broad Highway,"² Gordon Browne's colour drawings for the first, and C. E. Brock's for the second, are among the ablest and most attractive book illustrations that these two notable artists have ever done.

Superficially, this handsome volume about "Royal Gardens,"³ that has been written and illustrated by Mr. Cyril Ward (if these artists go on writing their own books like this there will soon be nothing left for the mere authors to do) has nothing in common with any of the books I have just been dealing with, but when you come

to think of it a garden is the oldest home of romance, and where there are flowers there are always fairies. In the main, however, Mr. Ward is practical and keeps to matters of fact. His pages are rich in suggestions and information that the garden lover will find helpful. He unfolds a very interesting history of gardening in Great Britain, with particular reference to Royal gardens. He traces the development of the English garden through various phases; how it came under French influences when Charles II. reascended his throne after long residence in France; and under Dutch influences with

the coming of William of Orange and his following. The great gardens of Windsor Castle, Bagshot, Hampton Court, Osborne, Sandringham, Holyrood, Kensington and other of the Royal Palaces are vividly and pleasantly described and illustrated with many reproductions from the author's original water colours. A pleasant book to read, and one that the gardener, professional no less than amateur, may study with much profit as well as pleasure.

Yet one other volume of which the author is the artist is "An Artist in Egypt"⁴—a picturesquely written record of a journey through the land of the Pharaohs. It is one of the most interesting travel books of the year;

Mr. Tyndale has seen and felt the glow and mystery and sleepy majesty of the Orient and realises them with a fine and sensitive art in his remarkable illustrations.

Here among the colour books, too, are two—or rather four—of an historical kind. Miss H. E. Marshall has written a capital "History of France"⁵ for boys and girls, beginning as far back as 390 B.C., with the descent



Juliet:— "O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

From "Romeo and Juliet" (Hodder & Stoughton)

¹ "The Cloister and the Hearth." By Charles Reade. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 21s. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)

² "The Broad Highway." By Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated by Chas. E. Brock. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)

³ "Royal Gardens." By Cyril Ward. 32 Full-page Colour Reproductions from original Water Colours, and 5 Pen Drawings by the Author. 16s. net. Large paper edition, £2 2s. net. (Longmans.)

⁴ "An Artist in Egypt." By W. Tyndale. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁵ "A History of France." By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated by A. C. Michael. 7s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

of the Gauls upon Rome, coming down through crowded years of great and picturesque events to the great days of the first Napoleon, and ending with the break-up of the French Empire and the fall of Napoleon III. It makes a very instructive and thoroughly readable gift book and the striking colour pictures of Mr. A. C. Michael add appreciably to its value. For boys and girls again is "The Story of Rome"¹ by Mary Macgregor. Miss Macgregor narrates carefully and alluringly the history of Rome from the earliest times to the death of Augustus—she has the true story-telling gift and makes a thrilling and absorbing tale of how Rome was born, and grew through storm and stress and gathered in power and splendour until it was the centre of a vast world-empire. There are twenty admirable colour plates illustrating notable incidents in Roman history. "Germany,"² the latest addition to Messrs. Black's deservedly successful colour-book series, is mainly concerned with Germany as it is to-day. The Rev. J. F.

Dickie describes the cities, the villages, and the country, the homes and haunts of its famous men, such as Luther, Goethe, Beethoven and Wagner, relates the old legends and tells something of the past history of the places he describes, and Messrs. E. T. and E. H. Compton have painted seventy-five beautiful, delicately finished pictures by way of illustration. This is an ideal guide-book, and we strongly recommend it to any who are desirous of learning

to know Germany and the German people. More timely, and if anything larger in its scope and aim, is Mr. James Baker's "Austria: Her People and their Homeland."³ It is strange how little we know of Austria in this country—how few books have been written about it in the last half century. But Mr. James Baker has at length made ample amends for this neglect. He has travelled throughout Austria with Mr. Donald Maxwell, the artist, and has studied the home and business life of

the varied parts of the Austrian Empire and the result is a soundly informing and thoroughly interesting book. Mr. Maxwell's numerous colour pictures are painted with rare skill and are full of life and atmosphere.

The heart of the child and the imaginations of primitive man seem to be very much alike all the world over. I have just been reading the "Folk-Tales of Bengal,"⁴ collected by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, and the "Myths and Legends of Japan,"⁵ by F. Hadland Davis, and you find them full of much the same gnomes and

fairies, wicked giants or dwarfs, beautiful princesses and handsome lovers, and much the same marvellous and magic doings as have from old time delighted the children of our Western world. There are differences, of course, for such stories can be infinitely varied; the fairies, elves, and supernatural beings have strangely different

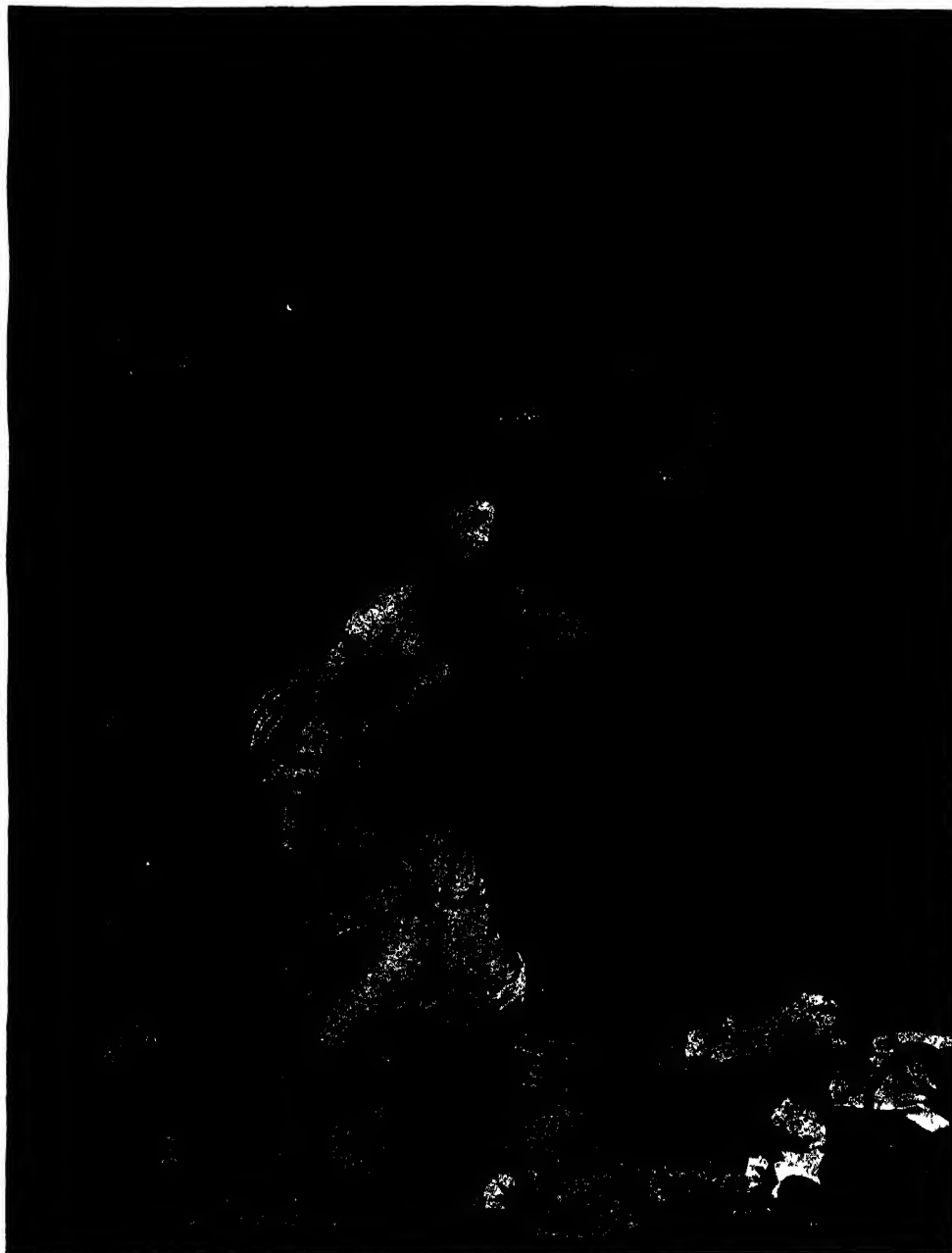


Photo. by Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., London.

From "Greuze and His Models" (Hutchinson).

Votive Offering.
(Wallace Collection, London.)

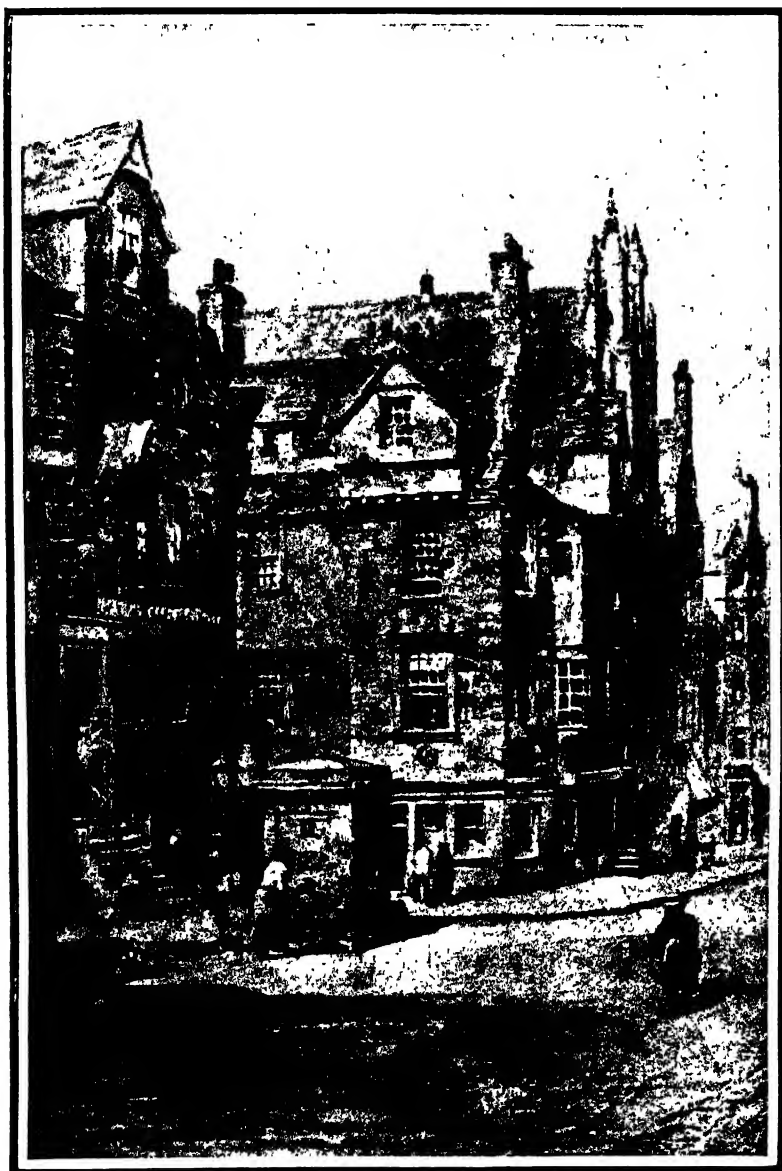
¹ "The Story of Rome." By Mary Macgregor. 20 Plates in Colour by Paul Woodroffe, W. Rainey and Dudley Heath 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

² "Germany." Painted by E. T. and E. Harrison Compton. Described by J. F. Dickie. 20s. net. (A & C Black.)

³ "Austria: Her People and their Homeland." By James Baker. 48 Illustrations by Donald Maxwell. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

⁴ "Folk-Tales of Bengal." By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. 32 Illustrations by Warwick Goble. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

⁵ "Myths and Legends of Japan." By F. Hadland Davis. 32 Full-page Illustrations by Evelyn Paul. 7s. 6d. net. (Harp.)



John Knox's House, High Street.
From "Edinburgh" (Seeley).

names, the magic of the tales may sometimes be more grotesquely or more imaginatively wonderful, but they are never so alien in matter or style, these fairy-stories of India and Japan, that an English child cannot be enthralled by them and believe in them. Mr. Day who wrote a memorable book on "Bengal Peasant Life," has travelled all about Bengal gathering up the old folk-tales from the lips of the natives, and these in his volume are some of "the old, old stories told by old Bengali women from age to age through a hundred generations." Mr. Hadland Davis has gathered his tales together from a wide variety of authentic sources, and it is enough to say that his tales and legends are as fantastically and characteristically Japanese as Mr. Day's are pensively or quaintly characteristic of the more sombrely imaginative Bengali. They are strange and fresh and freakishly fanciful and will appeal to our own children as fascinatingly as the German brothers Grimm or as our old familiar nursery legends do. The illustrations are exceptionally good; you have the luxury and brilliant colouring and blazing splendour of India in Mr. Warwick Goble's interpretations of "The Folk-Tales of Bengal"; and the softer lights, the quainter beauty, the grimmer, more grotesque terrors and gentler simplicities of the land of the chrysanthemum in Mr. Evelyn Paul's charming colour drawings for the "Myths and Legends of Japan."

Kinglake's "Eothen,"¹ with the wonderful Rembrandtesque pictures of Mr. Frank Brangwyn is unquestionably one of the finest of the season's art books. Brangwyn's paintings are so full of thought and life that they do not reveal all that is in them to a casual glance; their shadows are so subtly massed, that you need to look into some of his scenes until your eyes grow used to their magic darkness, then from the depths new and newer beauty glimmers and grows upon you, the shadows are alive with it, a sky that seemed only a streak of glooming blue shows presently a hint of stars in it, a landscape that seemed at first little more than a sombre smear reveals the shape and foliage of its trees, the forms of men moving across it, and at length the whole scene becomes as clear to you and as crowded with suggestion as if a cloud had gradually lifted from it. I am inclined to think that the paintings in this book are higher, rarer art than even "Eothen" itself is.

All the world knows the Greuze girl, as Mr. John Rivers says in "Greuze and his Art"² and "no one who has seen her can ever forget the sweet sting of her beauty," and he writes of her and her characteristics and the models from which Greuze painted her. His book is an unconventional biography; it tells in a very attractive, gossipy fashion the story of Greuze's life and loves, and gives a careful and illuminating study of his character and his art. It is an uncommonly able and interesting piece of work, and the forty-two full-page engravings of Greuze's paintings are most admirably reproduced.

Messrs. Bell have reissued in four separate and artistically bound volumes four more of the plays of Sir W. S. Gilbert that have already been published by them in collected form.³ With Mr. W. Russell Flint's charming illustrations, these are amongst the best and most desirable of gift-books. As a sort of recreation, perhaps, after the heavy labour of writing his "Life of Ruskin" Mr. E. T. Cook has written a delightful volume on "The Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin."⁴ The drawings in colour and black and white that illustrate it are by Miss E. M. B. Warren; when she was a beginner, Ruskin saw some of her work, and encouraged her with his advice, and after his death, says Mr. Cook, "she conceived the idea of making a pilgrimage in Ruskin's footsteps to the places where he lived or which he loved." Then Mr. Cook was asked to write an account of those homes and haunts, and the result, in reading and in pictures, is one of the happiest, most entertaining books of the kind that I have ever had the good fortune to come across.

A.

¹ "Kinglake's 'Eothen.'" Illustrated in Colour by Frank Brangwyn. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson, Low & Co.).

² "Greuze and his Models." By John Rivers. With 45 Full-page Plates. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

³ "Princess Ida."—"The Gondoliers."—"Ruddigore."—"The Yeomen of the Guard." By Sir W. S. Gilbert. 3s. 6d. net each. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

⁴ "The Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin." By E. T. Cook. With 28 Illustrations in Colour from Original Drawings, and 16 in Black and White by E. M. B. Warren. 21s. net. (Geo. Allen.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS. DECEMBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original New Year's Greeting addressed to any living author, in not more than eight lines of verse.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

We select for printing :

REVOIR.

I saw you after many years,
And you were weak and poor and old ;
There was no music in your voice,
Your greeting hands were shrunk and cold,
You had gleaned nothing from the years.

Yet there was music in your voice
When once you bade me wake and see
The wonder of the world around,
The glory of your love for me,—
And I shall always hear your voice

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE for the best Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA is sent to Mr. Toman Boothroyd, of Holmleigh, Batley, and HALF A GUINEA to Miss Margaret K. McEvoy, of 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W., for the following :

IF LOVE ENDURE.

If Love endure, why weep, my Soul, for all
The little sorrows that beset our way ?
Why deck ourselves in desperate array ?
We may be sure
The sum of all our woes can be but small
If Love endure !

If Love endure, what count these little griefs
That beat against the portal of our fears,
And bring strange cups to carry off our tears ?
We are secure,
And they like wavelets beating at the reefs,
If Love endure.

Nay, Soul ! though dark the pathways we have trod,—
Though darker still a little while they be,
Eyes dimmed with blinding tears shall not see
Through ways obscure ;
Let us the meantime fill with songs to God
That Love endure.

TOMAN BOOTHROYD.

AUTUMN.

Farewell, my love, the autumn leaves are falling ;
The last pale rose has sighed itself to sleep ;
Hark ! that sad bird from yonder coppice calling
And calling,—while our souls call, deep to deep.

Since we are parting, love, we shall have pardon ;
So rest your soul though summer's flowers decay.
I think yon sad bird sang in Eden's garden
When those first lovers wept and went away ;

Yet they together went, and we go parted ;—
Love's summer blighted of its autumn sheaves.
Yon bird will mate ; but empty, broken-hearted,
We say farewell among the falling leaves.

MARGARET K. McEVoy.



Water-Melon Seller.

From "An Artist in Egypt" (Hodder & Stoughton).



"Through the grasses playing
Golden pipes they came,
Calling, ever calling
Robin by his name."

From "Elhn Song" (Blackie).

The wonder of the world around!
Godlike, you gave it me to hold,
A chalice for love's ecstasy.—
Pass on to-day, weak, poor and old,
I know you not,—
But where you stood, I kiss the ground.

(T. La Chard, 34, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, W.)

TO LALAGE, A COQUETTE.

Mademoiselle, when I came in that day to you,
Little I recked you could do me an ill.
Life was a comedy; love was a play to you,
Men were your toys that you shattered at will.
Smiling you glanced at me, straightway I fell—
How did you manage it, Mademoiselle?

Mademoiselle, how you laughed at my love for you.
I, a poor dreamer deluded by June.
Thought I could reach to the heavens above for you,
Climbed up a cobweb to snatch at the moon.
Then the thread broke, and I dropped into—Hell! . .
Humorous, wasn't it, Mademoiselle?

Mademoiselle, it was only a game to you
All the world knows that the queen does no wrong,
If you have broken a heart, then small blame to you
How should you guess it was not over strong.
So I absolve you and—bid you farewell,
Give a good-day to you, Mademoiselle.

(D. Tweeddale, 8, Weld Road, Birkdale.)

From among the numerous Lyrics received, we specially commend those sent by Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow),

Guenn, F., Newnham (Gillingham), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Mrs. Grenfell (Heavitree), David McCormack (Glasgow), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), Joseph Poole Addey (Kingston-on-Thames), Robert Cogger (Dartford), Mrs. Shirley Thompson (Hythe), Alice Banks (South Shields), Eleanor Turnbull (Ecclefechan), Walter G. Priest (Norwich), W. W. Pope (Notting Hill), Rev. F. Balch (Welshpool), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Miss M. K. Wiens (London, S.E.), Will Londen (Dunfermline), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), A. J. Caird (Edinburgh), W. J. King (Catford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), John I. Leekie (Spennymoor), T. W. Maynard (London, W.), Frances Highmore (Exeter), L. Healy (Chapelizod), Evelyn I. Banks (Sheffield), E. W. Priest (Norwich), Monica Baines (Fleet), M. L. T. (New Milton), Nell Roy (London, N.W.), D. A. Robinson (London, S.E.), Margery S. Lewis (Folkestone), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), D. Hanbury (Bournemouth), Audrey Thompson (Hastings), Marion Cowall (Murrayfield), J. H. Gladwell (Worcester), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), D. K. Boileau (Bath), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Sybil H. Greves (Bournemouth), Robert Everall (Plais-tow), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), John Chapman (Bromley), L. M. Priest (Norwich), P. Selver (Redhill), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), Sarah J. Cole (Nottingham), Miss M. M. Crump (Golder's Green), E. Irene Seaton (Dresden), Arthur Waghorn (Addiscombe), Isabel Lewis (Edinburgh), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), M. A. (Wood Green), Miss A. E. Richardson (London, S.E.), J. E. Jones (Cardiff), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. L. Davies (Harrogate), Phyllis Tweeddale (Southport), G. Lenorme (Bingley), N. D. Gullick (Bristol), W. H. Thompson (Birmingham), E. F. Parr (Bristol), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), W. Stonehouse (Linton, Kent), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), E. Close (Shanklin), Bernard Delorme (Canonbury), Fred E. Holt (Anerley), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood), D. Le Febvre (Jersey), O. T. Scarfe (Sunderland), Dorothy Poole (Godalming), Annie M. Willcock (Scarborough), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), M. A. M. Marshall (Oxford), H. F. L. Cocks (Uxbridge), R. J. Preston (Norwich), B. Hughes (Llandudno), Mrs. Nevill Heard (Swanage), John Cadman (Southport), John Helston (London, S.W.), E. Hope (Bridlington), Keltie D. Dixon (Clapham), J. Drummond C. Monfries (London, S.W.), Dorothy G. Gibbings (Derby), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Donald R. Gooding (Southwold), R. King (Lewisham), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), C. S. Smith (New Cross), John M. Townsend (Hebden Bridge), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), J. H. Langlois (Roundhay), H. Elrington (Monkstown), D. H. R. Layton (Westgate), Esther M. Preston (London, W.), Miss E. M. Alston (Bury St. Edmunds), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), M. G. Alexander (Maida Vale).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Beatrice Craig, of Craigdanagh, Straidanan, Londonderry, Ireland, for the following:

A YEAR WITHOUT A CHAPERONE. BY ELSIE M. CAWTHORNE. (John Long.)

"I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!"

W. S. GILBERT—*The Precocious Baby*—

We also select for printing :

THE BLACKBERRY PICKERS. BY MISS ST. LEGER.
(Messrs. Putnam's Sons.)

"What, will these hands ne'er be clean?"

SHAKESPEARE.—*Macbeth*.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

THE WHITE COMPANY. BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.
(Smith, Elder & Co.).

"There's but a shirt and a half in all my Company"

SHAKESPEARE—*King Henry IV*.

(E. A. Pearson, Branksome Road, Fleet.)

III.—We have received a large number of Fairy Tales with morals touching on some prominent current topic, but unfortunately none reach publication standard. Most of them deal with the Woman's Suffrage question, and are not terse nor pointed enough. The best comes from Miss Nellie Strutt, of 11, Rose Villas, Devonshire Road West, Merton, to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Edgar Frere, of Imperial Chambers, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, W.C., for the following :

THY ROD AND THY STAFF
BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER
BENSON. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The vital interest of Mr. Benson's book lies in the fact that it is an analysis of the process known as "regeneration," written by a practical essayist. Five years ago the author had a nervous breakdown, and from this time he takes us, without a single jarring note, through an experience which "may not be an unusual one," but which left him, speaking broadly, with an entirely new point of view. And rightly he decided to share his experience with others. However painful self-revelation may be, there are cases when it is a duty—and this is one of them.

We also select for printing :

THE ROYAL ROAD. BY
ALFRED OLLIVANT. (Methuen.)

All who love their fellow-should read this book. A young leather-worker, sure and gay as the true cockney, is gradually overcome in the relentless struggle of the modern industrial world, and falls a victim to tuberculosis. Hankey lives before us, typical of modern discontent and modern ideals: dazed and embittered by present injustice, but hopeful of a future in which Love shall adjust inequalities and the dreamer realise his vision. The story is told with exquisite sympathy and insight. Edward Hankey, his wife and child, and their great-hearted friends, Dr. and Miss English, are folk to love and remember.

(Muriel Barnard, 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

GEORGE BORROW: THE
MAN AND HIS BOOKS.
BY EDWARD THOMAS.
(Chapman & Hall.)

In writing this new estimate of George Borrow, Mr. Thomas

has adopted the only reasonable and sane method of treating this unique personality. Instead of clothing his hero with the notions and ideas of the present day, in order that we may place Borrow on a convenient stand in our own private literary gallery, the biographer has been at pains to relieve him of all the gauds that modern estimates have given him and, as a result, we see this wild gipsy figure in all his natural beauty and surroundings—just, indeed, as Borrow himself would have us see him.

(F. W. Lawfield, 39, Mill Road, Cambridge.)

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL.
BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (At the Bodley Head.)

Aristide is a veritable son of Paragot, the Beloved Vagabond, inordinately possessed of the charm of Provençal gaiety, but lacking his "father's" philosophic vein. For Aristide, through all his adventures and misadventures, persists possessed of an irrepressible optimism, an unfailing *joie de vivre*. His company might work upon our nerves, his impertinences jar, were we his victims. But, reading, one cannot fail to enjoy the tale of this mountebank's presumptuous careers, whether in England or in France; for Mr. Locke, by his perfect touch of local and personal description, infects us with the charmingly irresponsible spirit of the children of Provence.

(J. Drummond C. Monfries, 313, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.)



Enter the Princess, reading.

From "Princess Ida" (Bell).

THE LEE SHORE. By ROSE MACAULAY.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Peter Margerison shoulders the burdens of others. He is one of the "Have-nots," nothing can he hold—luck, friendship, love—but, finally triumphant, he attains the lee-shore where he can "lose and laugh." Although we read the last pages with a lump in the throat, longing for happiness to come to him, we would not have it otherwise. Peter prosperous is unthinkable. We know that the failure is made of nobler stuff than Denis, the "Have," who wins everything, even taking from Peter his love Lucy. Sentiment is here, but it rings true; Miss Macaulay never stoops to sentimentality.

(Miss Bertha C. Priestley, 10, Great Ormond Street,
London, W.C.)

ALGIERS, THE SAHARA AND THE NILE.
By RACHAEL HUMPHREYS. (W. J. Ham-Smith.)

A pleasant, simply-written account of a winter's journeying; absolutely unpretentious and with no straining after effect, though with an under-current of enthusiasm for "fresh fields and pastures new." It contains passages of unhackneyed description of scenes in the Near East that wake the longing in the reader to see for himself its brilliant colouring and vivid contrasts. The whole book is apparently written, without thought of publication, simply for the pleasure of living over again in memory the experiences of a pleasant journey, and its very simplicity of style makes the recital of interest to the world at large.

(Miss Henrietta M. Auden, Alderdene, Church Stretton.)

THE REVELATION OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

LAST year we had Richard Wagner's life, told by himself with a frankness and a vivacity which carried the serious reading world by storm. Even those who imagined that they knew the man "*intus et in cute*," found that there was much they had not dreamt of, a greatness in doing and suffering of which his musical drama gave evidence indeed, but which it never could exhaust on the stage. Meredith, a name to endure in English prose certainly, perhaps in rhyme also, was hidden from his generation far more deeply than Wagner, by achievements as debatable, yet never, until his closing period, known except as curiosities to the public at large. Whether that public does anything but pretend to read his works now, I should not like to pronounce. But they are published and sold to an extent which would have amazed the Victorian England of 1866; and in these Letters we come almost suddenly upon the

man himself. A very great man, cast in a mould heroic and magnificent; not English, far from conventional, impassioned, resolute, affectionate, reserved, and not to be mistaken for another in the long gallery of those celebrities most of whom outrivalled his fame while they lived, yet cannot from henceforth eclipse him where he moves in his own sphere.

It is no slight tribute when reviewers (though they will sometimes clutch at any adjective to make a sentence) are led towards the word "Shakespearean" in speaking of dead greatness. Yet the quiet, unceasing display of intellectual power in Meredith's correspondence has prompted more than one critic to venture on those canonizing syllables, as if an epitaph not unfit for the daring and sure thinker who could never be taken off his guard. As a story-teller Meredith did not enter into his kingdom. He was wanting in the gift of narrative, the flow or the epic simplicity by which a tale comes trippingly on the tongue. Not on this account

* "Letters of George Meredith." Collected and Edited by his Son. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Constable & Co.)



From "Homes and Haunts of Ruskin" (Allen).

Bonneville and the Brezon.

will he be likened to the king of dramatists. But the spark of life was in his creations; and, in the mind that visibly brooded over them, a concentration of thought sometimes almost terrifying showed how beyond formal philosophy there may be in romance a depth, a range, recalling the secret potencies of Nature itself, shaping men and women to fulfil their doom. It is the same strong intellect, in earnest or at play, that has thrown off these letters without an effort, and that betrays the peculiar affinity with Shakespeare. Thus, we say, *he* might have written between his productions at the Globe, to close friends, with an irresistible spirit or a piercing pathos, acting his own life tragically in pensive mood, yet again taking it as a frolic, but always getting his terms out of events and his profit for reflection.

Tragically, one must repeat. The letters do not attempt a task which Meredith perhaps would have rather left undone. They give us no biography in a complete sense. And the discreet editor is sparing of elucidations. A very fine problem-play might be constructed on the lines of Meredith's experiences from first to last. His ancestry, including "the great Mel" of "Evan Harrington"; his religious training in a Moravian school at Neuwied on the Rhine; his adventures when a young man adrift from home as a London journalist; here, surely, we discern the opening chapters of a career not destined to be common. His marriage with Mrs. Nicholls, daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, follows, and it turns to disaster. Was he thinking of his first wife when he ascribed to Diana of the Crossways her beauty, irrepressible wit, and married troubles? We are told that it was "diamond cut diamond," with Meredith and his too gifted partner. The sad incidents are spared us. Left with his little son, this Richard Feverel (for the most Shakespearean of his characters is himself) fronts life boldly, is wrapped up in the child, almost dies when he is hurt; and, with poetry cherished as his true calling, he offers to England novels which it will not look at. His letters to the fascinating Dr. Jessop, the boy's schoolmaster, who has so much more of his presence than the father can get, are beautiful. And all through Arthur's boyhood there is the sense of a very perfect devotion lavished on him with exquisite tenderness. We do not anticipate the later years when this young man turned into his own path, travelled aloof from his father, and estrangement came. The end is melancholy. How difficult does genius make the com-



From "Germany" (Black).

Cochem.

mon life! The philosophy which sees in great original men something abnormal may take illustration from this obscurely indicated story of Meredith and his eldest son. It is a page for Schopenhauer. Happily, in the second marriage love found its reward.

But, fail as he might to charm the novel reader and to win his son's confidence, the strong man never drooped. He was in various ways an unbeliever even of a violent sort, taking delight in his Bradlaugh, then vociferous, almost French-Jacobin when he touched on orthodox articles of belief, and enthusiastic for John Morley's first aggressive manner, long since given up by Viscount Morley of Blackburn. "O Meredith," one can scarcely help exclaiming, "great is thy agnostic faith, yet not so great as thou deemest!" He belonged to a passing group of sentimental rebels against Christian dogma, of whom Leslie Stephen, Admiral Maxse, Cotter Morrison, may be quoted as instances; while Lord Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison remain to tell a later age what many Liberals thought about religion forty years ago. These all achieved renown; but perhaps their most remarkable quality was a turn for friendship, a kindness in private life that has endeared them to wide circles in which their doctrines meet scanty welcome or none at all. Meredith, not troubled by the proverbial shyness of the English temper at which he so pleasantly smiled, was in the glory and triumph of his attachments an Elizabethan, not a modern. His worship of Admiral Maxse paused only a little way on this side of idolatry. His lively boy-like fun with Sir William Hardman has many a surprising caper that will remind us of Charles Lamb or of Lewis Carroll. He is always ready to make friends. But his finest inspirations, as we might expect, descend upon the creator of Clara Middleton and her compeers when he is writing to women. All the world has been lately enchanted with reminiscences from the pen of Mrs. Janet Ross; and the letters addressed to that name in the present volumes will be studied eagerly.

For deep sustained observations, running almost into a system, we may turn to the correspondence with Lady Ulrica Baring, which abounds in them. To Miss Alice Brandreth, afterwards Mrs. J. G. Butcher; to his daughter, Mrs. Sturgis; to his grand-daughter, Dorothy, words grave and gay, wise and laughter-provoking, are sent freely, without a dream of publication, by the man whose greatness did not depend on acknowledgment, but, making him a sovereign in his own right, gave him liberty of speech where and how he would. He admired

yet sharply criticised Tennyson, too much in his Idylls—a drawing-room poet. He defied Ruskin's claims to autocracy. In mood, at last, he was an austere loyal believer, without hope for anything personal after death, but still a believer, in the reason and the justice by which the universe is carried forward. So, at all events, I construe George Meredith. As for these letters, they furnish at once his monument and his revelation. Whatever may be lost of his writings, they will survive and he in them.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

GEORGE MEREDITH as a poet teaches explicitly; as a novelist implicitly, or with a word indirect, a look askance, and by means of a lesson rehearsed for our observation rather than spoken for our conning. But in prose and verse he teaches, and in verse emphatically, with reiteration, and insistence, and the announcement of a law, "Thou shalt love thy mother Nature with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength. Thou shalt put thy whole trust in her. She is benign even when she seems cruel, albeit she loves thee not at all." This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt not love thyself." It is chiefly in poetry that this law can be delivered; for in poetry personification is not only permitted, it is prescribed. Meredith proclaims a personal Nature, and predicates of her the "intention," the "wish," the "aim," the "care," the "will." We are compelled to ask ourselves, How much is philosophy, and how much is poetry? Would Meredith, in prose, attribute this foresight, this intention *à parte ante* to the lawgiver—Nature, who made the law of the survival of the fittest, for example? All men recognize and confess the law in action and after action; Meredith, the poet, recognizes it as a design, as it were, before action. Paley's is not a more respectful recognition; but Paley does not use the feminine pronoun. Now the question, How much is philosophy, and how much is poetry? is obviously very important to the students of Meredith's philosophy, less momentous to the readers of his poetry; let me be allowed to cite one personal recollection in this case. This is that Mr. Meredith habitually used the same forms of speech and of thought in the prose of conversation: Nature "does not care," and "Nature's intention," "Nature's only wish," and phrases of like significance.

Honouring the personality of a law-giver, Meredith observes the law of the lives of animals and vegetables upon earth, submits his intellect to all that seems unkind or imperfect there, accepts all, loves all, and gives back to all his own blessing as a creature. It is when he professes to draw from Nature the tables of the moral

law that we question the poet who limits himself, who circumscribes himself, by the art of poetry, who takes refuge, as it were, in its imagery, who encloses himself within the boundaries of the art, and also gives himself the liberties of the fancy without which poetry is not poetry. Meredith professes, in verse and rhyme and imagery, to find all moral law in the Earth, our only visible friend, our only teacher, the only revelation of whatever Power—

"The great Unseen, never the dark Unknown—"



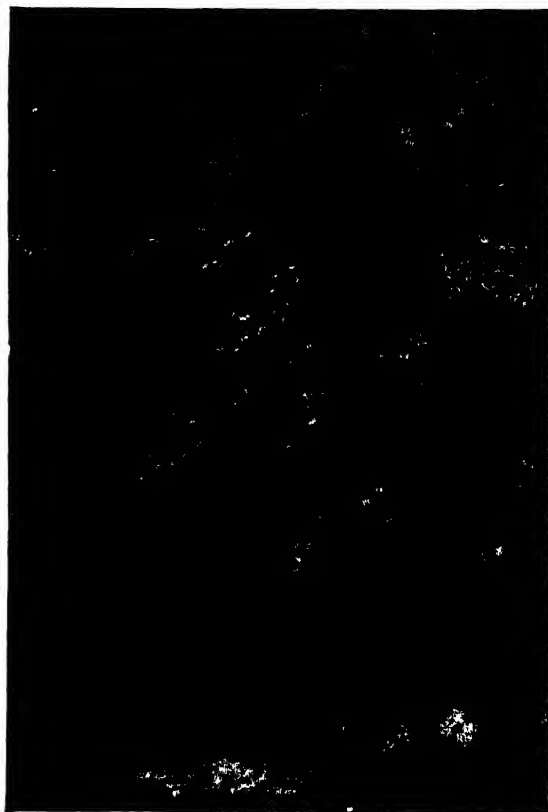
St. Francis Preaches to the Birds.

From "The Book of Saints and Heroes" (Longmans).

* "The Poetical Works of George Meredith." With Notes by G. M. Trevelyan. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

is above and beyond her. "Never the dark unknown," because that Power has revealed itself in Nature. I say "professes" advisedly. I cannot see that he does more. Meredith loved the unit—the child, the friend; the Nature he adored loves only the species much, the genus more, the unit not at all. An inexplicable love—for love, personal love, he predicates of her—which enthusiastically and aforethought provides for the multiplication of units she cares nothing for! The question of revelation is all. The definite religions are for another system; asserting that morality—if it does not begin where Nature leaves off—develops, corrects, alters, chastises the revelation of the earth and her laws. They aver that Meredith's "great Unseen" is not "the dark Unknown" because when the consciousness of moral good and evil was established—established for ever—in man, and in man alone, a direct appeal to that consciousness, now become conscience, became the chief necessity of the world, and—in several forms—took place. Morality is assuredly the greatest fact on Earth; but, as assuredly, Earth does not suffice for it. In our human kind we have all seen some foolish little mother looking with unintelligent wonder upon an illustrious son. If Earth is, as Meredith will have her, the mother of Morality, then is Morality such an alien son.

To his love of the Earth—the heart-whole, all-trusting, optimistic, courageous, submissive love he bore her—we owe Meredith's most wonderful poems. To the woods, on the moss, on the track of wild life, with exquisite tenderness, with joy such as human happiness fails to inspire in hearts less exquisite than his, with rapture of heart, without a "whimper" for the pain he found there, but with a valorous pity, this great poet betook himself. He counted all the cost of his love and his creed. Much that is human he overcame within himself, or thought that he overcame. The peace he found was not without an agonising novitiate. Some solitary crucifixion of the heart, such as his great contemporary, Coventry Patmore, underwent in a man's love for women, Meredith underwent in his love of the woods. Patmore's poem—the struggle over—is of heavenly grief, Meredith's, of earthly rapture. And both were spiritual men, and knew man to be a spirit. With a heart so subdued at once and so ennobled, Meredith faced the facts of Nature, using the incomparable alertness and sweetness of his observation, and using it with a strange delicacy; for the urbanity of his character, so constant in his letters, so charming in his manners, was his in the enchanted woods. Urbanity is a pleasantly paradoxical word to use in regard to one who dared thus to trust his own mind with the problem of wild life. But George Meredith was the most civilized of men. "Civilized" was with him a favourite word in commendation of his friends. No professed lover of country life, having half Meredith's love for it, has had half his urbanity. And he knew—and conquered his grief in knowing—that the wild thing must go down before the cultivated. He compelled himself to acquiesce in the killing of the young fox; though, for my part, I think he need not have so subdued his heart as to consent to "sport." And his own bearing observed the perfection of manners; it belonged to the time, gone by now, when it was permissible to speak of manners; he practised even the little tricks of that time—worth remembering because



The Jelly Fish and the Monkey.

From "Myths and Legends of Japan" (Harrap).

they were significant—and had an obvious dislike of the more modern bearing and address in which manners are, as it were, negative; with him they were positive. And even thus he cherished the worm, the snake, the bird, the seasons, and the wildest of all the winds.

It is rightly that the true student of this great poet gives almost his whole attention to the philosophy—"my philosophy" he called it with grave appropriation—for the sake of which nearly all his poetry was written. Nearly, but not all. Outside of this persistent "Reading of Earth," and sermon on the text of the reading, are the great dramatic poems, "Attila," "Napoléon," and other "Poems of Tragic Life," in which action and passion brandish a vitality of words altogether amazing; and the quieter but no less vital drama of "Modern Love," "Love in a Valley," and their kind. And here, and throughout, appears, conspicuous, not fantastic, not habitual, not disproportionately exhibited, a marvellous vocabulary. Perhaps no reader pauses necessarily upon Meredith's vocabulary, for there is no obvious research in its high distinction (let us except some of the Odes on French history). It is to what I dare to call the pocket vocabulary of such poets as Swinburne that our unwilling attention is compelled. So with Meredith as a metrist. There are refinements in the mere mechanism of his verse—the punctual relation of syllables, for example, at the conclusion of one line and the beginning of the next—such as I have not found in any other poet, Shakespeare always excepted. To make an unwilling comparison of different arts, the "music" of Swinburne seems a tune, while Meredith's is a melody. It is, therefore, as a singer of words, among other and greater qualities, that George Meredith stands among the score of major poets of our incomparable literature.

Mr. Trevelyan's edition is a masterpiece of knowledge and care.

MRS. GASKELL'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY MRS. ELLIS H. CHADWICK.

THE glory of England centres largely around her literary shrines, as is testified by the number of pilgrims from all parts of the world who flock to the haunts and homes associated with authors whose works have enriched our literature. It is the birthplace of a great man or woman which naturally claims the first consideration in these pious pilgrimages. For nearly half a century the devotees of Mrs. Gaskell have had to be content with the scanty information regarding her birthplace which appeared in the biographical sketches in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, written from information supplied by the members of Mrs. Gaskell's family. Here it was merely stated that the author of "Cranford" was born in Lindsey Row, Chelsea. This, of course, was too indefinite, and many who were interested in Mrs. Gaskell and her works have long wished to know the exact house in which she was born. As the name Lindsey Row has now almost passed into oblivion, few even of the oldest inhabitants of Chelsea can locate it to-day, for previous to the celebration of the Gaskell Centenary in September, 1910, when I gave an account of Mrs. Gaskell's birthplace,* many, including troops of Americans, I am told, had to leave Chelsea, with its wealth of literary associations, without satisfying their desire to gaze on the very house in which Mrs. Gaskell first saw the light.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Gaskell's own daughters have never been able to help materially in the matter. All that they knew was that their mother was born in a modest house in Lindsey Row, on the Thames Embankment, and that the house had a small enclosed forecourt. This was a remembrance they cherished from a drive which they had with their mother some time before her death.

* Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts Homes and Stories. (Pitman)

In response to many appeals, and also for their own satisfaction, Mrs. Gaskell's daughters, some years ago, employed a specialist to explore Chelsea, with the object of locating their mother's birthplace, but the search was unsuccessful, and it was concluded that further efforts were useless. It is not surprising that Mrs. Gaskell's daughters did not know the house in which their mother was born, for she died very suddenly and quite unexpectedly at Holybourne, Hants, in November, 1865, and her daughters had always lived in Manchester, except when at boarding school.

Although so much has been said about Mrs. Gaskell's wish not to have her life written, I have always cherished an idea that in the beautiful and quiet home at Holybourne, which Mrs. Gaskell had purchased with the proceeds of her last novel, "Wives and Daughters," she would have written her own life story, much on the lines of that of her friend Mrs. Fletcher, which was printed at first for private circulation only. If that had been so, we should have had a description of her birthplace, and probably an authoritative reply to the hard criticism which was levelled at the head of the biographer of Charlotte Brontë, for I have good reasons for stating that what Mrs. Gaskell wrote regarding the Brontë home was obtained from what she considered to be absolutely reliable sources, and she concluded that it was perfectly accurate in every detail.

It was generally believed that the house in which Mrs. Gaskell was born had been demolished, but I have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that Mrs. Gaskell was born on September 29th, 1810, in a house which is now known as 93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. There she lived for the first nine months of her life, after which her parents removed to 3, Beaufort Row in June, 1811. This house



Old Lindsey Row, Chelsea (now Cheyne Walk).

From a water colour painting by W. W. Burges in the Chelsea Free Library.



Photo by Percival
M. Chaitwick.

**93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the
birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell.**

has since been demolished to make room for the Beaufort Mansions in Beaufort Street. It was at 3, Beaufort Row, that her mother died at the end of October, 1811, and the year-old baby was taken to live with her Aunt Lumb at Knutsford. Afterwards, when about fourteen years of age, she was sent to school at Stratford-on-Avon, and three years later she returned to Chelsea to nurse her father, who had been stricken with paralysis. After nearly two years suffering he died, leaving his second wife with two children, Catherine and William. This sad two years was the only part of the Chelsea life that Mrs. Gaskell could remember. Unfortunately, the stepmother and Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson—to give Mrs. Gaskell her maiden name—were almost strangers to each other previous to the father's illness, and the beautiful young daughter had a trying time during the

two years she lived at Chelsea. This is probably the reason she did not visit more frequently in later life the haunts of her birthplace, for, in one of her letters to Mary Howitt, in 1838, she says: "Long ago I lived in Chelsea occasionally with my father and stepmother, and *very, very* unhappy I used to be; and if it had not been for the beautiful, grand river, which was an inexplicable comfort to me, and a family of the name of Kennett, I think my child's heart would have broken."

It is now nearly fifty years since Mrs. Gaskell died, and the approach of the Gaskell Centenary in 1910 caused many interesting facts to be brought to light, which otherwise would probably have passed into oblivion. Previous writers, however, who referred to

Mrs. Gaskell's life had to recognise that her actual birthplace was unknown, and they simply quoted the vague reference from the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Finding that relatives and friends of Mrs. Gaskell could not help me, in February, 1909, I wrote to the London County Council, which has always been interested in the literary landmarks of London. The reply was that the Memorial

Committee had previously investigated the matter, and had come to the conclusion that the house had been demolished about the year 1830. Curiosity prompted me, however, to visit the part of Chelsea which was associated with Mrs. Gaskell's birth.

My first difficulty was to find Lindsey Row, and after interviewing no less than seven of the old residents of Chelsea, including antiquarians and authors who dealt with the history of "the little village of palaces," I was unable to determine which part of Cheyne Walk was once known as Lindsey Row. After consulting old maps and plans in the Chelsea



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London County
Council.

**Design of the Medallion
to be fixed on the birth-
place of Mrs. Gaskell.**



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**Birth Certificate of Elizabeth Cleghorn
Stevenson (Mrs. Gaskell).**

Library, I concluded that it extended from the corner of Beaufort Street, formerly Beaufort Row, to the end of Milman Street—thirteen houses in all. My next point was to be quite sure which of these thirteen houses had been rebuilt, for I was still under the impression that the Memorial Committee of the London County Council had good evidence to support their conclusion. My own limited knowledge of architecture convinced me that, judging by appearances, all the houses were old, and none of them seemed to have been rebuilt as recently as 1830. To confirm my opinion I was fortunate in being permitted to search the old rate books of Chelsea from the year 1777, the year in which Mrs. Gaskell's birthplace was built. In the rate books I found that Lindsey Row consisted of twelve houses, described as "in or near Beaufort Gardens."

The following is a copy of the Register of Rates for the September quarter of 1810—the time of Mrs. Gaskell's birth.

LINDSEY ROW

Rateable Value	Tenant	Rates paid: £ s d.
£23	Captain McKilwaine	
£20	William Stephens	0 18
£60	Mary Smith	3 2

The "William Stephens" is a clerk's error, as I explained in my article on "The Mother of the Author of 'Cranford'" published in the January Number of *THE BOOKMAN* for 1912; the entry should have been William Stevenson, which is the name of Mrs. Gaskell's father, who appears afterwards in the rate books as Stephenson, and also as Stevenson. Continuing my research, I found that "William Stevens" (Stevenson) took possession of the house at the Midsummer half-quarter of 1809, paying six shillings as his proportion of the rate for that quarter. At this time I also found a William Stephenson was appointed keeper of the Records in the Treasury office, which was the position Mrs. Gaskell's father held in London. In the old Chelsea Directory, William Stephenson is entered as a tenant in Lindsey Row. In the rate books, Mr. Stevenson's name appeared as the twelfth in the list of tenants of Lindsey Row, Miss Smith occupying the thirteenth—the large house known as Belle Vue House, with a rateable value £60, whilst Captain McKilwaine was the tenth, and was rated on £23. These three houses are still assessed in the same ratio, though their values have risen considerably. I had thus proved that William Stevenson lived next to Belle Vue House, which was then the corner house in Lindsey Row, and from the rate books of 1822 I found that

Thomas E. Flood built Belle Vue Cottage, adjoining Belle Vue House, which now stands at the corner of Beaufort Street, Chelsea.

The fact that William Stevenson lived next to Belle Vue House was a great help in tracing the birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell, both backwards and forwards in the rate books, which were not kept so methodically in those days as they are now. In order to find the date when the house was built, I traced its history back to 1777, when the words "A new house empty," appear in the rate book, and opposite is the name of Captain McKilwaine, the ground landlord, as I found by consulting the present owner, who holds the title deeds which are dated 1777 and which prove that the land was bought by Mr. John Hatchett from Captain McKilwaine, though the land on which the next house was built belonged to Lord Cadogan.

I had now evidence that Mrs. Gaskell's father lived at the house which was 12, Lindsey Row according to the rate books, though the two houses adjoining Belle Vue House came to be known as Nos. 1 and 2, Belle Vue as the old sign-plate on the wall still shows.

My next point was to discover when the house built in 1777 had, according to the information I had received, been demolished. The rate books up to 1827 showed that the house was occupied by different tenants, for William Stevenson removed from 12, Lindsey Row, to 3, Beaufort Row, in June 1811. In the September quarter of the year 1827, in the space where the tenant's name usually appears, was a large cross in pencil, and the words "To be left blank until occupied." In 1828, 1829 and 1830 there

was a blank, and in 1831 the letter E. (for empty, I presume) appeared; but in the June quarter of 1834 a Mr. Felix Whitmore was entered as tenant.

I am told by an old resident of Chelsea, that although the house was entered as empty in the rate books for no less than seven years, Mr. Charles Hatchett, an antiquarian and collector, who was the owner of the house, and owner and occupier of Belle Vue House next door, used it as a store house for his large collection of pictures, bric-à-brac, etc., and this seems to be borne out by the fact that Mr. Hatchett paid an additional rate during those years. From June, 1834, the house has been tenanted, and for several years, Mr. Caröe, the well-known architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, lived next door, and his conclusion that the house had been built before 1830 helped to prove the case.

The fact that the house was not credited with rates



Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (Mrs. Gaskell) before her marriage.

From a miniature painted in Edinburgh about 1830.

for some years evidently led previous investigators to conclude that it had been demolished, although at the time it was only fifty years old. The title deeds show that the father of the present owner bought the house in 1851, and that it was an old house when he purchased it. The title deeds and the evidence derived from the rate books both prove that the present 93, Cheyne Walk, formerly 1, Belle Vue and previous to that 12, Lindsey Row, is the actual house in which Mrs. Gaskell was born.

The Chelsea rate books have been transferred to the Town Hall, but in the summer of 1909, when I spent two days examining them, they were kept at the office of the Board of Guardians. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Gaskell's birth certificate merely stated that she was born in Belle Vue, Chelsea, but as no number is given, it does not help in determining which of the four houses now known as Belle Vue was the actual birthplace, nor does it prove that the house now known as 93, Cheyne Walk is the one described as Belle Vue, Chelsea, so that without the title deeds and the evidence of the rate books, the birth certificate does not prove the actual

birthplace to be in existence, though it settles the question of the date.

The many devotees of the author of "Cranford" will be glad to know that as a result of my investigations, the Memorial Committee of the London County Council has decided to place a bronze memorial tablet on 93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, to commemorate the birthplace of Mrs. Gaskell. The design has been decided, and the tablet will shortly be fixed on the house.

Mrs. Gaskell was proud of being "a Londoner by birth" and though London has been tardy in establishing this literary landmark, yet it will be the first memorial tablet fixed to a house occupied by the author of "Cranford" and the distinguished biographer of Charlotte Brontë. Knutsford has its Gaskell Tower in quaint King Street; Manchester has its Gaskell Collection of the author's works, housed in the Moss Side Library, and there is a memorial tablet to the memory of Mrs. Gaskell in the Unitarian Chapel, Cross Street, Manchester. Chelsea will shortly add one more to its list of literary shrines, and will thus mark in a fitting manner the birthplace of one of the greatest women writers of the Victorian era.

New Books.

THE LOEB SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.*

Every humanist will sympathize with the aims of the enterprising founder of this series. Mr. Loeb, in the general preface which is prefixed to each volume, tells us that the idea of this Library was suggested to him by Mr. Salomon Reinach, the French savant, and that his imagination was deeply stirred by the thought that in it "might be found a practical and attractive way to revive the lagging interest in ancient literature which has for more than a generation been a matter of so much concern to educators." That the combination of text and translation on pages facing each other is both practical and attractive cannot be gainsaid. It is that of the Didot series and of others that Mr. Loeb cites. The standard English edition of Sophocles is a familiar example, and within recent times it has been adopted in two editions of Catullus. Mr. Loeb has secured for his scheme the countenance of an "Advisory Council" of an international character in a body of ten scholars of acknowledged position, which does not however include any Latinist of the first rank (for Prof. W. G. Hale of Chicago counts chiefly as a grammarian); and, as general editors, Mr. T. E. Page and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, whose capacity to direct an undertaking that has both literary and educational importance requires no proving to an English public. Nor (to speak here of externals) has the Library been less fortunate in its printers. The type and paper are excellent, the pages of a convenient size and the volumes handy to hold. The only fault to be found is that the lines of verse should have been numbered in accordance with common practice in five's, and not in ten's, which makes it more difficult to find one's place.

The terms of the general preface, and the contents of the first ten volumes, raise directly the question: "What should a translation be?" and both of these suggest that to this question there is more than one answer. Some of the translations are new; others are revisions of older ones.

Mr. Way's Euripides is in verse; Mr. Butler's Propertius in prose. It is clear that there should be some reason for these disparities either in the essential theory of translation itself or in the conditions of its application. Translation on the old lines has been compared to engraving; its operations are minute, punctilious and slow. But the methods of our modern paraphrast, the plaything of the reaction against literalism, may be compared to the scene-painter's. His reproductions are lively and true, provided you do not look too close. Details must be sacrificed, lines thickened and colours heightened, to suit the position of the spectator. When a translation of this kind is placed side by side with the original, of which it professes to be a copy, dissatisfaction is sure to arise and to create a sense of discomfort, which will be great if the reproduction is seen to be false as well as inadequate. Let me illustrate the risk of this from Mr. Sargeant's version of Terence. The slaves in Terence consistently address their masters by name; Mr. Sargeant as consistently renders the proper name by "Sir." This modernizing certainly gives greater life to the translation, and just as certainly it obliterates a characteristic touch of ancient manners, which may be paralleled from the modes of address current in certain towns in the North of England. And we may be content with Davus's "Seems to me a damned improbable story," till we compare it with "*mi quidem hercle non fit ueri simile*" *Andr.*, l. 224. Fidelity, not force, must be the first aim of the translator, and his guiding principle should be that of all idiomatic renderings of his original the one nearest to that original is best.

The use of an archaic translation is exposed to dangers of its own. It practically interposes another medium between our mental vision and its object. To change the metaphor, the genuine flavour of antiquity is dashed with Elizabethan or Jacobean sauce. In the translation of "St. Augustine's Confessions," adapted by Dr. Rouse, this makes itself felt less than it would elsewhere owing to the prevalence of the symbolic and the traditional in the expression of religious emotions.

As for the translation of verse, far harder task than that of prose, I am with those who hold, as Conington did, that the metrical form of an original is a feature which the translator is bound to preserve—if he can; and so I welcome

* The Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. First 10 volumes. Cloth 5s. net; Leather 6s. 6d. net, each volume. (Heinemann.)

the inclusion in the series of a Euripides in verse. Failing this, and, unhappily, in many cases it must remain a counsel of perfection, I think that the rendering of a verse original should be differentiated in rhythm from prose; and I am glad to see that, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Butler's version of Propertius has to a large extent been influenced by this consideration.

The Preface claims, and emphasises the claim by italics, that the Library will consist of "a uniform series of the best texts." Unless the phrase is the offspring of inexperience or a too sanguine temperament, it is to be understood in the qualified sense of the best texts available. The texts issued in the first instalment are on the whole reasonably good texts; but to ask them to be taken as the best texts possible would be to ask too much.

Mr. F. C. Conybeare has translated the "Life of Apollonius of Tyana" by Philostratus, the letters ascribed to Apollonius and the pamphlet in which the biography and its subject are the subject of a criticism by Eusebius. The text which he follows in all but some six passages is Kayser's second one. Kayser had improved it after the criticisms of Cobet in Vol. VIII. of "Mnemosyne"; but he might have improved it more, and Mr. Conybeare would have done well to accept a number of the great Dutch scholar's suggestions. That Philostratus did not use the base form *καταδραθέντες* II. 36 *fin.*, is shown by the correct infinitive *καταδραθῆν* in the previous chapter. In VI. 25, Kayser, in ignorance, perhaps, of the ease with which *βοράν* could be confused with *ἀγοράν* in Greek cursive, rejects that correction for his own much more improbable change of *βρώσεως* to *κράσεως*, and thus gives us an unheard-of appellation for a tribe, "the elephant-sellers," in place of the "elephant-eaters," for which there are numerous analogies, and one, "the man-eaters," in the very next sentence. We might, too, have been spared Kayser's sins against metre (Empedocles, ap. I. i., II., 4.451, ap. V. 26). Mr. Conybeare's translation is pleasant to read. It renders the "light" touch of his author; and, apart from a certain redundancy and concession to the fashionable laxity, and occasional slips, e.g., at I. 7, where the young eagles are said "to snuff the quarry," instead of the odour of the burnt-offering, and *ib.*, 24 p. 72, where Eretria and Athens are seemingly both made "neighbours of Eubœa," it is sufficiently exact. Perhaps one may regret his adoption of the tiresome and out-of-date habit of prefixing "O" to the vocatives.

Dr. Rouse adopts the translation of "St. Augustine's Confessions" by W. Watts, published in 1631. The Latin is given almost invariably by the text of Knöll (Teubner). The bibliography does not mention the apparently still unfinished edition by F. Ramorino, 1909, nor, a stranger omission, Gibb's and Montgomery's commentary (Cambridge, 1908). The text of Knöll is a sound one, though he was too much enamoured of one particular manuscript. But it is not immaculate; thus in VI. 8. *peruiam* = *obuiam* is required by the sense. Nor was it the text of Watts; and Dr. Rouse has not removed all the discrepancies thus arising between the Latin and the English. Three instances of this occur in the chapter already cited; the words (1) *et ibi constituistis*; (2) *oculos* (after *peruiit*); and (3) *prius* before *abductus est* translated by Watts are not to be found in Knöll.

Dr. Rouse shows a commendable reluctance to alter much in the version he has taken; but he appears to expect from ordinary readers his own familiarity with our earlier English. To such "recollecting myself out of that broken condition" (II. 1) will only seem bizarre; but "abler" for *opulentiorum*, *ib.*, 3 and "calumnies," (VI. 3) for *calumniarum* where "cavils" is meant, are likely to mislead. In the latter case there is no possible objection to the change, as "cavilling" is given for *calumniosorum* in Ch. 5. Retouching in these respects need not have impaired the literary quality of the version.

Mr. Way's two volumes include nine of the plays attributed to Euripides. His text is of the kind that is often called "safe." To take the beginning of the "Helena,"

he rightly rejects the correction of Nauek at 112, but wrongly that of Wecklein, at 354, and of Verrall at 381. Examples from the "Troades" are his retention of *ἡμῶν* (474) and *ἐλπίοι* without an obelus (1188). His translation in verse was already known and favourably esteemed; it has now been improved by "many hundreds of corrections." The spirit and vigour of much of it is notable, and in the dialogue it often reaches, and usually approaches, the goal of faithful translation. But in the choric portions his rhyming and double rhyming prevent him from achieving this result. Sometimes, indeed—as in the commos of the "Iph. Taur.", 153-169—Mr. Way surprises us by the deftness with which, in spite of all, he renders the Greek; but more often his glittering phrases and resonant lines are a long way from the original. The risks that dog a free translation may be shown by one example. In "Electra," 730, Euripides describes how light fled from the sight of Thyestes' crime; Zeus turned back "the bright face of the Dawn." Mr. Way, repeating an error of Paley, who renders "grey," expands this into "the misty eyes of the morning grey," a wholly false image. Mr. Way takes most licence in his translation, or rather travesty, of the "Cyclops," now published for the first time. He has missed the significance of the satyric drama which was burlesque, not comedy, and still less farce. That he has missed it, a comparison with Shelley's incomplete translation will show, or the mere consideration of such phrases as these: "All right. Fetch out your cheeses and your mutton" (162). "Paris' gaudy bags" (182). "Callooh! Callay!" (464). "His teeth are foul wi' flesh o' man! He's damned to hell for a' that!" (374).

Terence is naturally associated with Westminster School, which, in Mr. John Sargeant, has supplied the series with a very competent workman. His text is sound. In the first 800 lines of the "Hautontimorumenos" there is, perhaps, nothing to evoke protest beyond his rejection of Bentley's reading at 125; and if the prominence given in the Preface to a violent emendation of "Andria," 940-1, brings a Westminster Latinist into too close a proximity to that great scholar, this is only a mistimed offering to the genius of the place. Mr. Sargeant's uneasy devotion to the traditions of an institution that has not yet wholly shed its mediæval slough may have prejudiced some of his critical and literary judgments, as when he disputes, on an irrelevant issue, the estimate of Terence by Cæsar; but it has not injured his translation. This, in the style of the older rather than of the most recent English comedy, is spirited, terse and euphonious; a rendering both readable and actable. In the main, it is faithful too, though sometimes exactness is sacrificed to other considerations. I will take one case where the loss is greater than the gain. In "Hautont," 379, *saltem salutare* is rendered "Just one kiss." But Clitophon does not ask Syrus to let him kiss Bacchis, only give her good-day, and Syrus will not trust him even so far.

Having had to translate a considerable part of Propertius myself I sympathize with Mr. Butler in the task that has been allotted to him. The selection of the author of the only complete commentary in English since Paley was a very natural one; but Mr. Loeb was ill-advised in including this author in the first instalment of his Library. Propertian scholars, at accord on little enough, would, no doubt, agree that texts produced under present conditions have little chance of permanence. In such circumstances the translator's lot is a hard one. He cannot take refuge in silence, so often the shelter of the nonplussed editor and commentator. He must face the dismal choice between perverse translation and unsatisfying correction. Mr. Butler's text of 1912 differs from that of 1905 in what, with another author than Propertius, would be deemed a considerable number of passages; but his critical position has altered little. It may be summed up in saying that he deals better with the superficial than the deeper corruptions of the text. Thus no regard is paid in either edition to Santen's *tua* for *mea* at II. 20, 10, where Propertius says that he will break through all obstacles, bronze chains and

iron tower of Danae, to come to his love, and the vulgate puts this tower to the novel use of confining the *lover*; and if Mr. Butler will compare Cic. ad Fam. IX., 22, 5, with Catullus, 54, 4 (Scotch and German papers please copy), he will find that "*nymphis leviter crepitantibus*" II. 32, 15, might suggest to a Roman an idea very different from that of "Naiads babbling through the streets of Rome." There are not a few places where I should say that Mr. Butler's text is right but his rendering incorrect; but to go further into these here would have the effect of depreciating what, all things considered, may be described as a useful and estimable performance.

J. P. POSTGATE.

FREDERIC HARRISON AMONG HIS BOOKS.*

A book from Frederic Harrison is always something to be received with gratitude. He has a flexible style that reaches from easy colloquialism to virile eloquence, and, as befits "a sworn foe to specialism of any sort" (p. 4), his interests range over, apparently, the whole field of literature and history. He is permeated by the Positivism of Auguste Comte, but this does not prevent him from having at least a spice of the Positivism of John Bull. A score of books carry his name as author and they can all be read with pleasure and profit, and with the greatest pleasure and profit by those who do not insist that their authors shall view things exclusively from the reader's own point of view. Although the world cannot be precisely divided into those who do and those who do not approve of Positivism all per-vid-opponents of Auguste Comte and all his works will act wisely in carefully studying the writings of Frederic Harrison. It is pleasant to find him among his books and to listen to the gossip of an octogenarian on the authors that have pleased him whether in youth or in old age. We hear his views on Homer, on Tennyson, on Ruskin, on Lord Rosebery. He tells us of the poets that he loves, he discourses on great biographies. In history his topics are as remote as the Roman Empire on the Bosphorus, and as recent as Chatham's creation of the British Empire by his policy that made the whole of North America English when otherwise it might have been partly if not wholly French. And that the great work of Chatham as he planned it was shattered by the stupidity of the Ministers of George III. and their still more stupid master is one of the tragedies of history. Mr. Harrison says that Frederick of Prussia and Washington had no direct relations with each other (p. 252), but there is a curious legend which connects them, for John Brown at Harper's Ferry was armed with a sword which tradition said the great German had presented to the great American.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is an accomplished bookman, and gives a capital account of that boon to students, the Subject Catalogue of the London Library, but it is somewhat of a shock to learn that he classifies his own library—ranging from "Lagrange on Analytic Functions" to "Pickwick"—not by subjects but by sizes. The slight economy of space thus obtained is purchased at far too great a price when John Henry Newman, Bunyan and Häckel are placed cheek by jowl. Comte in 1851 published a list "to guide the more thoughtful among the people in their choice of books for constant use." An English version of this, first published in 1886 and revised in the present year, is an interesting contribution to the difficult art of book selection. Mr. Harrison's commentary explains some of the apparent oddities of the list which it has to be remembered was "avowedly provisional." Still it cannot be fairly said that Protestantism is adequately represented by one book and that book Bossuet's controversial treatise on the history of Protestant divergencies. On the other hand no one who really appreciates Thomas à Kempis would care about Corneille's feeble paraphrase of the "Imitatio," in French verse except as a curiosity. Like many other lists that of Comte fails to distinguish between books that record facts,

* "Among My Books: Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the constants of physical and historical science, and the books that seek to influence conduct either directly or by the stimulation of the imagination or of the soul. De Quincey's division was the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The possession of a modest encyclopædia would enable the studious Positivist to dispense with many of the compilations that find a place in Comte's list and are now absolutely obsolete. The difference may be illustrated by the temporary value of such a book as that of Malte-Brun—excellent in its day and of its kind—and the perpetual value of Plato—who does not figure in this Positivist Library. The personal equation comes in when Comte excludes the "Bride of Lammermoor," because Lucy Ashton "betrays a weakness of character unworthy of her sex." In annotating this list, and in many other places, Frederic Harrison emphasises, as Emerson did, the value of translations. It is the merest pedantry of affectation to think that the average man who can read Greek is able to interpret for himself the text of Euripides as successfully as it has been done for the English reader by Professor Gilbert Murray, who unites the not always concurrent gifts of the accomplished scholar and the true poet. But let the reader who accepts the aid of translators make sure that they are trustworthy. Mr. Harrison's annotations are very useful. Comte included Cornaro's "Vita Sobria" in his list. The commonest of the English translations have not been made direct but by way of Latin and French versions, but Mr. Harrison at once picks out the only complete English translation of the delightful gossip of the old Italian who is equally proud of the dramas he wrote in old age and of his method for the recovery of shattered health. Mr. Harrison in praising Plutarch says with epigrammatic truth that "the conventional biography records what the person *did*: the true biography what the person *was*." Most readers of the "Parallel Lives" ignore the "Moralia"; it would be interesting to have Frederic Harrison's opinion of that wonderful collection of essays about things on earth and in the moon, but unluckily he is silent on that side of Plutarch.

Amongst the modern topics discussed by Mr. Harrison are the artistic position of Rodin (whom he regards as a caricaturist), the centenary of Tennyson, and the Coronation of Queen Victoria and that of King George, both of which he witnessed. There is also a delightful chapter of travelling impressions:

"When first I knew France under Louis Philippe, Guizot and Marshal Soult, the opponent of Wellington in Spain, were in power; Louis Napoleon was a prisoner at Ham; the Emperor Napoleon's widow and his brother Jerome, were still living; and his body had only just been restored to France. In things visible—and to some extent in things political and social—France was much as it had been at the Restoration of Louis the Eighteenth in 1815. The only means of locomotion was by means of diligence, post-chaises, or the ponderous hooded gig. Each department—almost each village—had its local costumes and manners; the old provincial life as described by Balzac, Hugo, Erckmann-Chatrian, was in full career with its markets, fairs, pardons, and pilgrimages. The churches and cathedrals were still undefiled by the hand of the restorer, and they were full of honest worshippers."

This and other incidental passages mark the changes that have come in the lifetime of Frederic Harrison. And happily he has found that there is a charm in old age which, as Cicero puts it, is not tedious but pleasant. "*Nec solum non molesta, sed etiam jucunda.*" So mote it be.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

LIFE IN THE DESERT.*

Mr. Douglas' name is already familiar to discriminating readers by reason of his contributions, to *The English Review*, and of his book "Siren Land"—that delightful and ironical volume of Italian impressions. "Fountains in the Sand" should widen his reputation, for it is the work of an exquisite literary artist, who has the mind not only of a poet but of a shrewd and competent observer, and who

* "Fountains in The Sand." By Norman Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

adds to his other qualifications those of learning and philosophy. For the book before us is no ordinary travel book, although its ostensible *raison d'être* is to describe the desert towns of Southern Tunisia, such towns as Gafsa, Metlaoui, and Nefta. No, it is something quite different and much higher—a book of reflections, as it were, roused by contemplation of the desert and its dwellers. His style is so extraordinarily finished, and his tone, though romantic, so politely sceptical, that he reminds one strongly of some of these old French writers whose polish always seems half malicious. But perhaps this is rather unfair on Mr. Douglas, whose irony, cutting as it is, is yet genial. For he is nothing if not a thorough man of the world, cynical, disillusioned, but very sensitive to impressions. The book is full of really beautiful descriptions, especially, perhaps, the latter part, when he has escaped from deadly cold Gafsa to the warm oasis of Nefta. If only there had been a map it would have been a great convenience as it would have shown us exactly what ground he covered, but, of course, in the very idea of the book, all that is subsidiary. It is the atmosphere he creates that is so valuable, and possibly some precious part of that would actually have been dissipated by so concrete a thing as a map. As a substitute, he has given us some charming photographs.

Mr. Douglas' opinion of the natives of these desert-towns is by no means flattering, nor does he think that the French have carried out their occupation in a satisfactory manner, but he is enthusiastic over such a pioneer as the late Monsieur Philippe Thomas, the discoverer of the vast phosphate deposits at Metlaoui. But with all his critical dislike of the dirt and discomfort of a place like Gafsa, he infinitely prefers it to the tourist-ridden delights of Biskra and similar spots. For him, the untrodden path is sweetest—he hates all the sugary romance of the guide-book desert. It would be interesting to hear his opinions on "The Garden of Allah"—well, perhaps that depends on whether you admire Mr. Hichens or not.

In short, this is a type of book of which we get too little. The author is one of those rare people who are truly romantic and yet always have their feet firmly on earth. And he is full of curious information, which he presents to us, not in heavy slabs but in small doses that seem to fall accidentally from his lips. "Fountains in the Sand" is a remarkable book.

RICHARD CURLE.

A STEPCHILD OF THE CZAR.*

This is an intensely interesting book. It is the life story of a Russian Jewish girl, who spent the early years of her childhood under the menacing shadow of Czarism, and then passed, by the emigration of her parents, into the spacious freedom of America. At seasons convenient to the politician we hear much of the alien immigrant; and we, in London at least are familiar with him in all his forms, from Turiddu of Saffron Hill to Isaac of Petticoat or Park Lane. Moreover, we have our views of him, which we express at length in the newspapers, but do we ever really think about him—his loves, his affections, his domesticities, his humanity? Ill would it become the countrymen of the artist Shakespeare, whose tragic Shylock so often gets the better of the comic Jew designed by the commercial Shakespeare, and becomes Israel itself articulate, chanting *super flumina Babylonis*—ill would it become us who speak the tongue of Shakespeare to look abroad across Europe for instruction in handling the alien. But, who knows? We yet may rise to the heights of Continental efficiency, and prove worthy even of Holy Russia, our friend and ally in the task of crushing the impudent attempt of Persian nationalists to cleanse and re-make their country.

* "The Promised Land." By Mary Antin. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

I suppose Christianity means to the Russian Jew much the same as it meant to the countrymen of Atahualpa. At least, this is how the Cross in Russia appears to our author:

"Fedora Pavlovna would tell us that the Russian people were not to blame. It was the priests, she said, who taught the people to hate the Jews. . . . I tried not to look in the corner where the icon was when I came into a Gentile house. I was afraid of the cross. Everybody was, in Polotzk—all the Jews, I mean. . . . For it was the cross that made the priests, and the priests made our troubles, as even some Christians admitted. The Gentiles said we had killed their God, which was absurd, as they never had a God, nothing but images. Besides, what they accused us of happened so long ago. Everybody had been dead for ages who could have had anything to do with it. . . . To worship the cross and to torment a Jew was the same thing. That is why we feared the cross."

So much for religion. Now what of the State?

"You went out to play one morning, and saw a little knot of people gathered around a lamp-post. There was a notice on it—a new order from the chief of police. You pushed into the crowd, and stared at the placard, but you could not read. A woman with a ragged shawl looked down upon you, and said, with a bitter kind of smile, 'Rejoice, rejoice, little girl! The chief of police bids you rejoice. There shall be a pretty flag flying from every housetop to-day, because it is the Czar's birthday, and we must celebrate. Come and watch the poor people pawn their samovars and candlesticks, to raise money for a pretty flag. It is a holiday, little girl. Rejoice. . . . You accept the hint and go and watch the people buy their flags. . . . One customer puts down a few kopecks on the counter, saying, 'Give me a piece of flag. This is all the money I have. Give me the red and the blue; I'll tear up my shirt for the white.' You know it is no joke. The flag must show from every house, or the owner will be dragged to the police-station, to pay a fine of twenty-five roubles."

There is a moral here—not to say several—for the free Briton in all these islands. I forbear the exposition. The life of a child cribbed, cabined and confined in the Jewish quarter of a Russian town is movingly described. Incidentally there is a picture of the women's



The Gravedigger of Polotzk.

From "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin. (Heinemann.)

bathing house, not unworthy to be set by the side of Dostoeffsky's terrible vignette of the convicts at their bath in Siberia. Trouble was ahead for the little Jewish girl. The father plunged several times into commercial adventures for which he was lamentably unfit. Apparently he bequeathed some of his commercial incapacity to his daughter, who assisted the mother in serving goods from the store. She delivered tea to one customer:

"She sniffed and sniffed. She pinched the tea, she shook it all out on the counter.

"*'Na take it back,'* she said, in disgust; *'this is not the tea I always buy. It's a poorer quality.'*

"I knew the woman was mistaken. I was acquainted with my mother's several grades of tea. So I spoke up manfully. *'Oh, no,'* I said; *'this is the tea my mother always sends you. There is no worse tea!'*"

And so a customer was lost. The family lingered on in the bondage of Russia, longing for the exodus that was to take them to the "Promised Land"—not Palestine, but America. At last the chance came; and away they went to the wonderful country where knowledge was not a crime, where even a little girl, hungry for books, could go to school and learn all the wonders of the world. The introduction to the "school ma'am" is quite moving:

"But the figure that challenged attention was the tall, straight father, with his earnest face and fine forehead, nervous hands eloquent in gesture, and a voice full of feeling. This foreigner, who brought his children to school as if it were an act of consecration, who regarded the teacher of the primer class with reverence, who spoke of visions, like a man inspired, in a common schoolroom, was not like other aliens who brought their children in dull obedience to the law. I think Miss Nixon guessed what my father's best English could not convey. I think she divined that by the simple act of delivering our school certificates, he took possession of America."

(.) her further adventures, her meeting with that great old veteran, Edward Everett Hale, and her ambition to write, let the book itself speak. Its vivid story and its clean good style are themselves testimony to the brave spirit of this alien child, once stepchild of the Czar, and now a daughter of America.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

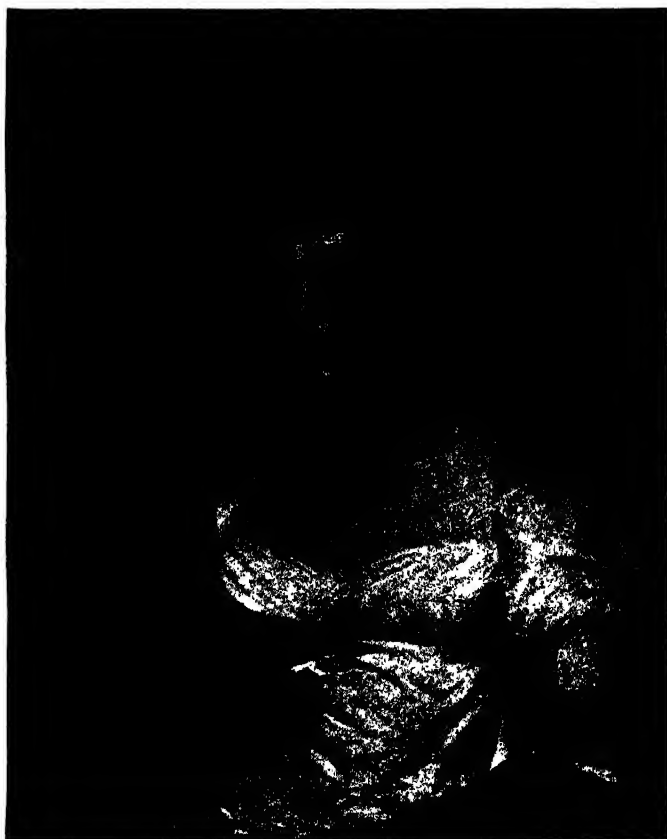
A LETTER BAG.*

Mrs. Stirling, who achieved fame with an admirable biography of her ancestor "Coke of Norfolk," first Earl of Leicester, last year published a selection of the Cannon Hall papers, entitled "Annals of a Yorkshire House." Encouraged by the reception given to that work, Mrs. Stirling has now given to the world a further selection of the family correspondence. Much of the charm of the work now under consideration is due to the interludes of the author, whose acquaintance with the Georgian era is so profound that she is never at a loss for a character-sketch, an anecdote, or an explanation. Indeed, a book is rarely given forth that is so admirably and interestingly annotated. Illustrations are a feature of this book, and there is especially to be noted a portrait of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope, grandmother of Mrs. Stirling, a lady apparently at once so beautiful and charming, that Mrs. Stirling must often have addressed to the painting those lines of Locker-Lampson (with a difference):

"If Barber's touch be true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!"

In her preface Mrs. Stirling mentions that in this "Letter Bag" there "is represented the social existence of two generations and the current gossip of over half a century, as first set forth by their nimble pens in all the freshness of novelty." None may gainsay this statement, for the first letter is dated 1805 and the last 1868. The correspondence, it must be confessed, is not of first-rate importance, but the book makes very good reading, and throws light on many folks who moved in the Society of the day. "One

* "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope." Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806-1873. By A. M. W. Stirling. With numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. 32s. net. (John Lane.)



Barber Pinat

Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope,
Youngest daughter of Thomas William, 1st
Earl of Leicester of the second creation, and
wife of John Spencer-Stanhope, Esqre., of
Cannon Hall.

From "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope." (Lane.)

night [at the opera, we were a good deal amused by having His Royal Highness and his *chère amie* in the next box to us, really they squabbled so you would have imagined they were man and wife," Marianne Spencer-Stanhope, early in 1805 wrote to her brother John. The "*chère amie*" was, of course, Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, though it was not then known, had twenty years earlier been secretly married to the Prince of Wales. For Mrs. Fitzherbert Miss Spencer-Stanhope had no great respect, nor for the King's sons, as witness the following extract from another of her letters written during the same season:

"Our neighbour, Mrs. Fitzherbert, in the next box to our own, affords us plenty of amusement. I shall almost become an adept at finding out royalty by their conversation, from frequently overhearing what passes between the Lady, and not only one but several of Their Royal Highnesses. I will give you an infallible guide to a Royal conversation. Stupidity for its basis, an ignorance of intellectual merit for one prop, and a contempt of moral excellence for the other; witticisms, *doubles entendres*, mimicry, and every species of oath that any English gentleman ever made use of for the *fond*, as a whole, you may call it double refined folly and vulgarity. This is only doing justice to the conversations I have overheard; far be it from me to wish to diminish the meridian lustre with which these noble gentlemen shine. Let me rather forgive *them* for understanding who have no conduct and those for conduct who have no understanding. The excellent qualifications of the Lady as an associate are evident, she has neither conduct nor understanding."

The judgment may be harsh, but how well that girl of nineteen wrote. As we read on we meet such dandies as "Skiffy," Petersham, "Golden Ball" Hughes, and "Kangaroo" Cooke, such a wit as Albanley; such theatrical favourites as young Roscius and Maria Foote; and such a soldier as Blucher. That rough diamond, we learn, at a banquet, after an honorary degree had been conferred upon him at Oxford, "got hopelessly tipsy, and was found afterwards strolling about the College by himself, totally incapable of finding his way back to his lodgings." We are re-introduced to Lady Hertford, but is her *liaison* with the Prince of Wales so well-established as Mrs. Stirling assumes? The general impression is that

though His Royal Highness sat at the noble dame's feet, if he sighed for her favours, he sighed in vain. When the Marchioness was asked if she was acquainted with Lady Conyngham, "Well as I knew the Prince," she replied, with dignity, "he would never have ventured to introduce his mistress to me." It is possible, therefore, that Mrs. Stanhope was not wrong when she wrote that "Lady Hertford is very busy trying to bring about a reconciliation between the Prince and Princess." In these volumes we meet such different folk as the Princess of Wales, Hudson the Railway King, Mary Anne Clarke and the Duke of York, Mrs. Disraeli, and "The Little Admiral," Sir Harry Keppel; and are taken to the opera, the Argyll Rooms (before they became infamous), the clubs, and the Salon des Etrangers at Paris. There is a pen-portrait of Mrs. Disraeli at Fryston in 1844 that cannot be omitted:

"Mrs. D'Izzy was in a lace dress, looped up on each side, over pink satin, and a wreath on her head, though, I should think, near fifty. However, she is very amusing and off-hand, saying everything that comes uppermost and unfeignedly devoted to her D'Izzy. She does not give herself airs, and seems very good-natured."

At parting from this entertaining work, it may be mentioned that it contains references to the engagement and honeymoon of almost the last surviving link between the Georgian era and the present day, Lady Dorothy Nevill.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

RODIN ON ART.*

Talking art is one thing, revealing the inner meaning of art as the result of long and masterly practice, another. M. Paul Gsell's record of the *obiter dicta* of Auguste Rodin taken down from time to time after a series of friendly interviews and published with the approval of the great sculptor, belongs to the latter category. Nothing further in the nature of appraisal need be said of the book, save that the author deserves honour not only for the skill with which he has recorded his conversations with Rodin, but for the consummate art he has displayed in revealing just enough personalia to lend reality to the interviews. The tendency to-day is to allow personal detail to obscure idea. M. Paul Gsell has not done so; on the contrary, he has given us several vivid little glimpses of the man Rodin at work and at leisure, but in every case he has contrived to use such personal glimpses as auxiliaries to the discussion of the master's view of Art. That view although not altogether new to the world, for Rodin has on several occasions expressed opinions to friends and interviewers upon his own art, that of others, and of art in the abstract, but these opinions are either lost in ephemeral journals or scattered over many books. Thus the present volume gives us for the first time a considerable body of the sculptor's artistic philosophy under one cover. It is a kind of anthology of Rodin's opinions about art, and coming as it does from so great an artist, who is also known as one who has pondered the problems and ideas of his craft, it must rank with the notable expressions of artistic opinions. Less comprehensive than Ruskin and Morris, and with nothing of the large puritanism of Tolstoy, or the culture-heroism of Nietzsche, and entirely free of the artistic insolence of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Rodin does in a sense act as a sort of bond between all of these seemingly conflicting attitudes, because you are convinced that his opinions are merely the by-products of an art and not attempting to be art in themselves. Rodin has worked first and talked last, or rather, talked by the way, for he will work last as well as first, and his real achievement is to be found in statuary not philosophy or criticism. This gives his views upon art a natural value which those of the others, despite their importance, lack. You feel that Rodin has analysed the processes of his craft whilst working, and discussed with himself the technique of imagination and feeling whilst these were guiding those strong sensitive hands of his and those exacting visionary eyes in their creative work upon clay and marble. And knowing this, one is less inclined

to discuss his conclusions where they differ from one's own as to accept them because of their origin. Such homage does the mind pay to art. In discussing realism, for instance, Rodin declares himself to be an uncompromising naturalist. "I obey Nature in everything," he says: "and I never pretend to command her. My only ambition is to be servilely faithful to her." And when M. Gsell suggested that it was not Nature exactly as it is that he invoked in his work, Rodin replied: "Yes, exactly as it is!" But after further pressure from his interlocutor, without yielding from his original position, he admitted that mere copying was not the ultimate aim of the artist although it must ever be the method. By such a process art caught the spirit of nature accentuating and exaggerating unconsciously for the benefit of greater realism. "The only principle in art is to copy what you see," he says. But seeing for Rodin connotes feeling, it is an operation of eye and heart, and the unity of the two distinguishes the artist from the ordinary man. Thus the naturalism of Rodin becomes something more than mere copying, as those who know his works would agree, despite the hottest protestations of the great sculptor. But even he would help us to agree with him for he admits that the "mediocre man copying nature will never produce a work of art." All of which amounts to saying that the artist not only copies nature but during that act he copies himself into nature for he and nature are one. And from such an angle we can understand Rodin's final word upon realism, that "the artist has only to trust to his eyes," realising that it is at one with our own William Blake's differentiation of seeing *with* and *through* the eye. The artist can afford to trust to mere optical vision because he cannot escape his inner vision. And if such a rendering of Rodin's thought be true, as I think it is, it joins issue with that of those thinkers who look upon art as interpretation of nature rather than exact representation. Later on in this book of conversations Rodin supports this idea when he says:

"Art shows man his *raison d'être*. It reveals to him the meaning of life, it enlightens him upon his destiny, and consequently points him on his way. When Titian painted that marvellously aristocratic society, where each person carries written in his face, imprinted in his gestures and noted in his costume, the pride of intellect, of authority and of wealth, he set before the patricians of Venice the ideal which they wished to realize. When Poussin composed his clear, majestic, orderly landscapes, where Reason seems to reign; when Puget swelled the muscles of his heroes; when Watteau sheltered his charming yet melancholy lovers beneath mysterious shades; when Houdon caused Voltaire to smile, and Diana, the huntress, to run so lightly; when Rude, in carving the *Marseillaise*, called old men and children to his country's aid—these great French masters polished in turn some of the facets of our national soul; this one, order; this one, energy; this one, elegance; this one, wit; this one, heroism; and all, the joy of life and of free action, and they kept alive in their compatriots the distinctive qualities of our race."

But Auguste Rodin does not see the need of art only in the fine arts. He is at one with John Ruskin and William Morris in his recognition of the need for the expression of the artistic spirit in all works. Like them he knows that artists take joy in their work because they are artists and their work is art, and he sees no reason why that joy in work and its resultant art should not follow all occupations. He sees that what is most lacking in the modern world is love of work, though it is not clear that he has any idea of the causes of this lack of interest. Nevertheless he is convinced that the same sort of passion which inspires the artist might and should inspire all who work with like happy results. And he knows also, with the author of "Unto this Last" and our great craftsman who revived so many noble arts and crafts for us, that time was when man possessed in a very large measure the intimacy of hand and soul which produces results equal to the arts, and that what common things have survived to us from those days are beautiful and likeable as well as useful. Thus Rodin in mind, as well as in craft, protests against the divorce of the fine arts from the common arts. He creates not for luxury and aloofness, but for utility and familiarity, and in that he is in the tradition of the great builders of life, the inspired architects of human kind.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

* "Art." By Auguste Rodin. From the French of Paul Gsell. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MARKINO THE CHILD.*

But, one is inclined to ask, how can a person like Markino speak about the days of childhood as if they were over? He is surely one of those in whom the child has happily survived, so that he looks with wonder on the magic show, whatever it may be, and those in whom the child has vanished gather from his pages a delightful sorrow. In his other books he has expressed himself as children would if there existed not the stupid gate of language; if they could convey to us their thoughts it is most probable that they would often have resemblance to Markino's. This of course, is not meant to allude to his especial, private English, but to what he would convey. His English has been thought to be an affectation, and the more successful he has been the louder grows that horrid chorus which insists that, an he would, he—such a clever fellow—could write the correctest English in the world. As a matter of fact he, even like Disraeli and Meredith, speaks as he writes. That he and they could do otherwise is open to discussion, but as the talk and novels of Disraeli were eminently characteristic, and those of Meredith certainly not less so, thus it is with Markino. If he made the effort he could probably speak and write with the utmost conventionality; he could clothe his thoughts as he arrays his person. Long may the fatal day be in appearing when he will repress his individuality. If we were all as wise as he, we would each have our private English that would give an accurate expression to our sacred thoughts. Yes, so it is; for if we have an individuality, it finds expression in our style. The best style, admittedly, is that which is a mirror of the soul. Therefore let no one say that Yoshio Markino's style is otherwise than excellent. Whatever he may yet become—from his powers of observation it may be that he will still develop until he is Occidental as an author just as he has, with complete absence of affectation, become an Occidental artist. For the time being, however, his thoughts are not as our thoughts and his utterance of them is not as ours would be. Whether he is satisfied, to reach this stage is not a matter that we need discuss. What is most certain is that even if his present writings tickle him as much as they tickle his faithful public, they are not persisted in because he knows that they are popular.

Having thus broken a lance with some of his critics and waved—-he in his broken English might have spelled it "waived"—a bamboo at him for pretending that he is a child no longer, we may sit down to enjoy the pleasant years when San Francisco's cruelty was far away. This is, in truth, one of the most tender and most charming books that we have ever read. The pathos and the laughter go, as they should always go, together; and on almost every page one feels as if one's own experience were enriched. Surely it will now be introduced in English families, this mirror of Markino's parents which they held in front of him when he gave way to tears. "I hated," he says, "to see my own face so ugly with the tear-marks, and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer I used to scream, 'Oh, don't show me the glass for a few moments!'" His father obviously was uncommon, even in Japan; his wisdom in the matter of the school-books, when he said he was prepared to buy a hundred of the self-same book. "If one can take every word into his heart," said he, "what does it matter to tear the books into pieces?" And the teacher was so much impressed that he apologised to the seven-year-old boy.

The missionary school experiences are extremely, even poignantly, interesting. We cannot discuss them here. Only they make us think it doubtful if one realises of what value are these writings of a Japanese who at the same time is not moved by mere patriotic fervour, as are the majority of his countrymen who would accept any religion which it pleased the Emperor to lay upon them. Page after page of this book shows Markino as a quaint, sagacious child, even as his father was sagacious in the matter of the books.

* "When I was a Child," by Yoshio Markino. 6s. net. (Constable).



Photo by SARTO, Paris.

Mlle. de Levis-Mirepoix
(Claude Silve).

It may well remind us of that mediæval Arab who exclaimed:

'What matter if the look to ruin be addressed,
When all that therein was is printed in my breast?'

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THREE FRENCH NOVELS.*

Three exceptional contributions to French fiction have recently come within our ken, the first representative of the old French irony and mockery the last two suggestive of new types and new phases of thought in the French mind and the French capital. Anatole France has seldom written anything finer than "Les Dieux ont Soif." We have all probably meditated on the state of Paris under the Reign of Terror, have wondered how we should have comported ourselves among the perils and monsters of that sanguinary and frenzied time, and pictured our surroundings in terms as lurid and as extravagant as those employed by Carlyle or by Dickens in "The Tale of Two Cities." We scarcely reflect that the Jacobin domination lasted for nearly two years, and that the essential character of men and women whose habit of thought has become set cannot be profoundly modified by external changes extending over a considerable period of time. Anatole France sedulously avoids every opportunity of making our flesh creep. He is concerned to show how almost all even of the serious historians of the time have fallen into journalistic forms of exaggeration, how people, under changed outward conditions, went about their usual avocations with much of the ordinary nonchalance of human beings, how they dressed extravagantly, discussed art theories, maligned and perjured each other, went to places of amusement and pursued all kinds of amorous diversion very much in the same spirit that they do these things under the most ordinary circumstances. Gamelin, the hero, with a classical profile and a

* "Les Dieux ont Soif." By Anatole France. (Calmann Levy.)

"L'Evasion: Histoire d'une femme d'aujourd'hui." By M. L. Alméras (Mrs. David Nutt).

"La Cité des Lampes: Ouvrage Couronné." By Claude Silve. (Calmann-Levy.)

gentle humanitarian spirit is a fanatic in the people's cause. The spell thrown by his countenance, his melancholy, his far-away look, his spiritual earnestness over the fancy of some of the fair intrigantes who fished in the troubled waters of 1792, procured his nomination to a committee of the Revolutionary Tribunal. As in 1650, with us, so in the France of 1792, the "committee" was all powerful. It was composed not of rich or influential persons, but of men of the impecunious and often of the humblest ranks, stern and incorruptible in their spirit of devotion to what they regarded as the most sacred of trusts—the cause of the people. Marat on account of his hypertrophied hate and suspicion was revered by them as a hero, and then worshipped as a martyr. They are supported, not by instant strength, old tradition, or the symbolical force of an organised and widely representative State, but simply by the public opinion of the dominant mob in the capital, convinced still that in continued subversion lies the only hope of an issue from their grievous afflictions, and by the prestige of the distant armies over which they maintain a precarious control. Defensive armies must look to some centre for control and guidance and these determined fanatics alone seemed able to supply what they wanted. Innocent, inoffensive, uxorious in private life, these committee-men were fierce as Hyrcanian tigers where the credit or safety of the Revolution was concerned. No matter what sphere of life the delinquent was in—a note, a word, a suspicion of disloyalty, the least slur upon the honesty or sincerity of the new régime was enough to merit death. The sickly sheep, never mind at what sacrifice, must be eliminated from the fold. Hence, the tender-hearted Gamelin is adamant against the appeals of his circle of former acquaintances, careless livers, philosophers, Bohemians, ladies of pleasure. Their characteristic philosophy is disengaged in the course of the narrative. Their circumstances are changed, but not their thoughts. It is extraordinary how little intimidated they are. The rich, the corrupt, the treacherous, are frightened, but they are in most cases far too cunning to fall in the net of such simple fanatics as Gamelin. Copious dust is thrown into his eyes by his own mistress, who trembles with ecstasy at the eloquence, the terrible power, the unfathomable and mystic revolutionary bigotry of her lover. As the tale of victims mounts, and most of his old friends, many denounced through him, have swollen the prisons and ridden on the fatal tumbrils until the mob is exasperated by satiety into a profound indifference, Gamelin is haunted now and again by bad dreams and terrible doubts. But he haunts a new idol now with a dog-like fidelity, and his new idol is Robespierre, with whose grim death the book ends. Of hope for humanity Anatole seems to have little. As an historical philosopher his first and last word is despair. He brings to the exposition of this gloomy view, the subtlest of perceptions, the most plausible of doubts, the most insidious of queries, the most delectable of styles.

Mrs. Nutt's agreeably written "L'Evasion" must seek admirers among a class to whom the wicked smile of Anatole is anathema. She seeks to interest her readers in a new Norah—in her story a charming Alsatienne, by name Pauline, who resolves under the sternest and most repelling conditions not once, but twice, to break away from group-morals and the conventions that surround her, in order that she may create for herself and lead her own life. The break from her people is not wholly unlike that of "Magsie" in Mr. Wells's new novel, but the motive is quite different. Her ideal is to become an artist. On the strength of a promise of £200 for her trousseau in the event of marriage to an unloved suitor, she virtually abstracts that amount from her father's bureau, and on that small capital manages to set up independently on the Riviera. There she meets a young scientist, physiologist and pathologist (a counterpart of Trowbridge). Her independence does not preclude marriage, but it forces her eventually to break with her husband upon grounds not too clearly defined and to terrify him by a great demonstration of moral force into leaving her the sole charge of the children of the marriage. Here, she finds a new call to creation. The social philosophy

Gsell. 16s. 6d.

upon which the story is based appears to be very intensely and earnestly believed in by the writer, but its precise nature remains to us shadowy. The justification of such revolts as those of the heroine from the secular order of things cannot be justified by isolated instances and, even if they could, Mrs. Nutt's expository eloquence is inadequate to the task. Her strength lies in the handling of episodes many of which are described with a power akin to that of the Russian realists. A good story would serve her turn far better than a feminist theory, however strongly she may be convinced of the solemn truth of it.

Mlle. Claude Silve's "La Cité des Lampes" is a more striking example of the emancipation of the young French-woman of to-day. The authoress is said to be no more than twenty-three years of age, yet her short book has been crowned by the Academy, has passed through edition after edition, and has sent religious France into a fury of resentment. It is a series of impressions, not a consecutive story; it is no unfairness to the book to say that it could hardly have seen the light, but for such precursors as "Marie Claire" and "L'Elève Gilles." The subject, she can hardly be called the heroine, of the story, a young girl, Gemma, enters a convent as *retraite*, with a view peradventure of becoming a novice. Nothing could be tenderer than the reception she receives. Smells, sounds, peeps of the convent garden, the lamps in the sanctuary, the discreet ardour of the nuns—everything excites Gemma to a devout emulation. How those who speak of the apathy and petty spite of the conventual life must have labelled the inmates of the cloister! Gemma describes every changing phase of the life in colours as fresh as they are delicate and sincere. Far from imagination and feeling being depressed, hers is unduly exalted. St. Gertrude, St. Theresa, St. Bernard, are quoted, extraordinary experiences over a waxen effigy of a Pietà in an old lumber room are narrated, and we begin to discern the expectation of the novice that the new spiritual joys will entirely efface the normal physical yearnings of youth and adolescence. High hopes appear to be entertained that these last may be entirely absorbed in a kind of ecstatic spiritual pain, and a field of speculation is just delicately hinted at which one may possibly excuse the professed religious for not regarding as particularly edifying. Gemma, at any rate, is not prepared to pay the cost and emerges from the convent gate a sadder, and perhaps wiser, girl. The French decadent, Huysmans, has penetrated a somewhat similar sphere of exploration. Mr. George Moore in his "Sister Teresa" has adumbrated certain of the supersensuous subtleties of the contemplative life. All those who are interested in the psychology of the cloister will certainly note Claude Silve's remarkable book—if only as a curiosity of the modern French spirit.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"GIG-MANITY": PAST AND FUTURE.*

"Gig-manity" in particular and humanity in general should be vastly interested in Mr. Straus's fascinating pages. His story takes us back to primitive times, when the first wheel was evolved from the tree-trunk, the raft was succeeded by the sledge, the sledge by the chariot, and so on down to the triumph of the motor car. It has its philological, its literary, its biographical, its social, and its philosophical phases. We are still undetermined about the etymology of such words as coach, sedan, and hammercloth, though it is pretty certain that "hackney" means common, and that the French *fiacre* derived its name from an all-but-forgotten saint. Mr. Straus has ransacked the archives of his ramified subject, extracting rich tribute from poets and dramatists, diarists and historians; and he compares and criticises as well as quotes his authorities. So numerous are the vehicles that come under the caption of coaches

* "Carriages and Coaches: Their History and Their Evolution." By Ralph Straus. Illustrated with Reproductions from Old Prints, Contemporary Drawings, and Photographs. 12s. net. (Martin Secker.)

and carriages that a fair-sized dictionary might well be devoted to them. This is a matter for the experts and the antiquaries. A sort of parallel study might be made of road-making and carriage-building, for both subjects are intimately related, as Mr. Straus very effectively shows. But when all special technical points are eliminated from the discussion there remains a wide field for the student of social customs to traverse. Not once are we allowed to forget that, while man's ingenuity has been brought into play through the centuries to make the way of the world easier for the warrior and the merchant and the traveller pure and simple, each step in the path of progress has been beset by more or less organized opposition. Full many a protest against innovations in old-time coach and carriage building has its counterpart in the opposition to the automobile. Taylor, the water-poet, declared that :

"Carroaches, Coaches, Jades and Flanders Mares
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our Fares
Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels "

Coaches were railed at as the beginning of ruinous extravagance, and the tax upon them was bewailed later as an injustice to the poor clergyman. Even the sedan-chair had bitter enemies. Steele referred to the chairmen of his time as "slaves of the rich," who "take up the whole street, while we Peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whisk across a passage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine, that carries in it a person neither more handsome, wise, nor valiant, than the meanest of us " What would the essayist say in these days, when the phrase, "the Quick and the Dead " is used to identify those who can escape from the motor-car and those who are too slow on foot to do so ? We are apt to think of the old sedan-chair as a vehicle of luxury ; but in doing so we forget the time-honoured vagaries of the English climate, which made of the common chair at all events a very uncomfortable means of conveyance indeed—not far removed from a death-trap. Public coaches were opposed on the ground that they made the vice and luxury of the town too approachable by simple country-folk. Another point touched upon by Mr. Straus shows there was a battle of broad and narrow wheels, just as there was one between the broad and the narrow gauges on the railways. The humour of our subject is not forgotten. Hood had a notable hit at the rude forefather of the motor-bus, the "gay Shillibeer." And when Sir Goldsmith Gurney brought out his steam-carriage in 1827, and a boiler exploded at Glasgow, Hood commemorated the event in the following lines :

"Instead of journeys, people now
May go upon a Gurney,
With steam to do the horses' work
By power of attorney :

"Tho' with a load it may explode
And you may all be undone ;
And find you're going up to Heaven
Instead of up to London."

The future holds the flying-machine in store, perhaps, as a "hackney" vehicle, and it would be easy to prophesy a total extinction of horse-driven vehicles except for purely ornamental purposes.

"Yet," observes Mr. Straus, "I believe that there may be a reaction in favour of a more leisurely means of locomotion. As yet it is impossible to be truly dignified in even the most gorgeously-appointed motor-car. . . . Although it is not probable that any horse-carriages of an entirely new type will be constructed, I imagine that the older forms will persist, at any rate, for the next century or two."

We have only touched the fringe of the subject as it is treated in Mr. Straus's pages, which are lavishly illustrated and contain ample material for many a winter night's entertainment.

THE BIRD OF TIME.*

This is a new volume of poems by the lady whom Mr. Gosse calls "the most accomplished living poet of India. . . .

* "The Bird of Time: Songs of Life, Death and the Spring." By Sarojini Naidu. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse, and Portrait of the Author. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

the most brilliant, the most original, as well as the most correct, of all the natives of Hindustan who have written in English." Mr. Arthur Symonds has also praised her, and no one interested in contemporary poetry neglects two such critics when they are in agreement. No one will dispute that Mrs. Naidu is brilliant and correct. The bold colouring, the massive rhythms, the unveiled and unhesitating emotions, of more than half her poems recommend her to the eye more swiftly perhaps than any other living poet, native or not. Mr. Gosse finds her peculiarly and exclusively Eastern. This may be so but only a few foreign words in italics stand between the English reader and an instant and decisive sympathy. No one, for example, will be surprised or disturbed by "An Indian Love Song," written we are told, to an Indian tune, where the man speaks first :

"Lift up the veils that darken the delicate moon of thy glory
and grace,
Withhold not, O Love, from the night of my longing the joy
of thy luminous face,
Give me a spear of the scented *keora* guarding thy pinioned
curls,
Or a silken thread from the fringes that trouble the dream
of thy glimmering pearls ;
Faint grows my soul with thy tresses' perfume and the song of
thy anklets' caprice,
Revive me, I pray, with the magical nectar that dwells in the
flower of thy kiss "

Or if the reader be surprised it is at the fulness rather than the novelty of her achievement. She possesses her good qualities in heaped measure. Her boldness of feeling, imagery and expression, for example, is exuberant, superb, and abounding in spacious gestures. She tends to grandiloquence, perhaps, and is not above royally apparelling what is either vague or slight. At her worst she will write :

"Springtime, O Springtime, what is your secret,
The bliss at the core of your magical mirth,
That quickens the pulse of the morning to wonder
And hastens the seeds of all beauty to birth,
That captures the heavens and conquers to blossom
The roots of delight in the heart of the earth ? "

But time after time her free and joyous mastery proves that verse to her is as "to hawk and to heron the pride of their wing," while the book as a whole is summed up by the short poem where she connects the nasturtium flower with the immortal women of Sanscrit legend and song :

"Poignant and subtle and bitter perfume,
Exquisite, luminous, passionate bloom,
Your leaves interwoven of fragrance and fire
Are Sivitri's sorrow and Siva's desire,
Draupadi's longing, Damayanti's fears,
And sweetest Sakuntala's magical tears."

Mrs. Naidu enriches contemporary verse by her mastery and her brilliant temperament more than by what is indubitably Oriental in her verses.

E.T.

A PHILOSOPHIC FANTASY.*

When I had read "The Crock of Gold," I noticed that in *The Times* list of new books it was placed with "Books for the Young." At first I was inclined to smile at such a collocation, but on second thoughts it seemed to me to be not so ill-placed after all, for the young are less affected by conventions than the old, and have a special gift of seeing things in the right perspective, a gift often lost in later life. So it is likely enough that this book will be better understood of the young than by any save the elect of the old.

The more direct and less complicated mind of a child will see no incongruity, will be aware of no anachronism in meeting the gods of the old world, Angus Og, Pan, Sheogs and Leprecauns, side by side with every-day peasants and police, neither will it be puzzled or dismayed by the freakishness and general topsy-turviness of the "Crock of Gold." Mr. Stephens uses no such device as Mr. Kipling for reconciling anachronistic anomalies. He presents you with ancient gods and modern men, heroes and pigmies together, with so daring an assurance that you are untroubled

* "The Crock of Gold." By James Stephens. 5s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

by doubt. It is not easy to place the book, it is so different from anything else in literature. At times the writing somehow recalls Sterne, and again the treatment Mr. Kipling, but the essence is Mr. Stephens's own.

In a chapter of singular beauty is told how Caitilin Ni Murrachu, the Shepherd Girl, became conscious of womanhood.

"But very slowly there was growing in her consciousness an unrest, a disquietude to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

Sometimes an infinite weariness oppressed her to the earth. A thought was born in her mind, and it had no name. It was growing, and could not be expressed. She had no words wherewith to meet it, to exorcise or greet this stranger who, more and more insistently and pleadingly, tapped upon her doors and begged to be spoken to, admitted and caressed and nourished."

And then she hears the piping of Pan among the bracken, and she went home, her feet tripping to a wayward measure.

"The evening was full of peace and quietude, the mellow dusky sunlight made a path for her feet, and everywhere through the wide fields birds were flashing and singing, and she sang with them a song that had no words and wanted none."

Mr. Stephens has an exquisite sense of humour, and the account of the arrest of the Philosopher by the policemen, and his rescue by the Leprecauns is delightful. Equally effective, in a different way, is the terrible story, overheard in jail by the Philosopher, of the hard-driven clerk who was dismissed by his employer for absence through ill-health.

"The Crock of Gold" is a strange medley, and fascinating as it is strange. It is full of fantastic philosophy, poetry, humour and shrewd observation on the jumble of things which make up what is called Life, and one is left wondering what Mr. Stephens will give us next.

H.A.H.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.*

Of these four latest volumes of the "Collected Works of William Morris," three contain prose—"The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," "The Roots of the Mountains," "News from Nowhere," "John Ball," and "A King's Lesson"; the translation of Homer's "Odyssey" fills the other. More than the earlier volumes these four remind us what imperfect justice his written work does to Morris. It never culminates. His powers are never seen, all harmoniously and as one, attaining a difficult goal. If they could have united so, Morris would have had no rivals among his contemporaries. But though these fictions fall short of mastery, both in skill and in natural impulse, and though "The Odyssey of Homer" is a surprising adventure for a busy man, they are dull only to one who cares nothing about Morris. And now his daughter, Miss May Morris, has made dullness impossible by the companion biographical chapters in each volume, which have a charming combination of respect and familiarity. It seemed at first doubtful whether these notes should have appeared

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. 24 vols. Vols. XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI. £12 12s. net. (Longmans.)



Mr. James Stephens.

bit by bit between the same covers as Morris's own writings, and that, too, at the beginning and not the end. But though I still hope that the chapters may be printed separately for those who cannot afford or do not desire the "Collected Works," I find them perfectly justified.

Few other writers could reasonably be treated in the same way, because their work either reaches artistic independence by success or it is an artistic failure which nothing can redeem. But Morris's greatest poem was his life. The twenty-four volumes of his complete works will exhibit chiefly innumerable rough drafts of that poem. Hence it is that a reader can pass so easily from his poems or tales to his daughter's notes. You read that passage in the twenty-second book of the "Odyssey," where Odysseus has made an end of the suitors:

"But about his house peered Odysseus, if yet a man there were Who shunning the black doom-day was left a-lurking there; But adown in the dust and the blood he beheld them all lying about,

Yea, as many as the fishes which the fishers have drawn out With a net of many meshes from out the hoary sea

Up on to the hollow sea-beach: there heaped up all they be Cast up upon the sea-sand, desiring the waves of the brine; But the sun their life is taking with the glory of his shine.

Thus then in heaps the wooers on one another lay."

And you turn from it to the "Introduction," to find him telling his wife that he is wool-gathering, and "must collect my scattered wits by doing some Homer," or that "Homer goes on, and will be out in about a month, but Smith is insisting on paper-hanging so I must do one at least besides those I have in hand." Miss Morris tells us that his "withdrawal into the company of a great poet" was a rest and solace. Again, if you know that in September, 1888, the book which was to be "The House of the Wolfings" went on "merrily," so that Morris added: "I think I shall be rather melancholy when my book is finished. What is the next job to be?"—then you will not be so easily inclined to dismiss the tale as of a thin, flat beauty. Still more interesting is it to turn from that book and read how the poet wanted to alter "written in prose and verse by William Morris" to "written in prose and in verse," in order to "gain the necessary fulness of line." Miss Morris quotes from Mr. Buxton Forman:

"I mildly protested that the former reading was the better sense, and that it should not be sacrificed to avoid a slight excess of white that no one would notice. 'Ha!' said Morris, 'now what would you say if I told you that the verses on the title-page were written just to fill up the great white lower half? Well, that was what happened!'"

It is a pure pleasure, also, after pictures of the warrior "clad in glorious raiment," and the warrior maid "with a wreath of wind-flowers round her head," to come on Morris's letter, written from Hammersmith in August, 1894, to his daughter, ending "Home to Kelmscott on Tuesday," and then "Wot Larx," which is followed immediately by this note of Mr. S. C. Cockerell's:

"All day at Kelmscott House. . . . When I went up into the drawing-room to say good-night, W. M. and Mrs. M. were playing at draughts, with large ivory pieces, red and white. Mrs. M. had on a glorious blue gown, and looked like a king and queen in some old manuscript."

It is another kind of pleasure to find the author of "News from Nowhere" moved by "Looking Backward" and its admirers to say: "I wouldn't care to live in such a cockney paradise as he imagines," and that "if they brigaded him into a regiment of workers he would just lie on his back and kick." The only thing that Morris accepted with all its imperfections on its head was his own temperament; and it is his imperious efforts of many different kinds to create a real and a pictorial world endurable to that temperament which make him so delightful and amusing. How keen his satisfaction was with a pictorially suitable world we shall perhaps never exactly know. But pictures did satisfy him. It is not altogether the fictitious dream character of "John Ball" which makes him say that he looked at the battle "as on a picture." Miss Morris is careful to say that Merton Abbey was chosen by her father "because it had the two principal necessities for printing and dyeing—good water, and plenty of space for drying grounds;" but she has to add that "if he unconsciously demanded beauty

in his surroundings, that too was practical, really." A certain amount of beautiful detail was necessary to him, and if it had to be artificial, pictorial, carefully cloistered, he did not refuse it; his books, from beginning to end, are never without a cloistered choiceness; and it is their most serious limitation. Miss Morris, as usual, includes, among her illustrations photographs of a large number of choice things connected with his private life—his bed, his library, his painting of Iscult, the cabinet painted for his marriage gift by Burne-Jones, specimens of types, together with his notes on his aims in founding the Kelm-scott Press.

EDWARD THOMAS.

"AN INVERTED IDEALIST."*

Only once had I the privilege and pleasure of meeting George Gissing: that was at Mr. H. G. Wells' house at Worcester Park. He sat on a couch after dinner, and I never met a man with a lighter touch than he displayed in conversation with a few literary men and some rather high-spirited young women. His talk was full of easy wit and a most charming humour. And yet the sadness of his face throughout was never for a moment relaxed. It seemed as if sorrow had been so ground into the texture of his being that no inner light could ever shine through. There was always that look of ineffable tragedy behind the smile, always that note of wistful pathos in his laughter. I had the chance of only a few words with him aside, and then he talked rather above my head, assuming in me an erudition that never was and never will be mine. It amazed and I am afraid disgusted him a little, to find that I was far more interested in life than in books. I had always admired him as a conscientious literary artist, but after I had met him there was some pity mingled with my admiration. I had that sort of feeling toward him that one has toward a sanguine ambitious boy who has tried to do some worthy thing, and failed—he knows not why.

His friend, Morley Roberts, has dubbed him "an inverted idealist. . . . He looks back. It is the more hopeless, the more impossibly vain," says Mr. Roberts. And therein, I think, lies the secret of Gissing's tragedy.

He scorned the title of Realist. No doubt he felt, as most sincere artists feel, that there is no room in art for any 'ism. A man can only bring his view of life to bear upon life as he sees it, and render that view through the speech and actions of his characters. To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about anything is impossible. The truth can be told in a way that makes a lie of it; on the other hand it is possible to deal with the most improbable fictions in a way that makes them truth indeed. What seems most real to some men to other men would seem an idle vision. When we look at a heathen idol we see only a misshapen, senseless lump of wood or stone, but when the heathen looks at it he sees God. Truth is, as beauty is said to be, in the eye of the beholder. The methods of the confessed realist bear the same relation to truth as a photograph bears to life: it has no depth or colour or movement. George Gissing was right to scorn and discard the label which those would have applied to him who hold that realism and idealism are as the poles asunder; that no realist can be an idealist; that every realist is of necessity a pessimist and every idealist a heaven-born optimist; that the Real is always depressing and unlovely and the Ideal always exhilarating and visionary. As if there were not such real things in the world as mother-love and moonshine, sunshine and the way of a man with a maid, art and music, the call of the sea, friendship, heroism, faith, hope, and charity!

These reflections have been suggested by Mr. Frank Swinnerton's new critical study of George Gissing's work and character, and by several days of casual dipping into a new edition of "Henry Ryecroft,"† a book that I have often read before and always delighted in. These are both

* "George Gissing: A Critical Study." By Frank Swinnerton. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

† "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." By George Gissing. A New Edition. 6s. (Constable.)

fine books, with everything handsome about them, delightful to look at and to handle, and reflecting the greatest credit on their respective publishers. If only some of us poor novelists were published in the chaste style of some of these reprints and *belles lettres*, I believe the public would just have to succumb to our charms. I wonder why it is that we are not!

"Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, And these fleas have littler fleas, and so *ad infinitum*!" To criticise a critic is to feel painfully like one of the littler fleas. But Mr. Frank Swinnerton's book is not mere criticism. Mr. Swinnerton is himself a novelist of considerable achievement, and he brings into play in his latest book those qualities of sympathy and insight and imagination which have made him one of the most promising of our younger writers. One may differ from his opinions and quarrel with his conclusions occasionally; but that is only to say that he provides food for thought. The glib rascal who runs away with us by sheer dint of some airy magic of style or humorous devilry is all very well in his way and a diverting companion; but when I am reading a man's book about a man I want to know something definite about my author as well as all about his subject. I want to feel that he and I understand one another; and how can I understand him if he disguises himself in the cloak of a pontiff and is grimly impersonal? How can I feel *en rapport* with him if he has no natural humanity? The best books are an expression of their author's personality, and thus every book should be a book of revelations.

Mr. Swinnerton fulfils these conditions admirably. He is a man after my own heart. He is not afraid to be obvious when the thing to be said is obvious wisdom. But he can be subtle, too, and even profound, as when he says toward the end of his book: "We have no need to inflate an author's talent after he is dead: before his death let us by all means exalt the good, because we know that the bad will exalt itself," and thus gives his reason for trying "to value Gissing's books without reference to the author's material prosperity." Indeed Mr. Swinnerton's judgment seems to me particularly sound in this concluding chapter in which he sets out to prove that Gissing, all things considered, enjoyed his due meed of recognition during his life, and has received perhaps more than his due meed of posthumous fame. You cannot have your cake and eat it. If you are set on having a good time with your artistic conscience you cannot grumble if that is the only sort of good time you are permitted to have. Material rewards—pleasant enough if they happen to come your way!—are only incidental to the more abiding reward of a fully gratified egotism. George Gissing was a ferocious egotist. It was because he so seldom got out of his own skin into the skins of the people of his novels that he failed so often and so egregiously to win the sympathy of the public. The public is composed mainly of average people, and Gissing, not understanding average people, and not wishing to understand them, almost hating them, in fact, should have been pleased rather than vexed to think that he did not appeal to them. If he had been only a little more just to them they would have been more than just, they would have been generous, to him. All this, if I have read him aright, Mr. Swinnerton brings out clearly in his most penetrating and illuminative book.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE REAL GISSING.*

Mr. Morley Roberts is a fine novelist; and this fascinating book shows him to be a fine friend. For "The Private Life of Henry Maitland" is, with only the most superficial disguises, the story of George Gissing's life by the only person who could have written it. That unique knowledge possessed by Mr. Roberts was in itself enough to give the book extraordinary interest. Mr. Roberts knew Gissing as nobody else knew him; and he was a life-long friend. The book has therefore an authentic value: it is a more valuable

* "The Private Life of Henry Maitland." Dictated by J. H. Edited by Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)

book than "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," because it gives a truer and more pungent impression of a memorable writer.

Gissing's life, from the unquestionable promise of his early years, through the later disasters caused by his temperament and the absence of wise control, to the beginning of his literary career; his second wretched marriage and further tribulations of poverty, unhappiness, and ill-health, are all set down here frankly and delicately. Mr. Roberts cares less for the writer than for the man. The man he loved; the writer—although he praises discriminatingly the works of Gissing that should be praised—seemed always a lesser person than his friend. And that is quite understandable by a reader of Gissing, for Gissing's work was too steadfastly produced, without inspiration, by the over-exacting labour of eight hours a day. For eight hours each day Gissing wrote steadily. Is it any wonder that he had no time for active experience, except the insistent discomforts of poverty and matrimonial misalliance? That of course was what prevented Gissing from realising his best talents. "It seems to me now," says Mr. Roberts, "that all his so-called social work and analysis were in the nature of an alien *tour de force*." He took his subjects as mere subjects, and putting them on the table, lectured in pathology." For the same reason, Gissing was largely dependent upon himself and Mr. Roberts as types for his male characters, drawing them again and again, and in the end—as Mr. Roberts says—by stress of circumstances, making his friend develop into a villain. On himself, Gissing perpetually drew—for temperament, moods, distastes, and disabilities—but he never stood so clear as he stands in "The Private Life of Henry Maitland." Here he is before us with the warmth of life, a lovable and engaging figure, weak, obstinate, "a moral coward," but human. In his own novels, too often, the weakness was apparent, while the genuine character of the man was drowned in exposition. What Mr. Roberts calls "translated self-pity" was too often the foundation of his work. "It was the fact that he should never have written fiction at all."

Yet putting aside this point, it is certain that some of Gissing's books will survive for their own great qualities; and we are sure that Mr. Roberts's book deserves to survive along with them. It is in the highest degree sympathetic and veracious. Having much to handle that was difficult, Mr. Roberts, by his apparently artless ruse of recording the story of Henry Maitland by the hand of one "J.H." has been enabled to move easily among his difficulties. He has been able to refer to himself—always a treacherously inviting form of sport—as frankly and unaffectedly as the most troublesome reader could desire. In no single passage does there seem to be any lapse from the high level of disinterestedness which marks the book. It would be impossible, we think, for any unbiassed reader to say that Mr. Roberts has "used Maitland's memory for his own ends," as he fears may be the case. The interest of the narrative throughout, as well as the fine sincerity of the writing, would sufficiently ridicule such an idea. And in addition to these things it must clearly be stated that Mr. Roberts could have done Gissing's memory no better service than by writing this book. Other books may or may not be written about Gissing—that will depend upon the estimation of his work in the future—but we are convinced that no more true and sympathetic account of his life will be written.

Owing to certain disguises of names—nearly all of them, such as "G. H. Rivers" for H. G. Wells, and "The Vortex" for "The Whirlpool," easily decipherable—it is a little difficult to find one's way among the publishers with whom Maitland had dealings. For example, Mr. Roberts may perhaps have given unintentionally a wrong impression about the time of Maitland's desertion of "Miller and Company," which he suggests took place after "The Flower," whereas the separation occurred after "Paternoster Row," although "Bond and Free" intervened. Also, he is surely in error in saying that "Isabel" was the last book published with "Andrews and Company."

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF ART.*

This book is monumental in more senses than one. It is monumental in the sense of being a conspicuously great study of Art in the Eastern World. It is also monumental in the sense of being a posthumous memorial worthy of the distinguished man whose name appears on its title page. For Professor Ernest Fenollosa died before more than the rough draft of his great work was accomplished, and it is to four years of pious and devoted labour on the part of his widow that we owe these two admirable volumes, which no serious student of Art—Art, that is, in its fullest sense—can afford to be without.

Professor Fenollosa played a conspicuous part at a great crisis. He was privileged to preach to a nation what Montaigne preached to the individual when he wrote "La plus grande chose du monde c'est de savoir estre a soy." And he was privileged to know that his sermon fell on attentive ears.

It was in 1878 at the crucial moment in their history when the Japanese found themselves turning from all their old traditions and indulging in a very orgy of foreignism, that this brilliant young American was called to the Chair of Political Economy and Philosophy in the University of Tokio. And few things are to be found in the History of Art more curious and romantic than the fact, which the leaders of Art in Japan are themselves ready to admit, that it was the keen and prophetic eye of this young Westerner that first realized the tragedy which threatened the Eastern Art Movement and his energetic enthusiasm provided the mainspring for a swift and wholesome reaction.

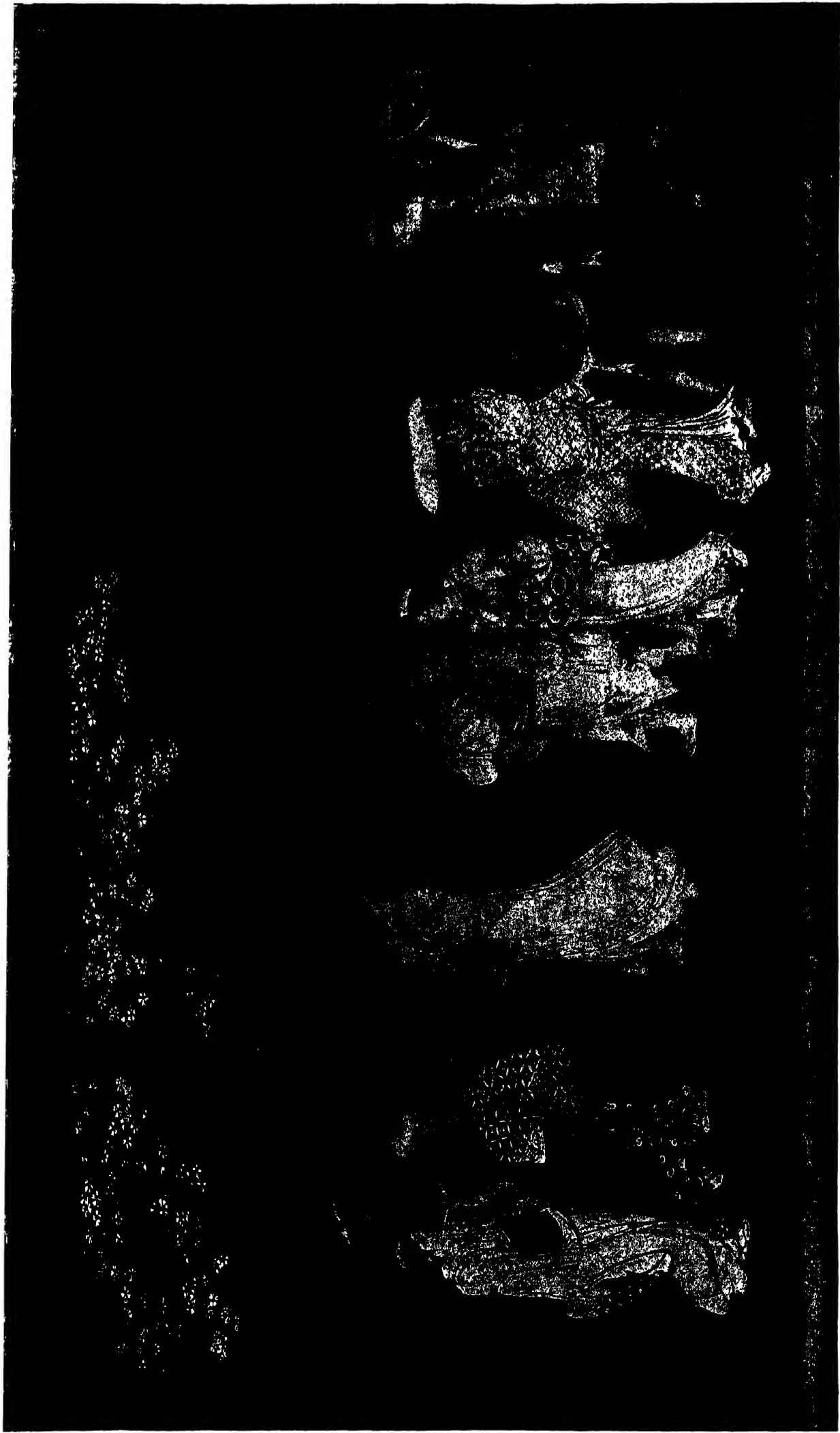
The story is too long to tell in this place. Here, it is enough to say that on the eve of his departure in 1890 he received from the Emperor's own hand "The Order of the Sacred Mirror," the most exalted Order ever up till that moment given to a foreigner, and was dismissed with the following eulogy from the Emperor's own lips: "You have taught my people to know their Art; in going back to your own great country, I charge you to teach them also"; surely a diploma, a certificate of recognition, for which it would be hard to find a parallel. And no one who is privileged to read this fascinating work will deny that Fenollosa more than amply obeyed the royal command.

It would be useless in the space at my disposal even to attempt a *résumé* of the subject here treated with such mastery and knowledge. But it will be useful to attempt to present to the readers of these pages some idea of the author's general aim and scope, and so whet their appetites for an intellectual feast of the first order. The book though planned on a large scale is yet kept within reasonable bounds, both as regards letterpress and avoirdupois (an important matter when the world is in such a desperate hurry and so impatient of anything weighty) and this, notwithstanding the fact that it does not confine itself to one branch of art, painting, sculpture, ceramics, lacquer or what not, but also concerns itself with the spirit of Art which permeates all contemporary Art practices.

Take, for example, the section dealing with Primitive Chinese Art. Here we have cheek by jowl reproductions of such apparently diverse objects as New Zealand Totem poles, Chinese bronzes, long-nosed wooden masks from the Philippines and Japan, frigate bird designs from New Guinea, and an Alaskan blanket, all presented with set purpose to show the universality and interaction of Art waves, and as a protest against the general assumption that national or racial arts are isolated phenomena. True, as we proceed we are presented more liberally with reproductions of Chinese and Japanese paintings, but this rather because the earliest manifestations of Art in flimsy materials have of necessity ceased to exist, as well as because by its nature Art lends itself to more diverse treatment when the material used is graphic as opposed to plastic.

This book must of necessity make its chief appeal to scholars, collectors and general readers interested in Oriental topics, but, paradoxical though it may sound, its chief

* "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art: An Outline History of East Asiatic Design." By Ernest F. Fenollosa. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)



Painting by Shigemasa.

From "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art." (Heinemann)

In the collection of Mr. Charles L. Freer.

value seems to me to lie in its wider message of eclecticism. Just as the Turk, notwithstanding his custom of filling his harem with women ravished from foreign countries, has practically retained his type, so Art wheresoever wedded has maintained her constant characteristics. True, these volumes deal specifically with the Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art, or as I should rather put it, "of Art in China and Japan," but it is carefully insistent from beginning to end that the art-works of all the world are but infinite variations in a single kind of social or mental effort; that there is no sense in artists and writers of different schools flying at one another's throats; that the sun does not rise on Oriental Art and set on Occidental; but that it rises and sets on Art one and indivisible, which embraces the whole world, and of which, though there are infinite manifestations, there is but one spirit. That is why Art the moment it becomes a trade ceases to exist. The true spirit of Art refuses to be confined. The real artist is of no country. His appeal is to the Art sense which is as universal, though as rare, as radium. As classification has its uses in the animal world, so it has its uses in the world of Art. But the classification of animals is only a convenience to mark the outstanding variations of the gradually changing but universal manifestation of Life. So with the classification of works or schools of Art. Just as man and amœba have both the same common denominator, so has the Mona Lisa the same as the Alaskan blanket or New Zealand Totem pole. Here, then, seems to me the great value of Professor Fenollosa's work, that he has written a history of Oriental Art from the universal point of view.

Incidentally, by treating Art in China and Japan as a single æsthetic movement, as closely inter-related as Art in Greece and Rome, and denying the very existence of the essential differences insisted upon by schoolmen and pedants, he goes far to remove the shibboleths by which it is attempted to distinguish between Art pictorial and Art decorative, to break down the illogical barriers which have been erected between Art European, Asian and African. In a word he denies that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain can meet." He emphasizes the Universal Brotherhood of Art which speaks in a universal language and has an instinctive Freemasonry of its own.

As I have said, I have not here attempted the impossible, the reviewing of these volumes in the limited space at my command. Rather have I attempted to indicate the spirit of its inception and accomplishment. And if, in the process, I have suggested that this work is only fit for the hard-reading student, let me, in conclusion, rectify that impression.

As a mere picture book it is an amazing feast, stimulating the imagination, satisfying the eye, cultivating the Art sense.

As a romance it is entrancing as a fairy tale.

As history it is that best sort of all which has in it the elements of a great poem.

Certainly Japan owes a great debt of gratitude to Professor Fenollosa, but he would, I believe, have been the first to acknowledge that he owed an equal debt of gratitude to Japan. For it has long been apparent to me that no Westerner can saturate himself, as he did, in Oriental Art, without emerging with a fuller sense of what Art really means, with a more subtle understanding of its universal spirit and purport, than can possibly be attained by the mere study of Art in Europe, whether before or since the Italian Renaissance. Such study seems to add a new sensitiveness to even the most sensitive of Western tastes. Therefore I hope that a large proportion of the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* will seize the opportunity here offered to them by Mrs. Fenollosa's pious and unstinted completion of her distinguished husband's *magnum opus* and the liberal enterprise of its publisher.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE HOLY FAMILY.*

Queen Victoria, according to her diaries, once asked Lord Melbourne why it was that the Holy Family figured

* "Mary, the Mother of Jesus." By Alice Meynell. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell. 16s. net. (Lee Warner.)

so often in art, and the statesman answered the question with another by asking what was more beautiful than a mother nursing a child. From a worldly old man like Melbourne, who had always been a strong evangelical, if anything, and whose marriage had been a long disillusion, the remark showed a deep fund of human nature. It must have touched a responsive chord in the susceptible heart of his questioner, and it was certainly worth many dissertations on the anthropomorphic tendencies of art and religion and the rest of it. Besides, it condensed into a sentence our feelings concerning the most winning of all the aspects in which we view the Redeemer. And it may fairly represent the mental attitude of a Protestant nation which still keeps the name of the Virgin on many of its parish churches, and recites in them the "Magnificat" every night of the year.

Mrs. Meynell, as might have been expected, takes a much more fervent view of her subject. A Catholic poet with a wonderful vein of prose, and a still profounder knowledge of literature and the arts, she was certain to wear the mantle of the rhapsodist and charm us where she might not always convince. As a matter of fact, she has taken uncommon pains to repel no one in this tribute by a woman of sensibility to the greatest of her sex in history. In her own way she has developed a thought which shines out to perfection in one of Mr. Stopford Brooke's best sermons, the indebtedness of Christ to the meditative, reverential character of His mother. She has been careful not to make the occasion, as so many of the eulogists of Joan of Arc have done, an excuse for a sex crusade. She has sedulously avoided matters of doctrine in a field where doctrine is fundamentally an issue. She has not tried our patience with dead theology about Nestorius and the Council of Ephesus. And she has been wise to put the relevant portions of the Gospels in an initial chapter by themselves as a simple statement of her theme, as well as to quote not from the Douai text favoured by her own Church, but from the Authorised Version endeared so unspeakably to us all.

Even when her self-restraint has been allowed for, it will be seen that the author of this book has had an enormous field from which to draw in the way of tradition and association. Raphael, who painted fifty Madonnas, is only a unit in a host of Christians (and many of them non-Catholics), who have celebrated the sentimental claims of the subject here treated, and we can all appreciate Mrs. Meynell's moderation in drawing only on the representative few. She has preferred, especially in her chapters on poets and painters, to fuse the general feeling into a strain of imaginative and persuasive thought, coloured by a tone of mysticism here and there, but never far removed from common ground. For such a task we know no one so well qualified, and certainly no book of our time which treats with such delicate tact and perception a theme which has been too far obscured by controversy. Sometimes one could wish that her collaborator, Mr. Anning Bell, had been more uniformly happy in his illustrations. They are a careful blend of his idyllic style and the tense austerity of Puvis de Chavannes. His last plate is spoiled by the crippled effect of the left arm, and his "Presentation in the Temple" looks more like Lear cursing Cordelia than the holy Simeon showering on the Virgin Mother all his prophecy and pity. Still, these colour plates help to round off the perfections of a beautiful book. It does not lack fulness considering its moderate length, and as a piece of workmanship we cannot sufficiently commend it, even bearing in mind the successes of the same press in the past.

RECREATIONS OF A TOWN PHYSICIAN.*

This volume might have been called the "Recreations of a Town Physician," though in the Welsh parson's words:

"There is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it"

* "Another Device." By Stephen Paget. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Paget has found a title for it that carries some of its own flavour. One or two of the contents are semi-professional papers—addresses delivered at the Middlesex Hospital and at Bart's—and not one of them perhaps but reflects the writer's profession. But the physician is here away from his consulting room. In a sense he is a "man in the street," for whom the first and the happiest of his chapters is a suggestive apology.

The street, in Mr. Paget's phrase, is the life of responsibility, and the man in it is fifty if he is a day. He too has dwelt on the mount of contemplation. He too once looked out from first-floor windows upon the crowd to which he now belongs. His place used to be with the young man up there, "apostrophizing time and space, and getting more like Shelley every minute," and gazing down upon the elders with a regret, sometimes wistful, at their indifferences. But, ungraciously, maybe, yielding to the compulsion slowly, he has condescended to the street, among those who have learned to judge and sentence themselves to narrow their plans and pay their way. You cannot imagine him young, or unmarried, or athletic, or fashionable. "It is natural at his age to be rather slow: and his myopia is presbyopia." Middle-age has compelled him to put away those things which are invisible, and look at those which are at his feet. He is tired. But the change is not all loss, though the loss is great. Oh! it is fine to be up there, at the first-floor windows. And the comfortable folk, looking down, think with some pity, how he must envy them. But he does not. This is the gain of being in the street, that it has its own wonders, and that these suffice. The street is busy and it is human, and it has a wisdom unknown to youth and to the old who remain wiseacres. That is the consolation for the man who has stepped down into it when he does lift his eyes to the place he has left.

This gives a taste of Mr. Paget's quality. In the same mood, but regarding his subject at a narrower angle, he writes of the "Influence of Berkeley," "Hora Mortis Nostræ," the "Revival of Phrenology," the "Genius of Pasteur," "Heredity and Life." Genius he recognises to be something more wonderful than is guessed at in the "childish definition" of it as an infinite capacity for taking pains. "Infinite or finite, all capacities must come from somewhere: and genius is where they come from." In Pasteur's case, the signs of it, says Mr. Paget, are the mysterious fulfilment of a plan for his life that seems to have been made for him, not by him, so that he is in himself a better argument from design than any amount of Paley's "Evidences," and next, that, being dead, he still lives in the work of his successors. From this it will be gathered that, in the paper called forth by the fashionable cult of Eugenics, the last word is not Mendel's famous experiments on the crossing of peas. Materiality is not a question of size, and "whether we talk in terms of germ-plasm, or in terms of full-sized adult bodies of men and women, we are talking of that which we do not understand." Life, in fact, is a mystery which we do not solve by invoking the Cell, and considering its ways.

D. S. MELDRUM.

THOMAS HARDY.*

Mr. Abercrombie has written an excellent and challenging study of Thomas Hardy. It is easy to find matter for contention (and keen contention) on almost every page. Moreover, his style is not an attractive one, being too often, it seems, the fault of undigested thinking; of thinking, that is, too much occupied with the intermediate stage of its own cogitation and less concerned with reducing that cogitation to a completer and more lucid order. But these are faults by the way. It is a churlish insolence to dismiss a work by personal standards, that change and progress. For example, in his "Introductory" he takes a perplexed

and cogitated (it is permissible to think, even a psychologically fantastic) way of saying that Man is always conscious of a Being greater, far more splendid, than the contradiction of circumstance would assert; and that it is this greater Being of his he wishes to realise in the rituals of Art. Yet the fact is that, however arrived at, this is one of the most neglected things in modern verse or prose; and it is a very excellent thing that Mr. Abercrombie should have laid it down in the forefront of his book.

Its bearing on Thomas Hardy's Art is obvious. Indeed, it is the vindication of that Art in the teeth of its author's philosophy. Though he will not see it himself, Mr. Hardy has envisaged in his Art certain expressions of Beauty, by which indeed it lives, that constantly refute what Mr. Abercrombie calls its metaphysic formation: that constantly challenge its limitations, rather. According to our worthiness, we would rather sink with Tess, terrible discipline though it be, than swim with Alec D'Urberville. That is the moral exercise of the book: anything that might tend to drive in the opposite direction is, in the deepest sense, immoral. Similarly we would rather strive with Jude, though striving be failure, than float in the stream with Arabella. In fact, only in a limited sense can striving be failure; for the only failure, really, is the relinquishing of strife. And this indisputable sympathy of ours, this irrefutable claim to a Being greater than the contradiction of hostile circumstance, is the supreme beauty of Hardy's work, and is at the same time the contradiction of the metaphysic in which it is couched. Thereby we are purified; therein we are exalted. Mr. Abercrombie would have it that our perception of Beauty, our exaltation, arises only from seeing Hardy cast his story, with all its metaphysic implications, into a well-knit form. In fact, he is so deservedly pleased with this idea that he repeats it, with and without changes, persistently every few pages throughout the book. I suggest that this is another half-way house in his thinking. There is a higher than the beauty of craftsmanship, and it is the beauty of idea. The former quickens a sense of gratification and large ease; it is the latter that exalts. And we are profoundly stirred by Hardy's sense of tragedy because in it we instinctively ally ourselves with beauty and worth, we instinctively take rank with a more splendid and less gross Being, even though they may seem to be crushed down by the wheels of circumstance. Which is another way of saying that, in some more significant metaphysic (to hold to Mr. Abercrombie's phrasing), that is even implicit in Hardy's formation, beauty and worth are not failures. Else whence came this instinct, the basis of the purest Art?

We have given detailed attention to this because it is the central idea of Mr. Abercrombie's arresting book. It is one of the causes why the word "formation" (in and out of italics) is given such heavy work to do; and it gives a curiously tantalising limitation to the book. Yet if it be tentative and insecure on its more philosophical side, on the critical side it is as finished as it is just. His division among the novels is particularly happy. Wisely he decries any over-emphasis on artificial and arbitrary definitions; yet in speaking of such novels as "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Woodlanders" as being in Dramatic Form, and "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure" as in Epic Form (with his exposition of the advantages of each form), he states a distinction so just and true that it must always be thought of henceforward in dealing with Hardy's novels. The massed grouping of the first series, with the implicit spiritual background, and the continuous narrative of the latter series, with Hardy's own explicit outcry, and the way in which "The Mayor of Casterbridge" leads out from one to the other, is expounded with a clearness of critical perception that well illuminates its subject.

Indeed, Mr. Abercrombie is far happier here than in the chapter on "The Dynasts," though it is evident that he chiefly values the latter. There he scarcely realises his own axiom of a "formative" power in the artist. He fails to make theme follow theme simply and justly; and consequently repeats himself unnecessarily. He does not less

* "Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

than justice to that very great poem ; yet it is not always easy to follow the line of his approach. For example, in declaring it to be "one of the most momentous achievements in modern literature" he surely carries all of us with him. But in saying "This is great *modern* poetry, artistic formation of humanity related with our ultimate conception," he carries us by no means so securely. Why "*modern* poetry," we ask? Did not Æschylus create an artistic formation of humanity related with ultimate conception? Surely it would be truer to say, not that "The Dynasts" is either modern or ancient, but simply that it is great, and therefore outside the interposition of Time.

Mr. Arthur Ransome's useful addition to "critical apparatus" in distinguishing between kinetic and potential poetry, is laid under tribute with excellent effect in this book, particularly in dealing with Hardy's poems. It would be fair to say that Mr. Abercrombie's own style is kinetic rather than potential ; unhappily so, even, when one is told that "Tess's tragedy is a specimen syllogism in the cruel reasoning of universal fate." Moreover, on its own lines, his thought is too often fond of perplexities for their own academic sake. Yet when he is less concerned with his often bookish philosophies his thought shines clearly out in some penetrating criticism ; and the result is a book that is illuminating in the main, and arresting always.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE HABIT OF LETTERS.*

In his latest book Mr. Austin Dobson, with reference to Fielding, speaks of "that natural habit of letters . . . which a cheap criticism is accustomed to stigmatize as pretentious erudition." Whether withered by that criticism or moribund from some other cause, the habit is certainly growing rarer. The disinterested love of literature is not nowadays in high repute as a motive for writing. The man of letters, pure and simple, is almost an extinct species. Critics and essayists we still have in abundance, but they are all busy reconstructing the cosmos, a little regardless of the not impertinent question whether they have the necessary qualifications for that really rather arduous undertaking.

With the death of Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse become almost the last, as they are certainly the most distinguished, survivors of a less ambitious generation. The coupling of their names carries one back to the days when it was the youthful poet's aspiration "to rhyme with Gosse, Dobson and Co.," in the intricacies of ballade and virelai. That fashion is almost forgotten in the hurry of modern changes, and these two books also—"At Prior Park" and "Portraits and Sketches"—have a certain old-time flavour, due far more to their isolation than to any archaism of manner. That this should be so, is a pity, for such books are very desirable. We cannot live on a diet of theories such as the moderns insist on serving us. Let us, if only by way of a change, enjoy things (whether books or men, walks or wines) for their own sake, and not be for ever concerned with an ulterior motive which recedes as we advance. Theories of life are apt to be inhuman, and we turn from them with relief to the records of its practice, whether that practice take the form of fighting battles or of painting pictures. We agree with Mr. Gosse in enjoying what M. Paul Desjardins has called "*la cinématographie d'une abeille dans le mystère de la mellification*"; and that is what Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse are pre-eminently qualified to show us. "At Prior Park," clad in the familiar blue buckram which Messrs. Chatto and Windus reserve for their most distinguished authors (Swinburne, Stevenson, Dobson) is a series of essays in Mr. Dobson's accustomed manner. It deals, that is to say, with various eighteenth century topics of secondary importance, and deals with them with unsurpassable

intimacy, erudition and charm. Mr. Dobson really lives in the period of which he writes. Even his immense allusiveness is bounded by its limits or, on the exceptional occasions when he reaches backwards or forwards beyond these, by its spirit. Horace and Thackeray represent his extreme divagations. The eighteenth century, differing so completely from our own, can yet be made peculiarly real to us ; partly because of the wealth of lively memoirs in which it is chronicled, but mainly because its society was so homogeneous that its spirit may be imprisoned in a small compass. It is the admirable distinction of Mr. Dobson to be able to express that spirit almost as vividly as Horace Walpole himself. In one of the most delightful studies in his present volume he writes of Carmontelle that "his backgrounds and accessories are always informing and appropriate ; and his details of costume minutely studied." No criticism of Mr. Dobson's own "eighteenth century vignettes" could be more aptly phrased, unless it be added that his principal figures are in due proportion to their setting and sufficiently endowed with the circumscribed vitality of their age.

If Mr. Gosse's studies are old-fashioned, it is only by virtue of their catholicity and urbanity. In all other respects they are modern enough. All of his subjects lived in the nineteenth century ; most of them died in the twentieth, one of them is still alive ; and with all of them has Mr. Gosse had personal acquaintance. The chapter to which most readers will turn with the greatest interest is the first and longest, that dealing with Swinburne. While the poet lived, a proper, but by no means usual, reticence was observed as to his personality and habits. The consequence was that rumour had its way with him. Mr. Gosse's pages are the first portrait, of anything approaching finish, which has appeared ; nor is it likely to be surpassed for vitality and tact. Mr. Gosse loves the truth and is not afraid to tell it ; but since he has a genuine admiration and understanding of his subject, there is nothing displeasing in his frankness. He shows us the Swinburne he knew, a man of great powers and great limitations, and incidentally he clears away various misconceptions, such as that for which Maupassant was largely responsible in connection with the famous adventure at Etretat. One would like to see a full biography of Swinburne by Mr. Gosse.

The only other writer of a stature equal to Swinburne's dealt with in "Portraits and Studies" is Tennyson, and the pages dealing with him are few and lightly sketched. Some of Mr. Gosse's subjects are forgotten or unfamiliar. Bailey, the author of "Festus," and "Orion" Horne are names and nothing more to all but the curious. Of the latter, whose "farthing epic" was once famous, the record is entertaining reading. How he sat on the floor and played the guitar at Arthur O'Shaughnessy's wedding ; how he threw a snowball at Keats ; how "suddenly, and desperately determined to marry, he went down to stay with Miss Mitford in Berkshire, and proposed to all the neighbouring heiresses one after another, to the intense indignation of that lady, who declared that he had used her hospitable dining-room, on the same day, to propose to a lady (with £50,000 a year) at lunch, and to another (with £40,000 a year) at tea" ; how he professed the art of natation in Australia : these are only a few of the incidents in the career of a remarkable character.

But Bailey and Horne and Aubrey de Vere were old men when Mr. Gosse knew them. He is at his best when writing of contemporaries with whom he has long been acquainted. Perhaps the most interesting study in the book, after the "Swinburne," is that on Mandell Creighton. To many of us the late Bishop of London has been an august ecclesiastic and a historian more erudite than entertaining. For the future he will also be the redoubtable pedestrian who not only walked Mr. Gosse off his legs but insisted on his fording the Coquet in two places and walking bare-foot across an intervening mile of stubble.

But Mr. Gosse goes deeper than mere anecdote. There is a wealth of critical wisdom in his study of Creighton, of Shorthouse "*faciendo il bergamasco*," of Andrew Lang.

* "At Prior Park and other Papers." By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Portraits and Sketches." By Edmund Gosse. 6s. net. Heinemann.)

One paragraph concerning the latter should, as a corrective to loose thinking, be underlined :

"When he died, all the newspapers were loud in proclaiming his 'versatility.' But I am not sure that he was not the very opposite of versatile. I take 'versatile' to mean changeable, fickle, constantly ready to alter direction with the weather-cock. The great instance of versatility in literature is Ruskin, who adopted diametrically different views of the same subject at different times of his life, and defended them with equal ardour. To be versatile seems to be unsteady, variable. But Lang was through his long career singularly unaltered; he never changed his point of view; what he liked and admired as a youth he liked and admired as an elderly man. It is true that his interests and knowledge were vividly drawn along a surprisingly large number of channels, but while there was abundance there does not seem to me to have been versatility. If a huge body of water boils up from a crater, it may pour down a dozen paths, but these will always be the same; unless there is an earthquake, new cascades will not form nor old rivulets run dry. In some authors earthquakes do take place—as in Tolstoy, for instance, and in S. T. Coleridge—but nothing of this kind was ever manifest in Lang, who was extraordinarily multiform, yet in his varieties strictly consistent from Oxford to the grave."

Here is one of those obvious truths which only the wise are simple enough to see. But the whole chapter is full of sympathetic and penetrating things.

Perhaps the essay on Carl Snoilsky will not mean very much to those innocent of Swedish, but those dealing respectively with Eugène Melchior de Vogué and André Gide are most interesting evidences of the sympathy with modern foreign literature which Mr. Gosse has so often shown. The latter is the one living author of whom he writes.

"If the presence of M. André Gide among so many of those who have passed away is objected to," he says charmingly in his preface, "I will say that I like to feel that I take one living friend with me in my round of respectful visits to the dead. His is not a portrait; it is hardly an outline; but I wish to delay no longer in recommending to the study of English readers a fascinating writer, still young, who is destined, I believe, to take a place in the very first rank of European writers."

There could be no better proof of the vitality of the critic's mind, of his lasting readiness to extend the range of his sympathy, than this study of a comparatively new writer. Here is the very reverse of that "curious ossification of intellect" which Mr. Gosse notes to have overtaken

Swinburne before he had reached his fortieth year. M. Gide has already, one fancies, a small circle of admirers in England. It seems scarcely too much to prophesy that he will find a new adherent in every reader of Mr. Gosse's attractive essay. Most of his books are at present out of the London Library: a practical demonstration, surely, of the potency of Mr. Gosse's pen.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A CENTURY OF GREAT ACTORS.*

Mr. Cecil F. Armstrong, who, we believe, is a son of Sir Walter Armstrong, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, and has been for some time a theatrical manager's reader, has produced in "A Century of Great Actors," a very alert, a very scholarly, and an entirely readable account of fourteen eminent players who flourished between 1750 and 1850. His list is fairly comprehensive, including names as familiar in one's mouth as those of Garrick, Kemble, Edmund Kean and Macready, a great *jeune premier* and lover such as Spranger Barry, lesser tragedians of the rank of Henderson and of Cooke, and such popular comedians as Macklin, Munden, Mathews and Robson. But we could wish that he had extruded Henderson to make room for the distinguished personage who figured as that actor's colleague in the readings which the two men used to give at the Freemasons' Hall—we allude, of course, to the father of the great Richard Brinsley. Thomas Sheridan, the son of Swift's witty but unlucky friend, has never yet received his due. We may call him the Hermann Vezin of his time. A scholar who could boast of having received the honorary M.A. degree from both our older Universities, a dictionary-maker like Dr. Johnson, and, like Doctor major, a pensioner, too; a teacher of elocution to the nobility and gentry who thought he had a mission to reform the pronunciation of English, an actor who was a contemporary of David Garrick's and of Spranger Barry's, and who maintained a professional rivalry with both men; the husband of the lady who, as the author of "The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Buddulph" and of "Noujahed," was the most popular woman novelist of her time; the friend who reconciled James Boswell to his father, Lord Affleck, and lent Bozzy money to pay his gambling debts; a theatrical manager who suffered in purse and in popularity for his gallant attempt to preserve decency and decorum in the conduct of the leading Dublin playhouse; a father who on one celebrated occasion drank himself drunk while delivering a lecture on sobriety to that famous future tippler, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, such a man, a man of pluck of grit, of personality, a real character—to use the cant phrase, was surely far more worthy of commemoration in a procession of great actors than a brilliant mime like Henderson, or an infant prodigy like Master Betty. Again, we cannot understand why Mr. Armstrong, who rightly devotes the largest space in his book to Edmund Kean, the greatest tragic actor who has appeared on our stage since Betterton retired, should, by the number of pages which he assigns to a description of their respective careers, put Macready, "moral, grave, sublime," as Tennyson hails him, but otherwise essentially mediocre, on the same level with Garrick, the greatest, because the most versatile, player who has ever trodden the boards of an English theatre. Nor can we appreciate the point of view which makes the compiler of this volume dismiss that great and leisurely declaimer, John Philip Kemble, in a chapter no longer than that which he allots to the centenarian character-actor, Charles Macklin. Otherwise we have nothing but praise for "A Century of Great Actors." Mr. Armstrong's attitude is neither that of the actor-lover nor that of the theatrical enthusiast. Knowing the stage both from the front and from behind the scenes, he, of necessity takes a detached view, and he is candid enough to give his readers the benefit of his detachment. The result is a work which is as outspoken in criticism of the



William Charles Macready.

From "A Century of Great Actors," by Cecil F. Armstrong. (Mills & Boon.)

* "A Century of Great Actors." By Cecil F. Armstrong. 1cs. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

human vanities and weaknesses from which his subjects suffered as it is discriminating in its appraisal of their histrionic merits and demerits. In a word, the author writes of these *cabotins* of yesterday with the air of a man who has studied the genus actor at close quarters, and has pursued his studies with a gentle cynicism, a mingled sense of tolerance and of amusement. But we have one serious complaint to make. What authority has Mr. Armstrong for asserting in his life of Garrick that "Johnson to the last nursed a grievance against" his old friend and scholar in the matter of "Irene"? So far as we know, neither Boswell, Fanny Burney, Hawkins or Murphy affords the slightest evidence for such a declaration. Moreover, *prima facie*, the Doctor was far too magnanimous a person to cherish a lasting feeling of resentment against an old friend—even though he were a player—in respect of a failure for which that friend was in no wise responsible, and which, indeed, he did his best to avert. Dr. Johnson, as dramatic author, was assuredly not a feeble creature of the stamp of Fanny Burney's friend and adviser, "Daddy" Crisp.

THROUGH INDIAN EYES.*

Time and again Anglo-Indian writers have taken the reading public into their confidence and, in the frankest language, stated their opinions of the educated Indian, or "the Babu," as they style him; but rarely has a native of India been accorded the privilege of returning the compliment by plainly telling just what he thought of the Englishman in Hindostan and at home. In this circumstance, the publication of this volume presenting the ideas of a Bengalee barrister regarding institutions as they exist in Great Britain, the relations of the Mother Country with the Colonies, British rule in India, and the Britons in whose charge it is placed, is of more than passing interest.

The book, the author tells us, is written with the purpose of showing how India "may impart (to Great Britain) the philosophic temperament which, in struggle, success, or failure retains a uniform serenity, without which the capacity for virile effort is marred by undue elation or despondency," and how Great Britain "may communicate (to Hindostan) physical and mental energy, and the spirit of unrest, without which the glory of life and its ideals can not be attained." This is a noble but herculean task, and its accomplishment is likely to take a long time. The "Anglo-Asiatics," as the writer calls them, will question Mr. Manmath Mallik's right and ability to undertake a work of this character, and after a careful perusal of his book, will condemn the way pointed out by him as one leading to perdition. The stay-at-home Briton, if he possesses the virtue of patience *in excelsis*, however, will read with interest the philosophic disquisition which takes up the bulk of the volume, since it reflects the psychology of the British-made Indian. But whether or not he will become a convert to the Bengalee writer's system of reasoning is a moot question, which shall not be answered here, though the reviewer has a definite opinion on the subject.

The latter portion of the book, devoted to a criticism of British institutions, is, no doubt, the part which will appeal to the average Englishman more than the *réchauffé* of idealistic platitudes which is served in the first two chapters. The author admires the limited monarchy, which he likens to the "Aryan conception of Godhead," influencing everything and vitalising every department of State without mixing up with them, and gives it as his opinion that this feature of it constitutes the greatest asset of the nation. England, to his mind, is unsurpassed for originality of thought and boldness of enterprise. The Liberal Party, according to his belief, appeals to all the virile instincts of all sections and races at home and in all parts of the Empire, and enjoys the support of those who are opposed to privilege and who favour equality of opportunity for all British citizens. He believes that the British

aristocracy has become degenerate, basing this conclusion upon what he describes as its foolish attempts to usurp authority over the representatives of the people in finance as well as in legislation, this degeneracy being indicated by the language in which some of its members openly indulge. While he believes that trade unions and combinations may be necessary in order to check the selfishness of capital, he exhorts the Labour leaders to beware lest they sink in the mire of selfish greed, and advises the executive ruthlessly to put down all excesses of democracy. Mr. Mallik is not favourably impressed with the manners of English tradesmen and shop assistants, but thinks well of London on account of its excellent sanitation, the comforts of life and scientific and educational facilities which it provides, and the true Imperial spirit prevalent amongst all classes, which makes no distinction of race, nationality, or place of birth, and is tolerant of religious differences. He admires English women, declaring that they generally have a more intellectual type of countenance than their Continental sisters. He considers the women of Great Britain to be generally business-like and well able to take care of themselves, less prone than other women of Europe to waste time and thought on frivolous affairs of the heart, and he believes that some of them should be given the vote.

The Bengalee author has a very poor opinion of Anglo-Indians, and declares it to be his belief that they return from India so saturated with self-importance and contempt for others that they are degenerating the manners of Britons. He pooh-poohs their knowledge of Hindostan, and says their claim of omniscience is based merely upon the fact of a long residence in the Peninsula, during which the only natives they came in real contact with were their servants.

Mr. Mallik dislikes the British Colonials even more than the Anglo-Indians, asserting that hitherto they have shown little consideration for British trade and other interests. The word Empire, according to his conception of its meaning, ought not to be applied to British dominions which can pass any laws they like without fear of veto, and impose duties on British manufactures. The term, in his opinion, is strictly applicable only to the connection between Great Britain and India, and he refers to the native Indians as "Britons," throughout the volume.

The author finds serious flaws in the Government of India, describing it as a hotch-potch of good intentions and helplessness, and declaring it to be wholly opposed to British instincts and traditions and so openly displaying fondness for Mongol methods that it can "scarcely be designated as British merely because it is administered by natives of Britain." As to the claim that the present Administration of India is better than previous *régimes*, the writer points out that it is no great compliment to Great Britain to say that it is better able to govern than its predecessors, who have been described by responsible men as semi-savages, and directs attention to the fact that British-Indian rule cannot even claim to give the lead to progressive Asian governments. Unless the British are willing to let the natives have some "control over taxation, some safeguard against official vagaries, some method of prevention of the growth of bureaucratic infallibility," Mr. Mallik does not hesitate to say that the system cannot truthfully claim to be British, or even as far advanced as the purely Asiatic government of Japan.

As to what he wants in the future, the author, after making it clear that India should not part company with Great Britain, pleads for the recognition of the Dependency as a vital part of the Empire; for Indian representation in both Houses of Parliament; for the removal of partiality in the administration of justice between Europeans and Indians; for the cessation of personal ill-treatment to which Indians of all classes are subjected whenever they come in contact with any European on the railways or at other public places; and for the discontinuance of racial distinction in the civil, military, and naval services; and urges that the Government shall be so carried on that the people of the Peninsula may feel that it is really their own rather than a foreign domination superimposed from the outside.

S. N. S.

* "A Study in Ideals: Great Britain and India." By Manmath C. Mallik. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



The Native Village

From "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." (Heinemann).

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL.*

"In another place" [as the old House of Commons phrase had it] Mr. Pennell has spoken of the inspiration to the artist that the work of his own time has always been, from Rembrandt who drew the mills and dykes of Holland, to Meunier who found his subjects in the coal mines and furnaces of Belgium. Mr. Pennell went out to see if the stupendous work of the Panama Canal could give him motives of pictorial value, for, he says, to-day the greatest works are in progress that man has ever undertaken, and he believes "great work means great decoration." He describes how he found one of his pictures, the time being at the dinner-hour, when the workmen were coming to the surface from the bottom of a great lock they were building on the canal. "I looked into a yawning gulf, the bottom filled with crowds of tiny men and tiny trains—all in a maze of work. Overhead huge iron buckets flew to and fro, great cranes raised or lowered masses of material. As I looked, a bell rang, the men dropped their tools, the engines whistled, everything stopped instantly save that from the depths a long chain came quickly up, and clinging to the end of it, as Cellini would have grouped them, were a dozen men—a living design—the most decorative motive I have ever seen in the Wonder of Work." Mr. Pennell's pictures are lithographs, and it is unnecessary to say they are masterly, for we all know and all admire his work; but the originality of the subjects may daunt some of his admirers who would prefer pictures of the mountains, crowned with strange trees, long level lines of cloud that hang motionless before the hills, the impenetrable jungle and native villages the artist speaks of but does not draw. A hint of the jungle we have in the drawing of "The Old Railroad," a picture so full of atmosphere that it seems to suggest stories of the Spanish Main in its view of the islands and a distant shore. But generally the drawings are of engineering feats, lock gates and railroads, a record of that wonder of work the artist made a journey of 15,000 miles, he says, to see, in an enterprise he congratulates himself upon. With this result before us, he must allow us to say it was an enterprise everyone else will congratulate him upon also.

SCOTT.†

When a writer tells us that Scott is overrated, or grown old-fashioned, and that nobody reads him nowadays, you

* "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." 5s. net. (Heinemann).

† The Novels of Sir Walter Scott. 24 volumes. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net each. (Henry Frowde: Oxford Press.)

cannot safely take it to mean more than that that particular writer was never under his spell, or is not so much under it now as he used to be—perhaps because he is himself the nobody who no longer reads him. Of course there are all manner of faults to be found with Scott, as there are indeed with the universe: he is careless, even slipshod in style; he took large liberties with historical facts and personages; he is sometimes verbose, his dialogue is sometimes too stilted and formal; he amplified his novels with prefaces that many of us like better even than the novels themselves and many of us do not like at all. Carlyle gave him a black mark because he had no message, but more modern criticism counts that among his virtues, for we have learned that the novelist burdened with a message is invariably overburdened by it. What we want from the great novelist is a great story, and I doubt whether Scott or any other teller of tales could wish for a higher or more satisfying testimony than that of Coleridge, who said: "When I am very ill indeed I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read."

It is by those qualities in him that appealed to Coleridge that Scott still lives and will go on living. Personally, I have found that those of his stories which I read as a boy disappointed me a little when I re-read them in maturer years, but I know that was only because I am too sophisticated ever again to recapture my intense boyish rapture, and absorbed interest in them, and I am always glad that I left some of them unread, for these have given me an after-taste of that first luxury of delight, and there are still one or two that I am keeping for the future, in case no new Scott emerges to provide for my old age. I am assured that "The Pirate," "Peveril of the Peak," and "The Black Dwarf," are three of his worst novels. I only know that I read them when I was very young, and that if any man published now a novel that I thought would give me half the pleasure that they did I would buy it with my own money. I doubt if I shall ever read them or "Count Robert of Paris" again, but when people who are easily bored assure me they are dull I, with my memories of them, find it quite impossible to believe it. I confess I thought less of "Waverley," and if I was enraptured with "The Fortunes of Nigel" it may have been because it is so largely about old London and places in it that were very familiar to me. "Rob Roy," had first place in my later affections until I read "Ivanhoe," and at present I am not certain whether his greatest work is in "The Heart of Midlothian" or in "The Bride of Lammermoor," and do not especially care: it is enough for me that they are great novels, both.

No one who can enjoy Scott wants to criticise him. He delves into Scottish history for such books as "Waverley," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Antiquary," into English history for "Woodstock," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," "Kenilworth," into French history for "Quentin Durward," and what does it matter to you or me whether his history is good or bad? We go to him for a good story and he gives it to us, and those who ask for more have no business to be reading novels at all. He is the true successor of those old bards who "held children from their play and old men from the fireside" whilst they sang or said their tales to spellbound audiences in the halls and courtyards of an earlier day. And it is because he is the primitive, natural story-teller at his highest that I am never comfortable with his books when they appear in library editions. He is not for the library so much as for the ingle-nook, the seat in the garden, the resting-place somewhere in the open air, and his books have their appropriate form in some such handy, pleasant editions as this that Mr. Frowde has just issued. Well and clearly printed; neatly and tastefully bound; enriched with a numerous selection of the old illustrations; light to handle and not too large for the pocket withal: these volumes produce Scott exactly as he ought to be produced

I am not sure that it was not rather a mistake to gild the top edges ; but in spite of that this is an ideal edition of the work of the world's greatest teller of tales ; the very sight of it tempts you to write no more of them, but to take your pick and settle down with a volume in the arm-chair and employ yourself more profitably, dreaming through again one of the Wizard's glorious dreams.

S. J.

FRANCE, MÆDIAEVAL AND MODERN.*

These two books—both of them by writers who have unusual qualifications for handling their respective subjects—present a piquant contrast, not only with one another, but with the current view of the Middle Ages and the popular notions of the modern Frenchman and Frenchwoman. Instead of the splendours of knightly prowess and chivalry, and gallant courtesy, the Sorbonne professor offers us the sordid picture of a civilization overrun by violence, rapine, and famine, where the mass of men led an existence of almost unbelievable misery, and where women were in a condition of extreme wretchedness and degradation. And instead of the elegant, trifling, brilliant but unstable Frenchman of our imaginations, with his companion, the vivacious, witty, doll-like, volatile Frenchwoman, Madame de Pratz shows us a nation of industrious workers, whose men are motivated by thrift, prudence, and foresight, and whose women hold their own with the men in every department of practical life as well as in intellectual affairs.

M. Luchaire, whose death before this book was ready for publication caused a serious loss to historical research, was one of the leading authorities on mediæval France, and the present volume is a comprehensive account of the state of the country at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a period that has suffered more than most from hasty and unfounded idealisations. It was, as M. Luchaire paints it, one of the darkest periods in French history. Security for person or property did not exist ; petty feudal tyrants exploited and oppressed the poor, and harried one another with every circumstance of rapine and cruelty ; robber bands infested the country ; famine and pestilence were habitual visitors ; religion had become a childish and degraded superstition, finding expression in a "ritual magic" such as we usually associate with tribes sunk in the depths of barbarism. Yet "in this human society, excited by daily sufferings and terrors, living in the midst of hallucinations and visions," as M. Luchaire says, "everything happened, even the improbable." The Children's Crusade, for example, is so improbable that some historians have denied its existence, but the couple of pages devoted to it in the present volume enable us to see something of the glamour and horror of that astounding episode.

But the value of M. Luchaire's book does not lie in any picturesque details, but in his account of the daily life of prince and noble, priest and peasant, as far as materials exist for an accurate picture of these. We are given chapters on the noble at war and the noble in time of peace, and their perusal leads one to doubt which state was preferable for the unhappy peasants.

"To the knight or baron," writes M. Luchaire, "the peasant, serf or free, was only a source of revenue, of income : in time of peace they oppressed him at home as much as they could with imposts and *corvées* ; in time of war in foreign territories they pillaged, murdered, burnt, trampled upon him, in order to inflict the greatest possible destruction upon the adversary. It was of this that war consisted . . . Disdain, even disgust, on the part of the proprietor and seignior for the cultivator and artisan whose work supported him, is one of the most characteristic features of the middle age."

To even the most advanced thinker of the period of which M. Luchaire writes, such an apparition as Madame Claire de Pratz would have been a portent far more marvellous than the wonders in which he freely believed. The

* "Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus." By Achille Luchaire. Translated by E. B. Krehbiel. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

"France From Within." By Claire de Pratz. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

status of women is a good test of civilisation, and the rise in that status is one of the most significant things in the progress of the past seven centuries. Madame de Pratz is something of a feminist, and her most interesting chapters are those in which she writes of the triumphs of her sex. Indeed, the development of woman's work in France is astounding. Teaching is a profession in which women excel, and in the Lycée Racine, where Madame de Pratz was a professor, there are forty married women teachers, earning salaries twice as large as their husbands, many of whom are clerks in Government offices. Then in Paris there are women barristers, women doctors, dentists, oculists and chemists, doing admirable work and winning the favour of increasing numbers of clients. In the business world, an acquaintance of Madame de Pratz has established a shop that brings in 40,000 francs a year, the proprietor's husband being employed as cashier at an annual salary of £100.

"There are fifty women owners or editors of papers, gazettes, reviews or magazines, and considerably more engaged in journalism. According to the lists published by the Société des Gens de Lettres, there are over two hundred writers in France earning from 4,000 to 20,000 francs a year. There are 117,000 women *fonctionnaires* in France altogether, including the Post Office and Telephonic contingent. The primary educational schools employ 60,000, the secondary schools between 1,500 and 2,000. The Assistance Publique employs 4,000 women, and there are now twenty inspectresses and more at the Ministry of Commerce.

"There is no material or intellectual work in France in which women have no part. Out of the 14,381,462 female population, there are 6,381,658 women employed in some kind of remunerative professional work, which makes an average of nearly half the women of France. There are 7,728,854 married women in France, and of these 2,685,796 are wage-earners as well as wives. In no country in the world are there so many professional workers amongst married women as in France."

And, our author notes, the rapid growth of feminist ideals in France has been less the work of leagues and groups than of the "quiet, concentrated, unanimous effort of all Frenchwomen, each for her own individual enfranchisement. . . . Each is convincing her own men as well as the other men around her," with the result that, without any clamour, changes are being made in the Code Napoleon, and this social and economic feminism is making itself felt in the political sphere.

Many other aspects of contemporary French life are pleasantly treated in Madame de Pratz's pages, but this is the one on which she lays most stress. One of her anecdotes, illustrating the democratic spirit that welds together Frenchmen of all grades of society, deserves to be quoted, if only for the contrast it presents to the mediæval temper which M. Luchaire describes. In one of Madame de Pratz's classes at the Lycée Racine there were two little girls—Jeanne and Louise—who had become close friends. As they went home one day with their respective escorts, they discovered that they both lived in the same building, that part of the Palace of the Louvre which is occupied by the Ministry of Finance.

"Do you mean to say that you live here ?" asked Jeanne of Louise.

"Yes, my papa is the usher to the Minister," said Louise, in the most simple manner possible, and without the slightest confusion.

"Oh !" exclaimed Jeanne, "how funny ! My papa is the Minister !"

The next morning the Minister stopped his usher in the ante-chamber, and said :

"I hear that your daughter and mine attend the same *lycée*. It might save your wife two journeys a day, if the maid who accompanies my little girl brought yours back with mine. Mention it to your wife, and let it be arranged in that way."

A. W. EVANS.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM AS "A SEDULOUS APE."*

What would be your sensations, if you bought a ticket for a Paderewski concert and found, when you got to the hall, the stage littered with all sorts of musical instruments, and the Master, instead of offering you a sonata of

* "A Christmas Garland." Woven by Max Beerbohm. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Beethoven, a nocturne of Chopin, and a rhapsody of Liszt, in his inimitable manner on the piano, presenting you with an imitation of Kubelik on the violin, of Pablo Casals on the 'cello, Sir Frederick Bridge on the organ, and Yvette Guilbert on the human voice? Would you be disappointed or would you be well pleased? Personally I should be grievously disappointed; but then I happen to be one of those persons who would rather see Miss Cissie Loftus playing Peter Pan, than see her mimicking, however cleverly, other actresses playing other parts.

All of which is a prelude to saying that those who would like to see Mr. Max Beerbohm masquerading in the literary guise of his contemporaries will welcome his "Christmas Garland," whilst those who prefer to see him garbed in his own dainty cap and bells will be a wee bit disappointed, at moments perhaps a little resentful. For it will, I think, be admitted that parody must of necessity have in it the element of disrespect, and, however much we may regard the eccentricities of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Chesterton, or even Mr. Kipling as fair game for the caricaturist, we are hardly disposed at this time of day to take too kindly fun poked at George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Henry James. It may be that I am old-fashioned, but I prefer not to laugh at sacred subjects.

Which being said by way of qualification, I can otherwise heartily recommend to those who like this sort of thing Mr. Max Beerbohm in his assumption of the character of "the sedulous ape." Certainly he catches his victims to the life. Here are two passages taken almost at random.

"There was a man came to an inn by night, and after he had called three times they should open him the door—though why three times, and not three times three, nor thirty times thirty—which is the number of the little stone devils that make mows at St. Alcesius of Lederda over against the marshes Gué-la-Nuce to this day, nor three times three hundred (which is a bestial number), nor three thousand times three-and-thirty, upon my soul I know not, and nor do you—when, then, this jolly fellow had three times cried out, shouted, yelled, holla'd, loudly besought, caterwauled, brayed, sung out, and roared, he did by the same token set himself to beat, hammer, bang, pummel, and knock at the door," etc.

"My roving thoughts were caught back to the divine score which Arnold Dolmetch was reading to me. How well placed they were, those semibreves! Could anyone but Palestrina have placed them so nicely? I wondered what girl Palestrina was courting when he conceived them. She must have been blonde, surely, and with narrow flanks. . . . There are moments when one does not think of girls, are there not, dear reader? And I swear to you that such a moment came to me while Dolmetch mumbled the last two bars of that Mass. . . ."

Delightful, are they not, and unmistakable? Indeed, I can imagine few more amusing games than taking this clever "Christmas Garland" of Mr. Beerbohm's in a circle of literary and sympathetic friends, reading out passages taken like these at haphazard and seeing which of the circle could quickest recognise the clever mimicry. That there would be plenty of laughter I am sure, for laughter is infectious, and I can pay this rare tribute to Mr. Beerbohm, that he has made me laugh aloud in the solitude of my own study.

G. S. LAYARD.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.*

In the last of the essays which go to make up this collection Mr. Galsworthy remarks that much criticism of late has been converted "from judgment pronounced into impression recorded." The method is eminently suitable in the present case. Mr. Galsworthy has himself supplied a rough and ready classification of the two main headings under which these studies naturally fall by labelling them "Concerning Life" and "Concerning Letters" respectively, but this classification does not carry us very far and the territory of "Life" is continually being invaded by marauding expeditions from the country of "Letters." A better classification, perhaps, (if classification there must be) would have separated those essays which show Mr. Galsworthy in an introspective mood from those which

* "The Inn of Tranquillity." By John Galsworthy. 6s. Heinemann.)

reveal him as the artist describing his impressions unbroidered to any real extent by his reflections. But the point will not bear undue elaboration, and it is made mainly to show that any "pronounced judgment"—beyond that of praise and admiration—is impossible upon a book of which the component parts are so various and so disconnected.

And yet one may trace, perhaps, a certain underlying coherence in the thoughts which inspire many of these studies and say that the general impression produced is that of a plea for tolerance. This plea, addressed to all people who are sufficiently educated, and so constituted naturally as to be able to see two sides of a question, is the very soul of the opening essay from which the book takes its title. Wandering through a wild and beautiful Italian countryside, Mr. Galsworthy comes upon an inn with the legend "Osteria di Tranquillità" upon which Progress has already laid her hand. Out of the olive grove which grew to its very doors a skittle alley had been formed, and the owner of the hotel, standing in that alley with his ugly modern clothes, blandly announces between the puffs of his full-flavoured cigar that he is about to call his inn the "Anglo-American Hotel." The incongruous presence of the man "within one short flight of a cuckoo from this home of Pan" (an exquisite Hesiodic touch) plunged Mr. Galsworthy into meditation from which he emerged with the conviction that, if everything in the universe which has an individual shape is a fit expression of the separate moods of a great underlying Mood, perfectly adjusted and everlasting, then "we are all little bits of continuity, and if we are all little bits of continuity, it is ridiculous for one of us to despise another."

The same philosophy is at the bottom of his description of "Sheep-Shearing" with its vignette of the unsophisticated postman:

"In that little misunderstanding between me and the postman was all the essence of the difference between that state of civilization in which sheep could prompt a sentiment, and that state in which sheep could not."

The postman's lack of perception, we are left to infer, brought sympathetic compassion, indeed, into the heart of his interlocutor, but no sense of contempt.

But how, Mr. Galsworthy asks, about such as do not feel it ridiculous to despise, whose temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly that they know they are right? In this class is the old College chum, now a clergyman, with whom he discusses the ethics of marriage and divorce. To this problem also Mr. Galsworthy furnishes his own answer. Such people, he says, are right to feel contempt, it being natural to them, for they are "the expressions of contemptuous moods (of the great Mood), having religions and so forth suitable to these moods." And so, though he cannot claim that these thoughts are new (and, indeed, Nietzsche has expressed much the same thing) he at least feels that they have given him some feelings of tranquillity.

But the philosopher is not always insistent. There is the sheer artist in the study "Magpie Over the Hill" with its beautiful descriptions of Nature and its simple picture of the little boy torn between his two young mistresses. As an example of skill in writing the sketch is supreme. Mr. Galsworthy can say in a few lines what other writers cannot express in as many pages. There is not a superfluous word, and each word is chosen with a sureness that leaves nothing at which to cavil. Another excellent sketch, though of a very different type, is "Quality." No words are wasted in otiose commiseration of the poor old boot-maker who falls a victim to the very thoroughness and excellence with which he prosecutes his calling. The plain facts are set forth in the simplest style, and it is not because we are prompted by any moralizings that we feel as exquisitely as we do all the pathos of that humble tragedy.

Those studies, to which reference has been made, all occur in the portion which is labelled "Concerning Life." What Mr. Galsworthy has here to say "Concerning Letters" is not, perhaps, equally important. His essays "About Censorship" and "Some Platitudes about Drama" contain an undue proportion of the obvious, and "Wanted—

Schooling," while it starts in his best vein, shows a sad falling-off. But if in his "Vague Thoughts on Art" and "Meditation on Finality" Mr. Galsworthy does much to make amends, it is, undoubtedly, in the first part of the book that we get that "flower of author" which he himself finds in the pages of all great writers, and which is certainly not absent from his own best work.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

LEARNING IN LITTLE.*

Those who to-day hunger and thirst after knowledge have certainly no ground of complaint against the enterprising publisher if they remain unsatisfied. It is a point for consideration whether we yet fully realise the meaning of the present enormous output of books, small, cheap, and generally adequate, on nearly all the subjects of the encyclopædia. The standing puzzle regarding the consumption of the novels which swarm from the printing press meets us again here. Such activity in the popularization of knowledge is manifestly a sign of the times. It may be taken for granted that the publishers who are most active in the enterprise contrive to make it pay. There must therefore be a public, presumably a large public, for the volumes they produce. But what sort of public? How wide a circulation do these books attain? Who buys and reads them? Do the same people devour everything that is offered, from summaries of biology to treatises on art? Or do particular works appeal to particular classes of students only? And what kind of subject—science, say, or history, or philosophy, or letters—is found to be most popular? To these questions it would be interesting to get authoritative answers.

I have before me twenty-seven new issues in three of the collections which appear to be gaining, as they certainly deserve, special success in this democratic field: Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge" at a shilling a volume; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's "Useful Knowledge Series," also at a shilling; and Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's sixpenny series, "The People's Books." The extent of ground covered by these volumes collectively is remarkable; and even more remarkable is the general standard of excellence maintained in them throughout. They are well printed and bound. The title-pages show that the publishers have usually been able to enlist the best talent. In nearly every case the subject has been treated by one who obviously, is a master of it, and who moreover has the happy faculty of presenting it to the uninitiated in a clear and attractive way. The books vary indeed, as general principles would lead us to expect, more under the latter than under the former head. But speaking broadly, the two conditions of good popular exposition are commonly fulfilled: the work is sound, and, so far as limits permit, thorough, and the requirements of the general reader are met. It is not usual for a critic to parade his ignorance, still less to base his judgment upon it, but in a matter of this kind there is a real advantage in being able to take up the point of view, not of the expert, but of the ordinary layman. Knowing little or nothing to begin with of some of the subjects handled in these libraries—aviation, for instance—I have been able to identify myself with those who go to them in search of elementary instruction; and usually, where I have imposed this test, the results have been satisfactory.

I have said that among the questions which these libraries naturally suggest is that of the relative popularity of the different departments of study. I do not of course allege that any final answer can be found in the make-up of these twenty-seven volumes, for the general programme of each series would have to be taken into account. But as they stand, they lead one to infer that the greatest demand is

* "Useful Knowledge Series." Five Volumes. 1s. a vol. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"Home University Library of Modern Knowledge." Ten Volumes. 1s. a vol. net. (Williams & Norgate).—"The People's Books." Twelve Volumes. 6d. a vol. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

for the various branches of science, that philosophy, religion, and social topics hold their own, and that a comparatively small place in public attention is occupied by literature and even by history; and this I am inclined to think is a fair index of the current taste. In the present issue, indeed, literature is very poorly represented by two volumes only—Mr. Maclean Watt's rather thin and disappointing study of Carlyle, in "The People's Books," and a clear and readable sketch of "The Great Writers of America," by Professors Trent and Erskine, in the "Home University Library." In the former case, our enjoyment in reading is not increased by such unhappy remarks as—"Jeffrey and his kind could not understand mysticism, confusing it with misty-ism," and Carlyle "is not a milk-and-water theorist, giving jujubes to the discontented to keep them silent while they are sucking sweets." If this sort of thing is introduced in the interests of "popularity," I think the writer has mistaken his means and his public. The joint work of the two professors, on the other hand, is irreproachable in manner, and is fortunately almost entirely free from that patriotic twist which mars most American criticism of American literature.

History fares somewhat better with an excellent outline of Oliver Cromwell's life and career by Miss Hilda Johnston, in "The People's Books," a work well packed with facts, sympathetic, and sound in judgment; and two volumes of great freshness of interest in the "Home University Library"—"Warfare in England" by Mr. Belloc, and "Master Mariners," by Mr. John R. Spears. Mr. Belloc deals with the campaigns which have been conducted and the battles which have been fought on English soil from the time of the Roman conquest, and as a study of military operations and strategy his essay should prove specially valuable to those students who (like the present writer) usually find such matters the least interesting part of history. Mr. Spears' book (the title of which seems to me to be rather unfortunate) contains a fascinating record of maritime exploration and discovery, from the days of the Phœnicians down to our own time, and concurrently traces the evolution of the ship. The story is well told, and everyone who has any feeling for the romance of sea adventure will read it with pleasure.

In the domain of philosophy it is interesting to find the past and present linked by the names of Aristotle and Eucken. Dr. A. E. Taylor's outline (in "The People's Books") of the principles of the great "master of those who know," is quite a model of its kind. It would indeed be difficult to condense more than he has done into the space of under a hundred pages, and his expositions are wonderfully lucid. This does not of course mean that his book is easy reading. In the nature of things any epitome of Aristotle's theories, however simplified, must make large demands upon the student. But anyone who goes patiently and carefully through this little volume will close it with a clear idea of the fundamentals of the peripatetic philosophy and of the place that it occupies in the history of thought, while the appended bibliography will guide the English reader into further researches on his own account. Dr. Abel Jones's "Rudolf Eucken" (in the same series) is also an excellent little treatise, and may be cordially recommended to those who, as the author says, "cannot find time to make a thorough study" of Eucken's works, and yet very properly desire "to know something of the man and his teachings."

In social science a distinctly modern note is struck. Professor Chapman's "Political Economy" and Mr. G. E. Moore's "Ethics" (both in the "Home University Library") are alike thoroughly modern in method and outlook, and those who turn to them for information on their respective subjects may be assured that they are in the hands of teachers fully abreast of the latest thought and speculation of the time. Mr. J. H. Harley's essay on "Syndicalism," in "The People's Books," is manifestly opportune, and cannot fail to prove useful to the many readers, who, recognising with the author that syndicalism is at least a "significant movement," are anxious to clarify their ideas regarding its origin, aims, and bearings. Messrs.

Jack also provide a serviceable little manual on a most practical subject in Mr. W. A. Robertson's "Insurance as a means of Investment."

It is perhaps worth while to note that the three books of the present issue dealing with religion happen to represent three distinct lines of interest:—Mrs. Besant's "Theosophy," in "The People's Books," which may doubtless be regarded as an authoritative statement of a subject concerning which there is a great deal of public curiosity; Mrs. Creighton's excellent account of "Missions: Their Rise and Development," in the "Home University Library," and, in the same collection, "The Making of the New Testament," by Professor Bacon of Yale. This last-named work seems to me to be one of quite outstanding importance, for it provides the general reader with a compact summary of the latest results of New Testament criticism as they are accepted by advanced theologians. From a perusal of its illuminating pages we learn how far and in what directions such criticism has travelled since the time of Baur and his early followers in the Tübingen school. Dr. Bacon sets out by noting the striking paradox that the New Testament is a body of literature "born of protest against the tyranny of a canon, yet ultimately canonised itself through an increasing demand for external authority," and he proceeds to a searching examination of origins and development. He brings out strongly the fundamental distinction between the two leading schools of early Christian thought—the Pauline, or "Greek-Christian gospel about Jesus," and the Apostolic, or "Jewish-Christian gospel of Jesus"—the "Gospel of the Spirit" and the "Gospel of Authority," and he lays stress upon the fact that, arising as it did as the product of conflicting forces, "the unity of the New Testament is a unity in diversity." His underlying principle is that of historical interpretation: "the literature of the New Testament must be understood historically if understood at all."

The remaining volumes are concerned with various aspects of science, natural or practical. Five belong to the admirable "Useful Knowledge Series"—Mr. Chambers' "The Story of Eclipses," Mr. E. A. Martin's "A Piece of Coal," the late Grant Allen's "Plant Life," Mr. Rodway's "Forest and Stream," and Professor Henslow's "Wild Flowers." Three belong to the "Home University Library"—Professor Gregory's "The Making of the Earth," Professor Keith's "The Human Body," and Professor Kapp's "Electricity." In Messrs. Jack's series Mr. Macpherson writes on "Practical Astronomy with the Unaided Eye," Mr. Goodrich on "Evolution," Dr. Leighton on "Embryology," Dr. Price on "Dietetics," and Mr. Sydney Walker on "Aviation." We have here indeed—the hackneyed quotation is unavoidable—"infinite riches in a little room."

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

TWO FRIENDS AND A WOMAN.*

As a novelist Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is somewhat uncertain. At times he is a man of cultivated talent: at times a man of original genius. At his best he has a fine, whimsical, tender power of imagination, but it needs a strong under-current of emotion to set it working with full energy; and the only thing that inspires Sir Arthur with this necessary emotion is his half humorous and yet intense love for Cornwall. When his foot is on his native heath and his name is "Q.," he is one of the most delightful writers in the world. He can stand comparison with the finest masters of the short story or the long novel. The little Cornish town to which he gives the name of Troy is his grand source of inspiration. His slightest sketch of its ways, people and traditions is touched with genius.

In "Hocken and Hunken, a Tale of Troy," we have "Q." in his happiest mood. By turns he is cynical and tender, humorous and serious, and always delightful. The work is composed of the quintessence of all the qualities of his veritable genius. If he had not placed the tale among his

own people, it might have been as harsh a study of a mischief-making minx of a woman as Thackeray and Mr. Thomas Hardy have done. For there is something of Becky Sharp and Barbara of "Far from the Madding Crowd," in Mrs. Bosenna of Rilla Farm on the outskirts of Troy. Having married an old man for the sake of his wealth, even as Becky might have done, she has the pleasure of inheriting his money and land just when she is in the flower of her age and beauty. Intelligent and sensuous, half in sport and half in earnest, she makes advances to a well-to-do sea-faring man, Captain Caius Hocken, a native of Troy, who settles there, after a life of adventure, with his friend Captain Tobias Hunken. Hunken is a bigger, sterner man than his chum, and the pretty widow woos him while she is carrying on with the sweeter-natured and more companionable Hocken. The result is the two friends fall out and astonish and entertain the whole of Troy with their fierce, bitter and open quarrel for the hand of Mrs. Bosenna. Still living together, but taking their meals separately and only meeting in the streets, the two men turn every public affair in Troy in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, into a personal contest. They put up against each other at elections, turn both agricultural shows and regattas into pathetic, ridiculous scenes of rivalry, till at last Hunken loses all the money he has saved, and Hocken's deep feelings of friendship return and he renounces the fascinating widow. Not to be outdone in generosity, Hunken, on recovering his fortune, tells his old friend that he will leave the field open for him. In the end they both refuse Mrs. Bosenna's subtle and picturesque offer of marriage, and friendship thus triumphs over love. The book is really a fine and touching study of comradeship, but it is so lightened by humour and whimsy, and so crowded with strange, quaint and memorable characters, that it is a pure delight. Perhaps it is the richness of background in "Q.'s" tales of Troy that chiefly distinguishes them from his other works. In painting it his imagination is able to draw on his memory, and his memory is so irradiated and quickened by his Greek-like intensity of local patriotism that it gives to his work the strange vividness of conception which is rather wanting in his stories of alien scenes.

E. W.

THE FASCINATION OF BOOKS.*

Probably no one in London has a longer or fuller knowledge of the bookselling trade than Mr. Joseph Shaylor; he has been engaged in the handling of books practically all his life, and this familiarity has so far from bred contempt in him that he still treats them and thinks and speaks of them as Izaak Walton behaved towards his worms—as if he loved them. The elder Disraeli would have rejoiced in the curious and interesting information that Mr. Shaylor has gathered in here from literary byways. There is an excellent chapter on the beginnings and development of the Christmas book; it is amazing to learn that the once popular Annuals yielded in one year a profit of ten thousand pounds to their publishers, thirty thousand to the retail booksellers, and six thousand between their authors and editors. It is very interesting to trace the rise and decline of these annuals; the appearance of Dickens' and Thackeray's Christmas books, and the coming of the Christmas volumes of later years. Not less interesting are the chapters on Booksellers and Bookselling; on Some Old Libraries; on the Life and Death of Books; Bookselling and the Public; Bookselling and Some of its Humours; Hymns, Hymn Writers and Hymn Books. On Nineteenth Century Book Distributing; on the Selling of Books, and on Publishing Mr. Shaylor writes as an expert; he gives you an inside history of the growth of the business of bookselling from the middle of last century, when publishing and bookselling first became separate trades; he explains the old methods of publishing, and the present system discusses publishers' agreements and gives sound, practical advice

* "The Fascination of Books." With other Papers on Books and Bookselling. By Joseph Shaylor. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

* "Hocken and Hunken." By "Q." 6s. (Blackwood.)



Mr. Joseph Shaylor.

to the inexperienced author. From the first chapter, on "The Fascination of Books," to the last, on "Reprints and Their Readers," this is one of the most genial and pleasantly gossipy books about books that we have ever read.

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE.*

According to its publisher's notice, this is an "impressionistic travel-book," in which the author "follows his accustomed line, blending latter-day impressions with historical lore, and recording minutely the sensations of pleasure produced by the beauties of art, architecture and natural scenery." The critic is thus, in some sort, disarmed at the outset; for who shall dare to deny to anyone, and least of all to so well-known and accomplished an author as Mr. Lucas, the liberty to record his impressions? And how can one criticize anything so subjective and unsubstantial as an impression? Let us hasten to add that Mr. Lucas' "impressions" of Florence are interesting and very pleasantly recorded. Indeed, the traveller will find in his book not only a stimulating companion to the arid if indispensable Baedeker, but a means of reviving his own memories of the fascinating city, after he has returned home. The enjoyment of a visit to Florence depends so largely on the possession of some knowledge of its long and complicated history that we asked ourselves with some curiosity how this important feature was to be treated from the "impressionistic" standpoint. Mr. Lucas evidently realizes that there is indeed a difficulty here, and modestly disclaims any attempt to trespass on the domain of the historians, to whom he refers his readers (p. 51). He contrives, however, to give vivid biographical details about many of the numerous personages whom he has occasion to mention as well as a brief and spirited, if not always meticulously accurate, sketch of the Medicean supremacy. In his references to the earlier political system he is less felicitous. His account (p. 96) of the Guilds, the Priors and the "Gonfalonier of Florence" (by which title he seems to indicate the official known as the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia*, added to the Signoria

* "A Wanderer in Florence." By E. V. Lucas. With sixteen Illustrations in Colour by Harry Morley, and thirty-eight Photographs from Paintings and Sculpture. 6s. (Methuen.)

in 1293) is singularly misleading; while, on p. 184 he appears to regard the *Capitano del Popolo* and the *Podestà* as identical. This is "impressionistic" history with a vengeance and we trust that, in another edition, these things will be "straightened out," to use Mr. Lucas' own expression.

Starting with the Cathedral, Mr. Lucas leads his reader successively through the principal places of interest in Florence, and the traveller who puts himself under his guidance will miss little or nothing that is worth seeing. His account of the Uffizi Gallery, and indeed of the paintings and sculpture in Florence generally, is excellent. His attitude towards Ruskin illustrates the sanity and catholicity of his taste; that great art-critic is, indeed, a guide to be followed, but not to be followed blindly: Mr. Lucas can find room in his Pantheon for Ghirlandaio as well as for Giotto, for Bronzino as well as for Botticelli. The tourist will find in this book many noteworthy counsels which will be useful to him, and not in Florence only. Thus Mr. Lucas remarks (p. 114) that "one should never forget in any gallery of Florence to look out of the windows." Again (p. 117) he bids his readers remember that the great works of art in the galleries were not painted in order to be exhibited there; and he exhorts the visitor not to overlook the predellas of such paintings as have them, for there "the artist often throws off formality and allows his feelings to have play." Elsewhere, he notes, very justly, that "nothing is easier than to overlook ceilings." More than once he makes merry over the squabbles of the experts about the attribution of pictures to this master and to that, and sensibly observes (p. 360) that "the untutored visitor in the presence of so much scientific variance will be wise to enact the part of the lawyer in the old caricature of the litigants and the cow, who, while they pull, one at the head and the other at the tail, fills his bucket with milk. In other words, the plain duty of the ordinary person is to enjoy the picture."

Some minor blemishes need correction: On p. 209, we read that the most famous of all the Franciscan churches, that at Assisi, was begun while St. Francis was living; whereas the site for its erection was only conveyed to Friar Elias on behalf of Pope Gregory IX. nearly a year and a half after the Saint's death; on p. 271, the puzzle about Zacharias is solved by Luke i. 63, and Henry VIII. did not become Defender of the Faith after throwing off the shackles of Rome (p. 335) but before. The mention of "holograph relics" in connection with Dante (p. 177) might lead the reader to suppose that there are autographs of the poet in the Laurentian Library. Unfortunately, every scrap of his writing has perished.

The illustrations call for high praise; the photographs are well chosen, and the coloured reproductions of Mr. Morley's drawings are delightful. "Evening at the Piazzale Michelangelo" and the "Ponte Vecchio" are among the most beautiful and characteristic; but one would hardly realize from the representation of the Palazzo Vecchio, facing p. 90, that it is, as Mr. Lucas says it is: "One of the most resolute and independent buildings in the world."

W. H.

THE MIND OF MR. BALFOUR.*

Mr. Short was private secretary to Mr. Balfour for some years, and he has thought it would be interesting to present his chief's non-political views "in a convenient and permanent form." "Non-political" does not exclude, fortunately, the characteristic and apt tributes paid in the House of Commons to Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Duke of Devonshire. In speaking of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour observes that his difficulty was to restrain, not to find, epigrams, and that his literary gift was natural and great. This is not a reflection which will occur to the reader of the Balfour anthology. The

* "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker: A Collection of the more important and interesting passages in his non-political writings, speeches, and addresses (1879-1912)." By Wilfrid M. Short. With Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

pages of this large, carefully arranged, and comprehensive book are not studded with epigrams, and their literary quality, though larger on the whole than Mr. Gladstone's letters and essays, is not the outstanding feature. It is the easy play of intellect upon all sorts of subjects, from golf to eugenics, the application of a highly cultured mind, with singular powers of penetration, to topics like philosophy and music and science, which is the real interest and value of these pages. The selections contain a considerable amount of scattered wisdom, and they certainly display a versatility of mind, which in this case is something more than the power of a public man to speak at random upon all sorts and conditions of subjects. There are not more than two other first-class politicians, whose non-political utterances could furnish material for a book like this.

"Matter grows under our hands," said Sterne, "let no man say, 'Come—I'll write a duodecimo.'" If Mr. Short ever said this to himself, he quickly changed his mind. The matter seems to have grown under his hand, and the result is a thick volume of over 500 pages. Some of the extracts, especially those in small print, could have been spared. Thus Mr. Balfour's address at the St. Andrews University Quincentenary was not a success to hear, and it does not improve upon reading. Neither was it worth while to reprint this casual remark on marriage:—

"I think all will agree that if matrimony is to succeed, good manners should be adopted on both sides. Everybody will admit that a relation not always easy to keep smooth can only be kept smooth if there is mutual consideration and mutual respect . . . That is a moral which I recommend to all husbands, and to all wives. I recommend it from the serene platform of the confirmed bachelor."

Mr. Short might have assumed that "The Pleasures of Life" and "How to be Happy Though Married" are still in circulation. But it is really serviceable to get sections of the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" reprinted, as that volume has been inaccessible for some time. For this, among other things, we can forgive Mr. Short's inability to confine himself to a duodecimo volume of Mr. Balfour's wit and wisdom.

In point of general interest, the things one turns to most readily are not the writer's set essays, but his opinions on the by-ways of life, or his opinions in undress on the high-ways. These are not always easy to find, but they are worth looking for. Things like these, for example, to choose almost at random.

"Most of the pictures we look at in galleries never were intended to be looked at in galleries at all; they were painted to be enjoyed under very different conditions."

"The movement of population is as continuous from Scotland to the outer world as is the stream of ocean from the Euxine Sea through the Bosphorus into the wider ocean. There is no return current except, indeed, when Scotchmen have made their fortunes."

"I give the public notice that if any speech of mine appears with Latin quotations in it these quotations are due to the reporter, and are not due to me."

"A book which is read for examination purposes is a book which has been read wrongly. Every student ought to read a book, not to answer the questions of somebody else, but to answer his own questions."

And so on.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

MR. CONRAD AT HIS BEST.*

The most remarkable quality of Mr. Joseph Conrad's new set of long-short stories, "Twixt Land and Sea," is the ease and simplicity of the language. Mr. Conrad is as intense, curious and subtle a student of human nature in action as he was in that early masterpiece of his, "The Heart of Darkness," but his manner of tackling a subject is now extraordinarily fine. He used to be a melancholious amateur of the picturesquely violent side of life vainly trying to masquerade as a simple seaman. His point of view was essentially literary, and all kinds of literary influences were apparent in it—Zola's, Maupassant's, and that of the Russian school of abnormal-psychological novelists. The striking originality of his exotic themes and the inspiring

* "Twixt Land and Sea." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Dent & Sons.)

zest for the adventurous side of life that mingled curiously with his rather morbid interest in the derangements of the human machine, saved him from being a mere importer of the latest Continental fashions in literature. Yet his authenticity of imagination was somewhat over-laid by the various evidences of his literary apprenticeship. In "Lord Jim" he became his own master: yet one still felt he was a literary man studying a case of conscience rather than a sailor who had gone to sea from the love of adventure. Even that splendid vigorous sketch, "Youth," was the tale of a literary pilgrimage: it might have been written by Pater, had it been possible for that amateur of curious emotions to make a voyage to the Orient in search of new sensations. The rich and heavily loaded diction, with its search for strange and telling epithets, and its laboured though effective studies of picturesque effects, gave too literary an air to the narrative.

In his new set of stories of seafaring in Eastern Seas Mr. Conrad retains all his old subtlety, intensity and disquieting, brooding imaginativeness. But instead of displaying his literary power, he conceals it. He comes forward as an ordinary retired master-mariner in a mood for telling in simple, easy, artless speech, some yarns about life in the Indian Ocean and off the coast of Siam. He leaves out important bits of his narrative, and has to interrupt his tale later on in order to bring them in and make clear what he is leading up to. Not only is the dialogue colloquial, but much of the description is the talk of a middle-aged skipper repeating himself at times and using little tricks of speech of a commonplace sort. Yet, with this loose and apparently unlaboured way of writing, Mr. Conrad gets a wonderful power of expression. He does not now go in search of sensations and emotions, strange, subtle, exotic and tragical. They happen to him—a simple-minded unadventurous skipper of a windjammer engaged in carrying sugar and potatoes, grand pianos and other chance cargoes, from island to island. He begins with an extraordinary love affair, the character drawing in which is one of the finest things he has ever done. Poe and Baudelaire, and some one with a sense of humour they did not possess, might have written it in collaboration. The next tale is about a murderer, whom the skipper helps to escape; and the last is a study of love and jealousy and death. Each of them represents Mr. Conrad as an incomparable master of the longish-short story. His art now owes nothing to anybody: it is distinct, incisive, and yet suggestive of a thousand things left unsaid, while in appearance it is easy to the point of slipshodness. Each tale, we think, is likely to stick for ever in the memory of the reader; and we are sure we shall never forget Jacobus, the chief character in the first tale, ironically entitled "A Smile of Fortune."

E. W.

MACREADY'S DIARIES.*

By the members of his own craft William Charles Macready was never beloved, and the tradition of him which still persists in theatrical circles is of an actor no doubt great in his way, but unsociable to the last degree, ashamed of his stage-surroundings, morose and arrogant towards his colleagues, jealous of any and every rival, and generally snobbish and egotistical. For his own part he did his best, not always intentionally, to earn his fellow-players' dislike. The language he used of them in private—"these wretches," "these creatures," "these insects,"—was, we may be sure, repeated by him in public places and must have been canvassed in pot-house and green-room. It was notorious that his early retirement from the playhouse was due to his disgust with the vulgarity and disreputable morals of its rank and file, and he had never concealed his impatience of the habits, speech and manners of the stage-Bohemia of his time. No wonder the easy-going mummers dubbed him a prig and objected to his airs of superiority and disdain.

* "The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-51." Edited by Wm. Toynbee. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

But there is an easy explanation alike of Macready's aloofness and of the resentment which it provoked. Caste-feeling was on both sides the cause of ill-will. Macready belongs to a type of player common enough in these days, when the stage is so largely recruited from the universities and our professional and upper-class families, but almost unique eighty years ago. A public-school boy, dreaming at Rugby of glory to be gained at the bar, he was called upon to sacrifice his ambitions and to resign himself at seventeen to the atmosphere of a miserable provincial theatre and its company of uneducated and probably drunken and foul-mouthed actors. His father had to be rescued from bankruptcy and the lad put his shoulder to the wheel. Young prodigies even then could secure a vogue in theatre or concert-room, and the boy Romeo won favour and set the elder Macready on his feet again. But in saving his father he condemned himself to a species of servitude and exile. If he had his ideal—and a very lofty ideal—of the profession he thus perforce embraced, he never grew used to or tolerant of its practitioners, and the nausea which the fastidious youngster must have felt as he contrasted the accent and behaviour of his stage-associates with those of his Rugby school friends was never forgotten, and seems to have affected permanently his relations with actors of the old school. Their slang, their illiterateness, their weakness for alcohol, their improvidence, their stupidity in their own work, got on the nerves of this student and Puritan who could not see the touch of kindness that so nearly excused their vices. To this excess of sensitiveness he added an irascibility which found vent in the wildest invective. Macready had always got a grievance against somebody and was always making or inventing for himself enemies. At the same time his demands on his friends were far too extravagant, with the result that he was constantly being disappointed and embittered. His resource in the case of foes fancied or real, or of "false" friends, was the free indulgence of his tongue. He railed against these sinners at his club, and the victims of his abuse were not long left uninformed. Critics and brother-players were often attacked; what wonder that they "conspired" together to thwart Macready's hopes of self-advancement. The slowness of his rise to fame is to no small extent to be accounted for by the antagonisms he aroused. His fits of anger, too, had their bad effects on his peace of mind and his art. An explosion was always followed by worrying moods of repentance and he never acted his best if his thoughts were distracted or his emotions in a turmoil. An unhappy man, as he must on the whole be described, he with his suspiciousness and irritability, was himself the author of much of his unhappiness.

We see the man for what he really was, we see his good side as well as his external faultiness, in his diaries already printed in part by Sir Frederick Pollock along with the "Reminiscences" and that editor's continuation of Macready's autobiography, but now for the first time published in Messrs. Chapman & Hall's two handsome volumes, more or less in their entirety. No more remarkable and complete revelation has ever been penned by an actor. Incidentally these diaries provide us with most valuable sidelights on the social life of the time, for there were few contemporaries of mark with whom Macready did not rub shoulders, and these fit as it were in procession through the pages of his journals. But of far more vital significance is the portrait which all unconsciously the diarist paints of himself. From first to last we discover him actuated by two great passions, the one, professional ambition, the other anxiety to secure the ease of his wife and children. Always he is studying and re-studying his parts; never had he to face even among the pressmen he denounced as "vermin" and "filth of the world," so severe a critic as he himself was of his own performances. Always, too, he is thinking how he can add to the comfort and provide for the future of his family, and sees in his home the haven wherein he can throw aside every anxiety and annoyance; storm as he might out-of-doors, he sought and found peace there, and quite the most charming feature of his diaries is the tenderness and loyalty which inform his every allusion to his children and their mother.

Like most actor-managers he had his temptations to infidelity, but love-sick girls got no encouragement from him—there was never a more constant husband. Warring against these passions were the contrary instincts of pride and ill-temper. He was conscious of *mauvaise honte* in his social and business dealings, yet he could never cure himself of the fault. Again and again, in his diaries he makes confession of ridiculous surrenders to bursts of anger and earnestly vows to make a change. Yet within a short while there comes a fresh record of offending and remorse, and resolutions are made once more only to be broken. His unrestraint, as he knew quite well, had its most serious side in the fact that it not merely jeopardised his professional position but also his family's prospects. Yet even the thought of these could not prevent his assaulting his own manager, Bunn of Drury Lane, to pay off old scores of persecution and insult. Only when the affair was over could he contemplate the consequences; then he passed a sleepless night in agony and bemoaned his folly. If sometimes he could not control his fists he could rarely put a bridle on his speech. The man who could denounce a whole people, the Americans, as "a nation of blackguards," was not likely to be merciful to individuals. So Talfourd came in for censure as having what we should call, nowadays, a swelled head. Browning became "an insect" and a "puppy," because when, smarting under the failure of "A Blot on the Scutcheon," he met Macready one day he showed signs of embarrassment. Dickens though once voted "conceited," could live up to the actor's ideal of friendship and so was "dear Dickens" to the last, just as Carlyle pleased somehow even in his "exceptional moods." But other authors, Bulwer excepted, were not so fortunate, much less actors. It is a tell-tale fact that Macready has hardly a good word to say for any rival player of his day, from Edmund Kean to Charles Mathews; at every one he carps and gibes. Even Helen Faucit, whom he championed so handsomely during a phase of undeserved scandal, is spoken of as "silly" on occasions and is described as "generous in her requisitions." The touchiest of men, Macready seems to have let all sorts of imaginary wrongs sour his feelings and prompt him to reprisals. And so he went on manufacturing miseries for himself. Pity is the sentiment his own account of his career inspires. And yet he had his consolations. He conquered success. He had the refuges of his God and his home.

F. G. BETTANY

THE NEW LIFE OF BYRON.*

It was high time for a new "Life of Byron"; for, as Miss Mayne reminds us, there has been no "full-length" Life and Letters of the poet compiled in English since Moore's authorized biography was published in 1830. During the interval of eighty-two years much valuable material has been made public, of which I need specify only the Recollections of Lady Blessington (1834), of the Countess Guiccioli (1869), and of Lord Broughton, published two or three years ago; the Letters and Journals, edited by Mr. Rowland Prothero, and, last and perhaps most important, the "Astarte" of the late Lord Lovelace (1905). Of the new matter furnished in these volumes, the authoress of the new "Life" has made fullest use, and hence it may be fearlessly asserted from the outset that for the present Miss Mayne's "Life" holds the field. For those who read but one Life of Byron, her work has superseded all others. Not that it is to be understood that the book is faultless. Miss Mayne has not always arranged her facts with due regard to perfect ease in reading; nor is her literary style, at least at the outset, always perfectly clear and simple. She is not happy when she quotes, with apparent approval, (p. 87) a description of Cambridge as "a mere receptacle for youth," or characterizes Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," (p. 108) as a "rather foolish book," or John Galt (p. 160) as "author of two

* "Byron." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. 2 Vols With Eighteen Illustrations. (Methuen.)

novels whose names still survive." In her next edition such slips as *Canæne* (p. 269), *pacim* (p. 270), Monteith for Monreith, may fitly be amended. But these are the merest details. What is of infinitely more importance is that her book is characterized throughout by full information and by a generous and unflagging, yet not uncritical, enthusiasm for her subject.

In her chapter on Byron, "The Man's Man," Miss Mayne quotes the saying of a recent writer not named, that a "Life of Byron" is in reality little more than an account of Byron's love-affairs, which she proceeds to characterize as "perhaps the most foolish and shallow of the many judgments in that sort which have been delivered upon him." None the less, I must confess that to myself the most interesting part of her book is its discussion of the love episodes. For, in the first place, she writes of these from the feminine point of view, which in itself is interesting; and secondly, from that of one who unites a woman's innate sympathy and delicacy of feeling with a breadth of mind and a knowledge of the world which are less generally characteristic of the sex. Nor is she prudishly reserved. As will be gathered, then, from what has been already said, she rises above the triviality of "taking sides," whether for or against her own sex, studying each successive problem on its merits, and bringing to bear thereon the sympathetic insight, as it were, of a dramatic poet.

Of Byron's childhood, school and college life, there is now nothing fresh to be told. Nor does Miss Mayne add to our information regarding the "Girl of Cadiz" and "Maid of Athens" amourettes. But she is probably right in surmising that the influence on Byron's after-life of his school-boy passion for Mary Chaworth has hitherto been exaggerated. His later feeling for her was at most the constancy of the inconstant. Mr. Edgcumbe's theory that Medora Leigh was Mary's child by Byron* is justly dismissed, after examination, as surmise wholly unsupported by evidence.

It is scarcely until 1812, then, that the love-drama of Byron's life begins in earnest. This was the year of the "Byron Fever," when, following the publication of the first half of "Childe Harold," "language could hardly exaggerate the folly that prevailed." The first victim was Caroline Lamb, the story of whose relations with the poet begins romantically and closes sordidly. Already a wife and mother, though still very young, she was then at the height of her social success—a success of freshness, originality, daring impulse and "spoiled childishness." "That beautiful pale face is my fate," she wrote, after her first meeting with Byron, and her immediate impulse was to flee from him. But she quickly thought better, or rather worse, of it, and paid the penalty with her reputation, reason, and perhaps life. Had that been all, she would have remained at least a romantic figure. But, alas! her ill-regulated impulses had ere this betrayed her into hysteria or ill-breeding. Nor is it easy to avoid imputing to her the rumours which, four years later, led to Byron's social ostracism. The Countess of Oxford, that mature voluptuary, who succeeded Lady Caroline as Byron's mistress, seems to have appealed to him as calm after storm, for to her alone of all his loves did he profess gratitude.

The truth regarding the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, which, long familiar in the form of rumour, was imparted to a limited circle by the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte," is here for the first time made public property. By Miss Mayne's skilled investigation of this delicate and painful matter a tardy act of justice is done to Lady Byron, who emerges from the ordeal in her true character—as a woman of narrow mind, perhaps, but of unswerving rectitude of conduct and of almost superhuman powers of self-control and of keeping her own counsel. "Annabella"

* See "Byron; The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe.



Byron, 1813-14.

From the engraving by C. Turner after the painting by R. Westall, R.A.

Byron never invited sympathy, nor craved to be understood; but, stoic as she was, one cannot doubt that she must often have longed for both. The indiscretion, to put it temperately, of the most egregious advocate ever vouchsafed to prisoner at the bar did her cause incalculable wrong. But she has now at last triumphed over this, and is henceforth beyond reach of injustice. One question now alone remains unanswered: To what degree did she love her husband? Another point which must occur to every masculine reader is, Why in the name of common-sense did not she ask her sister-in-law to leave No. 13 Piccadilly Terrace? It is true that in 1815 wrong done was already a thing of the past; true, also, that Annabella's suspicions were still far short of confirmation. But there can be no doubt that the situation would have been much simplified, the moral strain very much relieved, by Mrs. Leigh's departure. Miss Mayne's book is, I believe, the first to publish an authentic portrait of Lady Byron.

In the episode of Jane Clairmont, Miss Mayne reveals "Claire" as recklessly throwing herself at Byron's head, in a manner wholly unsuspected by readers of Professor Dowden's "Shelley." For her assignation with Byron seems to have been contrived by herself and consented to by him. Certainly to none of his mistresses, so far as is known, did Byron, the most chivalrous of men, behave with greater harshness than to Claire. The subsequent Venetian period, during which Marianna Segati and Margarita Cogni reigned conjointly over his heart, marks the radii of his career. For four years after this Countess Guiccioli saved him from himself; but she accomplished this at the expense of ennui and satiety, and of what looks very like an attempt at blackmail on the part of a complainant husband. It says much for Miss Mayne's enthusiasm that she is able to follow Byron's devious course without losing a jot of her admiration for what was essentially noble, generous, miraculous in him.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Novel Notes.

THE ROCK OF THE RAVENS: A ROMANCE. By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Steuart has chosen for his theme the old-world one of a brave man beset by treachery and blindly bent on wreaking vengeance on the heads of those most faithful to him. The scene is in the Highlands, and the period that in which the clans were divided by feuds no less than distinguished by their tartans. The Macdonalds, under the redoubtable Drumshead of Drumshead Castle, are at bitter enmity with the Mackintoshes. Their chief is growing old, and, when the story opens, banishes Conall the seer, and hands over the gallant Ranald Glenranald to the charge of the young man's enemy and rival, Mungo Dearg. How Mungo is eventually involved in the meshes of his own toils, and Ranald and the chief's beautiful daughter Mona are united, must be left to the author to tell. Suffice it that there is ample excitement for the most excitement-loving of readers to enjoy ere the coils of the serpent are set straight and the just and the unjust come to their own.

BUNCH GRASS: A Chronicle of Life on a Cattle Ranch. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Murray)

As a novelist Mr. Vachell has scored so many successes that a new volume from his pen cannot fail to excite the curiosity, and confident anticipations of goodly entertainment, of many readers. But Mr. Vachell is also known as the author of a delightful volume dealing with life and sport on the Pacific Slope of California, and therefore this volume has as it were a double claim on our attention. And it may be said at once that which ever may be the earlier interest which moves a reader to take up "Bunch Grass" he will have no occasion for disappointment. Whether the score of stories are read as fiction or for their vivid pen-pictures of Californian life around and about a cattle ranch thirty years ago they are quite absorbingly attractive. Mr. Vachell points out in a preface that "in a modest way he may claim to be a historian, not forgetting that the original signification of the word was a narrator of fables founded upon facts." The history which he presents is of the circumstances that attended the transmuting of "the Land of Yesterday" into "the Golden State of To-day—and Tomorrow" and in the course of it he shows us something of the comedy and tragedy which attended the transmutation. He begins with an account of the way in which "Althea-Belle" the first "school-marm," of the village of Paradise fought down the weaker side of her own nature, and how she mastered single-handed the refractory youth of the neighbourhood; he tells of the "holding up" of the stage-coaches in the lawless days, and of the whipping out of revolvers and shooting "on sight"; of the Chinese Riots when the "Coon Dogs" hunted out and tortured the Celestials, and of how a Chinaman cook, "Mary" was saved from these ruffians by his master's coolness and resourcefulness; and in the closing story he gives a remarkable account of the way in which a wife-beater and torturer of the "under-dog" came by his end. The stories are at once vigorous in character and incident, and vivid in their descriptions of a past that is recent when measured by years but far distant if measured by the changes that have taken place in the country described.

THE MYSTERY OF 31 NEW INN. By R. Austin Freeman. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To those critics that have grown weary of the modern detective and his cheap melodramatic dives into the troublous sea of present-day crime, we would recommend an acquaintance with Dr. Thorndyke, the central character in this novel. It is easy to gather the sympathy and skill that have gone to the creation, and the justification, of Mr. Austin Freeman's detective hero. "The Mystery of 31 New Inn" has not been written in the usual style of detective fiction—that is from the end backward, with an irritating explanation clumsily fitted to a series of more

or less unconvincing mysteries. The writer has honestly grappled with two apparently insoluble problems in London's criminal life. On the one side, he has confronted us with the pathetic figure of an old man in a lonely house in Kennington, one who is being obviously poisoned by morphia by a mysterious German and his housekeeper, both of whom pretend that their charge is dying from sleeping sickness. On the other, he places the sudden and unexpected death of a comparatively wealthy man in New Inn, who has made two wills within a brief period and in practically the same terms, and yet, by his latter act, has diverted £30,000 from its legitimate destination. It is easy to see that Mr. Freeman has been born with the mind of a writer of first class detective stories, for he has an eye for every detail that matters, a most entertaining style and method, and an extraordinary patience in the adjustment of details. This new story with its brilliant climax should certainly establish him as a recognised English Gaboriau.

THE CELESTIAL CRITIC. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In his latest story the author of "A Magdalen's Husband" has given us a remarkable study of the mind of a working-man. It contains just those elements that might have made a really notable work of fiction. Mr. Brown, however, disappoints us, though he provides several strong situations which are cleverly treated. Real dramatic power is shown in the passages which describe John Brood's discovery of his wife's infidelity, and much, we think, might have been made of his acquaintance with the "wonderful creature" who appeared to him "like a woman out of Shelley's poetry." For a time she proves to be an interesting mystery, and talks with Brood, who is "a man of theories," of the great things of life. But she does not long remain on her pedestal. Brood hears that his brother, a drunken soldier, is to marry this "herald of his dawn," and he suddenly realizes that he has been worshipping an image of clay. And in the end it is the little cripple, "The Celestial Critic," to whom he turns, finding peace in her simple religion. It is an uncommon and readable story, and one of unusual merit despite its disappointing features.

THE SECOND CITY. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There has been a brief and passionate episode in the past of Sheriff-Substitute Dunluce, which has made him the father of an illegitimate son, of whose very existence for a long time he is unaware. When the blow falls he is happily married—for the second time—to a devoted and very charming wife—an attractive and admirably-drawn character. Mrs. Dunluce is in reality the Sheriff's erstwhile mistress, fearing that the revelation would involve the loss of her husband's affection and respect. The situation is further complicated by the fact that in Scotland the subsequent marriage of parents legalises their offspring. On these foundations Mr. Eccott has built up an altogether admirable novel, which presents several unusual features. "The Second City," however, is primarily noteworthy as a sympathetic and suggestive study of life in modern Glasgow. In this respect, indeed, the novel appears to be of considerable value. In any case it will add to Mr. Eccott's reputation.

COMMONERS' RIGHTS. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a book that leaves you congratulating yourself that you did not miss it. "The most perplexing factor in the marriage question is the inevitable growth of the human soul," says Miss Constance Smedley in her preface. It is to be hoped that some day wives and husbands will be viewed in the same light as ordinary individuals, and their service to each other estimated by the genuine growth in good which their mutual influence effects, not only individually, but in relation to the community in which they live. The "perplexing factor" and the great problem of the people's rights provides the theme of an uncommonly fine

story. Miss Smedley attacks her subject in a straight, clear-sighted, sympathetic way, and draws for us with great skill and quiet humour a group of characters absolutely true to life. The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. Maxwell Armfield. "Commoners' Rights" concludes a trilogy of novels by Miss Smedley (each complete in itself) dealing with the same big question—the family life in its relation to the individual and to the community.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MORNING. By Hugh de Selincourt. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Constance Howard, a young lady of some twenty-five summers, awoke one morning unusually early and was annoyed to find that she could not go to sleep again. She was at a loss to know how to occupy the time before breakfast; she had a horror of thinking about such elementary questions as her own life and her own body. Such matters were considered morbid in her respectable household, and Constance distrusted "morbidness." Eventually she jumped out of bed and gazed out of her window, and then fell on her knees to pray that she might be made "a daughter of the morning." She was not quite sure what she meant by the phrase, but it remained in her mind. Constance's prayer is answered, and the steps of her development are cunningly portrayed by means of two threads in the story. Smith, the gardener in Constance's home, has an invalid wife, who is so devoted to her husband that his happiness is her only joy. Hence an illicit connection with Lucy, Constance's maid, merely causes the good lady gratefully to sing her "*Nunc dimittis*." Before Constance could gain spiritual insight, however, it was necessary for her to fall in love with a man who was already married, and who only withdrew from an alliance on the ground that if one lives in the world one must conform to its standards. It was impossible for the story (as conceived by the author) to proceed on anything but unpleasant lines, and we are sorry that his great gifts should not have been displayed to better advantage.

WINDFRINT VIRGIN. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Ham-Smith.)

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren breaks new ground in his new novel; he does not this time write in the tragic vein, nor does he lay his scenes in the glamorous atmosphere of Wessex. For the most part, his story passes in London, and is a brightly written, very entertaining sentimental comedy. Windfrint Virgin is a charming little country maiden who comes to London bent on seeing life and earning her own living. She calls with a letter of introduction at the office of Mr. Wentworth Williams who has recently opened a Friend-in-Need-Bureau and set up to give advice on all subjects to any who need it—for a consideration. He finds Windfrint is delightfully unqualified to act as a clerk but partly out of sympathy with her, partly attracted by her pretty face and happy ingenuous manner, and partly persuaded by the letter of introduction, he engages her, and in her capacity of assistant to the proprietor of the Bureau she presently begins to enter upon adventures, and upon one that alters the whole course of her career. Timothy Squebb, who falls in love with her and with whom she falls in love does not strike you as being good enough for her; good man in his way though he may be. Williams for all his flippancies is a far more pleasing and attractive personality; he is moreover something of an idealist, and his knightly behaviour towards Windfrint when her guardians shut her out after midnight is a charming romantic episode. And Williams, too, falls in love with her, and somehow in spite of appearances at the end you cannot help suspecting that she really loved Williams the better of the two men though she did not know it herself. It is a brisk and lively tale, so thoroughly modern that the Suffrage Movement plays a part in it, and told so deftly and with such skill in characterisation that one is as keenly interested in its men and women as in the romance that is woven about them.

HONEY, MY HONEY. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is a fresh, sweet, wholesome tale of youth and love, with a stately English home for its setting, and a cosmopolitan atmosphere. The de Crepignys live in Rose Hall, an old mansion on a hill just outside the village of Hartwell. Down in the valley lies a beautiful old Elizabethan house—"Frant," which originally belonged to the de Crepignys but which passed out of their hands some generations back. The latest occupant has been Honey's godfather, Sir John Barton. It was known that he intended leaving Frant to Honey so that the old house might be restored to its rightful owners; but Sir John dies suddenly, just before Honey's nineteenth birthday, without leaving a will, and so Frant passes on to fresh hands. The de Crepignys are too poor to buy it when it is put on the market, and it is finally bought up by an American family, the Fairbrothers. The village is thrown into agitation by the unconventional ways of the new owners of Frant. Lucinda Fairbrother is delicious with her fascinating chatter and her manner of looking after her Poppa and Momma. Poor Momma can never get used to having all her work done for her and longs sometimes to "hustle round" herself, and Poppa can never recognise social distinctions and is always being brought to order by his Buntly-like daughter. Honey, prepared to hate these people for desecrating Frant, grows to like them and their simple, unaffected ways immensely; indeed she grows to more than like the tall young son of the house, Denis, and this although she is already engaged to a middle-aged, courteous gentleman of her parent's choosing. The plot develops easily, naturally, holding the reader's interest from first to last. Each character in the story portrays the sympathy and insight for which Miss Tynan is famous, and the story of Honey will add yet one more name to its author's long list of deservedly successful books.

THE BANDBOX. By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Although the picture on the wrapper of this book shows a mammoth liner, and one of the chapters is entitled "Ismay?" it has nothing whatever to do with the *Titanic* disaster. It is, in fact, one of those delightful stories which Mr. Vance knows so well how to produce. He has a light touch, a sprightly wit, and gives us a succession of absorbing incidents which never allow the interest to flag from beginning to end. Two bandboxes—identical twins—two characters—identical in appearance—a Cado-gan collar worth a king's ransom, a beautiful actress, a jealous lover—these are the ingredients which go to make up an ingenious story which is sure to attain wide popularity. The actress finds that the necklace mysteriously vanishes from her state-room on the *Autocratic*, and a Mr. Iff, a most laughable passenger, who is suspected of the theft, disappears just as strangely when the ship reaches New York. The subsequent chapters are full of adventure, telling how the twin bandboxes reach the wrong owners, and how Mr. Iff's double is frequently thought to be Mr. Iff himself, and altogether there are complications of a most exciting and amusing character. It would spoil the reading of this capital story to even indicate how Mr. Vance eventually unravels the amazing tangle.

VARICK'S LEGACY. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Varick's Legacy" takes the form of three young literary men, "left" to him by the dying Terson, who has befriended them. It is fortunate for Kesteven, Isaacs, and Benne that Varick is starting a new monthly magazine, on the staff of which he promptly enrolls them. Although no longer in danger of actual starvation, it must not be supposed that the three friends find their way altogether clear and smooth before them. Not the least of their difficulties is that there are only two heroines to divide between them. But you may always rely upon Mr. Burgin to bring to pass a happy, yet withal natural, ending, and he certainly has

not failed in his latest novel. The story is good, as a story, but we are inclined to think that the book will attract more particularly by reason of the admirable pictures of the light and shade of London literary life which it affords. In this respect the book is really admirable, unstrained, yet effective, natural and truthful. It possesses also several of those quaint and humorous minor characters with the treatment of whom the author has many times proved himself to be adept. In fact, "Varick's Legacy" is quite one of the best books Mr. Burgin has written.

THE MAKESHIFT MARRIAGE. By Baillie Reynolds 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has a remarkable ability for placing her characters in the most hopelessly complicated circumstances, then unravelling the entanglement easily and reducing the discord to perfect harmony. Her latest book, "The Makeshift Marriage," displays to great advantage her talent in this direction. It is an interesting book because of its convincing naturalness, and it is told in the author's usual absorbing, unaffected style. It is the story of a man who, too weak to face his first real disappointment with courage, and jilted by the girl he has loved, is piqued and jealous and immediately marries somebody else. The strong, ably realised characters of the man's wife and his mother are drawn with striking truthfulness and sympathy. And the makeshift marriage which might have, and almost did succeed in ruining three lives, despite difficulties and apparent failure, proves to be the pathway to happiness after all.

THE STREET OF THE FLUTE-PLAYER. By H. de Vere Stacpoole 6s. (Murray)

One feature of the author's consummate skill, proved in other fields, is that he can throw the veil of romance over the Athens of Socrates, the contemplative critical Athens, the city, too, of pettifoggers and demagogues. We may feel inclined to condemn the passion of the hero and heroine as an anachronism, but the adoration of the fisher-boy for the hero is pure Greek, Greek romance. But apart from all this there is endless romance, for all who have our author's eyes, in the sunrise and sunset which the fisher-boy sees at the beginning and end of the book: "the stars were all shivering away and dissolving," "he noticed that dusk and night do not fall from the sky which is eternal, but rise from the earth which is mutable." As "Seaballads" might have foretold to us, Mr. de Vere Stacpoole creeps farthest into the romantic heart of old Athens, when he gets on board the ship and shows us the romance of trade. "The perfume of old cargoes still clung to her, spice and wool and oil." She sets sail "to the tune of a flute, the slatting of canvas, and the rhympa-pai of the hauling chorus: haunted by the tune of Proteus blowing his conch to the flocks of ocean." The rescue of the heroine from this ship is a brilliant piece of conception and expression. We glory in her rescuer, the fisher-boy, even as he glories in Diomed. We suffer agonies when the brutal Egyptian pursues him round the pond. His survival reconciles us to the Romeo and Juliet tragedy.

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP. By Rachel Capen Schaufler. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"You don't seem to know much about Christianity. I should think you were a Moslem or something just as niggerent. When we read round at prayers the other day, you looked for John in the Old Testament. I saw you. Mary Freyer thinks we ought to pray for you to be converted." This is how the heroine, a wealthy young American girl, is addressed by one of the children of an American missionary in Persia. Jean Stuart has to take refuge with her fellow countrymen and women for a winter, and though she has no sympathy with their creed, she learns to appreciate most of them, and in the end to marry a sort of Rochester, a gruff antipathetic man, who proves too strong for her. Miss Schaufler has not fallen into the common mistake of novelists who make capital out of

foreign missions. She can write a romantic story of love, adventure, and the little intrigues which go on even in a mission community, but the thing is done without undue sentiment on the one hand and without the affectation of superiority which spoils many novels of this class. The characters are vividly drawn, there is a strong romantic interest, and above all there is a humour in this book which makes it singularly pleasant. Persia has an attraction for us at present, and although the authoress does not give lessons on Persian policy she will throw a number of side-lights on life in that country, for the readers of her delightful story.

CHARLES THE GREAT. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Methuen)

Mrs. Penrose has not, perhaps, chosen the happiest title in the world for her new novel. To many minds "Charles the Great" will suggest a study in historical romance, and many case-hardened readers nowadays will tell you that they are tired of all forms of "period" stories. It would be a pity, however, if the public neglected the delightful modern comedy that figures under this disappointing title.

"Charles the Great" is really a Great Creation, and he deserves to be known, not for his virtues, but for vices. These are the common property of many self-indulgent and easy-living bachelors who make a pretence of a culture and genius which they do not possess, and who, for a time, at all events, invariably succeed in imposing their own views of their importance upon their friends. Mrs. Penrose herself would not pretend, we imagine, that the pivot, upon which she has based this full-length study of a petty rural tyrant, has any remarkable novelty of conception. As a matter of fact, the idea of a man getting a poor and needy author to write a book for him, and then sending this spurious novel forth as his own production, has been used many times. Mr. Anstey, for example, did it with sardonic effect in "The Giant's Robe"; but Mrs. Penrose has a more delicate touch, and we are not stretched on the rack for a period covered by three hundred pages before we are satisfied that the impostor will be unmasked by the people who matter to the scheme of her book. Mrs. Penrose has distinct gifts of humour and literary charm.

THE WEAVING OF THE SHUTTLE. By C. Holmes Cautley. 6s. (Duckworth.)

As the title implies, this is a story with a mill as the mainspring of its plot. It is by no means a new idea, and there is nothing peculiarly arresting about the treatment. But the book, though it could have been briefer with advantage, is of sufficient interest to demand one's entire attention. Michael Esholt was the owner of Barsland Mills. He had one daughter, and one son who had spent enough time at Oxford to make it difficult for him to settle down to work in a Yorkshire mill. Esholt's works manager was Mathias Tempest, whose daughter Zillah, by reason of her good looks and superior education, was the belle of the village. Stephen, of course, falls in love with her, and on his father's discovery of the fact is forbidden to pursue matters to their natural conclusion. Michael Esholt sends his son away temporarily and advises Mathias to do the same with his daughter, but in the best chapter of the book Mathias refuses to acknowledge his master's control over his private affairs. The climax is reached when Mathias gives his master notice, after serving him all his life. Mathias Tempest sets up a rival concern, which by drawing off the spring-water from the other mill has the effect of bringing Esholt to the verge of ruin. It would be unwise to reveal the happy conclusion of the book. It only remains for us to congratulate the author on a good piece of honest, unsensational workmanship.

ONE CROWNING HOUR. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Owing to a highly-developed sense of right and wrong, Geoffrey Carrick has been placed in an invidious position towards his command in the Indian Army (of the East

India Company). He has made himself awkward to the Government, and the Queen has dispensed with his services. He adds to his troubles by a misunderstanding with his fiancée, Geraldine, and his engagement is broken off. A disappointed man—and, to tell the truth, rather a sulky one too—he is looking for trouble wherever he can find it. Opportunely enough, there comes to him a meeting with Leeson, a journalist and acquaintance, who has some knowledge of the intentions of Garibaldi. And thus it is that Carrick becomes a member of the historic Thousand who invaded Sicily and paved the way for a united Italy. At the same time Geraldine pays a lengthy visit to her alarming and aristocratic aunt in Naples, in whose house she is kept in the utmost seclusion while an attempt is made to marry her off to a highly unattractive Neapolitan. With such materials as this for a beginning, you may be quite sure that Miss Grier's story is readable and dramatic. It is also something more—an extraordinarily well-realized and many-sided picture of the times. The book contains many admirably presented types, and the figure of Garibaldi is invested with the glamour that the devotion and enthusiasm of his followers have given him. "One Crowning Hour" is a fine historical novel, full of fire and vigour, and it will rank as one of the best books that Miss Grier has written.

THE HERO OF HERAT: A FRONTIER BIOGRAPHY IN ROMANTIC FORM. By Maud Diver 6s. (Constable)

Anglo-Indian records contain few more thrilling chapters, apart from the Mutiny, than those relating to Lord Auckland's policy towards Afghanistan and the men to whose lot it fell to carry out that policy along the North-West frontier. The bare facts are romantic in themselves, and Mrs. Diver, who has studied them closely, marshals them with consummate skill into a narrative that will command the deepest interest of everyone in whose heart the voice of duty, raised against the specious pleas of mere self-interest, is capable of awakening a sympathetic chord. Her chief authorities are Sir John Kaye, Sir Henry Durand, and Captain Trotter; but she has gone beyond these, to every available source, in her endeavour to make this record of a brave man's career as complete and as truthful as possible. Her hero is Eldred Pottinger, scion of a notable Irish family that has given of its best to the Empire, and a man whose upright dealing, simple faith, and sterling courage were sorely tried by Simla and its satellites no less than by the duplicity of Shah Kamran and his uncannily gifted Wazir, Yar Mahomed; but who was as beloved of the common people of the hills as his memory must be dear to every lover of his country. Eldred Pottinger is shown to us as explorer, soldier, and soldier-political, in a story that takes us from the spring of 1837 through the long siege of Herat, the fatal supersession of Dost Mahomed by Shah Shujah, the recall of Eldred Pottinger, and the failure of Major Todd, his successor at Herat, to succeed where Eldred Pottinger failed—failed, that is, to achieve the impossible. The characters of such men as Stoddart, Burnes, Conolly, Keane, Fane, Nott, Cotton, and Macnaghten are limned with a sure and graphic touch, which is just as sure in sifting the good from the bad in the men against whom their respective wits were pitted. The tortuous course of Oriental diplomacy and intrigue is followed as clearly and surely as are the idealism and the subterfuge of the Simla Cabinet. In fact, the attention of the reader is held in thrall throughout; but the finish is unfortunately postponed. For this one has to await the appearance of a second volume, to be entitled "Retribution." And this is the only disappointment of the book.

COME RACK! COME ROPE! By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Father Benson has written a noble and uplifting romance, in which the evolution of character is set high above merely transitory happiness. The plot unfolds by means of the Babington conspiracy and the story incidentally includes

a careful study of Anthony Babington and a brilliantly attractive portrait of Father Campion, as well as a priestly interview with Mary Stuart, a passing vision of Elizabeth in her barge of state. It reaches its culminating moment at the time of the Spanish Armada and closes with a terribly realistic description of the brutally devised torture and death endured by a young Catholic martyr, and his spiritual victory. In his last moments, having commended himself to the outstretched arms of the Crucified, he becomes aware of the suppliant agony of a recusant kinsman to whose unwilling means he owes his death, and whom with his dying effort he absolves—aware too of another presence, the brave and tender woman he had once desired to make his wife, but who had loved him so divinely as to care supremely for what she believed his highest good, even though it led away from all earthly fulfilment of their youthful dream and pierced her with a very anguish of renouncement. Their story uplifts with salutary clearness in these days of erotic paganism that immortal ideal of love which Plato shadowed forth and the Christian Church, when true to her divine mysteries, has ever cherished—a love which can renounce all except what is most Godlike in the beloved, if such be the command of Love Himself. The contrast between the deep heather-scented quietude of Derbyshire uplands, in which we hear the bees and the sheep-bells, and the tragic horror of the closing scene, emphasizes the wide range of Father Benson's power.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LOVE-SEEKER. By Maud Churton Braby. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Mrs. Braby has undertaken a most difficult task in "The Love-Seekers," and has accomplished it with conspicuous success. She is not afraid to make the admission, which some very advanced people would have us believe is old-fashioned, that "woman's great fundamental need



Mrs. Churton Braby.

is for love"; she takes the world and its men and women as she finds them, knows that the scorn of love is as much a pretence as the sentiment and romance of love often turns out to be, but realises that for men and women alike without love a human life cannot be altogether happy, and that "there is much more need for love-making after marriage than before it." Her outlook is everywhere broad, practical, eminently sane. She has some frank and true things to say of man's selfishness in love and woman's unselfishness; and writes shrewdly of the little matters that lead to a "falling in love," and the equally little matters that bring about an estrangement. There are chapters on the difficulty of finding the right mate; on how to please men, and how to please women; and one of the best chapters is that on how to keep love when one has gained it. It is a very interesting, sympathetic and wise little book, with much of excellent counsel in it for those who are happy, and of comfort for those who are sad.

A TRAMP'S SKETCHES. By Stephen Graham. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

The reader may consider Mr. Graham's book in two lights: either as a volume of remarkably interesting reminiscences of life on the open road, or as a powerful appeal to the modern world to forsake the worship of the golden calf. The author's tramp was along the Caucasian and Crimean shores of the Black Sea, and eventually to the Heavenly City in the company of Russian pilgrims. His pen paints delicate little portraits of the simple and lovable Russian peasant; it describes, too, with striking vividness, nights spent in strange cities and in lonely shacks. "I slept with the bare world as my house, the sky as my roof, and God as host," he writes, and, lest an incautious reader should exclaim "how lovely," we hasten to add that, like the Apostle Paul, Mr. Graham was often in perils of waters, in perils in the city, and constantly in weariness and painfulness. But the author expressly states that his book is more concerned with the tramp than with Russia. "It is the life of the wanderer and seeker, the walking hermit, the rebel against modern conditions and commercialism who has gone out into the wilderness." Commercialism, he says, is at present the great enemy of the individual man, and the only hope for salvation is first of all for a few to live their lives out to the full in order that all others may live their lives completely. Mr. Graham seems conscious as he writes that he is a prophet crying in the wilderness, and even if some of his readers may consider that he is imagining a vain thing they will be constrained to admit that the pursuit of this ideal has one great merit, so far as Mr. Graham is concerned—the delightful record of his vagabondage.

LAFCADIO HEARN. By Edward Thomas. 1s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Thomas has achieved a *tour de force*. By skilfully linking together Hearn's own words, he has constructed, after the manner of a mosaic, a just, precise and adequate picture of the man and the artist. Never was critic more dispassionate. Rarely did a book spring so entirely from the brain. It is an absolutely heartless piece of work. This is at once its virtue and its condemnation. As we once before pointed out in these pages, Hearn's position is peculiar. Since his death he has been belauded by a number of persons who have in the main taken up the pen especially for that purpose, not being naturally addicted to criticism. The consequence is that he has assumed a position which the reputation of his works, either among the many or among the few, hardly warrants. We expressed an opinion that the considered verdict of some less partial and more practised judge would be of interest. Mr. Thomas gives us that verdict, and it is in effect unfavourable. Mr. Thomas's love of the simple and fresh in literature is well known. He was the first to insist on the qualities of Mr. W. H. Davies, who is one of the finest living writers both in prose and in verse. But, the very antithesis of Lafcadio Hearn.

The elaboration of the author of "Some Chinese Ghosts" would scarcely be likely to arouse his enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, they leave him entirely cold. We thoroughly sympathise with him. Hearn was a skilled juggler with phrases, though not so clever as Gautier, whose influence he never shook off. That he was only this we do not assert. He is said to have understood Japan better than any other Westerner. But he himself confessed that this was very little. Naturally, he could only make us understand a tithe of what he himself understood. Such partial interpretation is scarcely sufficient to place him in the hierarchy of English letters. Hearn is emphatically not "of the centre." Not only did he love the unfamiliar, but he fled the familiar. His work gives us a nostalgia for simplicity. All this Mr. Thomas brings out most admirably, but in doing so condemns his book. It is one of a series of "Modern Biographies," to be concerned presumably only with people of importance. If Mr. Thomas's estimate of Hearn is just, Hearn does not deserve to be included in the series. If, on the other hand, Hearn's claim is admitted, then Mr. Thomas was the wrong person to whose care to assign him.

IN PATRIA: An Exposition of Dante's "Paradiso." By John S. Carroll, M.A., D.D. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Carroll is to be congratulated heartily upon the completion of the task to which he set his hand nine years ago. To "Exiles of Eternity" and "Prisoners of Hope" his readers can now add this exposition of the *Paradiso*; the title is Latin, but in all other respects the book corresponds to the plan and method of its predecessors, and crowns the series with an exposition, canto by canto, which enables the ordinary reader to grasp the poet's symbolism and enter intelligently into the somewhat remote world of his conceptions. Many years ago Mr. A. J. Butler observed that "probably no great writer has given occasion for so much writing on the part of lesser men." If he knew the bibliography of the Pauline epistles he might qualify that verdict. Still Dante-literature, even in English, has attained formidable proportions, and Dr. Carroll, with a scholar's modesty, has evidently felt occasional qualms about adding another volume to those on the *Paradiso*. Anyone who has read Mr. E. G. Gardner's study will understand these qualms, but he will also appreciate the fresh line which Dr. Carroll has followed. "It had been easy to rhapsodize over the poetic beauty; but I have generally found that such rhapsody is in inverse ratio to the writer's knowledge of the actual thought in the poet's mind." The object of "In Patria" is to unbare that thought. Even after Dr. Carroll's patient and very careful analysis, most of his readers will probably retain the early conviction, or prejudice, that the *Paradiso* is less interesting than its predecessors. But at least they will understand better the theological substructure of the poem and the elaborate intricacies of thought and dogma which the poet has taken over from Aquinas and Bernard. On p. 519 the author changes the interpretation of a difficult passage in the *Inferno* (ix. 64ff) which he held in his earlier volume. He now suggests—and makes out an ingenious case for the suggestion—that the heavenly messenger who rebukes the fallen angels is not Michael but Gabriel, and that the rod he carries is the *virga* which symbolized the Virgin Mary. On this theory Gabriel "represents some intervention of the Virgin's grace to save Dante from the fiends of doubt that held the gate of the City of the Heretics."—The book deepens the impression, made by its predecessors, that the author knows his Dante through and through, and that he possesses the knowledge without which, as he remarks, no real enjoyment of the poem is possible. He has further the ability to convey this knowledge clearly and concisely. There is a vein of quiet humour and human interest in his solid work which is singularly attractive. But most of all it is his width of reading and independence of judgment which lend a special value to the book, and which deserve to win for it, as well as for its predecessors, a place on the crowded shelf of the best Dante literature.

FAR OFF FIELDS. By JOSEPH WHITTAKER. 1s. net. (Dartford: Thomas W. Jenkins.)

One fine quality that takes you at once in Mr. Whittaker's poems is their absolute sincerity; following the wise and simple way of Wither, he looks into his own heart and writes, and so there is a human note in all his verse that appeals to the inner life and experience of his readers. He has no traffic in the eccentricities and pretty artificialities that make so much new poetry dreadfully mortal and even wearisome; you would say he had suffered too much and seen too much of real sorrow to be able to play daintily with simulated regrets and imaginary woes; there is a touch of intimacy, a depth and feeling of reality in whatever of sadness gets into his song, and withal a strong, indomitable spirit of hope that arises out of his darkest moods and sees that for all its hardship and pain and injustice life is a good thing and the world is still turning always towards the sunrise; that it is not only

"the years that once have been,
Whose far off fields are green,"

but that fields as green as they lie far off also in the future. There is pathos in such poems as "Reverie," "To My Mother at Rest," in "Sweet Lavender" (one of the most delightful lyrics in the book), and it touches you by its utter naturalness, its utter simplicity, and there is poetry in them too both of feeling and of utterance. A passionate pity for the poor and the unhappy, a quick, intense sympathy with broken lives and those whom the world has wronged inspire much of Mr. Whittaker's poetry, but he finds inspiration also in his home happiness and his love of children—nothing could be more wholly charming than the birthday verses "Ten Times"—for if he has walked through the valley of the shadow, he has climbed to the hilltops if he has wearied of a close city life, he has felt the wind of the open country in his face, has gloried in seeing the heath afire with gorse-bloom, and perhaps more than all he has learned among the children something of

"all the lessons the fairies teach in the garden that no man
And all that the birds have tried to tell in song since the birth
—These were the dower of the baby flower that stole like a
Into our day from the Faraway and Once upon a Time."

One may say of him, as he says here of Eugene Field, he has "the heart that knoweth the heart of a child," which is the only sort of heart that really knows likewise the heart of a man; and out of this knowledge he has written a little book that is veined with the true gold of poetry. We can say nothing higher in praise of it than that it makes one desirous of reading those other volumes that we gather from the title page Mr. Whittaker has written.

THE INNER LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT. By Charles Gardner, M.A. 5s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Lovers of George Eliot will peruse with interest and sympathy Mr. Gardner's study in the mental and spiritual development of that author. Though not a set biography, it gives a fairly complete view of her career. Very early in her life he traces some secret root of sorrow. In "Daniel Deronda" she wrote of "an entailed disadvantage—the deformed foot, doubtfully hidden by a shoe, which makes a restlessly active spiritual yeast, and easily turns a self-centred unloving nature into an Ishmaelite. But in the rarer sort, who presently see their own frustrated claim as one among a myriad, the inexorable sorrow takes the form of fellowship and makes imagination tender." It is part of Mr. Gardner's theory that there was something in George Eliot's make-up equivalent to "the deformed foot." As she has not revealed what it was it would be impertinent to be over-curious; but, adds Mr. Gardner, it was the beginning of her wide tolerance, and it brought her to the conviction, which grew ever stronger as life advanced, that fellowship was the heart of all morality. Pursuing this train of thought, he dates the great advance in George Eliot's religious position from the time when her interest

in Judaism was aroused. Her view of art was part of her religious life; she cared little for art that did not enlarge the human sympathies. Yet Mr. Gardner arrives at the view that in "Daniel Deronda," which he places as her highest achievement as a work of art, the moralist does not eat up the artist. While admitting no sign that she ever regarded her union with Lewes as in itself immoral, he acknowledges that in the end she envied the simple faith of her unlearned relatives in Warwickshire, and would have given all to be able to change her past. The conclusion of the whole matter is that George Eliot's life was not in agreement with her inner convictions, else, like Mordecai, she might have stood, "a master spirit carrying the rich inheritance of the past into the future, fashioning new forms to hold the life-giving things of the Spirit." "Because she failed to reach her own highest conception of morality, she just failed to accomplish the world's highest conception of art."

THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Bacon told us that "travel is a part of education," but "The Royal Visit to India," the Hon. John Fortescue's narrative of Their Majesties' tour last year, provides a liberal educative feast on matters pertaining to India for those whom circumstances keep at home. Mr. Fortescue commences his work with an interesting *résumé* of historical events leading up to the position of India at this juncture. His narrative is exceedingly attractive and an invaluable chronicle. The brilliant scenes of the landing at Bombay were excelled only in splendour by the gatherings at Delhi. Here His Majesty announced the revision of the partition of Bengal, and if anything further were needed to ameliorate the Bengali, we can confidently hope that the Royal visit to the three hundred million odd subjects of the Indian Empire must surely be the greatest peace-making action. Mr. Fortescue remarks the somewhat surprising fact that the King-Emperor entered Delhi unrecognised by those who had so long and eagerly awaited his coming. December 13th was the day of days when the King's Proclamation was read, and, after being repeated in *Urdu*, the massed bands played the National Anthem, followed by the firing of thirty-four salvos from north to west, and afterwards came "a faint sound as of rending paper, which died away into a faint mutter and swelled again into an angry snarl as the *feu de joie* of the troops that lined the roads sped away for three miles from the amphitheatre to the King's Camp, and rushed back from thence to the amphitheatre again." It was the present writer's privilege to see the State functions pictured in perhaps the most remote part of the British Empire from the scenes of their origin, and the tremendous enthusiasm shown by the spectators could not but inspire the hope that the day may not be far distant when Australia, Canada, and the whole of this vast Empire, will share the honour India has just received in the Royal visit, which Mr. Fortescue has so ably recorded.

INTERPRETATION IN SONG. By Harry Plunket Greene. *The Musician's Library.* 6s. net (Macmillan & Co., and Stanier & Bell.)

This is the fifth of the ten books by experts, each of the first rank in his particular phase of the art of music, which are planned under the series entitled "The Musician's Library." Some time ago Mr. Plunket Greene lectured on "Interpretation in Song," and both those who then had the privilege of listening to his own racy delivery of maxims which are the fruit of a lifelong experience of singing, teaching and judging vocal competitions on his part, and those who missed it, will be delighted to find them all here, pickled (if one may emulate the author's adroit use of metaphor) in the brine of his native wit. Salt has a certain mordant quality, and if any preparation of it is strong enough to bite into the envelope of self-complacency which surrounds the average "steady and stolid-y" concert-singer of the bad old school, here it is. For the intelligent young singer already well-grounded in technique (the book is avowedly not written for the beginner) whose career lies plastic in his

own hands, this treatise bodies forth a model, perfect in its proportions, exquisite in its details, which should fire his noblest aspirations. He is made to realise in the clearest fashion that the mere physical efficiency of his vocal muscles and their control are to him but as the mallet and chisel of the sculptor: tools and nothing more. So far does the author press this point that he actually recommends his students not to know too much about the muscles and how they do their work—so long as they do it. His greater concern is with those delicate affairs of brain, temperament, magnetism, sense of atmosphere and sympathy which must guide the tools if a work of art is to result. The trenchant chapter on Purity of Diction cannot be too strongly recommended; nevertheless, its distilled common sense is merely such as pervades the entire work. The hints on Programme-making, the Singing of Folk-Songs, and above all, on How to Study a Song—in which three songs, by Schubert, Schumann and Stanford, are dealt with line by line and word by word—add greatly to the intrinsic value of this exposition of the complete art of singing.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

It is clear from Mr. Harold Simpson's *Rambles in Norway* (6s.) that there are not many parts of Norway, south of Trondhjem, which Mr. Simpson has left unvisited. His unpretentious, pleasing little book will be a useful guide to those who have not yet seen Norway; they could do much worse than follow in his steps. While those who know their "gamle Norge" will like to have the illustrations. Mr. Simpson tells us nothing very new or startling—except when he describes the motor services, which did not desecrate those lovely roads when we were last in Norway. Neither does he give us any picturesque Berrobian conversations with outlandish fellows or romantic ones. He obviously writes what happened to him, nothing else, and is that not excessive honesty? While he was driving the long miles—he was not base enough to patronize the motors—did he not, by some chance word from his attendant, see a story fit for us? The scenery, of course, is thoroughly described, and literary matters are remembered. He visits Ibsen's grave, and gives us pleasant tales of Bjørnson. We ourselves were fortunate enough to speak to both of these great men, and to encounter Grieg at Vossevangen, where the tourists pressed against each other at the windows of the best hotel, to watch the fragile, little, white-haired genius eat his supper. What this book might profitably have included is a map, on which the author's route and the alternative ones, both by fjord and land, could have been marked. To ramble as this author did is probably the best way, for the distances forbid a walking-tour, unless only a small portion of the country is the traveller's object, and to bicycle is very arduous. It is surprising that the Romsdal did not find much favour with Mr. Simpson; but he had heard so much about it and he was determined not to let himself be led by the nose. Yet one cannot say that, like Iago, he is "nothing if not critical," and judging from this book he is a pleasant man to travel with. He has a good deal yet to see in Norway; especially some of the more secluded spots, and one of them alongside of a lake in which a water-sprite is said to live. If he will please in his next volume on this country not to be quite so matter-of-fact and full of good advice and kindly gossip, if he will be more like the delightful creature of that lake we shall have pleasure in revealing to him where it may be found.

The publishers of Miss Maude Annesley's new book, *My Parisian Year* (10s. 6d. net), fairly take the wind out of our sails by describing the work as "fascinating," "very amusing," and "most delightful." It is a tribute to the author's skill that, having read the book, we are left without any of our natural desire to quarrel with the publisher's description of it. The work is obviously the result of a long acquaintance with her subject; and Miss Annesley everywhere makes good her claim to possess "a good memory, a keen observation, and complete honesty." The topics discussed are remarkably varied, and may be said to cover the subject as far as is possible within the limits of a single volume. Children, servants, students, theatres, halls, shops and restaurants, are some of the topics on which Miss Annesley writes with a whole-hearted enjoyment that she succeeds in communicating to her readers. To the modest list of qualifications that she claims she had every right to add a refreshing sanity of outlook, which displays itself in much subtle criticism, as well as in much valuable information. The intending visitor to Paris should not miss this book; it will greatly whet the appetite, and undoubtedly reduce expenses, by its valuable instruction on the best methods of countering the tricks of the wily *garçon*. Split infinitives and a superfluity of "of courses" are a few of the sacrifices that Miss Annesley makes to the Graces.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Mr. Sabatini has been aptly described as a writer of cloak and dagger novels. In *The Justice of the Duke* (6s.) we have an exciting and well-told tale, with Cæsar Borgia as hero. Mr. Sabatini has already published a long and careful life of Cæsar Borgia, so that he knows his period well, and has rightly seen that it forms excellent material for a romantic, historical novel. The atmosphere of excitement and the villainy of the times is well portrayed. The excitement of the plot is well sustained, and we read on continually anxious to know what will happen next. We do not get—nor do we expect in a novel of this sort—much subtle psychology, nor are we particularly interested in the actual individuals. But Cæsar Borgia does stand out. We can see that he is a great man, and we are impressed by his ruthless personality; he seems a veritable superman, not cruel for the sake of cruelty, but quite merciless in the means he uses to gain his ends. We feel that he was not altogether an unbenevolent despot. The most thrilling chapter in the book is "The Lust of Conquest," in which Monna Panthasia uses all in vain her woman's wiles, and is herself taken captive.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

An unfailing interest clings about any first-hand record of the tragic events of the Indian Mutiny, and in *China Jim*, by Major-General J. T. Harris (3s. 6d. net), we have not only a description by an eye-witness, but an account by a soldier who took part in the quelling of the mutineers. "China Jim" tells of his march to Umballa, and on to Delhi in those terrible early days of the massacres; he tells of his work at the famous Flagstaff Tower, and of his part in the taking of the Ridge. His style is not particularly inspired, but his concise, plain statements are not without their impressiveness. The reason for the book's title, which might be puzzling to the uninformed, is that General Harris passed from active service in India to active service in China, where his deeds, and his "acquisition of property" earned him the name which has since stuck to him. Apart from the big events with which the author was concerned, the volume is a chronicle of minor personal matters, with here and there a mild anecdote. Minor personal matters can, however, sometimes shed a sidelight on larger affairs, and the General's experiences touch on some rights and wrongs of Army life, which do not usually appear on the surface. These are the recollections of a soldier of close on eighty years of age, and they are published at "the oft-repeated request of many friends and acquaintances."

MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & SON.

Basil Verely: A Study in Charterhouse Life, by Archibald K. Ingram (3s. 6d.), is one of the best books for boys that we have met for a long time. Although it makes a special appeal to present and former Carthusians, it will be eagerly devoured by every youngster who loves a good yarn. Mr. Ingram has not only a wonderful knowledge of the thoughts and aspirations of boys, but he also knows what will interest them. In this story he gives the career of Basil Verely at Charterhouse. We first meet him as a year-old baby left on a doorstep and adopted by a kind-hearted old lady; next he becomes a "new bug," determined to have a jolly time and enjoy himself to the full. The incidents and exciting adventures of his school life are faithfully recorded, and it is evident the author has an intimate acquaintance with the Charterhouse. Basil, one of the most popular boys at the famous school, meets his father, a broken-down actor and drunkard, under extraordinary circumstances and has a sad awakening. The boy is suspected of the theft of a valuable diamond, and runs away. The sequel tells how he overcame the difficulties which suddenly beset him, and how he determined to undertake a noble and worthy work.

SUNRISE PUBLISHING COMPANY, WARRINGTON.

Luke Hamilton Talbot, whose *Poems* (3s. 6d. net) have been collected by Mr. Arthur Bennett, was by turns actor, policeman, detective, and had been for some time Chief Constable of Warrington before he died by his own hand at Cairo in 1907. In a long and very interesting Introduction Mr. Bennett tells the story of Talbot's life, and the poems themselves amply justify the care he has taken to give them something of permanent form. They were evidently written under many influences, and, as their editor admits, one may hear in some of them echoes of Keats, of Poe, of Wilde, of Kipling, but always there is in them too that individual note that saves them from being echoes only. The moods, feelings, experiences they embody are the poet's own. There is a pathos of real regret in "Lost Bohemia," and power as well as pathos in "A Slum Dweller to the Sea." Some of the poems have flowered out of poignant incidents that Mr. Talbot must have encountered in his everyday working life among the poor, the outcast and the lawless sinners of Warrington; on the other hand there are love songs and thoughtful lyrics that are full of charm and fancy and delicacy of sentiment and music. It is clear from Mr. Bennett's sympathetic memoir that Talbot was no ordinary man; and his work has in it qualities of strength and beauty that lift it above that of the ordinary minor poet. This is a book that the lover of poetry will thank us for bringing to his notice.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT
ART, POETRY
AND BELLES LETTRES



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From "Parsifal "
(Harrap).
Illustrated by Willy Pogány.

"BUT POWERS MORE STRONG THAN WE ARE HAVE UNFURLED
THE FLAG THAT THOU MUST FOLLOW THROUGH THE WORLD."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

It is little or no use arguing on questions of taste. Some of us are in the way of affecting an appreciation of what is admittedly great in art and literature, simply because we have not the courage to acknowledge that it does not

books, I am not so keen to criticise and find fault with Cruikshank, say, because he did not rival Rembrandt, or with Tom Moore because he was a lesser poet than Milton, as I am to enjoy myself. Therefore, when I sit down with a stack of new illustrated volumes on the table before me, I do not open them with any intention of showing how

clever I am by belauding this artist or belittling that, but in a comfortable, catholic frame of mind, prepared to be interested in whatever is interesting and to be pleased with whatever is beautiful, no matter what form it may take. The Venus de Medici is more beautiful, touches a higher perfection of art than Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, but Peter Pan is very beautiful sculpture nevertheless.

I shall start then, with "The Uffizi Gallery,"¹ because I can enjoy all the pictures in it, and praise them freely without risk of bringing my artistic taste into disrepute. Here we have a collection of old masters whose work the suffrages of many generations have justly stamped with their approval. There are other and less known paintings in the famous Italian gallery that Mr. P. G. Konody and Mr. T. Leman Hare have not included in their book, and of these I shall say nothing—partly because that is nearly as much as I know of many of them—but the fifty they have reproduced are beyond criticism. They include some of the finest work of Sandro Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Castagno, Fra Filippo Lippi, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michaelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Carpaccio, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, Albrecht Dürer, the younger Hans Holbein, and many another of those greatest of great painters who were neither for any one age nor any one country, but for all time and for all the world. The pictures are most admirably reproduced in colour, and Mr. P. G. Konody writes of them and of their painters ably and with fulness of knowledge. He traces skilfully and very interestingly the rise and passing of the various potent schools of painting from the earliest evolutionary stages of Italian art down to the younger years

of last century. The attractive and sumptuous appearance of the book is in every way worthy of its contents.

In "The Van Eycks and Their Art,"² Mr. W. James Weale, with the co-operation of Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell, gives a sufficient biography of Hubert and John Van

¹ "The Uffizi Gallery." By P. G. Konody. Edited by T. Leman Hare. With 50 Plates in Colour. 21s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

² "The Van Eycks and their Art." By W. H. James Weale; with the Co-operation of Maurice W. Brockwell. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



From Ballads Weird and Wonderful
(Lane).

TAMLANE.

appeal to us. We may dispute boldly enough as to whether the work of this old master is or is not greater than the work of that, but if we really thought the books or paintings of one or other of them were inferior to what had been done by some quite new and practically unrecognised genius, we should be too discreet to say so out loud.

* Well, I don't think I am a critic of that sort—none of us do. But then I am never much disposed to draw comparisons. When I go through a gallery, or a parcel of

Eyck, and biographical notes concerning other members of their family. They reproduce in black and white and deal in detail with twenty-four authentic paintings by the Van Eycks, and furnish in an appendix a list of four hundred other of their pictures; there is an exhaustive catalogue raisonné, and concise chapters on their last paintings, their drawings, and a chapter on those characteristics of their work that enable one to decide on their authenticity and date. It is a well-arranged, carefully written book, and one that students will find invaluable.

Two very adequate and pleasantly written handbooks to the Louvre¹ and our own National Gallery,² have been written by E. E. Richards and J. E. Crawford Fitch, in Mr. Grant Richards' daintily produced "National Treasure" series. They tell how these two great collections came to be formed, and give ample accounts of the paintings, sculpture, antique pottery, and miscellaneous artistic treasure that is enshrined in them; each being illustrated with thirty-one beautiful reproductions of representative work. From Mr. Grant Richards, too, comes a handsome volume of "The Engravings of William Blake,"³ with a critical study and a catalogue raisonné by Archibald G. B. Russell. It is as easy to run into extravagance in praising Blake as in depreciating him. To me it has always seemed that the thought, the symbolism, the rich imaginative suggestiveness of most of his paintings and engravings are finer, more majestic than the pictures themselves. He seldom drew a really beautiful face, though he drew many that were impressive and full of pathos or cloudy grandeur. His angels are too solid; too sinewy and muscular; his old men are too often hairily grotesque when he means them to be clothed in majesty and terror. Again and again you are charmed and thrilled by the exquisite grace and sweeping freedom of his lines, to be badly shocked by the crudely-drawn

features or strained, wooden, impossible attitude of some central figure in his design. The masculine figure, the eagerness and alert, vigorous life of it, in "Glad Day"

¹ "The Louvre." By E. E. Richards. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

² "The National Gallery." By J. E. Crawford Fitch. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

³ "The Engravings of William Blake." By Archibald G. B. Russell. Illustrated. 25s. net. (Grant Richards.)

is all a wonder and a glory, and there is the right ecstasy shining in the eyes, but the simpering mouth and clumsy nose hurt you where all else is so fine. But it is no use saying such things—Blake's work is far too great for the flaws in it to leave it other than splendid. Turn over these leaves and marvel at the dreadful energy and might



From Ballads Weird and Wonderful
(Lane).

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

expressed in his engraving of "Death! Great Proprietor of All!"—a grim, monstrous creature ruthlessly trampling a crowned king under his feet, flourishing a great dart in one hand, and with the other tearing the sun down out of the heavens. There is something of strange, quaint beauty in "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," though the scheme is too bizarre; it is too literal in its interpretation; in a sense it is too simple, but in a higher and deeper sense

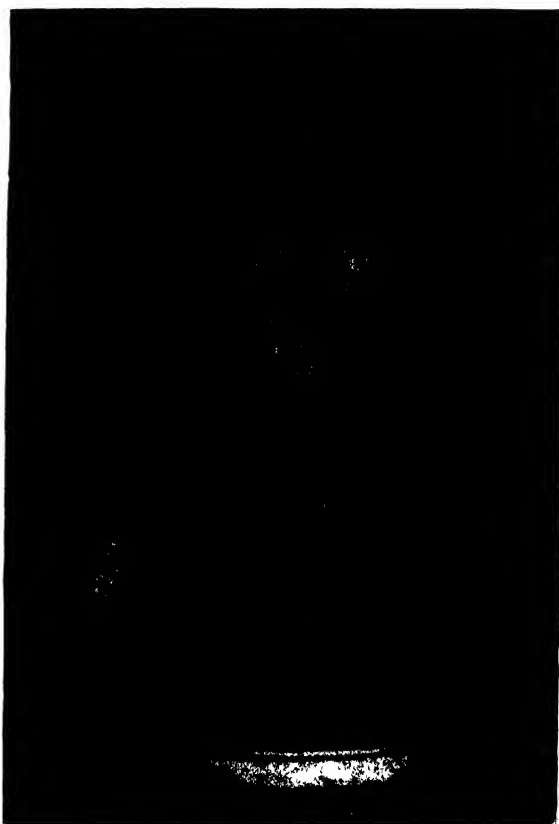
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

it is not simple, not spiritual enough. Nevertheless, you turn back to it, curiously fascinated, touched and pleased with the grace and abandon of those singing stars in human shape; the noble-featured, ineffably ancient god dominating the centre of the picture, the day and the night riding forth to left and right of him, his foot planted on a too tightly curled substantial cloud that forms an arch from under which a group of mortals kneel, gazing up in worship. But I still think Blake's finest engraving—the simplest in idea and yet one of the most profoundly significant—is the "Death's Door," and it says much for the soundness of the often despised public taste that it is also the most popular. That, also, is one of the thirty-two excellent examples of Blake's prints with which this book is illustrated. Mr. Russell has written a good and concise biography, and pays just and discriminating tribute to the genius of "the only great master of original engraving whom England has produced." This is a book of unique interest, and will be regarded as the standard work for collectors.

Puvis de Chavannes,¹ the subject of M. André Michel's monograph in Mr. Heinemann's "French Artists of To-day" series, died only some fourteen years ago, and is beginning to win that due recognition in our country which has long been accorded to him in his own. He was an idealist; he was uninfluenced by the teachings of the realists and the impressionists and, working in the classical tradition, conjured on to his canvases those "luminously lovely visions that restored French art to the empire of idealism." M. Michel's biographical and critical study of this great latter-day painter is enriched with forty-eight engravings of his pictures.

Art—it may not be necessary to say this, but there is no actual necessity for leaving it unsaid—art fulfils itself in

¹ "Puvis de Chavannes." By André Michel. Notes by J. Laran. Illustrated. 3s. 6d net. (Heinemann.)



From The Louvre LOUISE BRONGNIART (P), BY HOUDON.
(Grant Richards). Photo., Giraudou.

many ways: in the building of a church or a house, no less than in the painting or drawing of a picture; in making furniture, glass, pottery, arms and armour, no less than in carving a statue, and among the books that still wait on my table are some containing manifestations of art in all these divers kinds. Here are four containing paintings by four distinguished living artists, and I take "Parsifal"² first because it chances to be uppermost. This is the glorious story of the Holy Grail not modelled on the Wagner opera, but retold from ancient sources by T. W. Rolleston, and illustrated in colour and in black and white by Willy Pogány. The text is printed on a soft grey paper, and a series of delicately-wrought decorative designs beautify each printed page. In the illustrations I think I am almost as much taken with Mr. Pogány's remarkable black and white effects as with his gracious and exquisitely finished colour harmonies. The book is, as Mr. Rolleston suggests in his preface, "an artistic whole"—his scholarly, sensuous, jewelled verses and Mr. Pogány's brilliantly imaginative drawings and paintings are the complement of each other, and between them they present the matchless old legend of "Parsifal" worthily, as a thing of splendour and haunting sadness, fashioned out of mortal clay and the divine stuff of dreams:

"The human tale of sin and woe,
Of strife and victory, that long ago
Was rhymed and written of the Cup
and Spear
By many a golden pen."

What a contrast between this work in "Parsifal" and this in "She Stoops to Conquer,"³ and the very sharpness

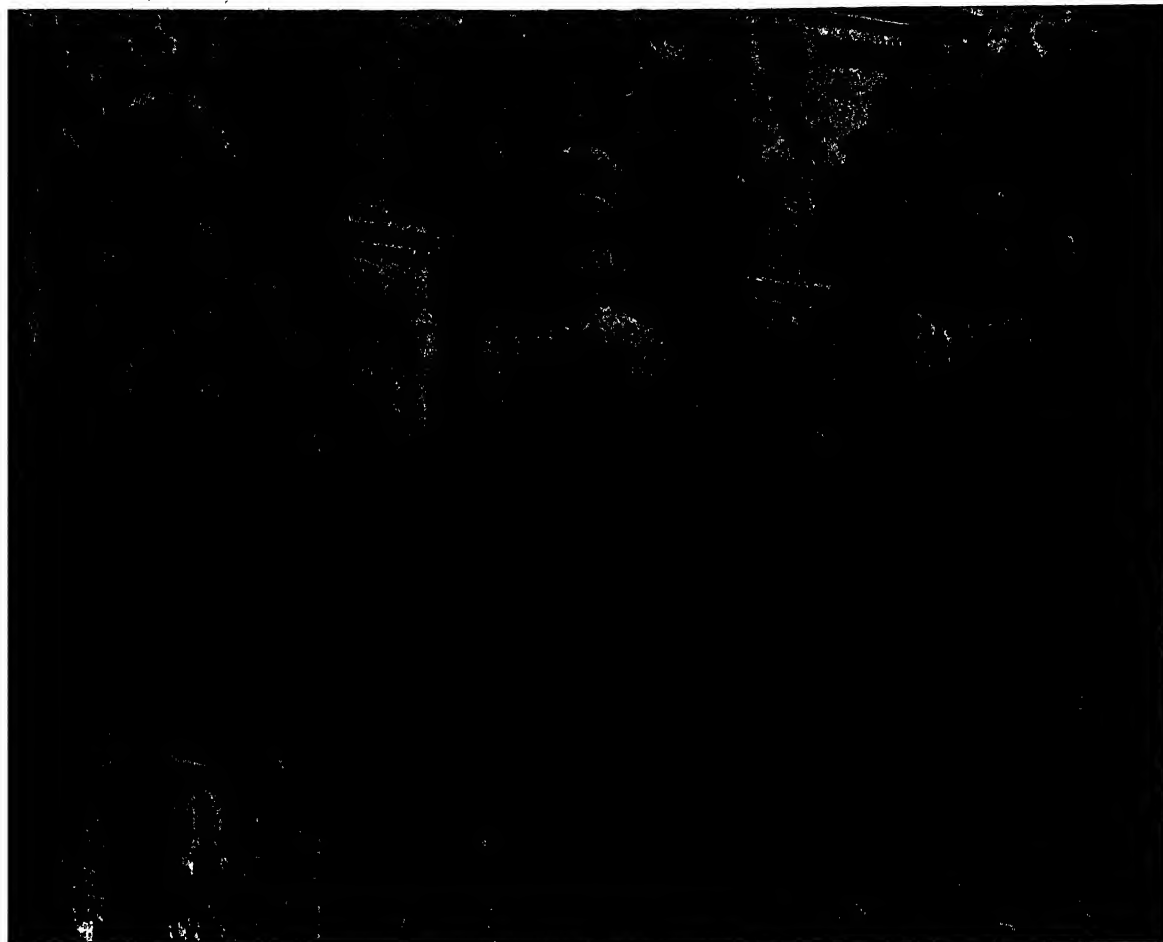
² "Parsifal." By T. W. Rolleston. Presented by Willy Pogány. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

³ "She Stoops to Conquer." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1912



THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Mediaeval Figure-Sculpture in England.

(Cambridge University Press).

EXETER, WEST FRONT. THE STATUES OF THE UPPER TIER. "JOHN," "JAMES," AND "SIMON," c. 1380.

of the contrast helps you to a keener appreciation of the widely differing merits of both. It is with "Parsifal" as somebody said it was with "Paradise Lost"—you almost want to sit and listen to a solemn organ music before you turn to the reading of it. But you need no such preparation for Goldsmith's jolly comedy "She Stoops to Conquer." You have only to say his name to yourself, and look at the first of Hugh Thomson's colour drawings in this charming edition of the play to be in tune with its humour—and what a buoyant, happy humour it is, and how mellow and rich it is with its old-world modes and manners, and who but Hugh Thomson could so nicely, so easily and naturally have caught the whole spirit of eighteenth-century gaiety as it breathes through Goldsmith's lines and shadowed it forth in the faces, dresses, figures, attitudes of the men and women, and the quaint furnishings of the pleasant rooms he has painted into his pictures. His jovial Tony Lumpkin, his gracious, dignified Hardcastle, his portly, complacent Mrs. Hardcastle, and his delightfully pretty damsels and servant wenches—these are the very characters that Goldsmith drew, rising out of his written words in the very shape and colour of life itself.

The popularity of Kingsley's "Heroes"¹ seems to be perennial—those stories of the old Greek fairy tales that he wrote for the entertainment of his own three children are revived in some new form or other as sure as each Christmas comes round, and this Christmas they come to us in a sumptuous new edition enriched with colour plates after drawings by W. Russell Flint, that in style and tone are sensitively in harmony with the glamorous old classical tales that they illustrate.

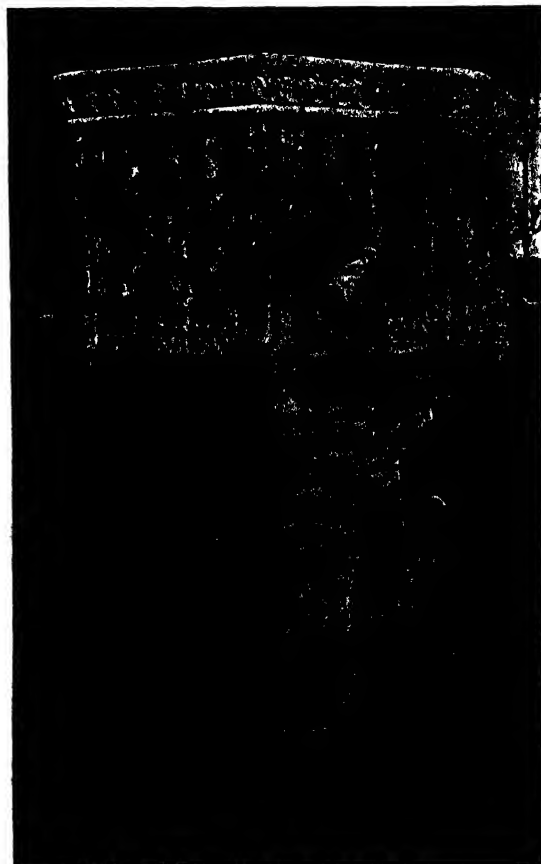
A comparatively new-comer into the world of Christmas books is Edgar Allan Poe.² Scarcely any writer is more difficult to illustrate; I can recall several illustrated English editions of his poems, but not one that has been illustrated adequately until now. His eerie, weird, grisly, terrible

¹ "The Heroes." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. £2 12s. 6d. net. Limp vellum, £3 3s. net. (Lee Warner.)

² "The Bells and other Poems." By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

imaginings are such, vast, evasive, scarcely - realisable things of the mind that to give them definite expression with brush or pencil has seemed well-nigh beyond the capacity of the artist. Those impalpable, dreadful, ghoulish souls that haunt the steeple and the echoing air of "The Bells"; all the dark, dream-peopled immensity that lies behind the sombre musings of the poet in "The Raven"; the nameless horrors of "The Haunted Palace"; the unearthly twilight of "Ulalume"; the tragic gruesome-ness of

"The Conqueror Worm"—the bodying of such things pictorially calls for almost as vivid and burning an imagination in the artist as their creator himself had. It is



From Mediaeval Figure-Sculpture in Ipswich, St. Matthew's Church, c. 1400.

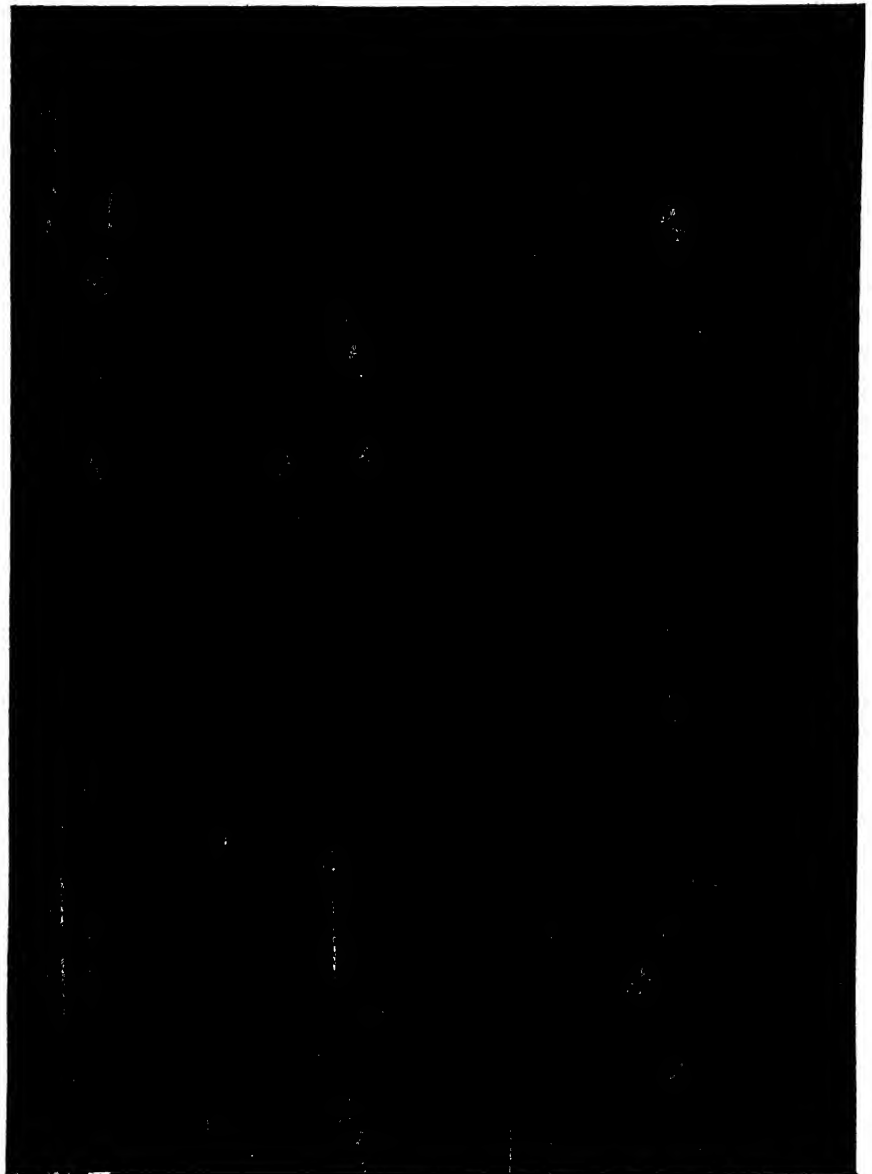
(Cambridge University Press).

high praise to say that Edmund Dulac has pictured these visionary creations, these marvellous allegories and unrealities, with a skill and vigour and imaginative daring that no artist who has preceded him in this difficult enterprise has ever surpassed. And he has been as successful with the quiet, marmoreal beauty of such lyrics as "To Helen," the elusive loveliness of "Fairyl-land," the Oriental splendour and passion of "Tamerlane."

I have no more colour-books. Next in my bundle comes a book of a very different order—the "Antiques and Curios in Our Homes"¹ of Grace M. Vallois, which offers some delightful illustrations of old furniture, old china, pottery and glass, and antique silver, with a lucidly and pleasantly written account of all such "nice old things," as the author calls them, which should prove of the greatest service to the amateur collector in particular. A larger, stately tome, as befits its theme, is "The Armourer and His Craft," by Charles Ffoulkes,² with its perfect reproduction of Brueghel and Van Balen's "Venus at the Forge of Vulcan" by way of frontispiece, its thirty-one other plates illustrating varieties of armour worn in various ages and countries; and numerous smaller diagrams and sketches in the text. This is a learned and curiously interesting book dealing exhaustively with the making and the use of armour, supplemented with a glossary of words, a list of armourers, and with what is not the least interesting section of it, a series of short biographies of notable armourers.

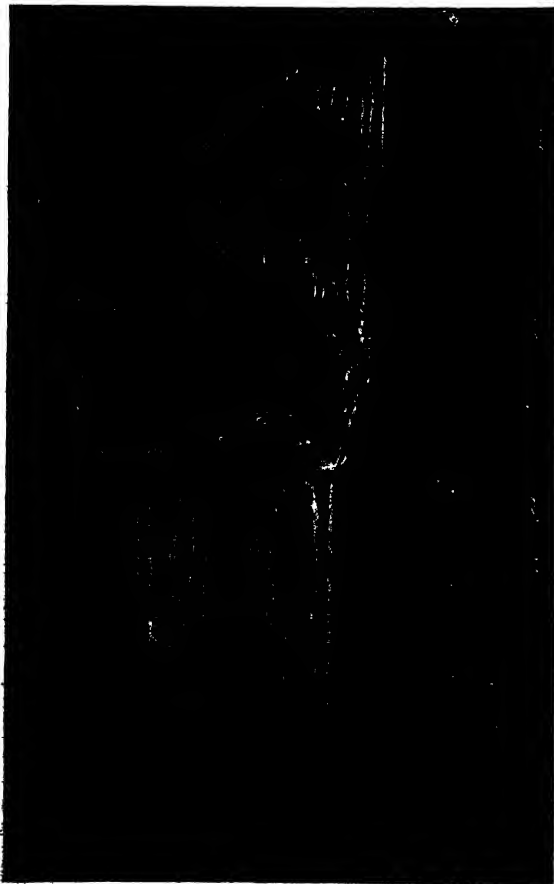
¹ "Antiques and Curios in our Homes" By Grace M. Vallois. Illustrated 6s net (Werner Laurie.)

² "The Armourer and his Craft" By Charles Ffoulkes. Illustrated. £2 2s. net. (Methuen.)



From Mediaeval Figure-Sculpture
in England
(Cambridge University Press).

WESTMINSTER. HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL,
c. 1510. THE CONFESSOR. ST. PETER.
ST. EDMUND.



From Mediaeval Figure-Sculpture in
England
(Cambridge University Press)

WALSOKEN (NORFOLK).
FONT OF 1544.

Ruskin said there were only two fine arts possible to men, and they were painting and sculpture, and that architecture was merely the association of these arts in noble masses or the placing them in fit places, and perhaps Canterbury Cathedral offers, as Mr. Woodruff and Canon Danks suggest in their "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral,"³ the finest and fullest illustration of the evolution and development of Gothic architecture in this country, and the completest illustration, too, of what Ruskin meant when he said that the twin arts of sculpture and painting were blended in architectural design. The authors of this book have set themselves to supply "a trustworthy, readable and compendious account of the Cathedral from the earliest time to the present day," and they have carried out their intention carefully, completely and with marked ability. The numerous plans and sketches add appreciably to the attractiveness and the value of their work. In "Byzantine Churches in Constantinople,"⁴ Mr. Alexander Van Millingen traces the history of a very different type of architecture—the Byzantine—as it may be found in such churches of that kind in Stamboul as survive in whole or in part from the fifth century. Comparatively few now remain of the many churches of that type which once filled the city, but these—some twenty or so in all—are dealt with most exhaustively in detail, care being taken to distinguish the original parts of each building from any alteration made in Byzantine days or since the Turkish conquest. Mr. Millingen makes it abundantly clear that there is no

³ "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral." By C. Eveleigh Woodruff and William Danks. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

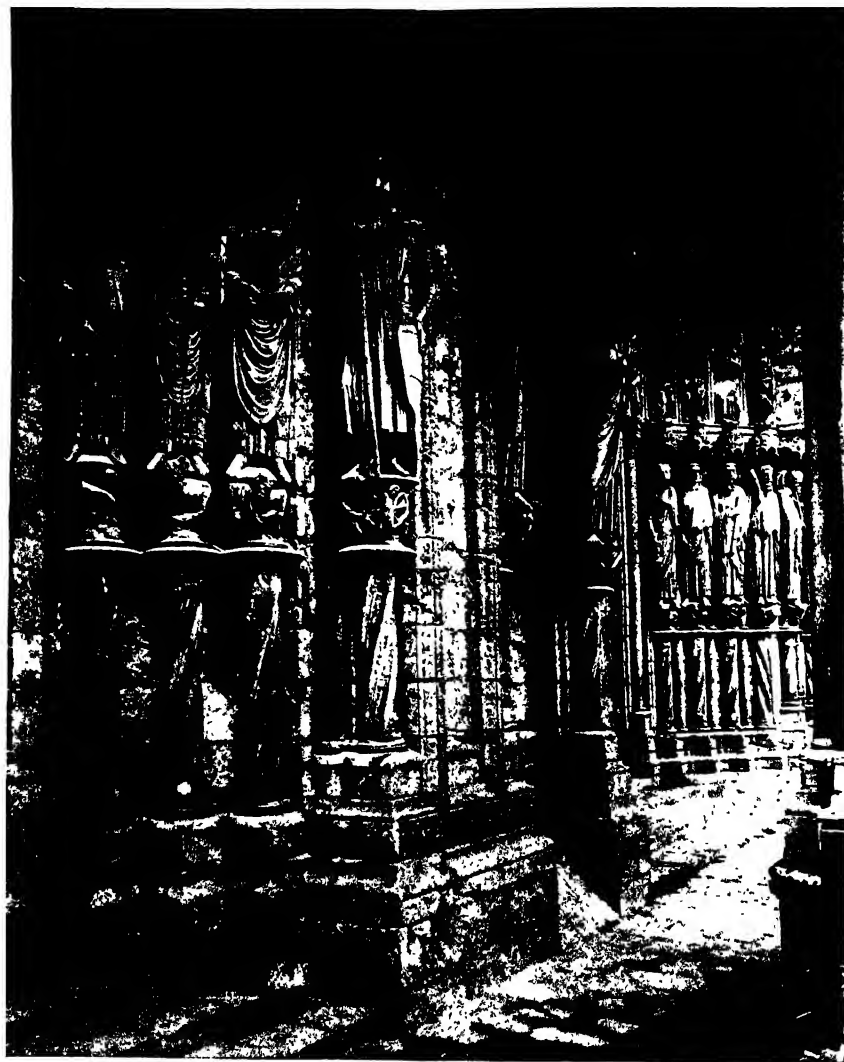
⁴ "Byzantine Churches in Constantinople." By Alexander Van Millingen. Illustrated. 31s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

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foundation for the general idea that Byzantine ecclesiastical art is a stereotyped, lifeless type, and has been able to furnish a great deal of valuable new information concerning both the architecture and the history of these ancient churches.

To the student of architecture and to the general reader we can strongly recommend Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship"¹—it studies the evolution of architectural drawing through the work of the master draughtsmen from mediæval times to the present day, including in its survey the greatest draughtsmen of France and Italy as well as of England. It is copiously illustrated and written in an agreeable, non-technical fashion that makes it readily intelligible to the veriest beginner.

A.



From Mediæval Art
(Duckworth).

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. SCULPTURES
OF THE WESTERN DOORS.

"The Four Gardens"³ consists of four fond and graceful prose studies, where nothing is said or done out of harmony with the verse from Jean Ingelow which is prefixed to "The Old-fashioned Garden":

"A brave old house!
a garden full of
bees,
Large dropping
poppies, and
queen holly-
hocks,
With butterflies
for crown—tree
peonies,
And pinks and
goldlocks."

The gardens are peopled with flowers, children, a millionaire, a Scotch gardener and a most gentle ghost, and others; for one garden is haunted, another old-fashioned, the third a poor man's, the fourth a rich man's. Mr. Charles Robinson's coloured pictures and line drawings are as pretty and dainty as possible, and always appropriate.

Blake's "Songs of Innocence"⁴ is now almost as constant at Christmas as rain

and fog, but until now it has not been illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson. His collaboration with Miss Mary A. Robinson has made a very suitable Christmas book.

The illustrations are suggested by "On a Cloud I saw a Child," "Little Lamb," "The birds are silent in their nest and I must seek for mine," "That an emmet lost its way," "The Lily White," and "Tiger, tiger." The last is a charming evasion of difficulty; for the tiger is in a picture book which a child has opened in an old garden by a sundial.

Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis"⁵ have been illustrated before now, and Mr. Russell Flint's ten coloured pictures

³ "The Four Gardens." By Handyside. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

⁴ "Songs of Innocence." Illustrated by Charles Robinson and Mary A. Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

⁵ "The Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis." Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. 3s. 6d. net. (Lee Warner.)

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

"Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet"² is by another Prestonian, but not a relative. The brief outline of Thompson's life contains a few slight additions to what is generally known about the poet, especially with regard to the house where he was born:—a photograph of this is among the illustrations. There follow a number of enthusiastic appreciations abundantly fortified by extracts from all sorts and conditions of celebrities. Other enthusiasts who wish to have everything that has been written about Thompson should possess the volume. Everyone will be glad to see the portraits of Thompson at the age of fifteen and thirty-four.

¹ "Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship." By Reginald Blomfield. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

² "Francis Thompson." By John Thomson. 2s. 6d. net. (Preston: Alfred Halewood.)



From *Leopards of England and other Essays on Heraldry*
(Constable).

THE KING'S DRAGON AND
THE QUEEN'S PANTHER.

appeared in 1910 in a large quarto edition. They are now reduced so that the book fits the pocket of the pilgrim to Childsworth Farm, Bablock-hithe, Godstone Bridge, and Cumnor Hurst. He may also compare notes with Mr. Flint as to his vision of the "shy traffickers, the dark Iberians," the "grave Tyrian trader," the "groups under the dreaming garden-trees," and Demeter who "herself had trod Sicilian fields." As endpapers Mr. E. H. New has contributed picturesque maps of a piece of the Oxford country, about nine miles by eight, but marking, with appropriate lack of proportion, Childsworth (or Chilswell) Farm and "The Tree." It is difficult to imagine that these two poems could be given a form more suitable for a gift book.

It will be a long time before Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"¹ has exhausted the imagination and invention of illustrators. The lover of rats, the lover of children, above all the lover of pipers, each has his chance, and the man who best combines in his vast comprehension all three loves will be the best accompanist to Browning. In the meantime it is no little thing to have one love and to be inspired by it. Miss Margaret W. Tarrant probably prefers rats. At the same time she has most loyally attended various moods of the Piper, and has watched children running out of school. Her illustration to "Licked the soup from the cook's own ladles" ought to hang in the state apartments of the King of the Rats.

Miss Glazier's "Field-Flowers' Lore"² is an attempt to tell again, in verse and in pictures,

¹ "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

² "The Field-Flowers' Lore." Legends re-written and illustrated with wood cuts by Louise M. Glazier. 1s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)



From *Medieval Art*
(Duckworth).

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. JAMBS OF THE
LEFT-HAND AND CENTRAL DOORS OF
SOUTH PORCH, ST. GEORGE, ETC.

cubs and "the neolithic loves in a neolithic June." His verses are neat, light, never pointless, always stingless.

"Songs from the Forests of Tane"³ is a little book containing a dozen pages of verse relating to personal emotions and New Zealand, together with a portrait of a handsome Maori, Mr. Chamberlin Chamberlin's adopted son, who has translated one of the poems into his own tongue. The poems express with some grace and simplicity the love of man and nature.

Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge's "King Charles I.: a Study"⁴ has evidently been a labour of love. He is a happy victim to the charm of that "world of romance, of loyalty, of

³ "Green Days and Blue Days." By Patrick R. Chalmers. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel & Co.).

⁴ "Songs from the Forests of Tane." By J. Chamberlin Chamberlin. 2s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

⁵ "King Charles I.: A Study." By Walter Phelps Dodge. 1s. 6d. net. (Long).



From *Leopards of England and other
Essays on Heraldry*
(Constable).

THE KING'S LEOPARD AND
THE QUEEN'S UNICORN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

faithfulness unto death" which "belongs to those words 'The Stuarts.'" By his enthusiasm he hopes to counter-balance "the average historian" who "is accurate but uninteresting." The result is a small but tender monument of loyalty to "the most tragic king in history," illustrated by the portrait in Middle Temple Hall.

It is now seventeen years since Ernest Dowson's "Dilemmas"¹ was first and last published. These short stories are interesting in themselves, and also from their connection with Dowson and with his epoch. No one who studies that distinct and not very fertile period can ignore them. They bear witness to the writer's tastes in literature and life, and to his theory of style. They are of course experiments, but the experiments of a man like Dowson are not to be neglected; and they are but five.

E. T.

COUNTY CHURCHES: SUFFOLK.

By T. HUGH BRYANT. In 2 Vols. With 42 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net each vol. (Allen.)

For architectural interest and beauty of design, the churches of Suffolk are probably only equalled by those of the neighbouring county of Norfolk, and the inclusion of Suffolk in the County Churches series was inevitable. Mr. Bryant, who has made excellent use of his opportunities both from an artistic and an historical point of view, is a painstaking and accurate worker, with a full sense of the value of brevity, for into two small volumes he has compressed brief accounts of every church in the county. The little books are well illustrated and form a pleasant addition to the series in which they are included.

MEDIAEVAL ART: FROM THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH TO THE EVE OF THE RENAISSANCE, 312 to 1350.

By W. R. LETHABY. With 68 Plates and 124 Text Illustrations. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

We have little doubt that the reading public will welcome a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Lethaby's authoritative work on Mediaeval Architecture. Having originally appeared in 1904 the book has now attained the dignity of a third

¹ "Dilemmas." By Ernest Dowson. 2s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

edition, revised and corrected. The art of the period treated by Mr. Lethaby is principally, if not entirely, architectural and sculptural, and the volume contains a very large number of excellent photographs and line drawings of interest to the student of the history of art. It is a wonderful book at the price.

BALLADS, WEIRD AND WONDERFUL.

With 25 Drawings by Vernon Hill. 21s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Vernon Hill has already made a big reputation for his extraordinary art by the publication of his illustrations to "The Arcadian Calendar" and "The New Inferno," but we believe it will be admitted that he has never done better or more effective work than in "Ballads, Weird and Wonderful." Here, of course, we have a subject which the artist has made peculiarly his own, and the supernatural, even the monstrous, in the ballads unquestionably inspires Mr. Hill to some of his most remarkable imaginative efforts. In the course of a short note it is quite impossible adequately to appreciate these illustrations, but we believe we have said enough to warn the ordinary book-collector that in "Ballads, Weird and Wonderful" he may expect no prettinesses or sentiment. Whether or not he will care for the drawings depends upon his own personal predilections. For ourselves, we admire them very much indeed.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY

By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Francis Bumpus has already, in other volumes of this "Cathedral Series," shown us the great churches of Northern and Central Italy, England and Wales, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and Northern France; and now, with his ripe experience, he takes us to Rome itself, and thence to Naples, Capua, and other cities less known to British pilgrims. A pleasant and trustworthy guide is Mr. Francis

Bumpus. No one seeking the Eternal City for the first time could have a better. Nay, though many visits have been paid, we should still welcome appreciatively the information of our author, and be tolerably certain that he



From The Armourer and
his Craft
(Methuen).

ARMOUR OF SIGISMUND OF
TIROL, 1427-28.
Waffensammlung, Vienna, No. 41.

could tell us something that would increase our enduring joy when we wander and worship in St. Peter's and its neighbouring Christian temples. For those whom fortune denies entrance to Italy this really beautiful book, it may well be, will be even more acceptable. Possessing it, these glorious churches are open to us, and the photographs (forty-two in number) reveal to our eyes the wonders discoursed of by travellers. All lovers of Europe's most sacred buildings are under lasting obligation to Mr. Francis Bumpus for his conscientious work.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH KINGS.

By THOMAS CARTER. 5s
net. (Harrap.)

As the author says in the preface to this volume, it is inevitable, in any attempt to retell Shakespeare to the children, not to recall the names of Charles and Mary Lamb. "These gifted authors," he says, "are associated immortally with Shakespeare, and their 'Tales' must remain a classic for youthful readers, to whom a simple prose rendering is of great value as an introduction to the genius of our greatest poet." Since, however, the Lambs did not retell the story of Shakespeare's *historical* plays, the present volume should be very welcome as fulfilling, to use the familiar phrase, a "much felt need." It should be especially welcome in that the author does not obtrude his own personality, but allows the poet, wherever his verse is simple enough to be appreciated by children, to speak for himself. Indeed, the author's work is in the nature of connecting notes between the many passages quoted direct from the plays; and by this means the youthful reader has prepared for him a very attractive mixture of history and poetry. The author's style is not always quite so simple as might be desired; he is unfailingly picturesque and has a vivid narrative gift, but is sometimes fond of the long word where the short would suffice. Nevertheless, an intelligent child should not find it beyond him, while a child of any age or intelligence will revel in the many admirable coloured pictures by Gertrude Harpwood, with which this very handsome volume is embellished.

METALWORK AND ENAMELLING.

By HERBERT MARYON. With 333 Line Drawings by Cyril Pearce, and other Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)
Mr. Maryon's aim has been to produce a practical work, rather a piece of artistic or historical criticism. With this

end in view, "I have taken," he says, "a different course from that followed by many writers on the subject, in that, instead of describing the making of a brooch, a cup or a casket, I have so planned the book that soldering, raising, stone-setting, enamelling and the other branches of the work are treated in separate chapters. I have tried to describe as simply and definitely as possible each process. . . ." The book appears to us to be very simply and efficiently written, and it seems likely to prove an extremely useful handbook and introduction to its subject.

SHERATON AND CHIPPENDALE.

Little Books about Furniture. Vol III. Chippendale and His School. By J. P. BLAKE. — Vol. IV. The Sheraton Period. By A. E. REVEIRS HOPKINS. 2s 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)

These two little volumes are admirable in their scope and their manner; they are excellent both for what they tell and what they omit. As an introduction to a fuller study of the eighteenth century furniture they could hardly be improved. Most people nowadays like to potter about with an eye for a possible bargain in the way of a chair, a settee, an old four-poster, but most of these most people really know very little about these things. They are easily persuaded or else over-suspicious simply for want of knowing. But these little books will tell such folk enough to make them intelligent and usefully discriminating. Each is illustrated with a great many plates giving typical or supreme examples of pieces of every kind. One very pleasant thing about both books is that they are written in a very easy style, and full of details that help one to understand the life of the time, and are not merely catalogue information about tables and chairs. They are meant chiefly for the amateur collector, rather than for the very wealthy

person who buys regardless, and we can recommend them cordially. It is a small thing, but why does the name Reveirs Hopkins appear spelled differently on the title page and as signature to the preface of the Sheraton volume?



From *The Armourer and his Craft*
(Methuen).

ARMOUR OF KURFÜRST MORITZ.
By Matthäus Frauenpreis, 1548. Königl.
Hist. Museum, Dresden, G. 39.

CHATS ON COTTAGE AND FARMHOUSE FURNITURE.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN. With
a Chapter on Old English
Chintzes. By HUGH PHIL-
LIPS. With 73 Plates. 5s.
net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Arthur Hayden is an

A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY.

By J. A. CROWE and
G. B. CAVALCASELLE.
Edited by Tancred Bore-
nius, Ph.D. 3 Vols.
Illustrated. £3 3s. net.
(John Murray.)

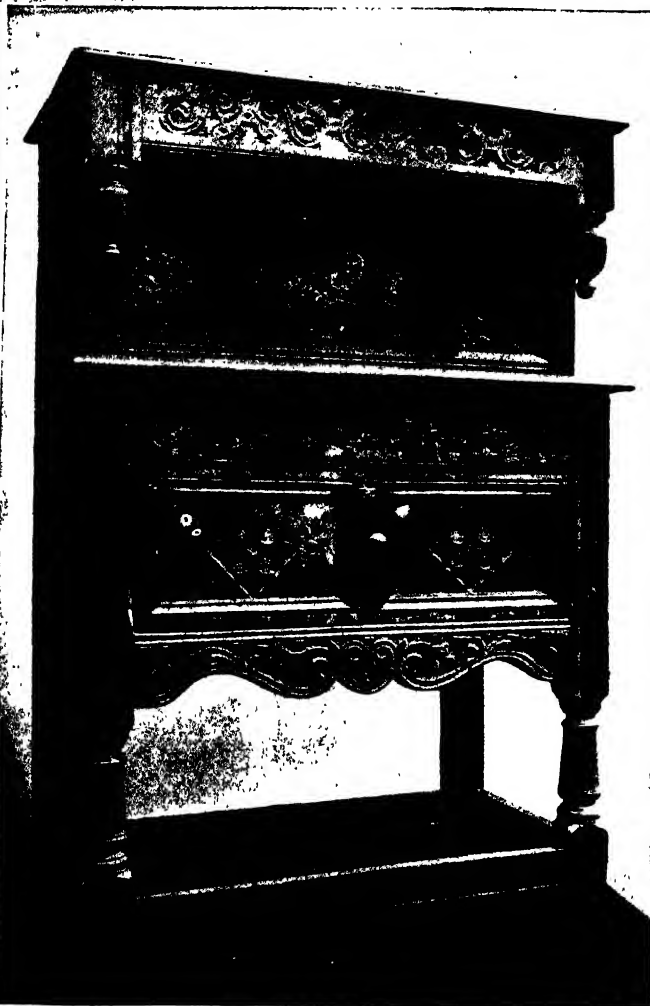
All art students will



OAK CHAIR,
with sunk seat for squab cushion
turned uprights and legs and curious
back, showing transition from lath
back to splat back.

From *Chats on Cottage and
Farmhouse Furniture*
(Unwin).

authority on collecting,
and he has already put
his special knowledge
to effective use in a
number of volumes for
Mr. Fisher Unwin's
"Chats" series. So far
as the generality of
collectors is concerned,
old cottage and farm-
house furniture is the
most accessible to a
narrow purse. It seems
to us perfectly clear
that what the author
does not know about it
is not worth knowing.
But he possesses also



From *Chats on Cottage and
Farmhouse Furniture*
(Unwin).

SIDEBOARD OF CARVED OAK.
English. Seventeenth century. (In
the Victoria and Albert Museum.)



OAK CHAIR,
with cresting rail of Charles II. period, retained
and perforated arch centre peculiar to walnut
designs.

From *Chats on Cottage and Farm-
house Furniture*

be grateful to Mr. Borenius
for the careful and scholarly
work he has done in editing
and reissuing this invaluable
survey by Crowe and Caval-
caselle that has long since
taken its abiding place among
the classics of art history. It
is a most careful and exhaust-
ive record of the achievements
of the great artists of Northern
Italy from the fourteenth to
the sixteenth century, and
though later research and dis-
covery have, as the editor
remarks, necessitated a re-
vision of the authors' conclu-
sions, "it is remarkable in
how many instances their
instinctive rightness of



From *Chats on Cottage
and Farmhouse
Furniture*
(Unwin).

WINDSOR CHAIR,
horseshoe back, saddle seat,
turned legs, with stretcher
Sheraton style.

the faculty of
embodying his
hints in pleas-
ant readable
English, with
the result that
his work is of
unusual inter-
est and value.
An unusual
topic has been
dealt with by
Mr. Hugh
Phillips in his
chapter on
Old English
Chintzes. The
volume is
made the more
attractive by
its numerous
illustrations,
and it is in
every way a
worthy ad-
dition to a
popular
series.

judgment has
been fully con-
firmed. Mr.
Borenius has
added all new-
ly discovered
facts, but
otherwise, ex-
cept for the
correction of
misprints and
obvious blun-
ders, has re-
printed here
verbatim the
text and notes
of the original
edition. The
seventy-five
engravings are
beautifully re-
produced. This
is an admir-
able edition of
an important
work that is
never likely to
be superseded.



From *Chats on Cottage
and Farmhouse
Furniture*
(Unwin).

AN ACCOUNT OF MEDIÆVAL FIGURE- SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

By EDWARD S. PRIOR
and ARTHUR GARDNER.
Illustrated with 855
Photographs. £3 3s.
net. (Cambridge Uni-
versity Press)

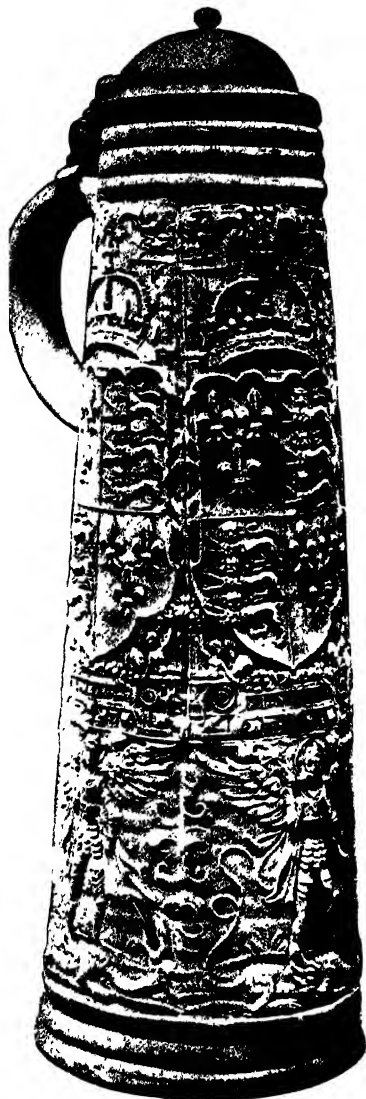
In this large and splendidly produced volume Mr. Edward Prior and Mr. Arthur Gardner discuss the successional development of figure-sculpture and the part it played in mediæval architecture. They treat learnedly and exhaustively of the materials in which such sculpture was worked, and the aspects under which we see it to-day—deteriorated under

excellent photographs of architectural statuary, relief sculptures, monumental effigies, figure-sculpture in capitals, gargoyles and arch moulds, and on fountains and tomb-chests in and about our ancient cathedrals and churches. It is a book of great interest and value, pre-eminently a work for students, and one that no student of mediæval architecture can afford to overlook.

THE THOUGHT IN MUSIC.

By JOHN B. McEWEN.
M.A. 3s 6d net
(Macmillan & Co.)

"This book," says Professor McEwen in his first sentence, "is an



OLD GERMAN "STEIN."
From The ABC of Collecting
Old Continental Pottery
(Stanley Paul).



OLD GERMAN "STEIN."
From The ABC of Collecting
Old Continental Pottery
(Stanley Paul).



From The ABC of Collecting Old
Continental Pottery
(Stanley Paul).

OLD BEER MUG.

the vicissitudes to which that material has been exposed, they give a careful and very adequate account of the subjects of Gothic sculpture, and devote one section of their book to a suggestive and interesting study of the personality of the Gothic sculptor. They find that in the main the mediæval sculpture of England was contemporaneous with Gothic architecture in England, and that the various expressions and phases of it were intimately associated in England with the circumstances that created the successive manners of Gothic building; that the same classifications will usually cover both arts. As the building art grew dexterous and supple in the first half of the thirteenth century, so the sculptor's art too grew fine and sensitive, "it mastered its means of expression, and what up to 1200 had been of the nature of a block-carving, more symbolic than natural, is seen at Wells and Westminster by the middle of that century as the finished modelling of an assured faculty." These changes and the beautiful development of the art are demonstrated in the numerous

attempt to formulate a definite basis on which the musical facts underlying the principles of shape in musical structure may be correlated and codified." There is no doubt of the value of the methods of musical architecture outlined by him to the student of form in music, and particularly to the young composer. But just because of this value to the young student, it is a pity that such a fascinating subject should be expounded in so academic a fashion, for a first sight of the treatise will certainly not invite him. The dog Latin of the apothecary must be learnt by the aspiring 'prentice before he can follow the teaching of the adept, and some acquaintance with the language of High Philosophy is a necessary equipment for remunerative perusal of this book. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint that rhythm is the basis of all music, and shows the logical relation by which Units of Thought, as he terms them, should grow into musical Phrases and then again into Sentences if a well-balanced work is to result. He also insists, with justice, that it is

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

not enough for the would-be-interpreter of music in studying his subject-matter to follow the old analytical method of considering the bar as a unit, a normal phrase as made up of four bars and so forth. This is inadequate—he must search for and isolate and articulate the hours of rhythm in the musical structure just as the composer did before him. The book becomes more explanatory as it progresses and many theories of absorbing interest are touched on as for instance, the suggestion that as during its three hundred years of existence European music has expanded chiefly in harmonic elaboration—to which there must necessarily shortly come a limit—future developments may be looked for in rhythm. Our accepted rhythms have re-



From Puvis de Chavannes (French Artists of our Day series)
(Hennemann)

LA SORBONNE LES SCIENCES.



From Metalwork and Enamelling
(Chapman & Hall)

CHALICE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

mained much what they were then and are elementary as compared even with those of some Oriental nations

THE CHARLES DICKENS ORIGINALS.

By EDWIN PUGH Illustrated 6s net (Foulis)

Those of us who have read Charles Dickens *The Apostle of the People* know Mr Pugh already as a shrewd sympathetic student and interpreter of Dickens and therefore look in *The Dickens Originals* for something more than literal descriptions and accounts of the actual persons on whom Dickens modelled certain of his fictitious characters, and are not disappointed. Mr Pugh gives us very much more than this. He tells again the story of Dickens's early love romance, sketching in deftly and vividly that Maria Beadnell who rejected him, and for whom his heart ached and yearned as after a gracious ineffable ideal until he met her again, after many years to be completely disillusioned, so that having fashioned Dolly Varden, and the Dora of

David Copperfield "out of his tender recollections of her, he came to picture her as he found her at last in the arch coy absurdly girlish but kind-hearted Flora of *Little Dorrit*. To meet the real Maria, grown middle aged and so unlike the exquisite girl of his dreams was the rudest, harshest of awakenings. "From the moment of his great disillusion," says Mr Pugh Dickens was a changed man. He was so greatly changed that his art was perceptibly affected. Never again does he recapture his old careless mastery over his material. It is as if, from that time onward, he is forced, almost against his will to examine and criticise the healthy, hearty ideals of his youth his youth that has lasted in the full bloom of its virginal innocence until now, and even now is only a little faded, a little sere. But what he has lost in buoyancy he has gained in steadiness, what he has lost in lightness of heart he has gained in depth of insight and intensity of feeling. He does not forget that idyll of his youth, or the wanton maid who was its heroine, but he remembers, he wears his rue, with a difference." And you see the difference when you compare the latter Estella, of *"Great Expectations,"* with the less humanly feminine Dora and Dolly Varden. In like manner Mr. Pugh traces the influence of the



From Puvis de Chavannes (French Artists of our Day series)
(Heinemann).

LA SORBONNE.

much loved sister of Dickens's wife, who died when she was seventeen, in other of the novelist's girl-characters, and he carefully and suggestively deals with the many originals of his other fictitious persons that Dickens found among acquaintances and friends and in his family circle. It is an able and deeply interesting study, not the least interesting parts of which are the tracing of Dickens himself in his books, as boy and man, as young man full of hope, high spirits and dazzling idealism, and as older man grown wise and tolerant and perhaps a little world-weary. The series of thirty portraits of Dickens, and of the men and women who served as some of his models add greatly to the attractiveness of one of the best and most enjoyable of the many volumes that Dickens and his work have inspired.

THE OLD COLLEGES OF OXFORD: THEIR ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY.

By AYMER VALLANCE, M.A. With 50 Collotype Plates and 232 Illustrations in the text £4 4s. net. (Batsford)

One hesitates before this magnificent volume. It is impossible to deal with it at all in a short note or to give any idea of its excellencies. It deals with the colleges of Oxford from a new point of view—the solely architectural, and the wealth of beauty pictured in the illustrations is nothing short of a revelation even to one who knows his University well. Either one must write at length about this book or content oneself with a mere notification of its existence. The latter course sounds condescending, but unfortunately it is the only one open to us. Our heartiest congratulations and thanks go to both Mr. Aymer Vallance and Mr. Batsford.

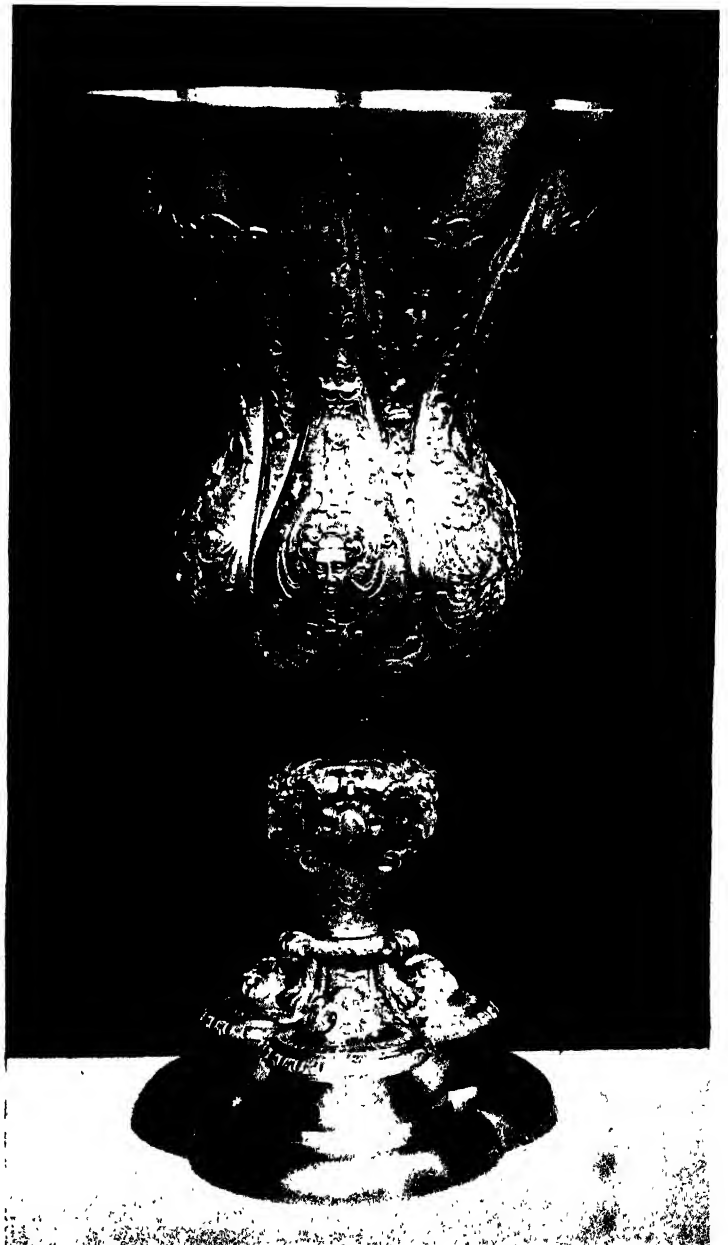
IN FRENCH AFRICA.

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS 10s. 6d. net.
(Chapman & Hall.)

These pictures of Algeria are a rechauffé or something very much like it. Miss Betham-Edwards herself frankly calls them "memories," admitting that she has incorporated passages from other works of hers now out of print. The fact too that most of her expeditions were undertaken in the company of Mme. Bodichon, who died in 1892, gives a clue to the nature of the book. But Miss Betham-Edwards' "memories" are better reading than the first impressions of many another traveller. "This book is intended as a stimulant to others longing for the palms and temples of the South." That intention is fully realised. We do feel stimulated to make the acquaintance, not so much perhaps of the palms and

temples, as of the French in the hill stations, of their hospitality "as genuine and gracious as any in the world." To Frenchwomen also, so often labelled as brilliant and elegant playthings, justice is done. In circumstances of peculiar hardship, in lonely desert stations, in a semi-hostile land, they show themselves good wives, careful mothers, capable help-meets. It sometimes happens that while their husbands are away fighting in the hills, a neighbouring tribe takes the opportunity to menace with destruction the half-deserted, ill-defended fort. Yet do they not lose their cheeriness, as the author and her party

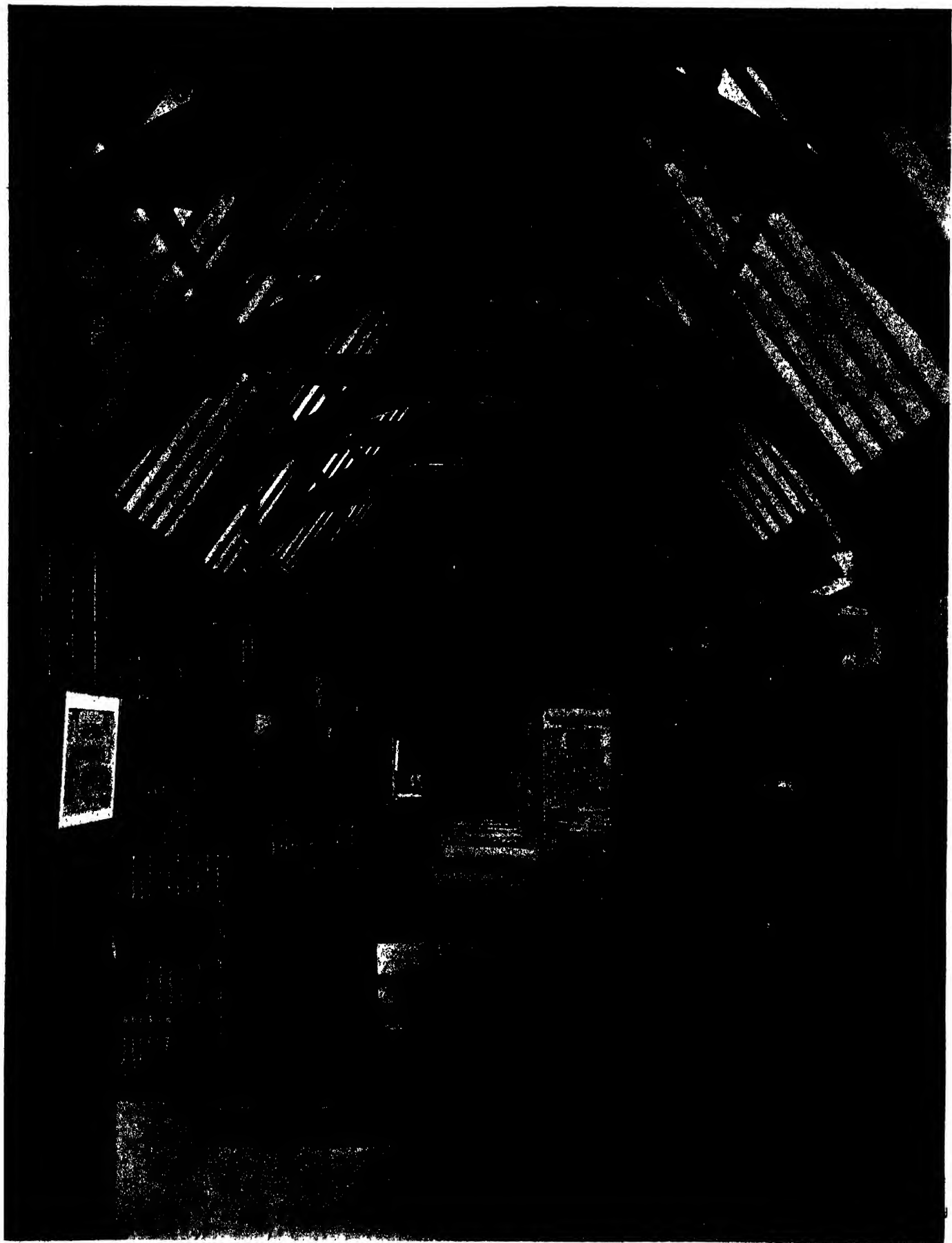
found when overtaken by a snowstorm in visiting the Cedar forest near Teniet. Drenched as they were to the skin, they had perforce to accept the French captain's



From Metalwork and Enamelling
(Chapman & Hall).

SILVER CUP, NÜRNBERG,
16TH CENTURY.

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1912



From The Old Colleges of Oxford
(Batford).

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE LIBRARY



*From The Old Colleges of Oxford
(Batsford).*

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE CHAPEL

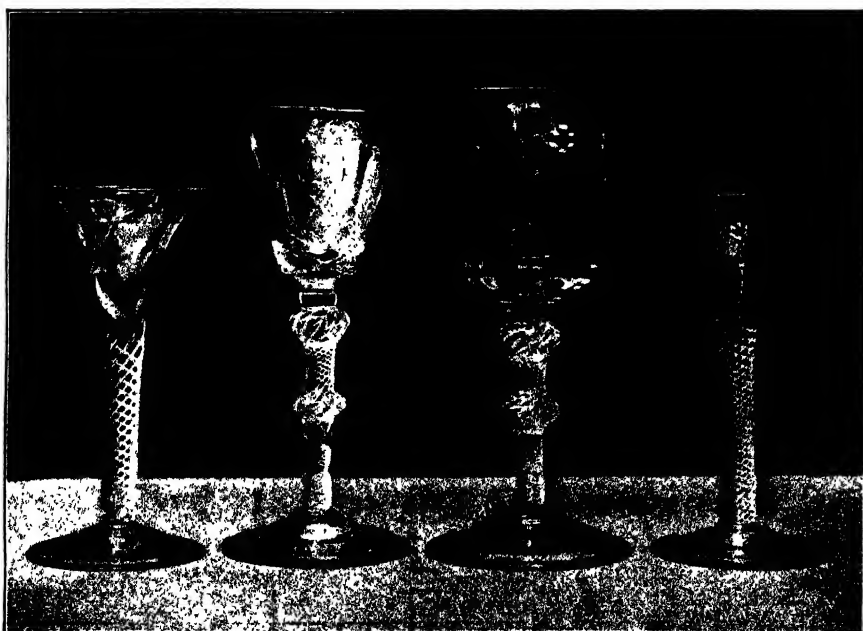


From Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship
(Cassell).

DESIGN FOR A CEILING BY DANIEL MAROT.

hospitable invitation to dinner. A military baker's big oven dried their skirts. Next day the report went round the witty little colony that the four drenched Anglaises had bodily entered the oven! Next to the French the wonderful air of the desert attracts us, "softer and sweeter than the breath blown off Cornish moors, fresher and more invigorating than the seabreezes at Lowestoft." For the artistic there is the dark rich red and yellow ware of the Kabyle villages, water jars, vases and lamps at nominal prices, and of such loveliness that it seems as they must have "a village Ruskin among them to inculcate the worship of the beautiful." A pretty wit is not confined to the French; it is also one of the characteristics of Miss Betham-Edwards, coming out in the Æsopian story of how the two jackals got the heavy water melon up the slope of the garden, and of how the local barrister thinned down visibly as he approached Mostaganem and the Assizes. Excellent, by the way, is the impressionist picture of the diligence containing his vast bulk, as it rolled over the monotonous plain, crossing

horizon after horizon. If there is one request we may make of our author it is that she would take a less exalted view of the average intelligence of her readers, and allude less to "Astolfo's winged chariot," "Mezentian unions," the bright dress of Prince Bedridden and the "cilices" of High Church parsonages.



From Antiques and Curios in our Homes
(Laurie).

JACOBITE GLASSES.

OSCAR WILDE. ART AND MORALITY.

BY STUART
MASON. 5s. net
(Frank Palmer).

This is a new and revised edition of an interesting little volume that Mr. Stuart Mason compiled and first published a few years ago. It gathers up all the controversy—reviews favourable and unfavourable; Wilde's witty and shrewd replies to certain of his severer critics, and their angry or obstinate retorts—all the newspaper judgments and discussion that followed on the publication of "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

There is an air of ancient history about it all now, yet it still remains curiously interesting. Mr. Mason has added some new matter and there is a good portrait of Wilde by way of frontispiece.



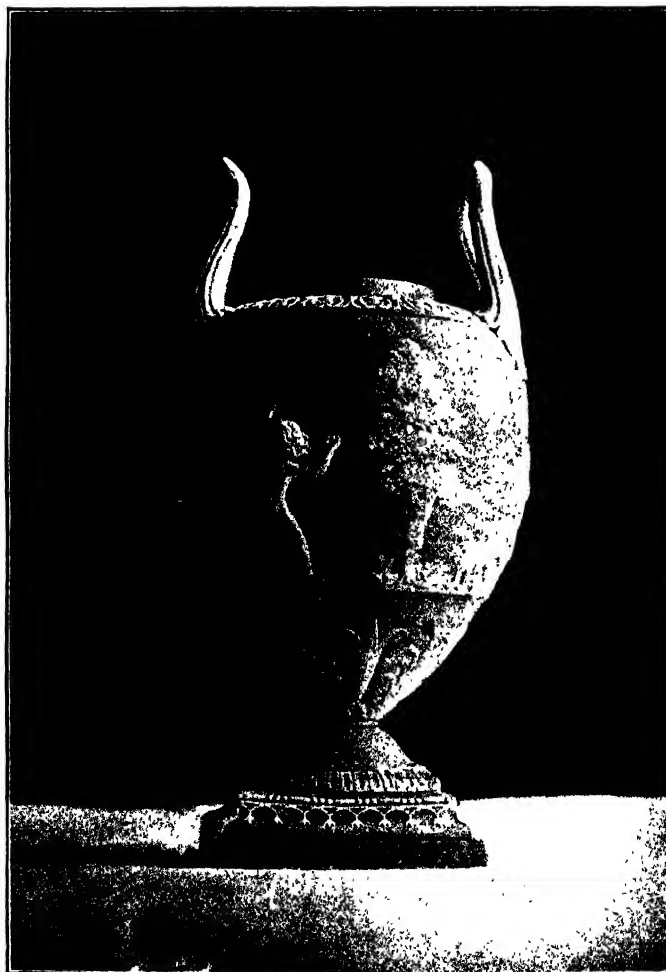
From Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmanship
(Cassell)

DESIGN FOR A CEILING BY DANIEL MAROT.

THE IDEA OF MARY'S MEADOW.

By VIOLET O'CONNOR 35 net
(Alston Rivers)

There is a great deal of self-revelation in "The Idea of Mary's Meadow," the kind of self-revelation found in one of the first books of this style, published many years ago, entitled "The Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre." The present volume has neither the wit nor the general interest of the earlier one, but it gives a reader the impression that it is a more genuine chronicle. The writer, after some intensely-felt troubles in early life, embraces the Roman Catholic faith; and, with all the fervour of the convert, works for the spread of that faith in the town where she ultimately settles. The town referred to is Ludlow, in Shropshire; and here in due course a Church is built. Here, too, the author adopts a baby girl, conceives the idea of building a home and calling it "Mary's Meadow," and to her here comes what may be termed a St. Martin's summer of love. She is married in the Church she has helped to build, and this book is dedicated to her husband. The chapters tell



From Antiques and Curios in
our Homes
(Laurie).

WEDGWOOD JASPER VASE.

of the building of the Church, of the finding of the site for the new home, and of the planning, the design, the furniture, garden, and life of that home. The whole book is permeated with the author's religion, and with references to and legends of the saints. Her self-revealed character is not to us entirely attractive. The rules of life laid down impress us, whether rightly or wrongly, as being over full of self-satisfaction, and charitable without being altogether tolerant. "For the present," she says, "our way seems clear, to love everyone, to make the meadow beautiful, and to pray for graces." But—when she takes intimate friends to walk in the glen, and they are not quite sufficiently imaginative, she writes "Sometimes there follows an uneasy silence, during which another name is removed from our visiting list." Indeed, "our way seems clear." Nevertheless, the book is not without graciousness and charm in its happier moments, which are neither few nor far apart, and are charming enough to make us forget the occasional intolerance and lack of the larger charity.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *The Cottages and the Village
Life of Rural England*
(Dent)

HARVINGTON, NEAR EVESHAM, WORCESTER

THE COTTAGES AND THE VILLAGE LIFE OF RURAL ENGLAND

By P. H. DITCHFIELD M.A. With 52 Coloured Illustrations
and 19 in Line by A. R. QUINTON 21s net (Dent)

Mr Ditchfield is one of the most hard working and prolific of our writers upon subjects of antiquarian interest, but he has seldom been better suited by his theme than in the very beautiful book at present before us. This study of English village life and architecture is particularly timely, in view of the fact that the old country life seems to be on the verge of change. It is well indeed that Mr Ditchfield and his able assistant Mr Quinton have seized the present opportunity of recording their impressions of our rural life—one of the most picturesque of English characteristics. In format and in printing the volume is produced with all the skill of which Mr Dent is capable—which, as everybody who knows modern methods of book production will agree—is saying a great deal.

THE OXFORD MOMENT SERIES

With Coloured Frontispieces and End Papers 6d net each (Frowde)

* The latest volumes have reached us of the charming little "Oxford Moment Series," one of the latest substitutes for the Christmas card. The little books are of

pocket size, and are charmingly printed and produced, with two different coloured end-papers and a coloured frontispiece portrait. The titles of these volumes are: D. G. Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Herrick, Browning's "Pied Piper and Other Poems," Lila Wheeler Wilcox, and Ruskin's "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," the third lecture of "Sesame and Lilies." In cases where the title consists only in the name of a poet, a short selection of course has been made from the whole of his work.

NEW POEMS

By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER
1s net (Maunsell)

One quality inherent in all the poetry of Mrs Dora Sigerson Shorter is its tender humanity. Even her dreams of heaven are touched with wistful thoughts of the earth she loves and the people who have made earth dear to her here, as in "When I shall Rise"

' When in the vapourish
blue I wander lost,
Let some fair paradise reward
my eyes—
Hill after hill, and green and
sunny vale
As I have known beneath the
Irish skies "

There is a poignantly passionate note of sorrow in "The Good Lord Gave," with its heart-cry of the weeping mother—

' But 'tis lonely yet, Lord, by
the little grave,
Oh 'tis lonely lonely by the
little grave "

And everywhere there are such quaint and delicate fancies as

" All night the small feet of the
rain
About my garden ran "

If there is no ballad quite so fine as "The Child," or "Kathleen's Charity," there are at least two in

this volume that do not fall far short of those in their strength of feeling and imaginative power, one, "The Guardian Angels," tells a weird legend with cunning narrative skill and eerie suggestiveness, and there is the same simple directness of narration and terse fulness of suggestion in "The Last Coach." This is a little book of true and spontaneous poetry, it is instinct with spiritual beauty and its thought and music have their own distinctive freshness and charm.



End paper from Herrick (Oxford Moment Series)
(Frowde).



From *The Cottages and the Village
Life of Rural England*
(Dent).

COTTAGES AT DUNSTER, SOMERSET.

called) of the twenty-one. But, to be fair, we must admit they are less numerous than one feared. Dr. Talmage possessed buoyancy, irrepressible vigour, and the temperament which is free from self-criticism. Perhaps for such a career as his, self-criticism would have been a handicap. He got plenty of criticism from his friends and allies the newspapers, and possibly thought it superfluous to add any on his own account, though it is doubtful if he ever deliberated on the subject. In any case, the autobiography is a human document of the Transatlantic type, frank and naive to an unaccustomed degree. What prevents it from becoming wearisome is the redeeming fact that Talmage was intensely interested in his world, and fond of travelling. He recalls the enthusiasm of America over Jenny Lind, and how New York went mad with delight in 1885 over the first chrysanthemum it had seen. The chrysanthemum was more welcome than the labourer from China! He also tells a curious story about Florence Nightingale. When he preached in London in 1900, he happened to mention her as "the Lady of the Lamp." Next day he got a note from her, inviting him to call. When he went, he was astonished to find that she had not known about this title till she read it in the newspaper report of the sermon. This sounds almost incredible. Talmage, like Mr. Stead, had the knack of standing before kings as well. He had private interviews with the Czar and his family. He was on intimate terms with nearly all the American Presidents of his day; he visited Gladstone; in short, he travelled with a restless desire to extend his

T. DE WITT TALMAGE AS I KNEW HIM.

By the late T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

"It is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself." This sentiment was uttered by Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter under James the First, and Sterne quotes it with approval. "I really think it is so. And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out; I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head." Dr. Talmage achieved a masterly success in his own way; his sermons, printed as well as spoken, had a vogue which resembled that of Spurgeon's; and probably this volume will bring the fact home to many who are not likely to find it out for themselves. We can make this justification for its publication. There are, indeed, touches in the book which are egotistical in rather a repellent way:

"No event of any consequence in the country, social or political, or disastrous, happened, that my name was not available to the ethical phase of its development."

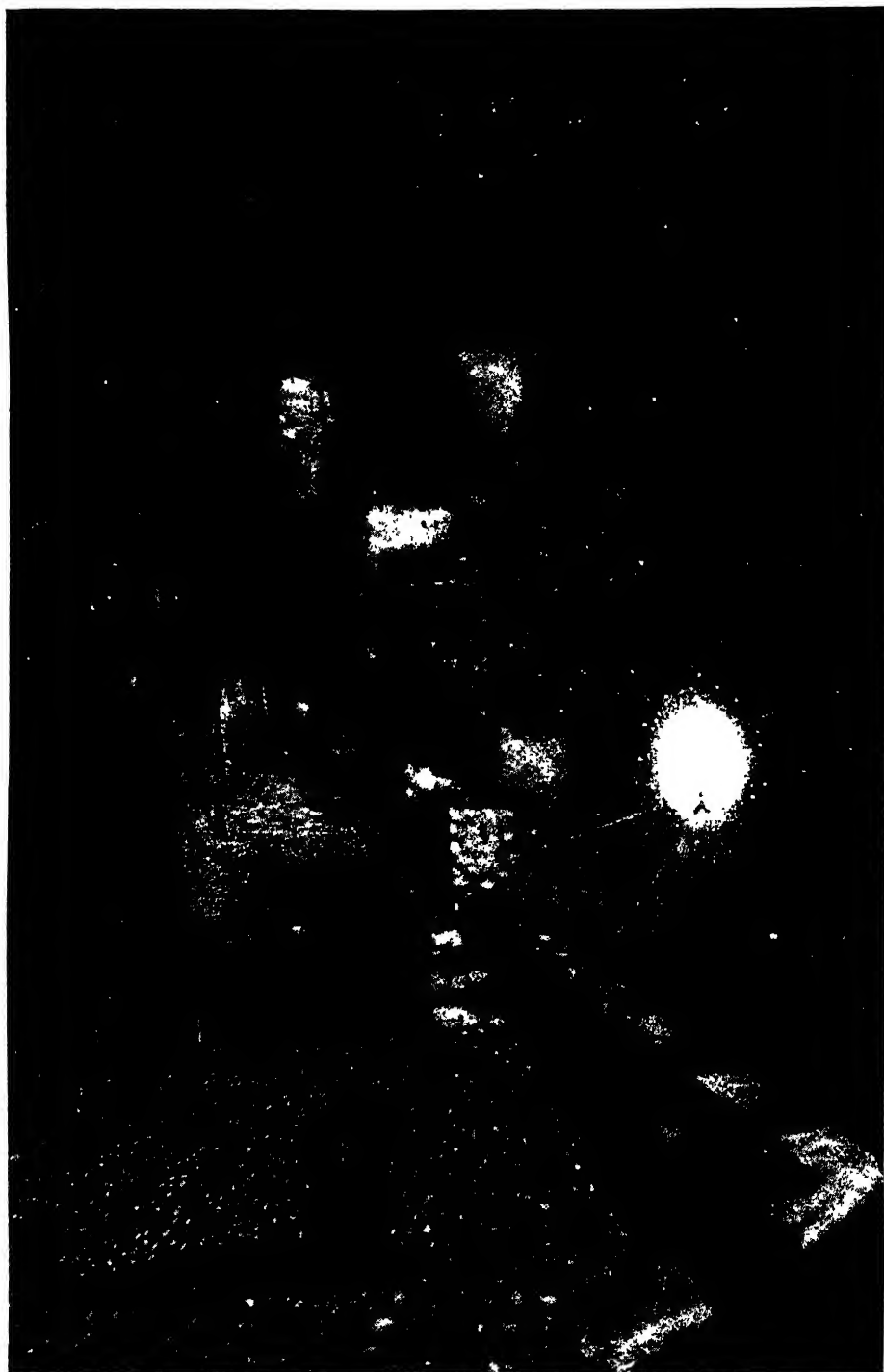
"I first met Spurgeon in London in 1872. 'I read your sermons,' I said to him first. 'Everybody reads yours,' he replied."

"The word 'immensity' may give adequate idea of the audience present."

These are the sort of things that a man might leave his wife to write, and Mrs. Talmage contributes the last four chapters ("Milestones," they are



From *Songs of Innocence* by William Blake, 'FAREWELL, GREEN FIELDS!' of which Messrs. Herbert & Daniel have just published a new edition.



From Parsifal
(Harrap).

"... as he started on it, in rosy flame
About its rim the shapes of letters came
And vanish'd, but he read them as they glow

knowledge of men and things, and his book, for all its rhetorical style and frequent chronicles of small beer, is decidedly racy. The account of his ministry reveals trouble at the hands of his fellow-ministers, but he does not seem to have borne malice. To the end, even after his church at Brooklyn had been burned three times, even after witnessing the shortcomings of American politics—which is the only experience that appears to have damped for the time being his optimism—he remains a cheery figure. And, for all his cosmopolitan interests, he was American to the core.



MISS ALCOTT.
A Play based upon whose "Little Women" has been published recently by Messrs. Sampson Low.

"Better and better did America become to me as the years went by. I never wanted to live anywhere else. Many believed that Christ was about to return to His reign on earth, and I felt confident that if such a descent could be, it would

come from American skies. I did not believe that Christ would descend from European skies, amidst alien thrones."

So?

PERSIAN LITERATURE.

By CLAUD FIELD. With numerous illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Claud Field has written a very useful and very interesting study of Persian Literature. It deals in scholarly and attractive fashion with the religion, history and philosophy of Persia, its folk-songs, drama, epic and lyrical poetry, and we warmly recommend it both to students and the general reader.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BRIDGES.

With Portrait. 1s 6d net. (Frowde : Oxford University Press)

This new and remarkably cheap edition of Mr. Robert Bridges' poems includes all that is contained in the collected edition of his poetical works, with the exception of his eight dramas; in addition there are two groups of Later Poems and Poems in Classical Prosody which are now first published in book form. Mr. Bridges has long had his sufficient audience, "fit though few," and though this excellent popular edition of his work may not serve to make him popular it will take him into the library of every lover of what is highest and finest in latter-day poetry. His appeal is not to the multitude; he is severely classical in form and diction—he makes no easy play with sentiment or emotion; the great charm of his work lies in its exquisite delicacy of phrase and the high restraint of its emotional intensity, it touches your heart mostly through your intellect; its beauty is of the statuesque sort, but it is a beauty that thrills and subdues you by its sheer grace of form and chaste loveliness of thought and utterance.

We have no other poet living who has given or could give us such stately and majestic music of poetry as sounds through that mask in the Greek manner, "Prometheus the Fire-giver," and through the mask of "Demeter," nor any other who has surpassed the tenderness, the strong, restrained passion and height of poetic feeling that lift "The Growth of Love" to its place among the greatest of modern poems. But Mr. Robert Bridges is not to be discussed in so brief a note as this, and we hope to deal more adequately with his collected work at an early date. Meanwhile, we express our gratitude for so rich a gift that is now brought within the reach of whoso cares to possess what is so well worth possessing.



ROBERT BRIDGES, AUG. 1912.
Frontispiece to The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges (Clarendon Press).

SHELLEY.

By ROGER INGPEN. (The Regent Library.) 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert and Daniel.)

Nothing could be more complete in their way than the volumes included in the Regent Library series. The scheme on which the contents are arranged is as lucid as it is exhaustive. Here, for instance, Mr. Roger Ingpen sets himself to select for us the best and most representative things from the work of Shelley. His prefatory biography of the poet is admirable—you have all the parts of Shelley's life presented in it fairly, clearly and sympathetically; there is a useful chronology of the chief events in the poet's career; a good and sufficient bibliography; an iconography; and some appreciations by famous authors. In the anthology itself, Mr. Ingpen has chosen the poems for inclusion with unerring taste and judgment, and has supplemented these with characteristic passages from Shelley's essays and pamphlets and a copious and excellent selection of his letters. Altogether a very admirable addition to an artistically produced and altogether admirable series.

RECENT FRENCH CRITICISM.

Among recent French works likely to be of special interest to readers of THE BOOKMAN, a front place may fairly be assigned to the study of contemporary English fiction by M. Firmin Roz the well-known student of Tennyson and of our recent literature as a whole. This admirable study* starts off with an appreciation of Meredith (an appreciation which is by the way, cited in the recent memoir of the novelist in the *Dictionary of National Biography*). Like its subject, it is suggestive rather than definitive. A short view of Meredith is, perhaps, a contradiction in terms. The point of view will no doubt be considerably enlarged by a careful study of the recently published Meredith Letters, an incomparable document of a life devoted in no ordinary sense. The relation of the text to the work, the work to the life, and the life to the epoch has now only for the first time become really intelligible. The next study is one of

Thomas Hardy, whose sympathy, humanity, and "Dutch realism," M. Roz appreciates at a very high value. He is the master observer who sees the bloom on the landscape and hears the wind among the fern, and as a master of English prose, he appears to the French critic to have no possible modern rival. He finds fault only with his melodramatic arrangement and handling of certain episodes and a certain tendency to abuse romantic circumstance—twilight, solitude, the appeal to the prehistoric. The two substantive "Merits" are followed by studies equally thorough

and well sustained of Mrs. Humphry (whom a malign printer occasionally caricatures as Mme. Hymphry) Ward, Rudyard Kipling and H. G. Wells. The two first are regarded as valuable assets of English history and tradition, the last as the courier of social crisis, the realist of a new world.

Having read M. Roz, whose critical work lives in every line, the explorer of French opinion concerning contemporary English masters must go on to "Bernard Shaw et Son Œuvre"† by Charles Cestre. This writer is well known to students over here for his masterly study of revolutionary currents deriving from France in the Age of Wordsworth. A Frenchman has by the law of his being to



From Parsifal
(Harrop).

"He mounted his rough steed, and forth, alone
Into the shadowy wood he took his way."



CHARLES DICKENS.
Frontispiece from Dickens
(Regent Library).
(Herbert & Daniel).

* "Le Roman Anglais Contemporain." Fr. 3.50. (Hachette.)



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Painted at Rome in 1819 by Miss
Sylvia Curran.
Frontispiece from Shelley
(Regent Library).
(Herbert & Daniel)



From *The Yeomen of the Guard*
(Bell).

"OH, FATHER, FATHER, I CANNOT BEAR IT"

classify, and to classify Bernard Shaw is no easy matter; but M. Cestre accomplishes his programme with extraordinary dexterity. The play of ideas is analysed under five headings. Realism, Psychology, Love, Ethic, and Social Philosophy, and M. Cestre has a good many words to say about each, the "grand maître" himself occasionally intervening. The critic speaks out of the heart of his *pays* when he condemns "B. Shaw" for excess. The world has got so sated with novelty that to attract its attention an orgy of paradox, and self-advertisement is deemed necessary. Shaw he implies, despite his extraordinary intellectual fertility, has erred unpardonably in this direction. The egotism, cynicism and negation, however, he leaves us to deduce, are only a prickly envelope, and the rare and delicate flavour of the pine apple will be perceptible to anyone who pushes his researches far enough into the interior.

M. Jules Douady is already well known to English students for his researches into the life of Hazlitt and the period of our romantic renaissance commencing in 1798. He has written evidently with equal pleasure to himself and to his French readers a most scholarly and diverting book on "La Mer et les Poètes Anglais."† That England has produced sea poets in proportion to its output of sea dogs is a thesis which it would be

excessively hard to maintain. One of the most touching and most dignified of nautical lays "The Loss of the Royal George," was written by a poet who was probably never on the sea in his life. Of marine prose-poets, such as Conrad and Meredith, M. Douady has nothing to tell us, though he writes at length of Kipling and Stevenson. He

is indeed an exception to the rule which demands of a French monographer logical order, exhaustive enumeration, strict analysis. He is quite content to write around his subject. He is no exacting critic of vocation to the service of the Sea Muse. He prefers to recite such landmen's tales of sea adventure as Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Tennyson's "Enoch Arden"; and it must be admitted that he gives a breath of new interest to both stories by means of his perfectly delightful manner of narration no less than by his acute commentary. He disentangles for us the sea-strands in Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley. He discovers rightly in "Full Fathom Five" the one lyric of comparatively early date in which we seem to catch a whisper of the mystery and witchcraft of the Ocean; and we have to pursue our way through leagues of dull "Shipwrecks" and "Mariners of England" until we light upon another in "The Ancient Mariner." The subject-matter is relatively familiar to English perusers of marine anthologies,



From *The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius*
(Lee Warner).

"A PRAYER OF THE
ATHENIANS."

† Fr. 3.50. (Hachette.)



From Ruddigo:e
(Bell).

ENTER ROSE.—HE 'S MUCH STRUCK BY HER.

We are somewhat dubious as to how extensive M. Douady's acquaintance is with our sea ballads and chanties. But there is no doubt that for English readers hardly less than French, he has linked together compositions of indefinable charm, many of which have suffered an appreciable sea-change due, it may haply be supposed, to their genesis in a maritime country and the largest island in Europe.

Of all the Anglophile writers of our new century it is probable that after Chevrillon, M. Charles Bastide has the most philosophic outlook upon our special contributions to the literary art as a mode of civilization. His new work on "Anglais et Français du XVII^e. Siècle" is a collection of studies in by-paths of our history by a virtuoso of the very finest equipment. With Beljame and Jusserand, he depicts the England of Charles II. as seen through foreign spectacles; of the former especially he is the disciple in studying with minuteness the pronunciation and spelling of the English of that period as affected by their intercourse with France. He reveals to us the little world for which French newspapers were printed in London. He discusses the translators and especially the first renderer of "Robinson Crusoe" into French. He has also a scholarly paper on Shakespeare and the wigmaker Mountjoye. M. Bastide is a complete master of his material and his seventeenth

century vignettes command the attention of every literary antiquary. His volume is a notable investment for four francs.

In the sphere of the illustrated History of Literature, of which we had almost an epidemic half a dozen years ago, we have seen nothing to surpass the five-franc "Histoire

Illustrée de la Littérature Française" (Didier) by E. Abry, C. Audic, and P. Crouzet, with 660 quarto pages and 324 illustrations. The book forms a methodical *précis* of the whole range from the "Chansons de Geste" down to Taine and Brunetière. A good deal of it is in semi-tabulated form, with lists of bibliographies. The critical portions, however, are thoroughly well edited and as a summary work of reference, it is deserving of the highest credit.



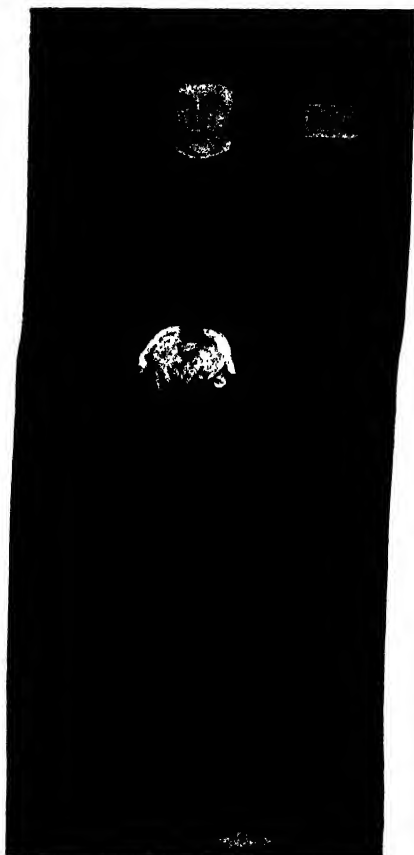
"THE ANGELS CAME THROUGH THE FOREST TO WHERE THE LITTLE TREE STOOD, AND, GATHERING AROUND IT, THEY TOUCHED IT WITH THEIR HANDS."
From Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse
(Laurie).

CHRISTMAS TALES AND CHRISTMAS VERSE.

By EUGENE FIELD. (F. Werner
Laure.)

Here is a real Christmas book for children, full of the real Christmas spirit: six little tales and six little poems by Eugene Field, including the story which all true children will love to read of how Santa Claus was born and what he did when a boy. There are also stories of the little mauve mouse and the moonbeam and how the little mouse's sister,

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



DUCHESS OF MILAN. HOLBEIN.
From The National Gallery
(Grant Richards).

"Oh, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.

The illustrations, by Miss Florence Storer, contain wonderfully clever studies of childhood—the little faces are so natural and the colouring exquisite. It is a delight to linger over each picture.

COKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS FRIENDS.

By Mrs. A. M. W. STIRLING. 12s 6d net. (Lane)

It is not often that a new edition of an expensive biographical work is demanded, but the compliment which the reading public has paid to Mrs. Stirling's "Coke of Norfolk and his

Friends" is particularly well deserved. The book is a fitting memorial of a noble character, the remembrance of which otherwise would have been likely to perish in a totally unmerited obscurity. The new edition just published contains a considerable amount of fresh material, largely devoted to vindicating still further the memory of Coke and the importance of his achievement as a scientific agricul-

turist, which wholly transformed the character of Western Norfolk. For its presentation of a detailed panorama of the life of a great landed proprietor—who also sat in the House of Commons for over fifty of the most eventful years of the history of this country—the book is one of the most notable of modern biographies. It is finely produced, and contains a number of interesting illustrations.

ANN.

By LECHMERE WORRALL and EDGAR FRERE. 1s. net. (Greening).

It must have been no easy task for Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Mr. Edgar Frere to turn into a novel the



From A Child's Day
(Constable).

play "Ann," which was produced at the Criterion Theatre during last summer. In one notable instance the novel is distinctly inferior to the play. One of the best scenes was that in which Ann, having won over Mrs. Hargraves to acquiesce in the original methods whereby she sets herself to scandalise Edward Hargraves' prudish fiancée, is faced with the task of wheedling Edward's father, the Very Reverend Samuel Hargraves. Of this scene the novel makes practically nothing. In other respects, however, the book appears to us to do ample justice to what was, undoubtedly, a "thin" drama. The book explains the character of Mrs. Hargraves in a wholly satisfactory manner, which is more than was done before the footlights; moreover, it makes Edward himself a distinctly less improbable character than he appeared upon the stage. Nor has Ann herself suffered, and this is, perhaps, the best tribute that can be paid to the authors.



HENRY PURCELL.
From A Short History of Music in
England
(Sampson Low).

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES ("Sub Rosa"). 5s. net. (Foulis.)

Mr. Hughes excuses himself for having written this book on the ground that "it is only a little one, and that this is my first offence." But no excuse is needed. "Sub Rosa's" admirers are to be numbered by the ten thousand, and their only cause of quarrel with him is likely to be that he never wrote a book before. Last year Mr. G. A. Birmingham's volume on Irish life and character was among the most popular gift-books of the Christmas season. Mr. Foulis has done well to follow it with a comparable book on English life and character by a popular humourist like "Sub Rosa." As was to be expected, "Sub Rosa" has no revolutionary views in the Bernard-Shaw manner

that if he did so he would 'give the scoundrels an advantage.'" Dr. Johnson, indeed, was the most John-Bullish, if not the most English person who ever lived. This droll and entertaining book is very tastefully got up, and is illustrated by sixteen effective coloured illustrations from oil paintings by Mr. Frederick Gardner.



From *A Child's Day*
(Constable).

to propound on the English temperament. He writes discursively rather than critically on politicians, officials, cranks, Londoners, sportsmen, dandies, commercial travellers, airmen, clergymen, clubmen, soldiers, sailors, criminals and minor poets, to name the subjects of some of his chapters. His book is less anecdotal than we had imagined it would be, but it has its fair share of venerable tales, like that of the anglers who had arrived at some remote spot for their fishing, when one of them explained: "Hang it all, we've forgotten the bait." The other replied cheerily: "So we have—but that doesn't matter, we've brought the whiskey." More revealing in the light it throws on the English point of view is the reminder of how, "when Dr. Johnson went to Paris, he talked Latin—declining to attempt French on the ground

are romantically inclined, they are apt to confuse her with the woman who is misunderstood; if of the commonsense school, they tend to regard her curtly as an uninteresting minx. But Mrs. de la Pasture is as interested as a man in the soulless beauty whose



THE PASSION FLOWER
From *The Field-Flowers' Lore*
(Elkin Mathews).

ERICA.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The woman without a soul has for long fascinated the imagination of writing men. In poems and novels and allegories, they have attacked her and worshipped her, cried over her and loaded her with curses—provided, of course, that she was beautiful as well as soulless. The woman made for love and yet not loving, has not exercised the same fascination over the writers of her own sex. No doubt the problem does not touch them so keenly. If they



From *The English Character*
(Foulis).
"ONLY A PENNY, DEARIE!"

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912 1

portrait she sketched in her last work "Master Christopher." Not only is she giving the fascinating young adventuress a novel to herself, but she promises to continue the story of her career in a later volume. We look forward with pleasure to the sequel. In touches light and yet vigorous, subtle and yet lively, she portrays a monster of a girl who is, however, thoroughly human. The spoilt child of a fond, weak mother, Erica is naturally enormously selfish—a feminine Narcissus lost in love and admiration of her beautiful self. That is why she has no love to spare for her lovers, and her point of view does not change when she marries. She is one that takes and never gives. But such is the art with which she is drawn that we do not tire of her company. Her vain attempts to be straight, truthful and unselfish, are described neither satirically nor sentimentally. We are indeed rather surprised when, at the close of the book, the illness of her baby son awakens something like a soul in her. But perhaps her maternal instinct is only a subtle variety of her selfishness; she feels her child a part of herself, and begins to fight for him with the same weapons with which she fought for herself. It is a curious and extraordinary study of character.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Observations and Impressions. By JAMES BRYCE. With Maps. 8s 6d net (Macmillan)

In this singularly vivid and able book, Mr. Bryce has recounted his experiences of a four months' holiday in South America. He started from Colon, crossed the Panama



From *The Life of George Frederick Watts*
(Macmillan).

LOVE AND LIFE.



From *Undine*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

UNDINE
From the original by W. E. F.
Britton.

isthmus, which he describes at length, and then, skirting Colombia and Ecuador, he came in sight of the Peruvian coast, the terrible bareness of which impressed him strongly. Landing at Callao, Mr. Bryce stayed in Lima, the capital of Peru, for a short while. He then made his way inland to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, and so, on to Lake Titicaca and the high, bleak plateau of Bolivia. He halted at the chief town, La Paz, a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Indians. His description of La Paz is really impressive—that strange city, 12,470 feet above sea-level, built in the hollow of an arid wilderness. From La Paz he travelled south through the Bolivian desert, crossing, finally, the border into Chile and speeding through the vast nitrate fields, which have brought untold wealth to the republic. Mr. Bryce writes of the southern part of Chile (not the extreme south which is practically uninhabitable) in very warm terms. He would rather live there than in any other part of South America. After a stay at Santiago, he journeyed by the Transandine Railway far up into the mountains over the boundary line between Chile and the Argentine, where a colossal figure of Christ with hand upraised has been erected as a symbol of peace between the two nations; but, instead of crossing right down into the plains, he cut backwards again to the Chilean coast, and sailed through the Straits of Magellan and out to the Falkland Islands. Thence, three days' steaming brought him to Buenos Aires, that enormous city of 1,300,000 people, that lies so flat as to be invisible from the sea. Thence he crossed into Uruguay, of which he has a good opinion, and thence into Brazil, sailing from Montevideo to Santos. He went inland to São Paulo, centre of the Brazilian coffee trade, and up the coast to Rio de Janeiro, the second largest city

of South America and probably the most splendidly situated port in the world. From this place he took steamer home.

This, in very brief epitome, is what Mr. Bryce accomplished on his trip, and, in itself, it was a remarkable feat for a man well turned of seventy. But, not content with the mere journey, he has produced this volume of nearly 600 pages, which will become, in time, something very like a classic. For it is not only an extraordinarily full, learned, and vigorous description of the countries through which he passed, but it has a kind of epic quality about it which could only have been produced by a mind of immense width of vision and understanding. Moreover, his last chapters, that deal with the conditions, the problems, and the future of these republics, are extremely suggestive and valuable. The whole book is written with such entire lack of dogmatism or political bias that it is unlikely to offend even the very touchy South Americans, and in years to come it is possible that it may hold the same position in their eyes as "the American Constitution" holds in the eyes of the people of the United



From *The Heroes*
(Lee Warner).

HE TOOK DANAE AND HER BABE DOWN TO THE SEASHORE, AND PUT THEM IN A GREAT CHEST AND THRUST THEM OUT TO SEA."



From *Poems of Passion and Pleasure*
(Gay & Hancock).

States. For Mr. Bryce touches with a sure finger the salient points about South America, the weakness and strength of the various republics, their unrest, the prosperity of some and the poverty of others, their vanity, their sense of patriotism, and so on. His grasp of their economic, their social, and their political conditions is powerful, and his keen, common-sense judgments seem to be particularly just and correct. Of the republics, he ranks Chile foremost in a political sense, with the Argentine next. These two republics with Brazil make up the trilogy of "Great Powers." A state like Peru lies midway between the excellence of Chile and the disorganisation of Venezuela. Of the future of the Argentine, with its almost unlimited grazing and corn-bearing land, he has, like everyone else, a glowing opinion. It is in this country and in Brazil, that the chief South American developments are taking place to-day, and are likely to take place for years to come. There must be upwards of £300,000,000 of European capital in the Argentine alone. Chile, with all its enlightenment and comparative prosperity, is, compared to the Argentine, quite a sleepy, old-world land.

It is a pity that Mr. Bryce did not have the opportunity of visiting Paraguay, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela, for then his survey of the South American Republics would have been complete, and we would have had further valuable facts and generalisations from him. But none of the four are in the front rank of importance, and to have seen them could hardly have altered the general conclusions of his book.

We heartily recommend "South America" to all readers interested in this large continent with a future. R.C.

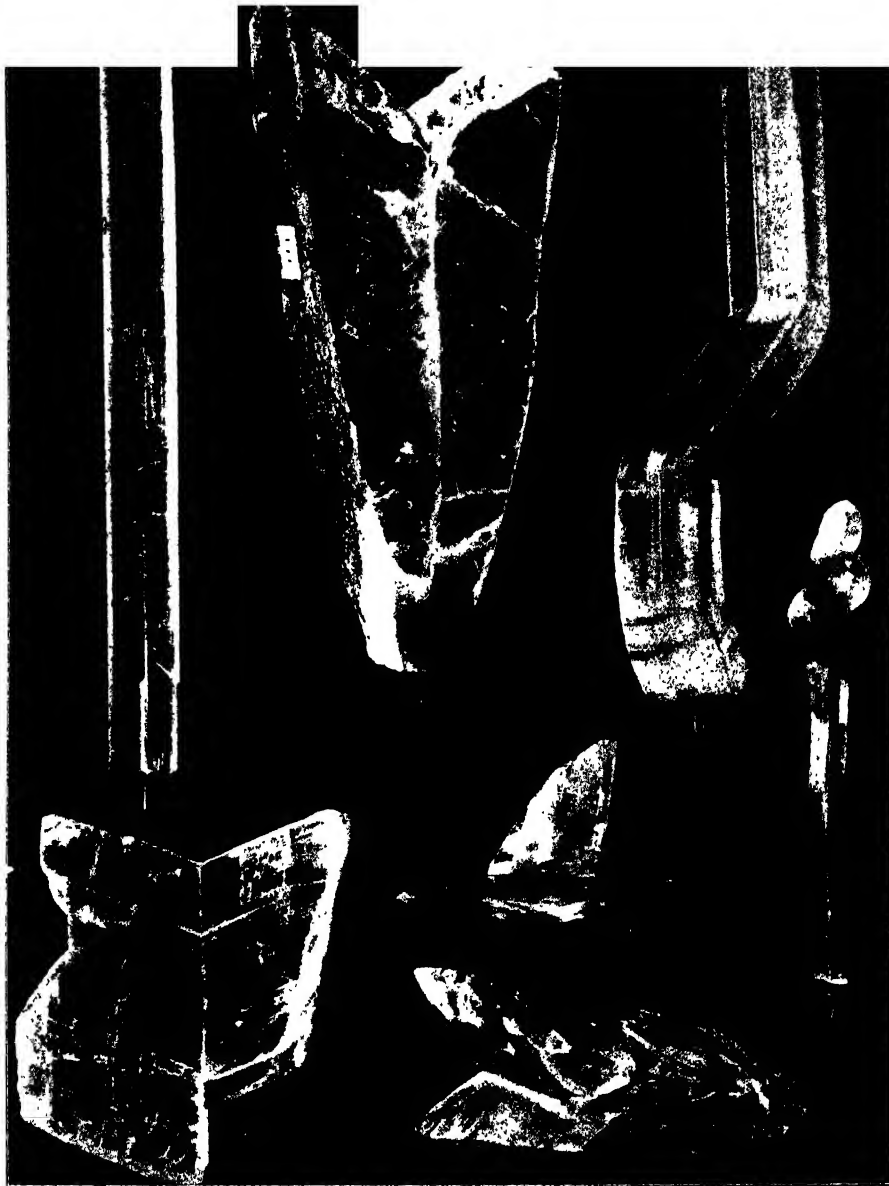
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

A STUDY OF THE MORMONS IN THE LIGHT OF ECONOMIC CON- DITIONS.

By RUTH KAUFF-
MAN and REGIN-
ALD WRIGHT
KAUFFMAN 10s.
6d. net. (Williams
and Norgate.)

Very few people outside the fold of the Mormon faith seem able to feel much sympathy for that strange and unattractive religion. Artemus Ward was contented to pour ridicule upon it and its professors; later generations have taken them more seriously and from ridicule have turned to denunciation and condemnation. On the whole, the investigations of the American authors of this book seem to justify that later attitude. They have gone most exhaustively into the history of Mormonism—from the founding of it by the egregious Joseph Smith to our own day. They have traced its progress, its growth in wealth and influence, its rise in England and on the Continent, and have made a close and conscientious study of its social, economic and political development. The whole tone of the book impresses you with a sense of the impartiality of its authors; if they extenuate nothing they set down nought in malice; they have written in the widest and fullest possible spirit of enquiry, and their final conclusion is that, for good or ill, Mormonism has struck root into the life of the American nation—it has become a part of the capitalistic system of the United States, and there are no signs of its falling into decay or being put an end to. We have had fierce outcries against the Mormon missionaries



From *The Mineral Kingdom*
(Williams & Norgate).

Reduced illustration of twinned Crystal Gypsum

in this country of late; and the cult is making little or no progress here nowadays, but all those who, on public grounds, are interested in the crusade that is being waged against it will do well to read this remarkable history and know exactly what it is that lies behind the Mormon propaganda which they have to fight. Sooner or later, no doubt, America will be compelled to take up this problem of Mormonism and deal with it decisively; if, as our authors think, the time for this is not yet, it surely cannot be far off.

MINES AND THEIR STORY.

By J. BERNARD
MANNIX With 61
Plates and 30 Il-
lustrations in the
text 16s. net
(Sidgwick & Jack-
son.)

Mr. Mannix seems to know everything about mines, whether they be for the production of gold, diamonds, silver, coal or non—the five divisions of this exceedingly readable book. He traces their history through the earliest years to the present day, and always he finds some fresh field of interest to put before the reader. It is curious for the unthinking person to note how great a part mines have played in the history of the world. "The Punic Wars arose out of the Romans' desire to wrest the mines of Iberia from the hands of the Carthaginians. The procuring of gold and silver was the openly avowed object of the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, of Peru by Pizarro, and in fact of the New World generally by the nations of the Old. The story of mining is far more romantic than it may seem to be at first blush. In Mr. Mannix's efficient hands you may be sure that the romance loses none of its attractive qualities. The illustrations are numerous and good.



From *A Short Critical History
of Architecture*
(Batsford).

ST. ANTONIO, PADUA
(13TH CENTURY)



From The Mineral Kingdom
(Williams & Norgate).

GEMMA AUGUSTEA IN VIENNA.

Sardonyx of two layers - the figures are cut in the upper bluish-white layer, whilst the dark under layer forms the background. This magnificent example of the glyptic art is probably the work of Dioscurides, the famous sculptor to the court of Augustus. (Reduced illustration).

CRUIKSHANK REFLECTIONS: THE PAST AND THE PRESENT IN MERRY TALES AND HUMOROUS VERSE.

With 70 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 1s. net
(Holden & Hardingham.)

Mr. H. Hardingham, who has apparently made the selections from the work of George Cruikshank which compose this volume, is probably right in thinking that there is still a public which will take an interest in the work of the great humorous artist, particularly as "the collection is largely of matter and illustrations considered interesting for comparison with events of the present day, although nearly eighty years have passed since the first number of the Comic Almanack appeared." The editor's selections have been made

with much skill, and it is particularly interesting to note how up-to-date is Cruikshank in many matters, particularly as regards aviation and woman suffrage. The illustrations are well reproduced and the volume is excellent value at a shilling.

NOBLE THOUGHTS FOR DAILY LIVING.

Compiled by J. C. Wright. 1s. net to 3s. 6d. net.
(Allenson.)



From Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy
(Laurie).

ROME: INTERIOR OF SAN CLEMENTE.

As a companion volume to his own "Thoughts Worth Thinking," Mr. Allenson has induced Mr. J. C. Wright to make a further compilation of quotations from famous authors. The "Thoughts" are arranged for every day of the year, and represent all shades of religious and philosophical opinion. The book is charmingly produced, and we have little doubt that it will sell as largely as its predecessor.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Paolo and Francesca THE RIDE TO RAVENNA.
(Nelson).

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Retold by W. E. SPARKES. Illustrated by W. Matthews. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Mr. Sparks retells in Messrs. Nelson's beautiful series of "The World's Romances" the poignantly dramatic romance of "Paolo and Francesca." It has been the theme of poems and plays for—how many centuries is it? The tragedy and the pity of it all haunt the memory of Ravenna like a shadow to this day, and Mr. Sparks narrates the touching, terrible, old story again of the wronged Giovanni and the two unhappy lovers whom he slew in his wrath, and narrates it with a skill and delicacy that brings out all the sadness and tense dramatic interest of it and make it as new again almost as when it first was told. Mr. Matthews' colour plates are excellent.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

It is perhaps a pity—we put this in the forefront—that Mr. D'Auvergne has paid so much attention to the merely vulgar aspects of the metropolis. What he has called the Light side of great cities is not in reality amusing; and, therefore, is out of place in a book which sets out to be funny and in the main is so. His best pages are the index, which would make even the *blasé* laugh. He has been well-served by his artists, especially by Mr. Dawson, who brings out much of the absurdity of the poses and fashions of our young Londoners. The text of the book, however, misses much of the real humour of London. The "nut" and the shop-girl who flaunts finery borrowed from the stock are but brief footnotes in the long chapter of London life. To Mr. D'Auvergne they are *it*, all through: and so

he asks us to accompany these aristocrats of the shiny hair and purple ankles through "pubs," and tea-shops, offices and bar-lounges, parks and parades, when the shop-hours are ended, merely to laugh at the moths in their vanities. The game is not worth the expedition. London in its joys and its earnestness has many aspects of comedy; but those are not for Mr. D'Auvergne. He has seized the feathers and missed the bird.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

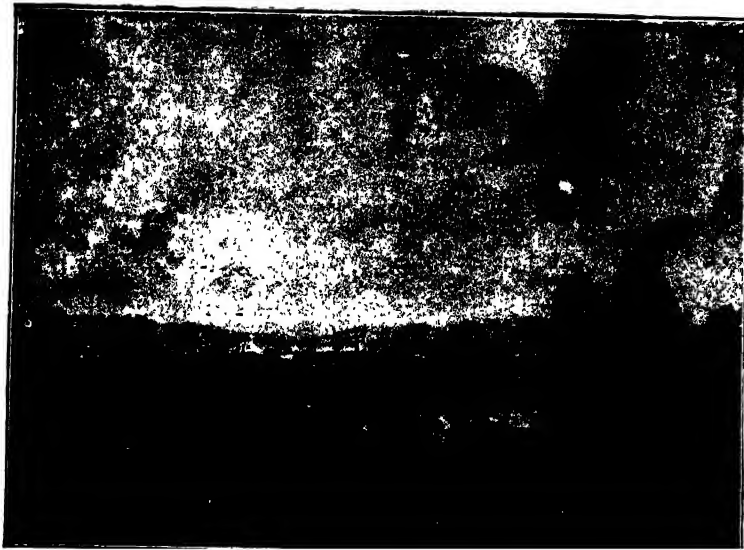
Edited from numerous manuscripts by the Rev. WALTER B. SKEAT. 2s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Frowde: Clarendon Press.)

There could be no more fitting memorial to the late Professor Skeat than this remarkably cheap edition of his monumental edition of Chaucer. It contains his concise sketch of Chaucer's life and study of his character; with useful hints for students concerning Chaucer's grammar and the metrical structure of his verses. There is also a full and good glossary with careful notes of variations and emendations of the text. These and the whole of Chaucer's works clearly and neatly printed in a volume of some eight hundred and fifty pages for eighteenpence is an achievement on which Mr. Frowde is to be congratulated. Neither the student nor the general reader could desire a better or more attractive edition than this.



From Exeter (Blackie)

OLD COURTYARD IN THE CLOSE.



From *The Scholar Gypsy*
and *Thyrsis*
(Lee Warner).

"AND THE EYE TRAVELS DOWN TO
OXFORD'S TOWERS."

essays comprise perhaps the most valuable and certainly some of the most permanently interesting of Matthew Arnold's prose. Those on Marcus Aurelius, on Spinoza, and other of them, were written as reviews, those on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," and on "The Literary Influence of Academies," have a good many topical references; but they are all written with a breadth and fulness of treatment that keep them living when the topics they touch upon are out of date and gives them a high and abiding place as literature. "Taken together," as Professor Raleigh says in his preface, "they are a manifesto, an attempt to define, and to illustrate in practice, the vital functions of criticism." Arnold felt that literature in his day was degenerating from want of ideas, from want of knowing what the world was doing and how it was going. He asked, as he puts it himself, "What must a national literature do to be saved?" and his answer was that "it must generate a sound and enlightened criticism." He defined poetry as a criticism of life, and in him the critic ended by absorbing the poet, and a reading or re-reading of these essays, with their delicious humour, delicate irony, and finely sensitive insight make it impossible for us to regret that absorption.

In some of them he maintains, now and then, that pose of the superior person which so exasperated his opponents in controversy, but the general tone of them all is one of scholarly seriousness and urbanity.

HAMPTON COURT.

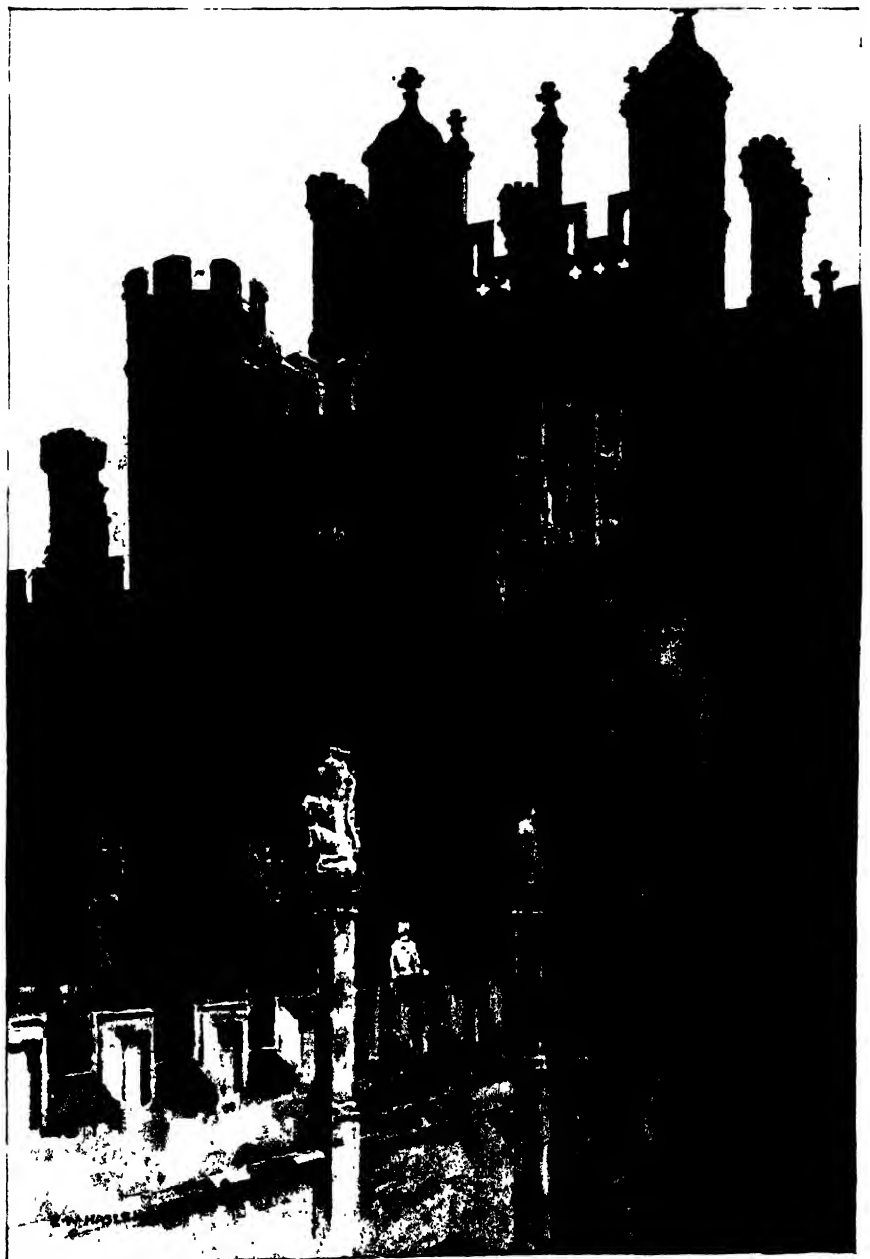
Hampton Court—Pictured by Ernest Haselhurst. Described by Walter Jerrold. 2s. net.
Exeter—Pictured by Ernest Haselhurst Described by Sidney Heath. 2s. net (Blackie)

There have now been about twenty volumes published in Messrs. Blackie's "Beautiful England" series. Few of the volumes, we imagine, will be more popular than Mr. Walter Jerrold's on Hampton Court. Without an afternoon at Hampton Court no visit to London is complete, and it is safe to say that the time spent at Hampton Court will be made doubly enjoyable if the visitor goes armed with the historical and descriptive information given in Mr. Jerrold's charming guide-book. Not that Hampton Court Palace takes back the memory across many centuries. Its history begins in the days of Henry VIII., and Hampton Court as we know it now was not formed until William the Third and Mary made it a favoured residence. Exeter, which is the subject of Mr. Sidney Heath's volume, has a longer history. "Here each influence—military from the Roman legions, ecclesiastical from the Saxon prelates, feudal from the Norman lords—has sunk deep into the land." A great part of Mr. Heath's book is occupied with a description of Exeter Cathedral. Mr. Heath aims at giving us the facts rather than at conveying to us the spirit of the place. Both of these volumes are illustrated by Mr. E. W. Haselhurst, whose pretty paintings of the chief historical buildings and beauty spots will be appreciated by many people. The colouring is not always sensitive or subtle, but some of the pictures are very charming.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD. 1s. net.
(Gowans & Gray.)

Messrs. Gowans and Gray have made Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" the second volume in their charming little Pocket Masterpieces series. These



From Hampton Court
(Blackie).

THE GREAT GATEHOUSE,
WEST ENTRANCE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



Caruso

From *The Song of the Evening Stars*
(Gay & Hancock).

friends. They include, too, the scarcely less delightful letters of his sister, Mary. To say anything in praise of Lamb's letters at this time of day is, or ought to be, a work of supererogation. If you have read them you know how delightfully self-revealing they are, and how steeped in the charm of his unique and curiously lovable personality; how rare and incommunicable their humour is, how poignant their pathos, how homely and human and intensely interesting their careless intimacies. If you have not read them, you have missed one of the finest pleasures of literature. Here, then, are the letters, to be had for a trifle in handy and artistic volumes, that are edited by a man who has much in common with Lamb himself, and has edited his work with a scholarly accuracy, a knowledge and sympathetic understanding that make his notes pleasantly informing, and his six volumes the fullest, most interesting, most satisfying edition of Lamb that has yet been published—an edition so thoroughly well done, that it is never likely to be supplanted.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Edited by E. V. LUCAS.
Vols. V. and VI. With
Frontispiece Portraits
5s. net each (Methuen)

These volumes complete Messrs. Methuen's cheap re-issue of Mr. E. V. Lucas's admirable edition of Lamb's complete works.

They contain, these last two volumes, what some of us rank above all the rest of Lamb's writings—his letters to his many and various

pleasantly incisive way with her, and just the proper mixture of sentiment and cynicism which seems to be demanded by the nature of her work. She is ably assisted by Miss Ruby Lind, whose ten charming drawings deserve close attention.

BOSWELL THE BIOGRAPHER.

By GEORGE MALLORY. 7s. 6d. net (Smith, Elder.)

Not more than a few months ago Mr. Percy Fitzgerald



From *Greuze and his Models*
(Hutchinson)

HEAD OF A CHILD.

From the original chalk drawing in the Print Department of the British Museum.

EPIGRAMS OF EVE.

By SOPHIE
IRENE LOEB
With 10 Illustrations by
Ruby Lind
3s. 6d. net
(Gay & Hancock)

The cult of the epigram seems to be falling into disuse, but that there are still writers who are capable of a number of smart sayings on varied topics (chiefly Love and Marriage) is proved by the entrance of Miss Sophie Irene Loeb into the literary arena. This writer has a

put forth the decidedly cynical but not unamusing view that the "Life of Johnson" was written primarily for Boswell's own glorification. Whatever Johnsonians and others may have thought of so startling a theory, it must certainly have set their minds to work once again on that ever-interesting subject of Boswell's rather baffling personality. Not a critic but has had his say on the point. Boswell was a genius—a fool, a tipsy buffoon, an obnoxious parasite, a snob, what you please—but always the author of one of the greatest books in the language. Assuredly not in the whole range of fiction is there a character with whom he may reasonably be compared. No novelist could have invented a James Boswell, and yet he is by no means altogether outside the common comprehension. In spite of his admiration, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald painted his hero blackly, and with a challenge lurking on every page. It was to be expected, therefore, that the next book on Boswell would contain a very complete refutation of Mr. Fitzgerald's theory. And in a sense Mr. George Mallory's "Boswell the Biographer," just published, is the anticipated counterblast, none the less potent from the fact that the author makes no mention of Mr. Fitzgerald's book, and, indeed, seems to be unaware of its existence.

Briefly this new essay—for biography it does not pretend to be—is a sober, extremely well-written and dignified "explanation" of Boswell's character. It is neither an apology nor a mere eulogy—rather a judicial summing up



"WHERE OLD PLACES ARE PROPPED UP
WITH NEW DOLLARS AT THE EXPENSE OF
CUPID."

From *Epigrams of Eve*
(Gay & Hancock).

of such facts in Boswell's rather chequered career as at all act as guides to his true self. Such biographical vignettes as the author adduces add considerably to the bulk of the book, and most of them will be familiar to its readers, but without them, perhaps, Mr. Mallory would have written a less satisfactory work. Early enough he shows some of his cards:

"To be entirely respectable and conventional, to be the man of the world, the gentleman of society," he says, "that is what Boswell wanted most in life; and that he never could become, because there was in his nature a further consciousness which was not to be subdued, and which determined, by reason of the curious inconsistency so produced, his whole capacity for interesting mankind, for fame, for greatness. . . . The story of Boswell's life is the story of a struggle between influences and ambitions which led him towards the commonplace, and the rare qualities grafted deeply within him, which bore him steadily in an opposite direction."

That, one must think, is very fairly put, and may be taken to be the keynote of the whole book.



From *Greuze and his Models*
(Hutchinson).

HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL.
From a drawing in the British Museum.

Quite rightly Mr. Mallory draws particular attention to the two sides of Boswell, shown so early in his life—in point of fact immediately after his return from Corsica. A certain fame was already his, but he must needs play the buffoon at the Shakespeare festival at Stratford and spend not a little of his time in acting as his own publicist. Always Boswell must be interesting to people, the limelight must be focussed upon himself; and one is tempted to treat his extraordinary capacity for hero-worship, shown, by the way, as Mr. Mallory points out, not by any means with Johnson alone, as primarily the outcome of a desire for that limelight. Yet even if this were so, one likes to think of Bozzy as one of those rare beings who must be allowed to do things which are forbidden to ordinary mortals. There is usually one such in a generation. And even apart from his books, he must have given pleasure of one kind or another to hundreds of people whom he met in the social round. His eccentricities were of the clubbable sort: a snub at Boswell's expense was not always a painful incident, for the snub could so easily be metamorphosed into something else.

Very wisely, too, Mr. Mallory draws material from Boswell's lesser known writings. Few Johnsonians can be familiar with "The Hypochondriack," a series of papers which were written for the *London Magazine*. They are certainly illuminating, and taken in conjunction with the letters to Temple can be made to give a fairly coherent picture. Further chapters are devoted to particular points. Johnson's influence on Boswell gives Mr. Mallory the opportunity to attack a problem of uncommon psychological interest. Then there is the question of

Boswell's position amongst his contemporaries. There can be no doubt that Boswell owed much of his popularity to his ability to adapt himself to his audience, not always an easy matter. He, of all mortals, was gifted with an insatiable curiosity. One figures him again and again attempting tiny experiments, often quite ludicrous, in the success of which he will find a most solemn satisfaction. Yet this is not altogether difficult to understand.

Essentially a moralist he was, says Mr. Mallory, and one does not feel inclined to disagree, yet morality, one imagines, often took a second place to romance. Bozzy in one sense was the predecessor of Oscar Wilde. To him life was an art, for the better understanding of which he was willing to go to ridiculous lengths. And the fact that he knew he was going to ridiculous lengths in no wise interfered with his pleasure or satisfaction. But at the back of things there was ever the desire to justify the position he had adopted, and this brings Mr. Mallory more particularly to Boswell's qualifications as a biographer. The question has been treated in great detail before, and Mr. Mallory does not seek to establish any very novel theory. Herein, of course, he is at a disadvantage, for, without fresh material, it is almost impossible to say anything new. And, indeed, upon reaching the last page of his book, one is bound to admit that, apart from its general interest, apart from its manifold good qualities as a piece of well-sustained writing, it will not do much more

than refresh the Johnsonian's mind. Coming, however, just after Mr. Fitzgerald's book, it will tend to inculcate into the mind of the general reader a juster view of an extraordinary character. Also it should send him to the "Life."

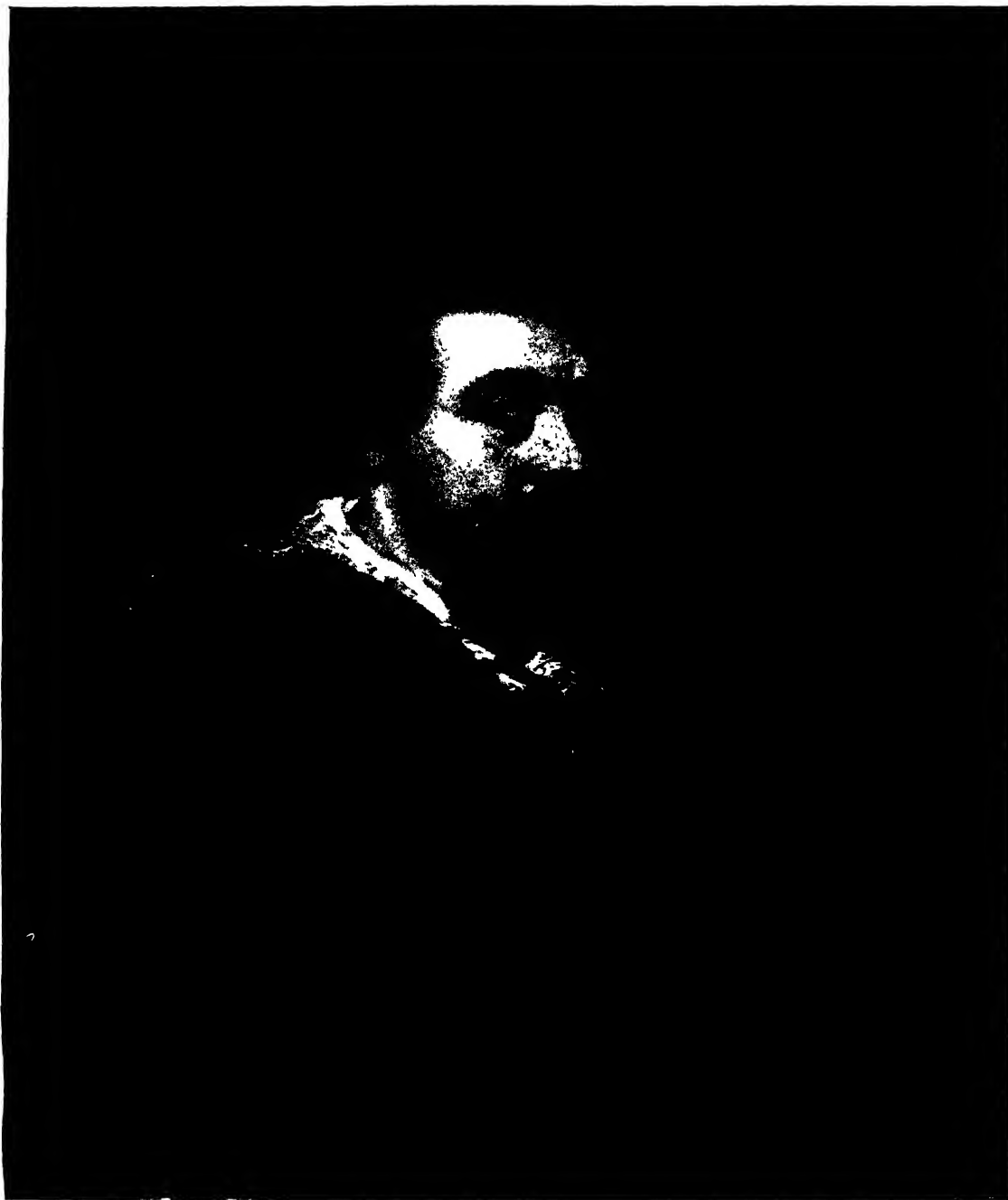
RALPH STRAUS.



MISS ELLA WHEELER
WILCOX,
Author of "Forms of Passion
and Pleasure."
(Gay & Hancock).



From *The London River*
(Foulis).



*From The Uffizi Gallery
(Jack).*

**RUBENS (1577-1640). FLEMISH SCHOOL,
NO. 233. PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.**

THE HISTORY
OF THE PHIL-
HARMONIC
SOCIETY OF
LONDON, 1813-
1912.

By MYLES BIRKET
FOSTER. 10s. 6d.
net. (John Lane.)

If inquiry were to be made into the causes which have led to the present widespread appreciation of orchestral music in this country, doubtless the existence for a century past of the Philharmonic Society would be set down as of potent influence. In glancing over the programmes of the Society's one hundred years of concerts, so admirably summarised and annotated by Mr. Myles Birket Foster, one realises, with renewed admiration and gratitude, that there has not been a composer or performer of music of any eminence not only in England but throughout Europe during that period who has not been actively connected with the undertaking. Founded at a time when Beethoven's mighty genius was still unfolding itself, but already was proving irresistible in its impulse towards a higher development of the art of music, the Philharmonic was happily able to acquire merit by commissioning from him a Symphony, which proved to be the immortal No 9 (Choral). This was performed in 1825 and when, two years later, it was learned that Beethoven was ill and in need, the Society sent one hundred pounds "to be applied to his comforts and necessities during his illness." The composer's malady however proved fatal and it became useless to speculate on how much music was thus lost to the world. In 1829, Felix Mendels--John Bartholdy, made his first appearance, an event charged with much significance not only to the Philharmonic, whose orchestra he subsequently directed for a season, but to the whole of musical England. Another



From A History of Painting in North Italy
(Murray).

LORENZO LOTTO: THE VIRGIN
IN GLORY, WITH SAINTS.
Alinari photo. Asolo: Duomo.



From The Van Eycks and their Art
(Lane).

OUR LADY AND CHILD AND
CHANCELLOR ROLIN.
Paris. Louvre.

portentous conductor was Richard Wagner, who succeeded at once in stirring up life and strife amongst performers and critics. Spohr, Cherubini, Joachim, H. R. Bishop, Hallé, Costa, Grieg, Tschaiowsky, Elgar, the list of saints in the musician's calendar who and whose works were introduced to the English public by the Society, is of rare length.

It is interesting to recall that the first concerts were held in the old Argyll Rooms, Regent Street, until they were burnt down in 1830; and that the Society subsequently inhabited the Hanover Square Rooms, the old St. James's Hall, and of late years Queen's Hall.

Spohr was the first to introduce the baton for beating time, and so to institute the art of conductorship. The innovation met with considerable opposition, particularly from "Leaders of the orchestra," as they were then called, or as we should say to-day, "Principal Violins." The Society has of course had its ups and downs, and has at least twice been financially embarrassed. But it showed how great is its vitality last year when it celebrated its centenary. He who would read of the manner of the acquisition of the Beethoven bust, which is such a precious possession of the Society, of the institution of the Beethoven medal, and would dip into a running commentary on a century's music, will find the book enthralling. The work has been carefully done; Mr. Foster has a very light and agreeable style. The volume is well indexed and illustrated with reproductions of various autograph letters and scores, the property of the Philharmonic Society. Every musician wishes it God-speed in its second century of work "in the cause of music" now entered upon.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Poems to Pavlova*
(Herbert Jenkins.)

PAVLOVA.
Photo: Clud Harris, Ltd.

THE A B C GUIDE TO MUSIC.

By D. GREGORY MASON. With 12 Portraits and 27 Musical "Figures" in the Text. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It seems to us that there is an excellent opening for a popular book on Music, such as the one now before us. Mr. Gregory Mason gives a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole subject—theories, advice, critical biographies, in fact almost anything you can think of in connection with music. Starting with the duties of the listener, he follows this up with a few critical chapters on the theory of music. Here, where there is a great temptation for an expert to fall foul of an ignorant public, Mr. Mason has particularly distinguished himself. He makes use of but few technical terms, and those which he does use he takes care fully to explain beforehand. The author then proceeds to take his readers to a piano recital, a symphony concert, a song recital, and the opera. On all of these branches of his subject he writes pleasantly, clearly, and well, and we can strongly recommend a book of sound sense to the musical amateur.

POEMS OF PAVLOVA.

By A. TULLOCH CULL. With 8 Illustrations of Madame Pavlova in her most famous dances. 3s 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Surely never before has a dancer been the theme of a whole volume of poems and of poems so full of grace and melody and poetic beauty as are those of Mr. Cull. But surely, on the other hand, never before has poet had so wonderful, so indescribably perfect a dancer to inspire his muse. Considering

the limits of his subject, Mr. Cull gets an amazing variety into his series of sonnets, rondeaus, roundels and poems—he rarely repeats an image, he describes the miracle of Pavlova's dancing with a continual freshness of fancy and vision, an unfailing passion of delight. The sestet of the sonnet to Anna Pavlova in her dance "La Rose Qui Meurt" is fairly representative of his charming verse:

"A rosebud swaying in the breeze would seem
A joy less perfect than the roselike grace
Of your delicious limbs and mobile face:
While shone the sun, you danced your dance supreme
Through gay glad gardens, drifting in a dream,
Till evening fell, then hung a breathless space
And, like a rose whom Night's cold lips embrace,
You gently fluttered down on Death's dark stream."

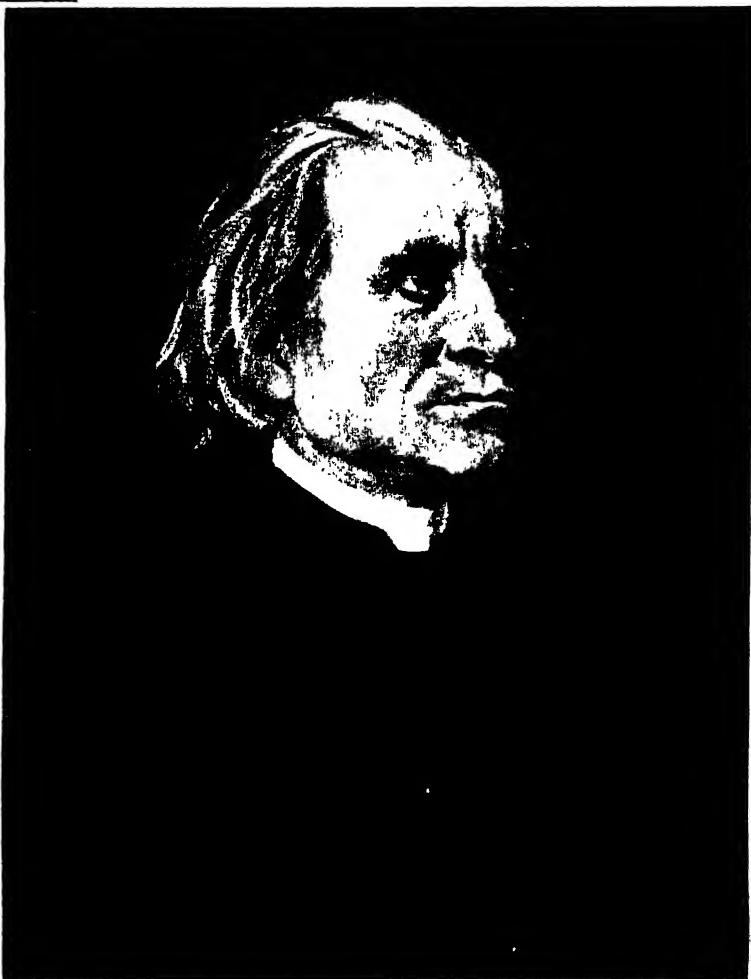
THE HISTORY OF CRIEFF.

By ALEXANDER PORTEOUS, F.S.A. Scot. 21s. net.
(Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

LANGHOLM AS IT WAS.

By JOHN HYSLOP and ROBERT HYSLOP. 7s. 6d. (Sunderland: Hills & Co., 1912.)

Two of the best parish histories that have appeared within recent years are those that treat of Crieff and Langholm. What an amount of painstaking research has gone to the production of these goodly tomes, handsomely printed and illustrated as they are, and above all, so admirably written! Of local history there can never be an over-plus, and the parishes dealt with have their own importance historically, and in every other respect. The author of "Crieff" has much to tell us of its earlier story, and he tells it well; it is, however, Crieff's later life which shines conspicuous. Every native will be grateful to Mr. Porteous for his enlivening account of the social annals of the interesting little capital of Strathearn. This is decidedly the gem of the book, and is likely to be read and re-read a dozen times for the once or twice of the other chapters—by the ardent Crieff-lover, at all events.



From *The A B C Guide to Music*
(Stanley Paul).

Liszt

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

made use of in this particular fashion. Does it not frequently happen that those who are most ignorant of the local landmarks are just the natives themselves? So far as Langholm goes there can be no excuse on that score henceforth. From every point of view its story has been told once for all, nor could it have been accomplished with a more capable pen. The racy "reminiscences" of the author's father will be read with unfeigned delight during these long winter nights and for many winters to come.

GERMAN MEMORIES.

By SIDNEY WHITMAN. With many portraits. 7s 6d. net. (Hemmann.)

No Englishman knows Germany better than the author of these "German Memories," no one is better qualified to pronounce judgment on the German temperament, on the German character, on those easily explicable and yet forlornly inexplicable dilemmas that seem to have made Germany the Carthage to our Rome. The school-fellow of many well-known Germans, the friend of Bismarck, a frequent visitor to the Fatherland, Mr Sidney Whitman writes about Germany and about Germans as one who loves the country and the people, as one who cannot see any valid reason why England and Germany should meet in irreconcilable conflict, as one who believes that the real *entente cordiale* is not that which binds England to France in an alliance which Disraeli desiderated more than eighty years ago, but in an understanding between England and Germany, which he seems to think might conceivably pave the way for that Tennysonian



From The Engravings of William Blake
(Grant Richards).

Drawn by Huet Villiers, engraved by
W. Blake, 1822.

The book is sparse in the anecdotal element, and it is almost entirely lacking in the humorous. By way of compensation there is a sufficiency of solider stuff, diffuse, but never tiresome, all of which is sure to be prized by the reader nursed under the shadow of Torleum. The ecclesiastical chapters may be particularly commended. Curiously, the modern historian of the Church of Scotland, Dr. John Cunningham, is Crieff's chief literary hon. The Principal was parish minister for forty years, a sagacious, progressive, kindly man, who came to his own far too late in the day, like many another toiler whose best work has been done, not in the high places of the field, but amid the shadows and the obscurities.

The "muckle toon of Langholm," lying so picturesquely in the lap of the Scottish Border, boasts a hoar antiquity. It is, as the writer of its story says, "a word of magic meaning to the sons and daughters of Eskdale wherever they are found." Within well-nigh a thousand pages Mr. Hyslop has gathered together all that can be known about the parish and its people. Of Border parish histories this is about the finest we have seen. There is only another—that of Channelkirk, in Lauderdale—to compare with it for sheer exhaustiveness. Only one on whose heart the place of his birth has been written (as Calais was on Queen Mary's) could have executed this so faithful and fascinating record. It is impossible to quote from it. There is so much that is of general interest that the volume (a marvel of cheapness) will find its way into many other hands and homes than those of Langholmers. The notes on the stone-circles, for instance, and the barrows, and hill-forts of the district might well be reprinted for the use of schools; indeed, we see no reason why parish histories should not be



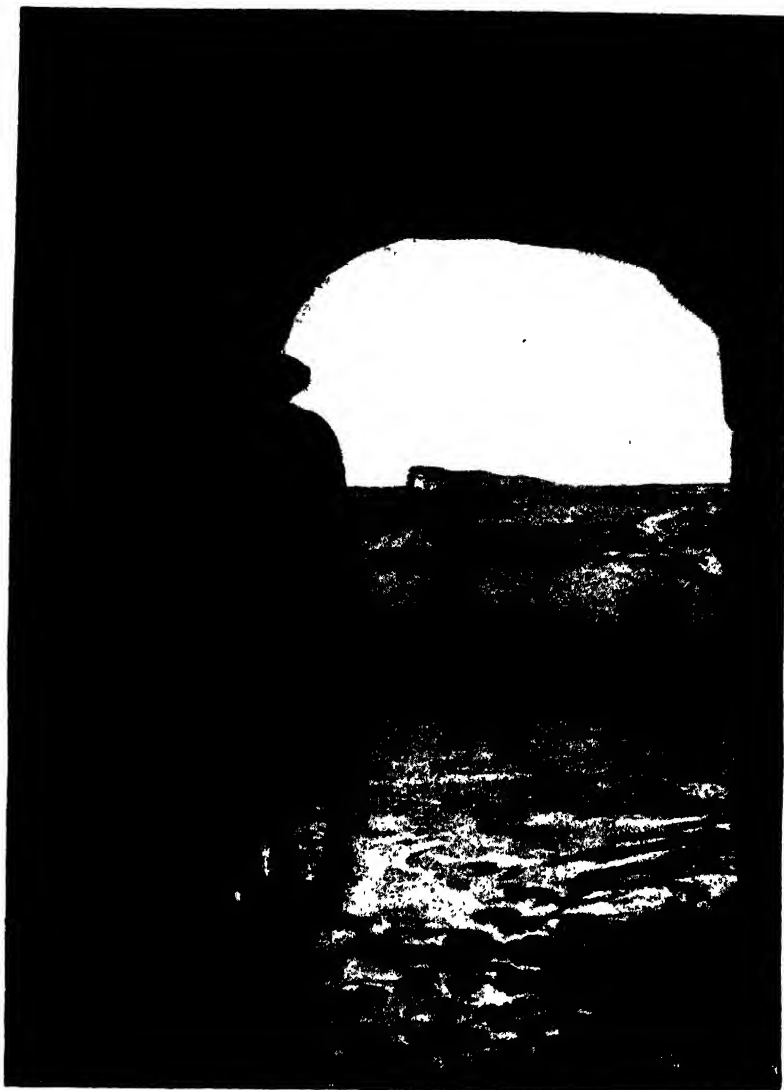
From J. M. Synge
(Constable).

J. M. SYNGE

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

Utopia, "the Parliament of Men, the Federation of the World."

But, while readers may differ as to the value of the political views which Mr. Whitman expresses, there can be but one opinion of "German Memories" considered in the dual light of a study of a people and of a volume of reminiscences: in both these respects the book is entirely admirable, at once genuinely instructive and unfailingly entertaining. Undoubtedly, Count Herbert Bismarck showed real prescience when he said to the author: "What can a man like you have to do with business? You ought to take up political journalism; that would be a far more congenial occupation for you." Indeed it was the Count's recommendation of his friend to Gordon Bennett that started Mr. Whitman on his career as special correspondent. It is fitting, therefore, that apart from the exceedingly interesting record of the author's Spartan schooldays at Dresden—the most arresting feature of these "Memories" should be those which tell of the great founder of German unity. Mr. Whitman has a boundless admiration for Gustav von Moser, the German officer who wrote "Der Bibliothekar," the original of "The Private Secretary," and he reveals the interesting fact that he offered the play to Sir Charles Wyndham, who in rejecting it made one of the admitted great mistakes of his career. But it is the picture of Bismarck which will lend enduring value to these "German Memories." We see the man of blood and iron in a new light, as one fond of meeting cultured Englishmen, as one wishful for an *entente* between England and Germany, as a host exquisitely polite and courteous to ladies, as a devoted admirer of Zola's later novels. For the rest Mr. Whitman tells an admirable anecdote about Lord Rosebery, and he relates a story connected with a visit which the old Emperor William made to Gastein, which is certainly calculated to make staid Englishmen and women stare, a story quite Pepysian, in fact.



From *Life in the West of Ireland*
(Mauvel)

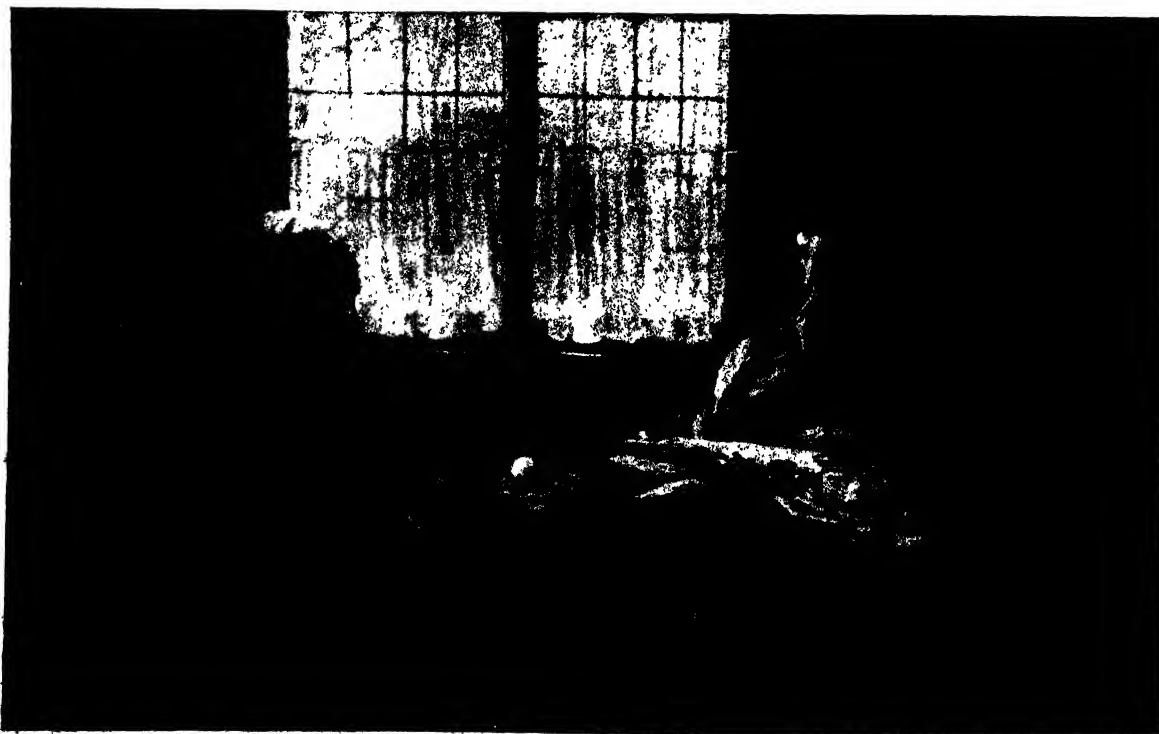
DOWNPATRICK HEAD.

POEMS OLD AND NEW.

By HENRY NEWBOLT. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

We have just received this handsome collected edition including those stirring lyrics of the sea and the rest of the

early verse that made Mr. Newbolt famous, the work from his recent books, and eight or ten new poems. It is one of the most desirable of gift-books and something more—and because it is something more we reserve it for further and fuller consideration next month.



From *The Art of Josef Israels*
(Allen).

IDEALE LANDSCHAFT.

Von JOSEPH GRAMM. In 2 Vols. With 135 Illustrations. 36s. (B. Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau and London.)

German art criticism is noted for its conscientiousness, a quality which is to the fore in Herr Gramm's fine volumes. At the same time, the work is by no means lacking in those lighter qualities which conduce to easiness of reading, and no art student conversant with the German language should neglect an opportunity of studying a work which we believe to be one of much value. The illustrations, which are finely produced, are embodied in a separate volume.

THE BOOK OF HIGHLAND VERSE.

Edited by Dr. MITCHELL. 4s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Gardner)

We do not judge men by their weight, otherwise Daniel Lambert would come out far in front of John Keats or Alexander Pope or Algernon Swinburne. And so it is with verse. Some men have written single poems which are more to us than all the portly volumes of Southey or Rogers or even of Byron. Indeed, few poets have published good volumes; the best of most of them would go into the compass of a pamphlet. So that it always will be necessary to rescue rare gems from commonplace volumes and from the magazines and newspapers. There has been no rescue work of this kind amongst the verse of the Highlands since the publication of "Lyra Celtica" by William Sharp. Excellent as it was, Sharp's book did not succeed, probably because it cast its net too wide. It included Kelts from every country, and, therefore, lacked the local interest and the literary individuality which so strongly distinguishes Dr. Mitchell's Book of Highland Verse. Mr Sharp mixed all the types together. The present book will enable us to realise that amongst Highlanders there is a literary impulse, and that it differs in many respects from any we have yet known. As one would expect in a people so intensely conservative in matters of sentiment, the book is wonderfully unanimous. All the writers are full of the sense of the injustice done to their race, with regret for the passing of the old times when the clansman regarded himself as sib to the chief, and the difference of rank did not exist, and the land was held as a possession of the whole clan and not of



From King Charles I.
(Long).

KING CHARLES I.
From the portrait in Middle Temple Hall.
By permission of the Treasurer and Masters
of the Bench.



From Ideale Landschaft
(B. Herder).

CORREGGIO: ENTFÜHRUNG
DES GANYMED.
Wien, Hofmuseum. Photo: J. Lowy

the individual. The book is full also of the present day romance of the Highlands, and that not less moving than the old ones. The desire of all the bards is to see the glens re-peopled with the descendants of the same old clans, and to hear them echoing with the songs with which the Highlander accompanied even the humblest of his daily tasks. And, of course, in the van figures the revival of the Gaelic tongue as the speech of the Highland people. Nowhere else, save in Sharp's book, can we find the same note, the Highland flavour which is neither quite like the Welsh nor the Irish; for the Highlands, and that is the point of literary interest, are preserving their own type. Less satisfactory is the translation section in which are included some rather feeble attempts by Patison and Blackie, far inferior to the work of the later men like Dr. Carmichael, and better forgotten. Amongst the work of living writers there are poems that should find a permanent place in the anthologies like Mr. Gow's excellent "Waking Year," Mr. Neil Munro's "Heather," Mr. Kappey's "Arran," and such work by other writers as "Shon Campbell," the charming description of the Fairies in the "Wee Folk," and the Duke of Argyll's whole-hearted and patriotic lines, ending—

"Keep the knees still free for climbing
Or where Reels swift dances flow;
Keep the heart still strong for rhyming
Where the Bards old legends know,
Make your Highland kinsfolk own
You are Highland blood and bone."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From The Pied Piper of Hamelin
(Dent).

"AND LICKED THE SOUP FROM
THE COOK'S OWN LADLES"

MARGARET ETHEL MACDONALD.

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, 3s. 6d.
net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Criticism is not permitted when such a book as this is presented. What can we say when our acquaintances show us the photographs of deceased relatives? The late Mrs. MacDonald had a wide and extensive circle of friends, and they will value this book. For them it was written, we take it. Those outside the circle who read this record of a life spent largely in the service of the public, can only pay grave respect to the memory of a lady whose good works were so numerous, and regret her early death. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald tells of his wife in his own way, quite simply, and without any attempt at a full biography. We learn of Miss Gladstone's youth, her religious feelings, and social activities. There are many quotations from early diaries. To her husband, Mrs. MacDonald's life has its full beginning in her marriage and acceptance of Socialism.

"Her life was one act of Christian worship," he writes, "which grew into a final grandeur only after she had left the paths of individualist religion and stood upon those of the great atonement of humanity through Socialism."

Brought up an evangelical, we make this out to mean that Mrs. MacDonald left off going to church, especially in the light of the following paragraph:

"As I have said, she was not at home in an ordinary congregation. It distracted her. It was not a spiritual union of believers. She worshipped, when that act

was specialized from her every thought and deed, with her own family at her own fireside."

Only at Lossiemouth, her husband's native place, was Mrs. MacDonald happy at public worship. "The simple Presbyterian services unsullied by gaudy display and conscious effort soothed her and led her in spirit far along the road of her pilgrimage." The congregation at Lossiemouth "pleased her."

In May, 1895, Mr. MacDonald, then a Labour Candidate for Southampton, received his first letter from the lady he married. It came to him "from an unknown person signed 'M. E. Gladstone,' enclosing a subscription for my election fund." A fortnight later and they were both present at a debate on Socialism at the Pioneer Club. The following year came the engagement, and, in November, marriage. "The term of endearment she used most frequently was 'my dearest sir.' In her most sacred feelings there was always a strange reticence begotten of a sense of the holiness of life," Mr. MacDonald tells us.

Marriage and motherhood did not hinder Mrs. MacDonald from sharing her husband's political interests. Their home "became a workshop of social plan and effort," and "Socialism was the idea which inspired and guided her." "A Blue Book was second in rank of sacredness only to the Gospels." It is inferred that Mrs. MacDonald was thoroughly happy in her strenuous life. "In investigation, on labour committees, in politics, in temperance, in social purity, in trade unionism, she found herself." Travel and walks in Buckinghamshire are the recreations allowed.



From The Gondoliers
(Bell).

END OF ACT I.—GIRLS WAVE
FAREWELL TO MEN.

The book is obviously a labour of love, a tribute to a very earnest and high-minded woman, a token of regard for a faithful wife. As such it will be acceptable to many who enjoyed Mrs. MacDonald's companionship. J.C.

THE POCKET GEORGE BORROW.

Compiled by EDWARD THOMAS. 2s. net. (Chatto and Windus).

The other day we were reviewing Mr. Edward Thomas's admirable "Life of George Borrow," and close on the heels of that book comes this charming pocket anthology of passages chosen from Borrow's works. Borrow does not lend himself readily to this treatment—he is not, as Mr. Thomas remarks, a pithy writer, "nor is he best when sententious." Nevertheless, here is an interesting and very delightful collection of many of the finest, wisest and happiest things that Borrow said—all of them with what a breath and healthful vigor of life in the open blowing through them! You remember that glorious passage: "What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him," and Petulengro's reply:

"When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think there is an end of a man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things, sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things,



From The Loves of Great
Composers
(Harlap).

MOZART AND THE EMPEROR.



From The Children's Garden
(Heinemann).

THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

there's likewise the wind on the heath. . . ."

And the rest of it. That is one of the most curiously haunting passages in Borrow, but there is many another as good in different ways, and Mr. Thomas has missed none of the best. His book is an ideal volume for the pocket of the wayfarer.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.

Tennyson, By AARON WATSON. The Church of England, By the REV. CANON MASTERMAN. The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches, By the REV. EDWARD SHILLITO. Navigation, By WILLIAM HALL, R.N. Marriage and Motherhood: A Wife's Handbook, By H. S. DAVIDSON. The Baby: A Mother's Book by a Mother. Hypnotism and Self-Education. Weather Science, By R. G. K. LEMPERT. Structure of the Earth, By PROFESSOR T. G. BONNEY, F.R.S. The Training of the Child, By G. SPILLER. Co-operation, By JOSEPH CLAYTON. A History of English Literature, By A. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.A., LL.D. 6s. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack).

The twelve new volumes in this admirable and successful series cover a wide variety of subjects, and each is lucidly and concisely written and compresses within its small compass an amazing amount of information. Mr. Aaron Watson's biography of Tennyson is an interesting and thoroughly capable piece of work; Mr. Compton Rickett's is the best tabloid History of English Literature we have ever read; Mr. Joseph Clayton is suggestive and informing on "Co-operation"; the volumes on Marriage, Motherhood, The Baby and The Child are quite ideal handbooks in their way—in a word, we have nothing but praise for these latest developments of Messrs. Jack's notable enterprise.



A page from *Poems of Passion*
(Siegle, Hill).

FINE BOOKS.

By ALFRED W. POLLARD. With 40 Plates. 25s. net. (Methuen.)

The latest volume of Messrs. Methuen's "Connoisseur's Library" is decidedly one of the most interesting. Really good printing, whether of text or of illustrations, is—or, at any rate used to be—an art of no mean order, and in "Fine Books" Mr. Pollard gives a history and a criticism of the beautiful books of the past four hundred years. He is modest enough about his achievement: "While the desired completeness has not been attained (for the writer had intended to make a complete survey of book-illustration, but found such a task impossible) the ground here covered is still very wide, and for the book as a whole no more can be claimed than that it is a compilation from the best sources . . . controlled by some personal knowledge, the amount of which naturally varies very much from chapter to chapter." Nevertheless, in the scope of one volume Mr. Pollard gives us a vast amount of information upon a subject to which but too little attention has been paid. The illustrations are exceedingly interesting and they are well reproduced. Every lover of beautiful books should study Mr. Pollard's work.

SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

By ANDREW LANG. Illustrated. 9s. net. (Longmans.)

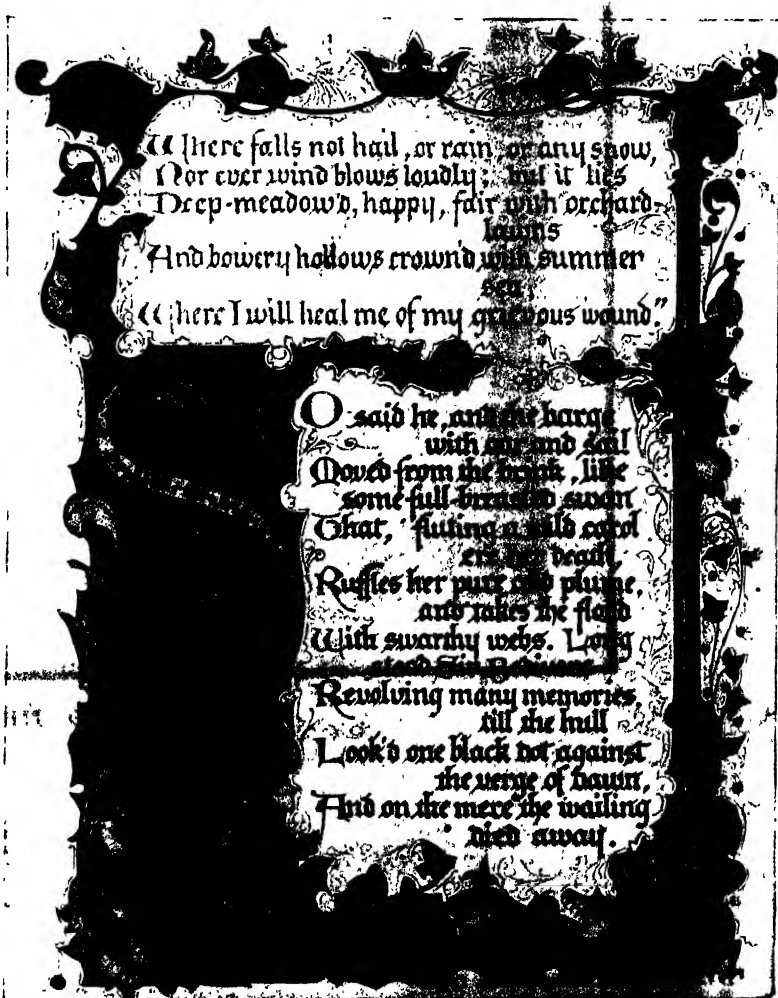
It was a reading of Mr. Greenwood's, "Shakespeare Problem Restated," that tempted Mr. Andrew Lang to enter the lists and take part in the great Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. He says he found Mr. Greenwood "worth

fighting," and in this goodly volume he fights him with all the lightness and cunning of fence in which he was a past master. It is hardly necessary to say that Andrew Lang was of the true faith; he marshals all the arguments that have been advanced by the Baconians, and blithely knocks the bottom out of them one after another, and shows the fatuity and solemn nonsense of all these ridiculous theories against the simple fact that Shakespeare and none other was the author of his own plays, and that a mere study of Bacon's biography must suggest to the mind of any reasonable person that supposing his partisans to be in the right, "his poetic supremacy and imaginative fertility border on the miraculous when we consider his occupations and his ruling passion." As for the plays having been written by another man of the name of Shakespeare—he dismisses this "fantastic pedantry" with amused contempt and says if he has sometimes spelt the name Shakespeare and sometimes Shakspeare "by any spelling of the name I always mean the undivided personality of 'him who sleeps by Avon.'" Surely, delightfully shrewd, witty and sagacious inquiry shows the last word on a topic that is not worth any more serious discussion. One feels that Andrew Lang enjoyed writing it, and he has made much suggestive and most enjoyable reading of it.

THE EMPIRES OF THE FAR EAST.

By LANCELOT LAWTON. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Grant Richards.)

The Japanese have a naïve way of telling foreigners who visit their land: "Pray do not trouble to mention any virtues you may find in us, but do frankly point out our faults." If such requests are sincerely meant, the Nipponese will find it hard sufficiently to thank Mr. Lancelot Lawton, who devotes a goodly portion of his 1,600-page book, "Empires of the Far East," to detailing the foibles and shortcomings of the Japanese, and in doing so does



A page (reduced) from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*
(Chatto & Windus).

not permit a single phase of their life to go uncensured. His sledge-hammer, journalistic style, relieved here and there by a touch of grim humour, is admirably fitted for his purpose, which is to prove to the wide world that the Oriental ally of Great Britain is not fit to be set on a pedestal to be worshipped for its military and naval achievements, and its advancement in social and political matters, but ought to be regarded as "still essentially barbaric," deserving to be despised for its moral delinquencies. These discoveries were made by the author during his sojourn in the far East as War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and on a subsequent visit or two, in the course of which he once had somewhat rough treatment at the hands of Japanese rowdies, and a rather cool reception from Japanese Government officials. He saw so many wicked things going on in the Daybreak Kingdom that he seriously set himself to the task of exposing the frailties of the Nipponese character in the plainest terms, of which the English language is capable. According to him, the Japanese are "without moral conception." He says that "at least among the lower classes of womanhood there is little, if any, conception of morality in its specific application," and that "given opportunity the daughters of the higher castes are not as strict in their conduct as were their mothers whose lives were jealously regulated by the rigidity of the feudal régime." He believes "that the present social system, which has remained practically untouched by Western influences, is defective inasmuch as it conduces to, if it does not actually promote the worst forms of immorality." The Government, be it remembered, according to this author, is no better than the people, but, indeed, "lends its aid and authority to negotiations that, plainly put, enable parents to thrive on the ruin of their own children." As a necessary corollary to all this, Mr. Lawton emphatically declares "that a people who are not ashamed of the existence of concubinage in their midst, who reduce their women to the level of slaves, and who in certain instances barter the virtue of their daughters for a few pieces of silver, are unsuited from the standpoint of morality alone to assimilate with the peoples of Europe and America." He avers that the Japanese, while abroad, do not scruple to resort to underhanded devices to become affianced to Occidental women; but, on the eve of their return home, either forsake their foreign wives and progeny or take them to Japan to live on a poor income and to occupy an anomalous position in society. Such unions, he finds, are unhappy. He does not half so much mind Europeans marrying Jap women; but a white female tied down to a yellow man is too dreadful a thing for him to contemplate. The Nipponese, according to the author, are just as deficient in their commercial honesty as they are in moral virtues. As to



From *Fine Books*
(Methuen).

Engraving of Christ in a mandorla from Bettini's *Monte Santo di Dio*. Florence, Nicolaus Laurentii, 1477. (Reduced).

newspapers in Japan, we learn that "a large section of the Japanese Press . . . is certainly unfit for the perusal of any decent-minded individual," that "some newspapers even go to the length of organising a regular system of espionage in connection with the movements of public men," and even prominent foreigners; that "not a few of the lower organs of publicity resort to blackmail"; that "the law of libel is to all intents and purposes a dead letter"; and that "it is next to impossible to obtain from the columns of Japanese newspapers any real indication of public opinion in connection with foreign affairs." The Nipponese Government, Mr. Lawton tells us, views the world through glasses which hide everything but its own selfish interests. Its conduct in respect of the "open door" in Manchuria has been most perfidious, and English commercial interests in that part of the Far East suffer more now than they did during the Russian régime. Its conduct in Korea has been atrocious. To be sure, he acknowledges, it has built railways and roads, telegraphs and telephones, and other signs of material progress in Formosa, but, he points out, it is unable to advance its charges along moral lines, the Japanese themselves being too deficient in that respect to be able to help others.

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Mr. Lawton wishes us to remember that those Western nations—Americans, Canadians, and Australians, for instance—who have come in contact with large numbers of Nipponese, entertain such a poor opinion of them that they will have none of their cheap labourer-immigrants—a matter which is giving birth to vexatious problems, which may lead Americans, Canadians, and Australians into war with the Oriental Isle, in which eventuality Britain's position obviously will be embarrassing. Mr. Lawton believes that



From *The Field-Flowers' Lore* THE MORNING STAR.
(Elkin Mathews).

such a contingency will be likely to lead Great Britain, America, and Russia into one another's arms in order to teach manners to the Eastern upstart.

Curious to say, the author displays a high regard for the Chinese, whose character he admires in general, but about whose governmental innovations he wisely does not set himself up as an omniscient prophet. He also has unbounded praise for Russia, which he considers to be a great Asiatic power, destined to become still greater, and designed by Providence to carry Occidental culture to the barbarians of the East.

S. N. S.

PORCHES AND FONTS.

By J. CHARLES WALL. 10s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

The author says that many people would regard the subjects which furnish the title of this book as two separate entities; but his purpose is to insist that the objects are related to one another, and both are doors; the porch, the approach to the material fabric; the font, the entrance into the spiritual life of the Church. He has given us, therefore, a book about the Gates of the Church, and a book upon such a theme should be beautiful. We venture to think it is marred if a tone of acrimony be adopted; and if an author scolds too

much he may limit the appeal of his book. In this case it would be a pity, for though the author is primarily concerned with liturgical observance, yet in writing a history of the fonts and porches of the English countryside he has become enrolled among those faithful servants of Art and of History to whose labours we owe a debt of gratitude inadequately and too seldom acknowledged. They care for the monuments of olden days, and rescue the relics of the past from decay and degradation. The illustrations of the book are charming, representative examples being brought together of beautiful old fonts and the porches still existing in our parish churches.

THE LOVES OF GREAT COMPOSERS.

By GUSTAV KOBBE. With 8 Illustrations in Colour.
5s. net. (Harrap.)

Mr. Kobbé's composers include Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner; and to the principal love affair of each he devotes a pleasing chapter, for the materials of which he has had recourse to the best authorities. The author has a special knowledge of musical subjects, and a pleasant style, which appears to particular advantage in the present volume. Pleasantly produced and very prettily illustrated, it should be in much demand as a Christmas gift.



From *Shakespeare, Bacon, and
the Great Unknown*
(Longmans).

SHAKESPEARE
MEMORIAL.

A SHORT CRITICAL HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

By H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM. 10s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

It is possible that enthusiasts, in the evolution of Art (for instance), may consider Mr. Heathcote Statham has a somewhat breezy way of dealing with a good many theories. If he sets out to deny that the Doric style was derived from an original wooden construction he will make nothing even of the rock cut tombs of Lycia, but says, "The wooden origin



From A Short Critical History
of Architecture
(Batsford).

SANCTUARY AND SOUTH-EAST
EXEDRA, HAGIA SOPHIA, FROM
THE NORTH AISLE.

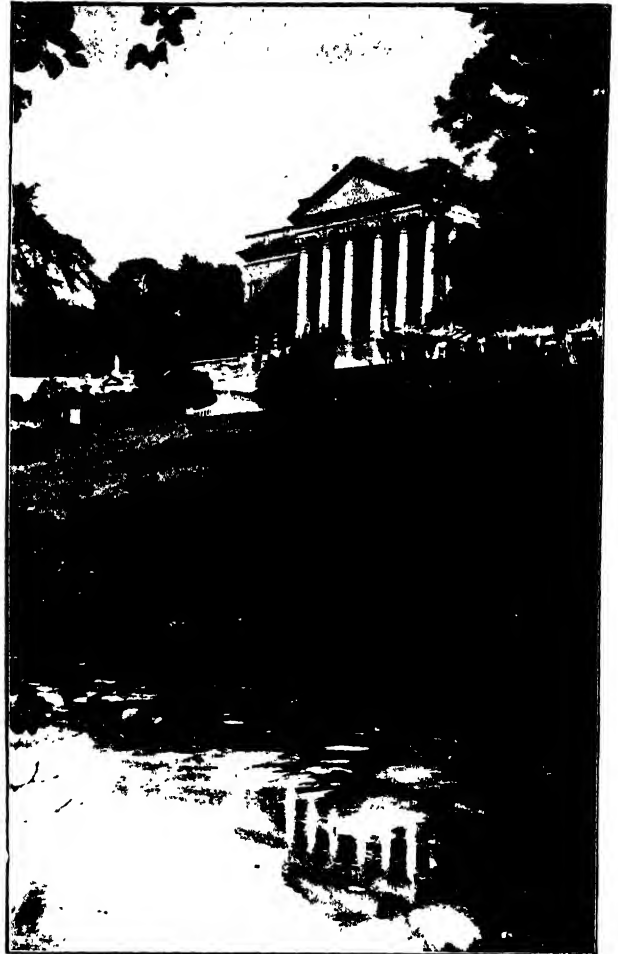
From a drawing by Mr. A. E. Henderson.

of the Doric entablature is only a conjecture with no real evidence to support it"; and disposes of the theory. But we think an appreciative public probably awaits Mr. Heathcote Statham and one unlikely to be captious. Perhaps it is due to the University extension movement that we find so many people nowadays devoting leisure to a pleasant interest in the history of Art. At all events among educated persons there is a growing interest in Architecture, and we can foretell a good reception for the book. That it is a good book goes without telling, indeed, for it is written by a master who yet does not disdain to take pains to be very clear and very simple. Even the chronological appendices with which the book is furnished have been contrived to aid the memory, and they will be eagerly consulted by students who will all be grateful for them.

GREAT BUILDINGS AND HOW TO ENJOY THEM: BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

By EDITH A. BROWNE. (Adam & Charles Black.)

The idea of this series is excellent. The glossary of architectural terms is illustrated, and the volume contains



From At Prior Park
(Chatto & Windus)

PRIOR PARK: GARDEN FRONT
(from a photograph).

Reviewed by Francis Bickley in this Number of THE BOOKMAN.

an album of photographs. All this makes for clearness and is precisely what the amateur needs. But there is some falling off in the text, where with an affectation of simplicity rather too elaborate, the author says she is about to explain things, and gives an explanation that is at times hardly satisfactory. It would be very difficult to understand from this text what the "pendentives" were and how the dome was constructed.

Photographs of Byzantine architecture are necessarily beautiful. One of the Golden Gate has a note appended of particular interest at the present time. The Turks have blocked it up for precautionary reasons; there is a tradition that through this gate a Christian conqueror of Turkey will some day enter Constantinople.

POEMS OF PASSION.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Inscribed and Illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. net and 7s. 6d. net. (Siegle, Hill.)

Miss Wilcox is one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of the world's living poets, and new editions of her favourite works follow one another with almost bewildering rapidity.

Among these books, however, Messrs. Siegle, Hill's two renderings of "Poems of Pleasure" and "Poems of Passion" must take a very high place. These two editions are printed in a beautiful script, specially designed for them by Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe, and compelling the use of a liberal amount of colour. The "Poems of Pleasure" and "Poems of Passion" contain some of the best and most poignantly human of Mrs. Wilcox's verses. Nobody can possibly desire anything more dainty or more artistic than these beautiful volumes.

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TWELVE MOONS.

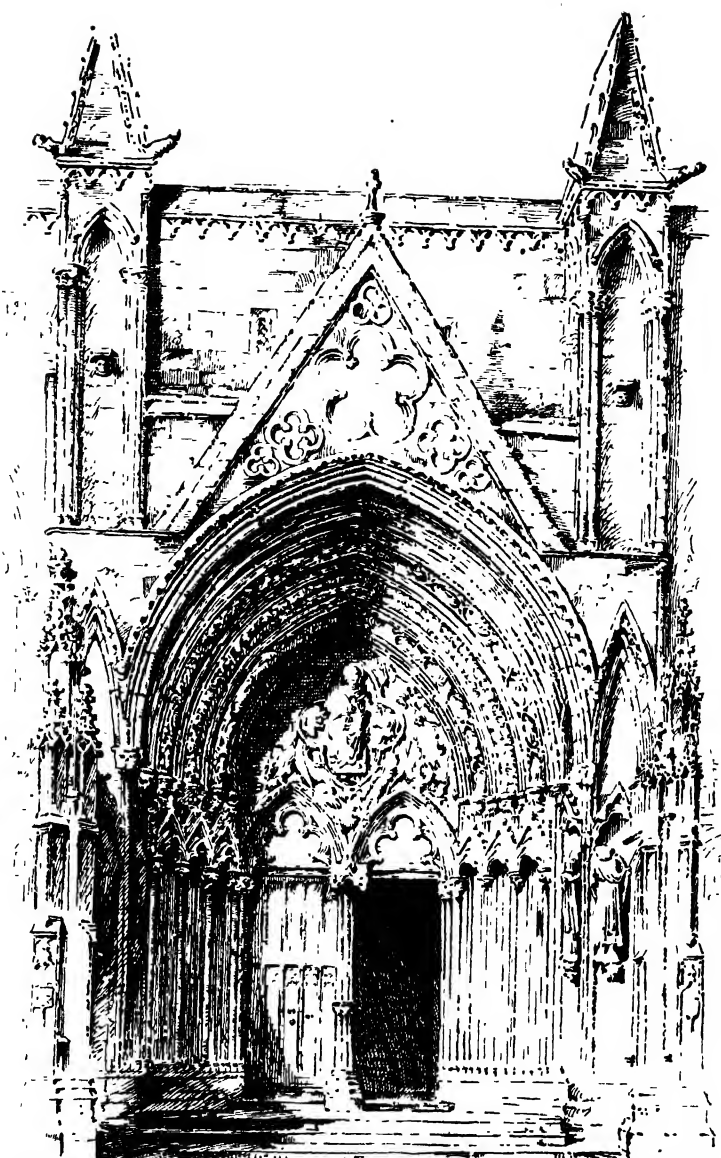
By FRANCES A. BARDSWELL. Frontispiece in Colour
by Isabelle Forrest. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

In twelve thoughtful and very gracefully written little essays Miss Bardswell describes the varied pageantry of the passing year. She takes you through the months, from January to December, picturing with light, deft touches and a sure knowledge of the natural life of the fields, the woods, the hedgerow, the characteristic beauty of each of them. The snows and frosts of the white winter, the singing ecstasies of spring, the glories of the summer, and the lovely sadness of autumn, she sketches them each in turn, and the nice gradations of each with a sensitive feeling for the wonder of them all and a delicate art in the fashioning of her phrases. Above all she is a lover of the flowers, and something of their loveliness and their fragrance seems to enter into her words when she writes of them. Those who have read Miss Bardswell's delightful books about gardens and gardening will know how closely she has studied the little people of the garden, and will need no better recommendation of this pleasant new book of hers than the sight of her name on its title page.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF BABYHOOD.

Edited by MURIEL NELSON D'AUVERGNE. Illustrated
with Drawings by T. J. and E. A. Overnell. 3s. 6d. net.
(Hutchinson.)

A very charming little book is this, very daintily produced. Mrs. d'Auvergne has cast a wide net through the centuries and gathered in a delightful and representative selection of the finest, loveliest things that have been said and sung about children from the days of Robert Greene, whose "Weep not, my wanton," must needs have its place in every such anthology, down to our own time, strictly limiting her choice to prose extracts and poems applicable to babies of not more than four years old. Shakespeare, Vaughan, Wither, Crashaw, Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge.



From Porches and Fonts
(Wells Gardner).

SOUTH-EAST PORCH, LINCOLN
CATHEDRAL



Frontispiece to Twelve Moons
(Elkin Mathews).

Scott, Tennyson, Swinburne, and many another of the past are laid under contribution, and among living authors represented are Edmund Gosse, Watts-Dunton, G. K. Chesterton, Mrs. Meynell, E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, Coulson Kernahan, Katharine Tynan, Mrs. Sigerson Shorter, Ford Madox Hueffer, J. M. Barrie; and one must add a word of special praise for the eight or nine graceful and fanciful original poems and translations by the editor herself. It is not a book for children, but for the lover of children, and to all such it will prove an attractive and wholly acceptable Christmas gift.

JEWISH LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Translated by Claud Field. 2s. 6d. (Robert Scott.)

The short stories comprising this volume are narrated in a concise and interesting manner. Though the book consists of Jewish legends, it should be of interest to Gentile readers, as affording some insight into Jewish character. Some of the principal traits here depicted are superstition, as illustrated by the story of the bridegroom, fortitude, as displayed by the prisoner of the inquisition, and the Jews at the Massacre of Prague, and faith in God, as shown by the "poor but honest and pious Jew" in the story of "The Ape and the Gold Pieces." Very few Jewish expressions are used, and these are explained. The book is suitable for children, but its circulation should by no means be limited to them, and it should prove an acceptable Christmas gift. Each story enfolds a moral. The words spoken to the avaricious Mohel in the story of the "Kamzan" may perhaps be quoted here: "If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us."

and then the man is not himself master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein." The volume is quaintly and plentifully illustrated by Miss May Mulliner.

**RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S
SKETCHES.**

With Introductions by Henry Blackburn and Harold Armitage. 3s. 6d net. (Sampson Low.)

Randolph Caldecott, says Mr. Harold Armitage, "is no more likely to be forgotten than Keene or Cruikshank. . . . It will be noticed that though his drawing is not so exiguous as that of a later artist, Phil May, yet he had the power to attain his ends without tiresome over-elaboration and without needless multiplicity of lines. For more than twenty years these sketches have amused our fathers, some of our grandfathers, and our own generation, and there can be no doubt now that amongst our children they will make many new friends for Randolph Caldecott." We very cordially agree with Mr. Armitage's opinion, and we welcome—having no doubt that the public will do the same—this new edition of a charming little book first published in 1889. As a combination of art and humour it is irresistible.

**MARCANTONIO AND ITALIAN
ENGRAVERS AND ETCHERS OF
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.**

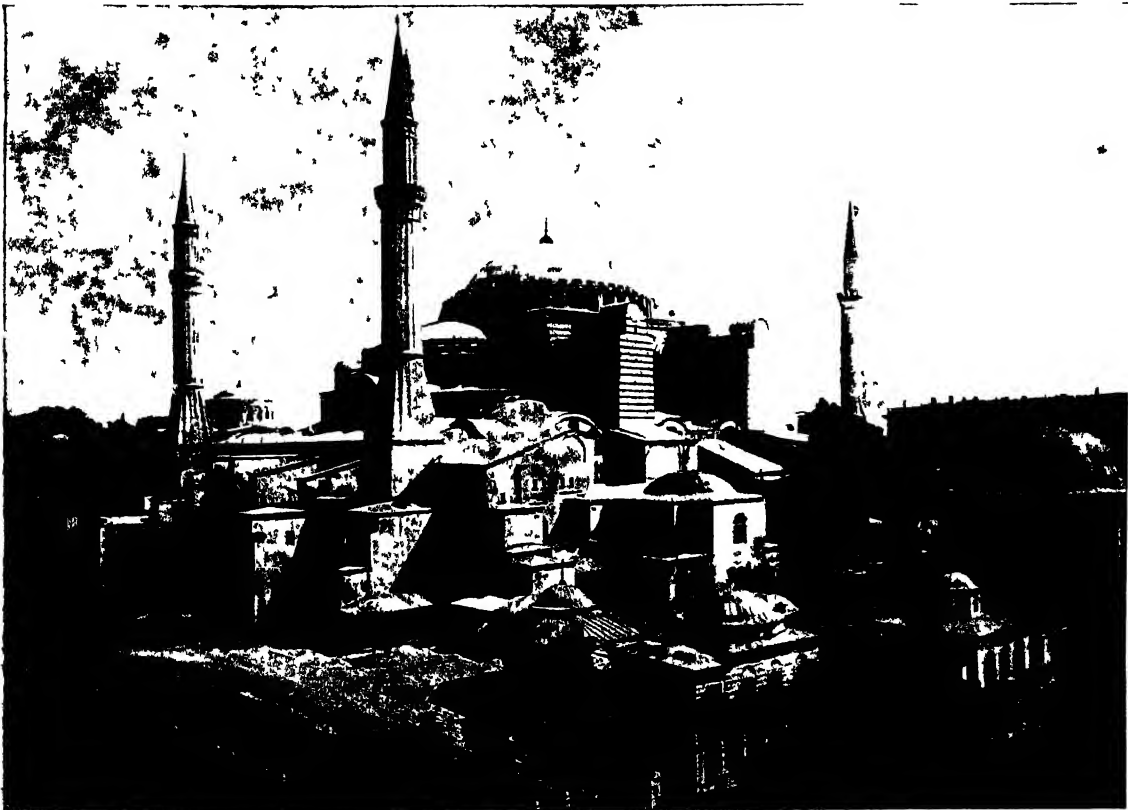
Edited by Arthur M Hind. 2s. 6d net (Heinemann)

There is none of the cheaper series of art-books which appeals to the connoisseur more deservedly than the Great Engravers series, to which a volume of Marcantonio's work has now been added. Marcantonio is by no means one of the most popular of engravers; many art-lovers to whom Durer and Hogarth are enthusiasms remain cold in the presence of the work of the Italian



*From Byzantine Churches in
Constantinople
(Macmillan).*

S. ANDREW IN KRISEI, EAST END.
From a photograph by A. E. Henderson, Esq.



*From Early Christian and Byzantine Architecture
(Blach).*

STA. SOPHIA: EXTERIOR, CONSTANTINOPLE.
Sébah ana Joaillier.

master. Still, he was a master—the greatest master of engraving in Renaissance Italy. Brought under the influence of Raphael in Rome, he worked largely from Raphael's designs. Not that he generally reproduced Raphael's finished work, but that 'he must somehow have obtained many of the master's preparatory studies and elaborated them with a setting of his own invention.' It is his virtues as a craftsman rather than as an original genius that interest us most to-day. Besides Marcantonio, several other line-engravers working largely under his influence are represented here. There are also four of the

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Life in the West of Ireland*.
(Maurseth).

THE JUNE FAIR.

etchings of the charming painter-etcher, Parmigiano, and Meddolla's etching, "Moses and the Burning Bush." Publisher and editor alike are to be congratulated on the progress of this beautiful and reasonably-priced series.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

"Studies and Appreciations." By DARRELL FIGGIS.
5s. net. (Dent.)

The notable thing about Mr. Figgis's essays is that they are purely critical. Their subject is not a poet but his poetry, not a dramatist but his plays. They do not deal in gossip, however entertaining. In consequence, though for this reason they are always stimulating, they seem sometimes limited and sometimes perverse. Mr. Figgis perceives this objection, and meets it in his introductory "After Thoughts." Many of the essays were occasional, centenary notices and the like, done within a limited space, having in mind some or other definite end that was to be served. It is, as he says, an unfortunate limitation of speech that a man can only say one thing at a time. It is also the case that he does not always select the one thing to say which on ampler consideration would seem to him most worth saying. There is nothing perverse in this, but only enthusiasm in the pursuit of the moment. And it is this enthusiasm that gives these essays their vitality, and also, be it added, their air of great confidence. We do not expect diffidence in a volume dedicated to Mr. Chesterton.

The essay on Browning is typical. Written as a centenary paper, it does not attempt to sum up the poet's "message." Mr. Figgis, one fancies, would not shrink from the word, or from the elucidation of the thing it stands for, did they happen to attract him. But what does interest him, and was certain to interest him most, is not Browning's message, but his method of delivering himself of it. And this not because he separates the two and selects one as

being more essential. His pronouncement on that point is as clear as it can be made, in the essay on Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetry. Mr. Yeats understands, he says, "that the peculiar thing he has to deliver has its own peculiar manner. More than this, it is not itself until it has found its own peculiar manner, for the matter and the manner are so indissolubly married in all Art that the matter becomes the manner, and the manner is the matter." This could not be better said, and the reader will understand what he is to expect in the essay—probably the best of the bunch—from which we have quoted. As with the younger poet, so with the elder; and Mr. Figgis sets himself to discover the peculiarity of the manner in which Browning found the predestined medium through and in which his "peculiar thing" became itself. Incidentally he was led to the quest by the consideration of the difficulties met with in reading Browning. The greatest of them was "having to enter into so many different characters with apparently so small a purpose." And this led the inquirer to realise that the poet



Frontispiece to *An Anthology of Babyhood*
(Hutchinson).

seemed ever to need some other personality whom he may fashion to sing for him. "He seems never to be able to get at grips with Reality till he is able to approach it in the guise of another's soul." Hence—passing over the associate question of how far Browning is and is not dramatic—his use of the dialogue which in time passed into his "peculiar manner" of monologue.

This endeavour to reach what is usually spoken of as the poet's or the artist's point of view by means of what we may call the set of his manner is apparent throughout this volume, and constitutes, as has been said, its vital interest. It is engaged on the work of J. M. Synge, Mr. William Watson, Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Robert Bridges, George Meredith, Samuel Butler, Dickens and Thackeray, as well as that of Mr. Yeats and Browning already referred to. Only in the case of Thackeray—"The failure of Thackeray" is the title of this essay—does the attempt to perceive the particular quality of the artistic effort seem prejudiced. With Mr. Figgis's recognition of Dickens's peculiar manner in the grotesque and fantastical as the medium of revelation and illumination one can heartily agree. It would be equally possible, surely, to find such a medium in Thackeray's prolixity and diffuseness—and, indeed, Mr. Chesterton has done so admirably. But this peculiar manner of Thackeray is fastened on here for condemnation, not for understanding. It is only this reversal of the customary process—followed in the Dickens paper, for example—that one can complain of, although, of course, this way of approaching Thackeray's pages inevitably prejudices the effect that emerges from between the lines in them. To say of Thackeray that "he cannot deny himself the impulsion to loveliness and beauty, but it suffuses him with blushes, and so he endeavours to turn it to burlesque," is good criticism, and Mr. Figgis's method elsewhere would have been directed by the wish to discover the quality of the artistic attempt resulting from that fact. To add, instead, "Had he only possessed the god-like faculty of absolute abandon, there is no telling what



From Jewish Legends of the
Middle Ages
(Robert Scott).

"HARK! A BIRD BEGAN TO
SING SO SWEETLY."



From Randolph Caldecott's Sketches
(Sampson Low).

WANDERING MINSTRELS.—
CHÂTEAUNEUF DU FAOU.

he might not have achieved" is to express the quite legitimate but entirely different wish that Thackeray had not been Thackeray.

In addition to the essays referred to there is one entitled "Falstaff's Nose." Here Mr. Figgis condemns, with one's hearty approval, Warburton's alteration of "being good kissing carrion" to "being a god kissing carrion." Then he passes on to the "for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen and a Table of green fields," of the first folio, and the emendation, generally and generously approved, "for his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and a babled of green fields." We cannot summarize the "accumulated argument," from Shakespeare's attendance at the Lord High Steward's Board, and his habit of heraldic speech, by which Mr. Figgis reaches the ingenious reading of a nose "as sharp as a pen on a table of green fields." Very ingenious it is, and only, or nearly, a "d" of difference. But we cannot help asking what Mr. Figgis would say did we suggest one more little change, and the reading "on a table of Green Cloth!"

D. S. M.

THE VOICE OF THE GARDEN.

Compiled by LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE
Bibli. With a Preface by GEORGE W. CABLE.
3s. 6d. net. (John Lane)

"Between garden and verse," writes Mr. George Cable in a charming preface to this very dainty anthology, "there is so close a kinship that the rules of art for either are adequate for the other. Poetic verse is the gardening of

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Marcantonio (Great Engravers series)
(Heinemann).

MARCANTONIO RAIMONDI. ST. CECILIA. B. 116.
After a study by Raphael for the picture in Bologna.

thought. Gardening is the versification of Nature's poetry." He goes on presently to tell us that the poems in this book might never have been gathered into one company "had not its collector been brought up in a garden, a story-teller's garden"—the story-teller being, of course, Mr. Cable himself, and the collector of these verses, his daughter. In the matter of choice, the volume covers a wide range; Mrs. Birkle has selected her flowers of poetry with a fine and delicate taste, and has arranged them admirably. Poets of the past and present, of England and America, are all placed under contribution, and from the delightful little opening poem of T. E. Brown's

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God!—in gardens—when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine"

to the closing passage in prose—Jago's musing of "Our bodies are our gardens"—there is nothing one is not glad to have included. We have seen other garden anthologies but none that has been so complete, certainly none that has given us more enjoyment than we have had from this. In its dainty and very artistically designed blue and gold cover this makes one of the best and best-looking of gift-books.

POEMS AND DRAMAS OF GEORGE CABOT LODGE.

2 vols. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

This handsome collected edition of the plays and poems of George Cabot Lodge should win a public among English readers for a poet who has for some years past enjoyed a considerable vogue in America. He died recently, in the full vigor of his powers, and in a sympathetic preface to these volumes ex-President Roosevelt bears testimony to the loftiness of his ideals and the beauty of his character, and says "of all the men with whom I have been intimately thrown, he was the man to whom I would apply the rare name of genius." Mr. Lodge's poems are thoughtful and scholarly; he had a graceful fancy, a strong imaginative gift, and no little dramatic power. A note of sadness runs through much of his verse; it has rare moments of poignant pathos, but its characteristic note is of reflection and description, such as make the first of his two verses on "Evening":

"The strangled breath
Of life and death
Falls to a lost complaint and dies,
And softer than sleep a tawny light
Furrows with fire the dawn of night
As the moon swells soft o'er the ocean's white
Like love through the desert centuries"

A MISCELLANY OF MEN.

By G. K. CHESTERTON 5s. (Methuen)

It is so easy to accuse Mr. Chesterton of freakishness, of too great a fondness for paradox, of delighting to stand on his head and all the while insisting that he is right side up and firmly planted on his feet. Of course he is given to those tricks; we all know that, and there is no use in denying it; but it is the merest folly to say those things about him as if they were all there was to be said. There is always a lesson of sound sense in his most fantastic sayings, his paradoxes are usually the result of a too meticulously logical way of thinking; and if he stands on his head



From Songs of Innocence

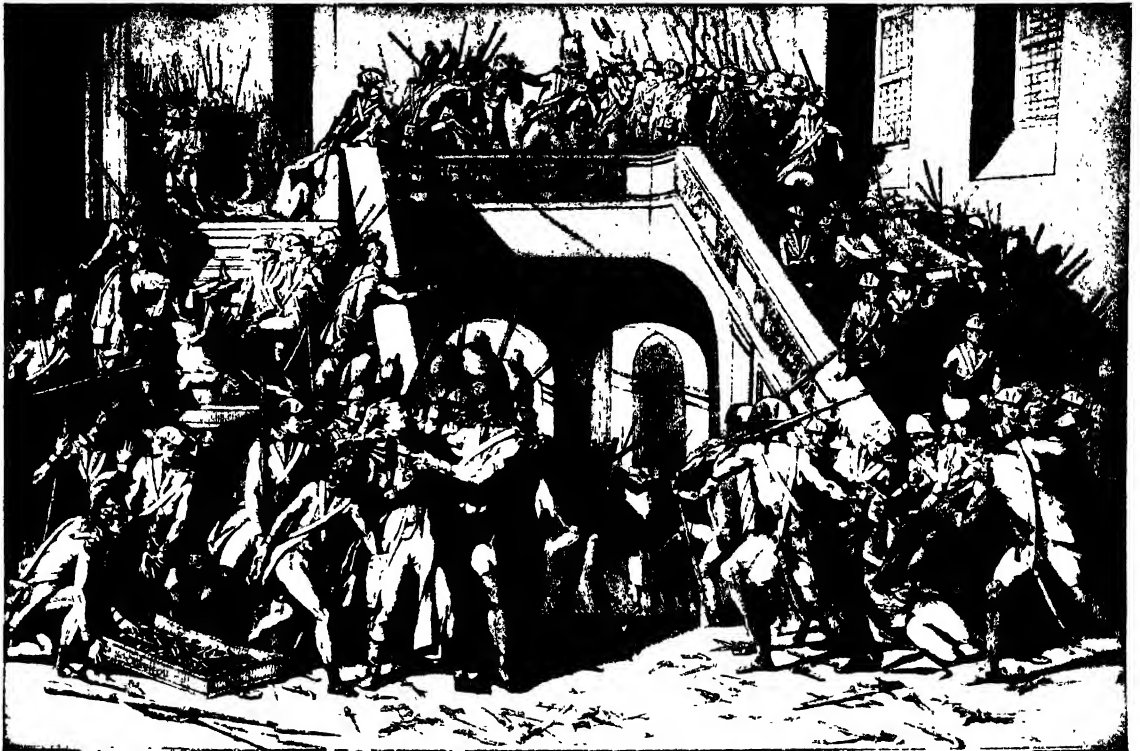
"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT"

he has a good reason for doing so—a symbolical meaning of some sort at the back of his burlesque behaviour, and when he turns over and brings his head up into its right position again, with a serious, wonderfully illuminating word or two he will justify what had seemed his folly and give it a depth of meaning that dignifies and at times almost sanctifies it.

If you have read "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" or "Manalive" you will not dispute this with me. Nobody, not even his warmest admirer, would insist that Mr. Chesterton

is always at his best, or even that he is not sometimes quite far away from it; but what then? His inspiration comes and goes like the tides and the seasons, occasionally, but not often, he sings without his singing robes; but he never writes anything that is not worth reading—never anything that is not redeemed by some touch of brilliancy in thought or expression, and for the most part he gives us some of the most sententious, fanciful, imaginative prose that is nowadays being written.

He writes too much; nearly everybody does in these days; but the surprising thing is that he turns out essays week after week all the year through, and, though their merit varies, their general level is surprisingly high and their freshness is unfailing. "A Miscellany of Men" contains a selection of some three dozen essays, mainly chosen from amongst those that Mr. Chesterton has been contributing weekly to the *Daily News* for—how many years past is it? They are all more or less written in those moods of easy and robust gaiety, of alternating fantasy and high seriousness, that we have come to recognize as characteristic of him. He has the secret of saying the wisest things with a burst of laughter;



From Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution
(Putnam's).

AN EXAGGERATED REPRESENTATION OF WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE TUILERIES ON THE "DAY OF DAGGERS," FEBRUARY 28, 1791.

his sense of the ridiculous is too keen ever to allow him to degenerate into pomposity; he looks out over all life with unobtrusive sympathy, and says the truest, deepest things about it in the good language of common speech.

"Whenever you hear much," he writes here in "The Mystagogue," "of things being unutterable and undefinable, and impalpable and unreasonable, and subtly indescribable, then elevate your aristocratic nose towards heaven and snuff up the smell of decay. It is perfectly true that there is something in all good things that is beyond all speech or figure of speech. But it is also true that there is in all good things a perpetual desire for expression and concrete embodiment; and though the attempt to embody it is always inadequate, the attempt is always made. If the



From Sensations of Paris

THE SEINE BANKS, WITH NOTRE DAME IN THE DISTANCE, AND ANGLERS.

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Idea does not seek to be the word, the chances are that it is an evil idea. If the word is not made flesh it is a bad word." And from this beginning he passes to a shrewd criticism of the Cubists and Post Impressionists who "do not attempt to translate beauty into language ; they merely tell you it is untranslatable—that is, unutterable, undefinable, indescribable, ineffable, and all the rest of it. . . . If the art critics can say nothing about the artists, except that they are good, it is because the artists are bad. They can explain nothing because they have found nothing ; and they have found nothing because there is nothing to be found "

Nearly all the essays in the book, in this way, find their text in some topic of the hour, and there is so much in them of insight and spiritual interpretation and tolerant philosophy that it is safe to say they will preserve those topics, as in rich amber, long after some of them would otherwise have been forgotten as well as dead. What need is there to say more in recommending this book ? It gives us a miscellany of Mr. Chesterton's thoughts, fancies, humour, philosophy, and is one of the wittiest, wisest, and most enjoyable of recent volumes of essays.

DIGRESSIONS.

Being passages from the Works of E. Temple Thurston. Collected and arranged by Bellwattle. 3s 6d net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Possibly Mr. Temple Thurston will be a little surprised himself when he reads through this compilation and finds how many good things he has said on a variety of subjects. His digressions are conveniently arranged under such headings as " Women," " Men," " Romance," " Music," " Art," " Religion," " Life," " Prayer," " Ideals," " Human Nature," " Dogs," " Poverty," " London," " Time," and a score or so of others. And here are a few examples of his sayings and epigrams chosen at random :

"What a woman expects of a man goes to his credit if he brings fulfilment, but she counts it against him if he fails "

"The first realisation in a woman of her failure to attract is the beginning of every woman's tragedy."

"Dignity may often come before humanity with a woman, but pity will always outride the two "

"Few women can draw a straight line. None can argue in it "

"There is nothing in life quite to equal it, that song and flight of the lark ; nothing quite so magnificent in its simplicity. If the grandeur of monarchy were as simple as this there would be no need of revolution ; if the simplicity of republics could ever be so grand, there would be no need of kings "

"We could all afford to be generous some time or another. The pity of it is that not all of us realise it until it is too late "

"You have only to go into the Black Country to know what can be done with a wonderful world when God delivers it into the hand of man "

"Everyone is good at keeping secrets, but you must ask them first. They never know how good they are until they are waiting for a secret to be told "

"Success and civilisation—these are the two subtle poisons from the effects of which we are all suffering. Nothing fails like success ! Nothing degrades us like civilisation ! "

"The price of freedom in a free country is beyond the reach of most pockets."

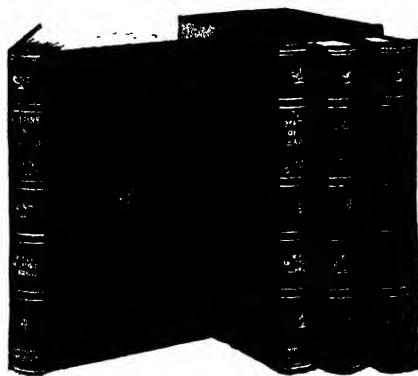
"Life is not the dreadful thing ; it is the living of it "

"There is always a balance at the poor man's bank, and the greater his pride the bigger the balance "

"The tragedy of life is indecision. They bury suicides at the cross-roads, for that is where lurks all tragedy—the indecision of which way to choose "

"And yet these simple things are life. A face peering from a window, a hand trembling at a touch, a sudden laugh, a sudden silence, they all may hide the greatest history, if one had but the eyes to read "

"Money has no value in Romance. There are coins of the realm, it is true, but once you begin to count them—puff ! out goes Romance like the flame of a candle. You will find yourself in the dark with the counter and the till between you and the only thing in the world that matters "



Volumes of The Home University Library
(Williams & Norgate).



Volumes of The Home University Library
(Williams & Norgate).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT TRAVEL AND SPORT



From *The Land that is Desolate*
(Smith, Elder).

THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

TRAVEL AND SPORT.

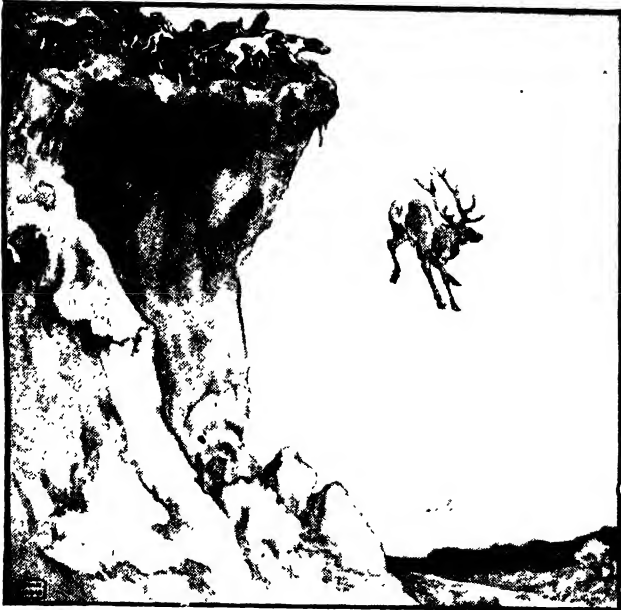
All the six continents are represented in these eight books while the two largest namely Asia and Africa, have each of them an extra volume to their credit. Of course this is a mere coincidence but it serves to show what a wide interest is taken now-a-days in every corner of the earth and how strong is the fever of travel and sport. These books before us vary not only very greatly in subject but in excel-

lence but all have in common a desire to enlighten the reader about phases of life altogether foreign to his experience. Let us examine them one by one.

¹ *The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter* by James Sutherland. For sheer excitement Mr Sutherland's book is not only the pick of the eight but in all probability of any other eight you could get together. He has been an elephant

¹ *The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter*. By James Sutherland. Illustrated. 7s 6d net. (Macmillan.)

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From *Camp Fire Tales*
(Nelson).

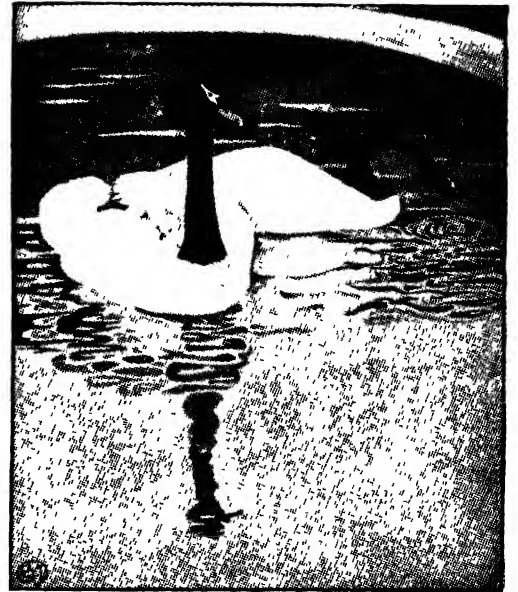
"THE BUCK PLUNGED INTO
THE ABYSS BELOW."

hunter in Portuguese and German East Africa for the last ten years. "During these ten years" (to use his own words) "I have shot 447 bull elephants (I do not count females), thereby creating a world's record." We should think so, indeed! His book is one long series of blood-curdling encounters, which prove that Mr. Sutherland possesses a wonderful nerve, presence of mind, and (one must really add) luck. For on several occasions he has actually had personal encounters with elephants from which it seemed impossible for him to emerge alive. And yet he not only lives, but lives in perfect health and contentment. It is strange to find so mighty a hunter writing with real passion of the splendour and mystery of night in the tropical forest, and yet that is what Mr. Sutherland does. He is evidently a poet at heart, though his business is the business of slaughter. One cannot help regretting these 447 bull elephants (not to mention the females), especially when one sees the photographs of the dead bodies of a good many of them that strew these pages. But no qualms seem to pass over Mr. Sutherland's mind. In fact, he thinks the preservation of big game in Africa in danger of being carried

too far—and then there is the ivory! At any rate, approve or not, one must admit that he has written an absorbing book.

² "British Somaliland," by R. E. Drake-Brockman. Mr. Drake-Brockman is a doctor in the Government service of British Somaliland and, as he has been out there since 1902, his book is full of authentic information about the colony, and is a really valuable guide on such subjects as fauna and flora, commercial products, ethnology, and so on. The illustrations are photographs of exceptional interest, and the appendix tables are the work of an expert. The author begins his book with an historical account of the country, leading up to the British administration and the trouble with the "Mad" Mullah—who still seems to have it pretty well his own way. How little known is this outpost of the Empire! It is a country of about 58,000 square miles, but its population cannot be much over a quarter of a million. Much of the land is desert, and the heat on the coast is tremendous. Altogether it cannot be called "a white man's country."

³ "Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in Western Canada," by Stanley Washburn. Mr. Washburn belongs to that increasing



From *The Childhood
of Animals*
(Heinemann).

**BLACK-NECKED SWAN
CARRYING CYGNETS ON
HER BACK.**

army of adventurous men who listen to "the call of the wild." Year after year he has set out with the arrival of summer to pierce into the untrodden fastnesses of the silent West. He has suffered innumerable hardships, been half-starved,

been lost, been frozen, but all these things only seem to add to the deep fascination of the trail. His book breathes an unconquerable love of wandering and adventure. It is not great literature at all, but there is something great in the spirit in which it is written. One feels that the author actually has a kind of epic sense of romance which is far above anything that he could describe in language.

⁴ "In Jesuit Land," by W. H. Koebel. Mr. Koebel has added to all his other books on South America an account of the Jesuit rule of Paraguay, that curious and successful experiment which lasted unbroken from

⁵ "British Somaliland." By R. E. Drake-Brockman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

⁶ "Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet in Western Canada." By Stanley Washburn. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

⁷ "In Jesuit Land." By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)



From *Babes of the Wild*
(Cassell).

"GRIPPING THE REPTILE IN INEXORABLE TALONS
JUST BEHIND ITS HEAD, THE GREAT BIRD BIT
ITS BACKBONE THROUGH."

1586-1767, a period of nearly 200 years. He has been so fortunate as to get an introduction from the pen of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and his own work abounds in fascinating glimpses of the long, romantic past of Paraguay. Mr. Koebel has come to the conclusion that there was much in the Jesuits' rule worthy of high praise, and certainly it would appear that the state of the native Indians speedily deteriorated after the expulsion of the Fathers. For it is true, undoubtedly, that they were, in many ways, a most self-sacrificing body of men, preventing, as far as they could, the exploitation of the Indians by the civilian Spaniards. Of course, their government fostered gross narrow-mindedness on religious questions, but, apart from their Catholic intolerance, they seem to have acted with justice and to have improved the state of the Indians. It is, altogether, a strange chapter of history.

⁵ "Alpine Studies," by W. A. B. Coolidge. Says the author in his preface: "In the following pages I give a selection of twenty of the very numerous articles relating to the Alps which I have written during the past forty-two years." These twenty papers will be eagerly read by all Alpine climbers, to whom Mr. Coolidge's name has for long been familiar. Although of real interest, also, to the general reader, they bear all over them the stamp of the trained climber, and they are full of details that are almost technical. This adds to their real value, though it may be rather chilling to the casual enquirer. It is what might be called a truly learned book which half-succeeds in hiding its learning. Some of the photographs of the snowy Alps reproduced in its pages are very impressive. It is, in short, obviously a book by a man who understands his subject.

⁶ "Sport and Pastime in Australia," by Gordon Inglis. Mr. Inglis' handsomely produced volume need not detain us long. In twenty-one chapters

⁵ "Alpine Studies." By W. A. B. Coolidge. Illustrated. 7s 6d net (Longmans.)

⁶ "Sport and Pastime in Australia." By Gordon Inglis. Illustrated. 7s 6d net (Methuen.)



From *On Nature's Trail*
(Nisbet)

"THE END CAME WHEN THE PINE-MARTEN GAVE A YELL AND CRASHED DOWN THROUGH THE BRANCHES HEAD FIRST."



From *Wild Sport and Some Stories*
(Blackwood).

"IMHAIRI THE TRAKERI" AND THE 25-ST. STAG.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Italian Travel Sketches
(Constable)

Reviewed in the October BOOKMAN

SAN GIOVANNI DEGLI EREMITI,
PALERMO.

he discusses the various sports and pastimes of Australia, and by the help of copious photographs he tries to make us realise what the life of the sportsman is like in that island-continent. The most interesting chapters to the ordinary, as apart from the sporting, reader will probably be those in which he describes the wild duck shooting and the trout fishing in the solitary country spots. It is not many people to whom the statistics of cricket, racing, and so forth, are of absorbing importance. This is, in fact, a book for the universal sportsman, and for him alone.

7 "Picturesque Nepal," by Percy Brown. The narrow valley of Nepal, with its wonderful temples, old towns, and works of art, is the subject of this book. And it is, indeed a fascinating subject. Mr. Brown crowds his volume with a magnificent series of photographs, which give, far more eloquently than any words could, an idea of the richness and the beauty of Nepalese art and of Nepal itself. Although it is a country 450 miles long by 150 miles wide, still the actual

7 "Picture-que Nepal." By Percy Brown. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

valley, in which is all the activity of the State, is only about the size of the Isle of Wight—20 miles long by 15 miles wide. Behind this valley rises the vast range of the Himalayas, of which Mr. Brown gives one thrilling photograph. In this little valley, then, is concentrated practically all the life of Nepal, and especially in its three principal towns, Patan, Bhatgaon, Katmandu. The race is of two origins: the Newars, who are the artistic element, and the Gurkhas, who are the fighters. Apart from the English Resident, Nepal conducts its own affairs and is an Independent State. In the modern rush for "improvements" it is, according to Mr. Brown, fast losing much of its old-world charm. What a cynical intonation sounds in the word "improvement" sometimes!

8 "Snapshots in India," by J. W. Burton. This is the work of a missionary of Fiji who, with his fellow-missionary, took his furlough in Ceylon and India, and has industriously turned it to account in this sparkling little book. One could, no doubt, have spared the author's constant moralizing on the Christian religion (which is really quite out of place in a travel book), but still, in the circumstances, it is easily accounted for. Apart from this, Mr. Burton has an energetic and engaging way of recounting his experiences, and an infectious degree of good spirits which carries all before it. Pleasant and well-taken photographs (most of them by the author) are scattered throughout his work.

So we have finished a review of these eight very diverse books. The reviewer, at any rate, knows more of the world now than he did before he took them up. How many of his readers will follow his example?

R. C.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Year after year for some time past we have been offered, usually in the spring, at about fitting-out time, books on yachting—from the deepest of technicalities to the amusing records of cruises, alike for the amateur and for the professional. But in all that have come my way—not a few, by any means—the point of view was limited, purposely, because each book (the technical, that is) was aimed at the explanation of a certain set of problems

8 "Snapshots in India." By J. W. Burton. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Elliot Stock.)



From Snapshots in India
(Elliot Stock).

INLAID WORK UPON MARBLE.

of one sort or another. Here, however, Mr. Heckstall-Smith and Capt. E. du Boulay have combined in the production of a big volume¹ that shall be the *vade mecum* and the epitome, the be-all and end-all to all the "gentlemen sailors" around our coasts; and, as their numbers are legions in the summer months, the book should have a signal success. Of the authors it is enough to say (in the ear of the poor, circumscribed landsmen only, of course) while the one is secretary to the International Yacht Racing Union, the other is one of the best known authorities on marine motoring—a certainly thrilling yet as certainly the least picturesque of all water pastimes. Above all the book is for the practical yachtsman, and mainly for the man who carries a crew beyond the handy young man who can steer, reef, and do a little rough cooking—very rough sometimes. Still, the authors have included a considerable amount of information for the beginner, from the sailing of a dingy, to the rigging and management of a cutter, and even building one. The diagrams of handling a craft, of knotting, splicing, etc., are unusually clear and helpful to the novice. Altogether there is so little missing from the book, which is excellently written withal, that it must soon be known as a "consultine on everything—yachting" everything except those little importances which cannot be gained other than by experience.

In Mr. Chatterton we have a yachtsman writer of a different class—not that he claims no attention as a technicalist on his favourite pastime. His output is various, and reaches a high level of achievement. In the present instance² I think that he could have done more that retell us what we know, if he had taken the pains of going

¹ "The Complete Yachtsman" By B. Heckstall-Smith, and Captain E. du Boulay. With 200 Illustrations in the Text and 24 Plates. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

² "King's Cutters and Smugglers, 1700-1855" By E. Keble Chatterton. With 33 Illustrations and Frontispiece in Colours. 7s. 6d. net. (George Allen.)

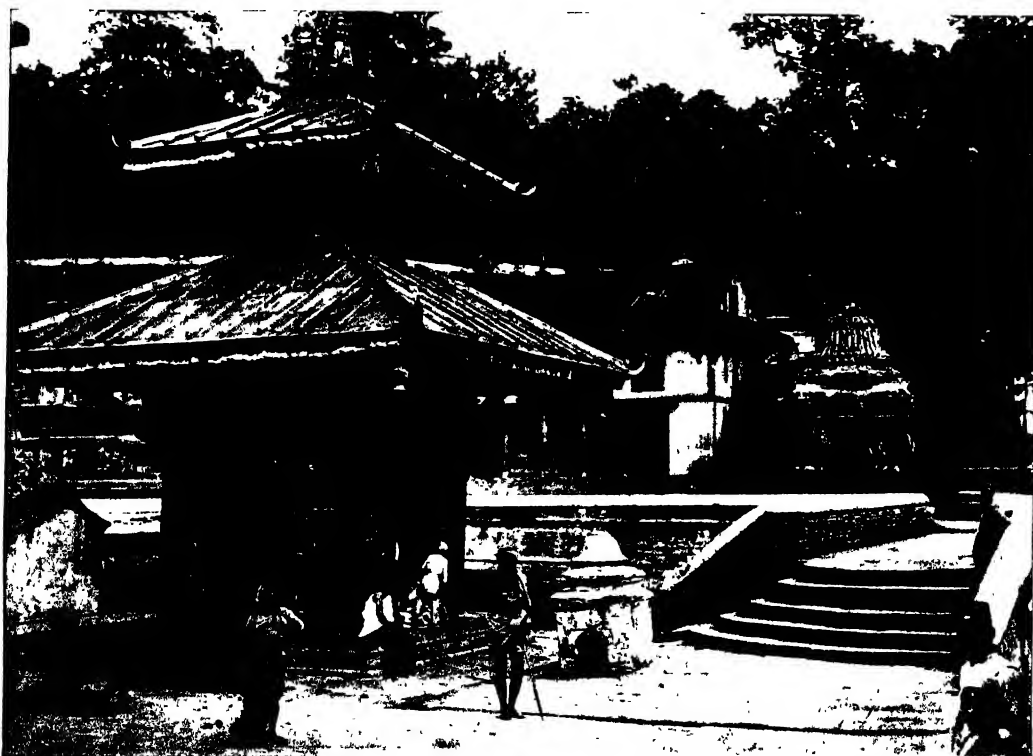


From Moscow
(Black).

THE CHURCH OF ST. BASIL IN THE PLACE
ROUGE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

further, or of adopting a different method. Which is not to say, that the book will prove other than interesting to those who have read nothing of the true story of smuggling. On the contrary, it requires no stretch of imagination to see them absorbed in Mr. Chatterton's record—unfinished and

disjointed though it appears, to me, to be. Nay, let me be honest—it will break no pates and maybe avoid misunderstandings, those semi-tragical nothings out of which come so many of the world's troubles. The author has, no doubt, done his work excellently well, within his limits, but I am disappointed with it not so much because of its limitations or the manner of its doing, as because it is not *the* true book on smuggling, as that unlawful calling was practised on our coasts from the Humber around to Bristol throughout the eighteenth century and thereabouts. During the past few years we have had several books on the subject, including Messrs. Atton & Holland's two handsome volumes on the cause of it all ("The King's Customs,") and with many of the tricks and riots to



From Picturesque Nepal
(Black).

A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN THE HOLY
PLACE OF A PASHPATTI.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

which the Customs led ; also —the best of the gleanings so far—Mr. C. G. Harper's "The Smugglers," with its picturesque and highly fitting illustrations. And this is one point that must not be omitted as to the present contribution to the subject—the small, pen and ink sketches, such as are reproduced on pp. 72, 202, 211, etc., are a delight; the reproductions of old prints are interesting. But there are two features for which Mr. Chatterton's books always deserve high praise—their original illustrations and the manner in which the volumes are turned out generally, and this casts no slur on his own particular share in them. "King's Cutters and Smugglers" is distinctly good, so far as it goes, and will be read with great enjoyment.

Messrs Seeley & Service are still finding subjects for their Romance series. This volume³ appears to be the twenty-ninth; and there is apparently no particular reason why the series should not continue to the ninety-ninth—for do but adopt the right manner, the proper presentment of your subject and, as this series shows, romance can be got out of even—well, cow-breeding, to judge by Lord Rayleigh's developments and successes. There is romance in everything, from ploughing a field to building castles in Spain. Here the subject—that is submarines proper—is a narrow one, but Mr. Corbin has handled it well and succeeds in being both very informing and very interesting. Every boy who is drawn to the romance of the sea will read it with delight.

³ "The Romance of Submarine Engineering" By T. W. Corbin. With 54 Illustrations and Diagrams. (Seeley, Service & Co.)



From *The Adventures of an Elephant-Hunter*
(Macmillan).

ELEPHANT SHOT AT BANGALLA.

During these thirty years and more I have more or less read far more books of the sea than can be remembered now; but if the whole list were put down it would not contain a book like to this one.⁴ Let me be understood, lest I be forthwith dismissed as a heathen—not that I should care, or suffer any harm thereby. I have read religious books, sometimes to my spiritual advantage, but never one in which religion, fiction and the sea were blended in this ratio, nor ever have I seen one before in which the author went reverently and properly to work and told the story of how the sea has entered into Christianity, particularly in the days of its persecution. This is what Mr. Frank Elias has done; and, benighted creature that I am, seeking for stones with which to build when I probably ought to

look for stars on which to dream, I wish him well of his honest effort. It fully deserves the attention of the "Christian minded" at that time of the year which is at hand.

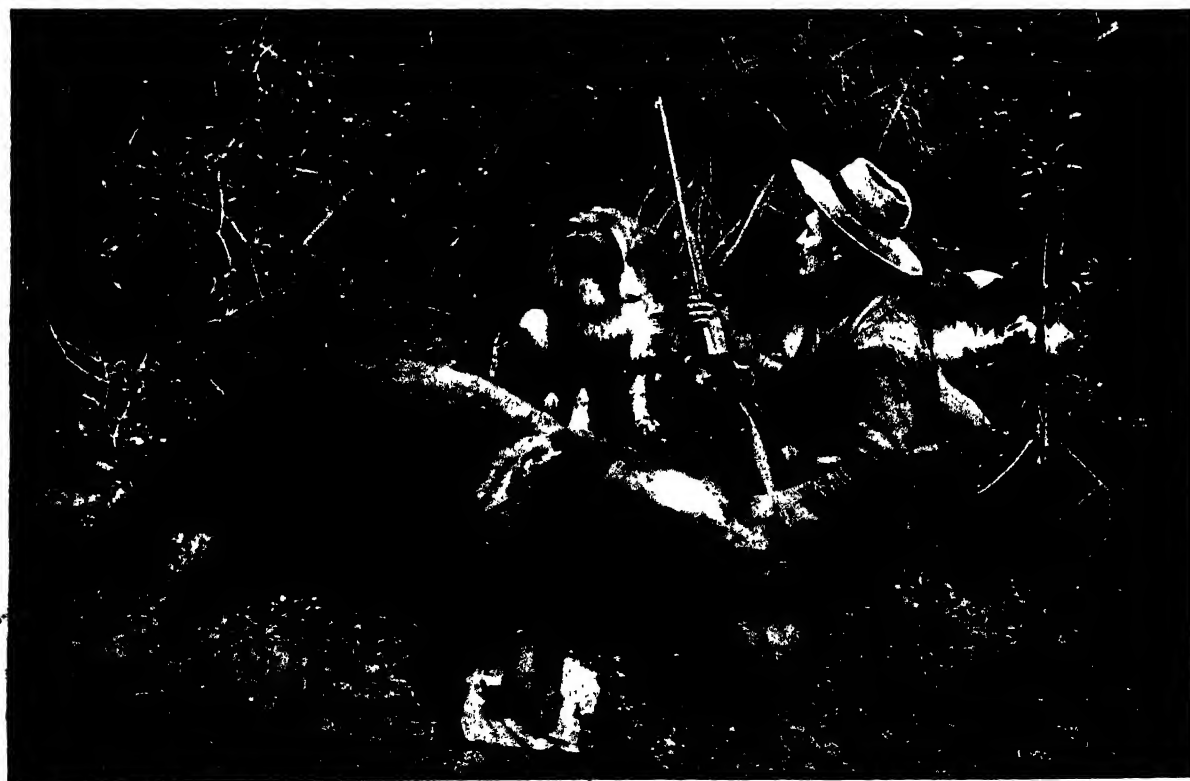
J. E. P.

MOSCOW.

Painted by F. de Haenen.
Described by H. M. Grove.
7s 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

One hundred years ago

⁴ "Heaven and the Sea: Being Some Records of the Association between Sea Enterprise and the Faith." By Frank Elias. 3s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)



From *Sport in Five Continents*
(Blackwood)

"MY HUNTER IN THE ROCKIES WITH A GRIZZLY
AND THE DOG 'CARABOO.'"

Moscow drew the gaze of all Europe. In 1912 many minds have been engaged in the task of reminiscence and comparison. Mr. Grove, in his graphic little historical sketch, brings the city before our eyes from the days of old Prince Dolgorouky and his wooden fort, the days of 1147, to the present time, when no wooden buildings are allowed, and Moscow has a population of 1,400,000, rapidly increasing, and an area comparable with that of Paris. He adds some interesting impressions, with accounts of the Kremlin, the Treasury, picture galleries, etc., and a chapter on social and other characteristics. There are sixteen beautiful illustrations in colour, the same number in black and white, a good map, and a serviceable index. The volume is one of the most acceptable of Messrs. Black's colour-books, and should be in demand for presentation purposes. The text is well written, and touches upon the most notable phases of the historic city, and the illustrations are excellent, each and all possessing character, atmosphere, and harmony of composition.



From *By Flood and Field*
(Bell).

DUGONG.
The Black on the right is wearing the Malay Saarong.

SPORT IN FIVE CONTINENTS.

By E. A. LEATHAM 15s net (Blackwood.)

One is inclined to ask what are the five continents of Mr. Leatham's travels. He has shot ibex in the Pyrenees, tiger and gaur in India, lions and rhinoceros in Africa, grizzlies and bighorns in America. So far so good. There are indubitable Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Four continents and not another one, Mr. Leatham. True, he had good sport in New Zealand, but is that pleasant land now a continent? Let it be "sport in five quarters of the globe," and we shall not quarrel with the phrase, though someone will heap scorn upon it and call it a "bull" and

speak of Ireland. But apart from this there is no reason to quarrel with the book. It was sport indeed, whether in the Pyrenees or along Chinese rivers or deep in central China, whence the hunter brought back a new variety of tufted deer, or after moose and wapiti and grizzly in North America or in New Zealand, and the writer was by no means wholly absorbed in killing, he had an eye for people and places and customs, and as a result he has stored up for himself a multitude of good memories, and given his fellow sportsmen a book that is a friendly guide and a record of the things they like best. Some of the best pages in the volume give an account of sport in the Rocky Mountains, but wherever Mr. Leatham went the good spirits of sport and adventure awaited him and gave him experiences that make capital reading.



From *Wild Sport*
(Blackwood).

A 52-LB. SALMON.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Germany
(Black).

UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

WILD SPORT AND SOME STORIES.

By GILFRID W. HARTLEY. With 3 Illustrations in Colour, 52 in Half-tone, and 8 Line Drawings in the Text 15s net (Blackwood)

Mr. Hartley has already made a reputation for himself with an earlier volume entitled "Wild Sport with Gun, Rifle, and Salmon Rod," and in the pleasant volume now before us he gives us a further instalment of his sporting reminiscences, together with two stories, for the accuracy of whose facts he vouches. The author, who is an all-round sportsman, who has seen service in various parts of Europe, treats here of subjects so diversified as salmon-fishing in Norway and snipe-shooting in the West of Ireland. He possesses a knack of vigorous and direct narrative which is especially convincing, and we have little doubt that the present volume will prove even more popular than its predecessor.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

By ADOLPHE SMITH. With 8 Colour Plates by Charles Maresco Pearce, and 48 Illustrations from Photographs. 15s net. (Grant Richards)

The principality of Monaco, as Mr. Adolphe Smith points out, divides itself into two sections—the trade, the seriousness, the science of Monaco proper, contrasting strongly with the lightness, the frivolity, and the extravagance of Monte Carlo. Attention has frequently been paid to the latter aspect of the Principality, and as frequently denied to the former. It is the author's aim to balance the two—an aim in which he seems to us to have succeeded, for his account of Monaco is in its way quite as readable as that of Monte Carlo. Mr. Pearce has captured the atmosphere of the Riviera in his very effective coloured illustrations, while for the numerous photographs which are also included in the book we have nothing but praise.

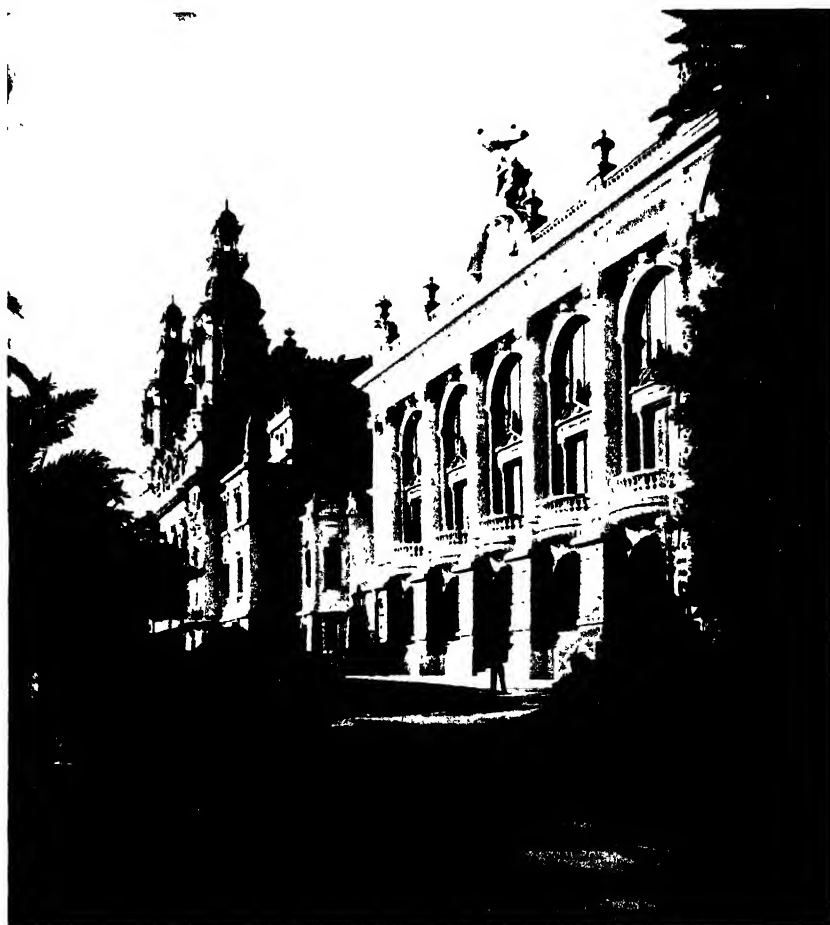
VEILED MYSTERIES OF EGYPT, AND THE RELIGION OF ISLAM.

By S. H. LEEDER. With 38 Illustrations from Photographs. 16s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. S. H. Leeder, of whose "Desert Gateway" we have pleasant remembrances, now

follows up his studies of Oriental peoples with a highly unusual and suggestive volume on Egypt. He gives us none of the "impressions" of the ordinary traveller, no lengthy descriptions of quite ordinary customs, no summary treatment of character. Mr. Leeder has spent several years as a resident in Egypt, and he thoroughly understands the inhabitant of that country. His book consists principally in a defence of Islam, more particularly against certain recent aggressions of Christian theologians. It should be understood that the author is not himself a Moslem; he seems

to have been driven to write this book by his sense of fair play. We can safely recommend it not only to all travellers in Egypt, but to all who wish properly to understand the real dignity and occasional beauty of the Mahommedan religion. Although, as we have said, there is no summary treatment of character, it goes without saying that a writer of Mr. Leeder's experience and capacity does not discuss the peoples of Egypt without conveying a subtle idea of the peculiar temperament and personality of the average Egyptian. The volume includes a number of effective photographs.



From Monaco and Monte Carlo
(Grant Richards).

EAST VIEW OF THE GARNIER THEATRE:
FACING SARAH BERNHARDT'S STATUE
OF SONG.

WILD LIFE AND THE CAMERA.

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S. With 51 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

If ever you saw Mr. Dugmore's earlier book, "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," you will be something more than interested to hear that he has written another and has illustrated it too with his own remarkable photographs. "Wild Life and the Camera" is a collection of sketches and stories with North America for their scene. We confess that the book is not so exciting as its predecessor, but in its way, it is no whit less interesting, nor are the photographs with which it is adorned any less effective. Mr. Dugmore's *pot-pourri* is at once of value to the naturalist, and of interest to the general reader. It deserves to succeed.

CHANCES OF SPORT OF SORTS.

By Colonel T. A. ST. QUINTIN With 58 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Blackwood.)

This really is a most remarkable book. It is not literature and it does not pretend to be; it is good talk on sporting subjects from the lips of a gentleman, who, we are sure, would rather be called a good sportsman than anything. Colonel St. Quintin has had sporting experiences in all parts of the world, but naturally enough you will find that he devotes most space to an account of his experiences in India. It is quite impossible for us to give any hint of the good tales that he has to tell, and even of the manner of their telling we have been able to do no more than hint. "The even tenour of your way may be all very well," writes the author, "but it cannot really stir your feelings and give you the pleasure and pain which

means 'life.' I have never experienced that even tenour, but I should think you could easily have too much of it." At any rate, the author has not had too much of the other thing—nor indeed have we had anything like enough of such books as these. "Chances of Sport of Sorts," is in no way a "made" book. It is the overflow of a genial and humorous nature, and it demands only a modicum of sympathy in the reader for it to become engrossing.

BABES OF THE WILD.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS With 33 Illustrations by Warwick Reynolds. 6s. (Cassell.)

THE FEET OF THE FURTIVE.

By G. D. ROBERTS With 8 Illustrations by Paul Bransom. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Although we have bracketed together these two volumes by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, we have no intention of comparing them or of criticising one against the other. Indeed, so even is the level of all Mr. Roberts's best work, that such a course would be almost impossible. In literary merit, and even in the general style of the author's treatment, we doubt whether there is anything whatever to choose between the two books. As regards the manner of them both, we imagine that the general public is already sufficiently familiar with Mr. Roberts's work to know that he invariably writes short dramatic stories which tend to bring out certain definite characteristics in the animals with which he deals. Both "Babes of the Wild" and "The Feet of the Furtive" are the same in this. The first has the advantage of two characters which occur in all the stories—a small boy and his uncle, who is represented as the narrator—and thus serve to give the book a certain measure of continuity. On the other hand, it is a trifle unfortunate that the boy should degenerate into a juvenile Dr. Watson, which is what has happened before you have reached the end of the book. We have no preferences for any one story in either of the two collections. It is possible that the fish tales—of which there are representatives in both books—strike rather a fresher note than those which deal with the better-known animals, and this is a branch of nature-study which Mr. Roberts clearly recognises that it would be well to develop. In conclusion, we would thank the author for the ease and the restraint of his writing. Always he is polished, unforced, natural, and above all he is interesting. Both Mr. Warwick Reynolds and Mr. Paul Bransom are efficient artists, and the drawings with which they have illustrated these volumes are mostly worthy of high praise.

PROVENCE AND LANGUEDOC.

By CECIL HEADLAM, M.A. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Many a traveller has taken his turn at describing the country of Provence; nor can we wonder that the fascination of the subject should have been felt even by some little susceptible to the glamour of romance, little worthy to recount the deeds of high heroic souls, little able to hear across the centuries the martial tread, or comprehend anything of "the grandeur that was Rome." The traveller has no easy task who undertakes to tell the story of the Land of the Troubadours, the story of the Albigenses. How Mr. Headlam rises to the level of his subject when he is speaking of the Roman Province will be seen in his fine description of the Triumphal Arch at Orange: "Beneath that arch, glowing almost as rich a golden-brown then as now in the same brilliant Provençal sunshine, how many thousand Roman legionaries have tramped before us as they marched northwards to Lyons to defend the Rhenish frontier, or to conquer Britain, and have saluted with a thrill of pride, this splendid record of their successful



From Veiled Mysteries of Egypt
(Nash).

A TYPICAL STREET-SCENE IN
CAIRO. SHARIA HELMIEH
(Photo.: Dittich, Cairo).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Wild Life and the Camera*
(Heinemann)

WILD MALLARD RISING.

The speed with which these birds rise is clearly shown by the water, which has not subsided, although the bird is five feet or more in the air

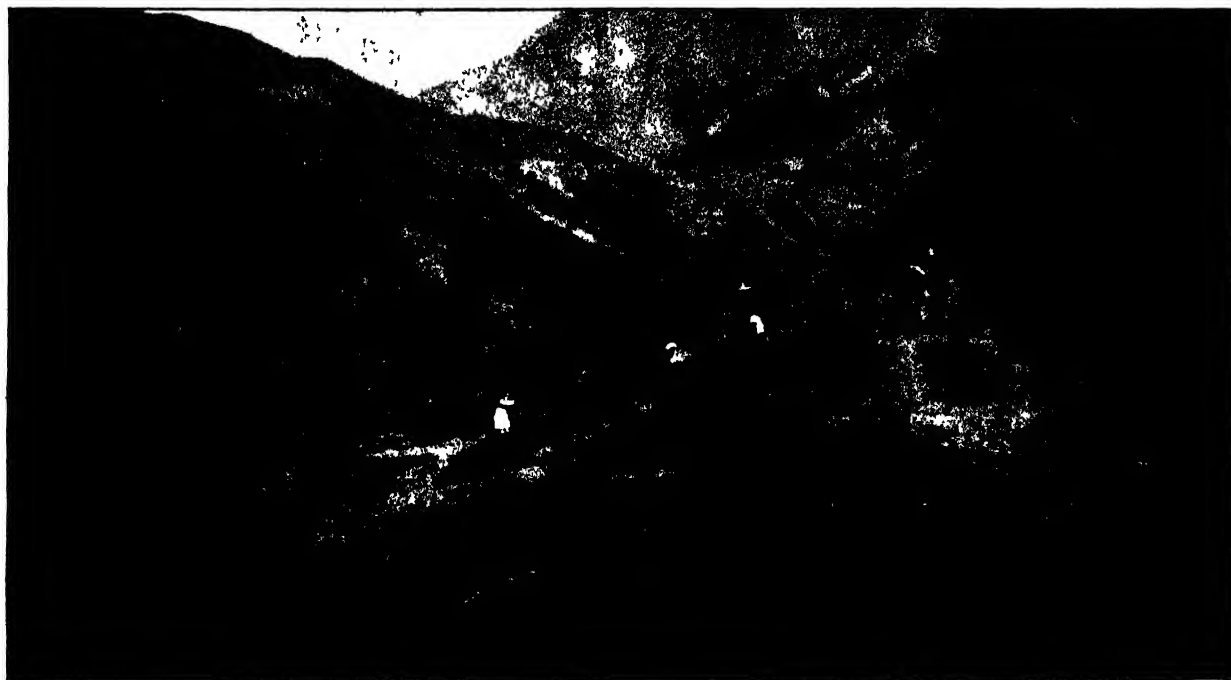
arms! And beneath it, too, head hung, with black despair in their hearts, have tramped the lines of captives, fair-haired, blue-eyed Northerners—*non angli sed angeli*—

driven southwards to the slave market at Rome." We have to thank Mr. Headlam for a good book upon what is indeed a difficult, yet a gracious theme; and there is nothing in the book, perhaps, better done than his summary account of Provençal scenery "set in a frame of arid mountains", and of Provençal character typified, he says, by the contrast of climate, the cold bracing violent wind, and hot kindly enervating sunshine.

LITERARY GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL SKETCHES.

By WILLIAM SHARP. 5s net. (Heinemann)

There is always a certain fascination about literary geography. If one is within reasonable distance of the home or haunt of any great man, one is rarely too supercilious to make the pilgrimage. If one is in a country dealt with in some favourite novel, one will trace the characters in their comings and goings. William Sharp, whose interest in books rarely seems to have been confined to the book itself, at one time produced a series of articles on the country either inhabited or described by famous writers. These, with a few travel-sketches of a kindred nature, form the fourth volume in the selection of his works, which Mrs. Sharp is editing. They are no mere itineraries. He deals with the country of Stevenson and of Meredith, of Carlyle, George Eliot, Thackeray, and the Brontës, with Aylwin-land, the Thames and the Lake of Geneva. In every case, he has something of criticism and reminiscence to add to his geography, and he freely supplements his own words with quotations from the author under consideration. Especially good was Sharp at such miscellanies as "The Thames from Oxford to the Nore." Characteristically, he leaves the ancients to look after themselves, and devotes himself to the Victorians. This is all to the good, for he knew the moderns personally, and he is most interesting when reminiscent. He is good at a pen-portrait. He describes his first sight of Stevenson (not knowing who it was) and lays stress on his *drowned* appearance, which one can quite imagine from some of the portraits. "But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except from the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp but not moist, and that the short velveteen



From *Chances of Sport of Sorts*
(Blackwood)

MEXICO. MY MULES IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

jacket was disreputable, but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming." However, when a friend arrived, R.L.S., revived in an amazing way. Altogether, this is an entertaining book, though lacking the permanent interest of "Papers Critical and Reminiscent."

THE LAND THAT IS DESOLATE.

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES, Bt Illustrated. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

There are two ways of visiting a country. First, to prepare yourself beforehand by learning the common knowledge of what to expect; and second, not to do so. Sir Frederick Treves seems to have followed the latter course. It has the obvious advantage that one's impressions are one's very own. On the other hand it may lead one to suppose that they are only one's own and have never occurred to anyone before. The famous surgeon is becoming quite a globe-trotter, yet in his experience he recalls only three occasions when the actual view of a scene far exceeded the anticipation he had formed of it. These were the first glimpses of Venice, as seen from a ship's deck at the dawn of a summer's day, the first sight of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado from the brink at Bright Angle, and (as many others have felt) the first sudden view of the Taj Mahal at Agra. In the Holy Land, however, whoever expects something uncommon must, he says on p. 3, "prepare for a great disillusion", and "it was not until we were actually ashore at Port Said that we felt safe." are his final sentiments on p. 284—"safe from the possibility of being asked to visit another sacred site." The Via Dolorosa is "a lane of lies, a path of fraud"; the Pool of Bethesda contains "water which would probably be condemned by any medical officer of health"; of Calvary, his first impression is of a lamp-shop, "an idea which was encouraged by the overpowering smell



From *The Feet of the Furtive*
(Ward, Lock).

"GAZED FIXEDLY AFTER
THE FUGITIVES FOR
SOME MOMENTS."

of oil and by the chattering of a number of tourists who surveyed the chapel and the lamps with the air of intending purchasers", and so on. Sir Frederick's tour in Palestine is in fine large print, well-spaced, with good photographs by himself and some good description of a railway accident. It is all entertaining in a way. Yet we infinitely prefer Conder to Treves.

WHITE-EAR AND PETER:
THE STORY OF A FOX AND A FOX-TERRIER.

By NEILS HEIBERG With 16 Coloured Plates
by Cecil Aldin. 6s net. (Macmillan.)

Mr Neils Heiberg is quite clearly a lover of animals. He has also—what so many animal-lovers have not the literary equipment and ability to give comprehensible form to his special knowledge. "White-Ear and Peter" is the story of a fox which was adopted into the stables of a large English country-house, the home of an M.F.H. For some time he lives an unnatural life in comparative happiness, but after a while the call of nature is too strong and he returns to a wandering life. Now, however, he is acquainted with the ways of men, and is accordingly a particularly cunning desperado. Such a story can only end in tragedy for the fox; but a comic element is supplied by the figure of the stable-dog Peter, a gallant little fox-terrier. Mr. Heiberg has an intimate acquaintance with the ways of the animals with which his book deals, and he has used his knowledge to particularly good effect. Mr. Aldin's illustrations—there are sixteen of them, in colour—are characteristically delightful.



From *White-Ear and Peter*
(Macmillan).

"PETER."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *The Complete Yachtsman*
(Methuen).

**THE KETCH "JULNAR" WINNING THE
KING'S CUP AT COWES, 1911.**
From a photograph by Beken & Son, Cowes.

GUERRILLA LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Standing has composed fourteen chapters, which range the world in search of famous guerilla leaders and their exploits. The distinction between the guerilla fighter and the brigand is established. One definition of the guerilla mode states it to be warfare carried on by means of small independent bands of armed men, self-constituted and ordered, unconnected with a regular army, and entitled to dismiss themselves at any time. 'We are not sure that De Wet and Delarey could fairly be classed as

"guerilla" leaders in this sense. General De Wet himself, indeed, as Mr. Standing shows, objected to the term. The author protects himself at the outset, however, by a wider application with which there need be no quarrel: The guerilla fighter "is essentially a soldier, but a soldier attaining his end by ways and means diametrically opposed to those of the military school, the drill-ground, and the technical field-order." Beginning in France with the struggles of the Royalists in La Vendée and Brittany against the Republican armies, Mr. Standing finds his first hero in Francis Charette de la Cointre, in Napoleon's opinion "the only great character" produced by those troubles. Next, in Tyrol we have the adventures of Andreas Hofer, inn-keeper; Joseph Speckbacher, peasant; and Joachim Haspinger, Capuchin priest; in Germany the exploits of Ferdinand Schill, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Black Brunswickers; in South America the deeds of Bolivar and Miller; and so on to Schamyl, Sitting Bull, Osman Digna, and finally De Wet. In treating of Porfirio Diaz, Mr. Standing might have been more liberal in estimating the debt of the Mexican people to their former President-Dictator. The book is essentially stirring, and is much helped by illustrations.

THE SIGN AT SIX.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

THE ADVENTURES OF BOBBY ORDE.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

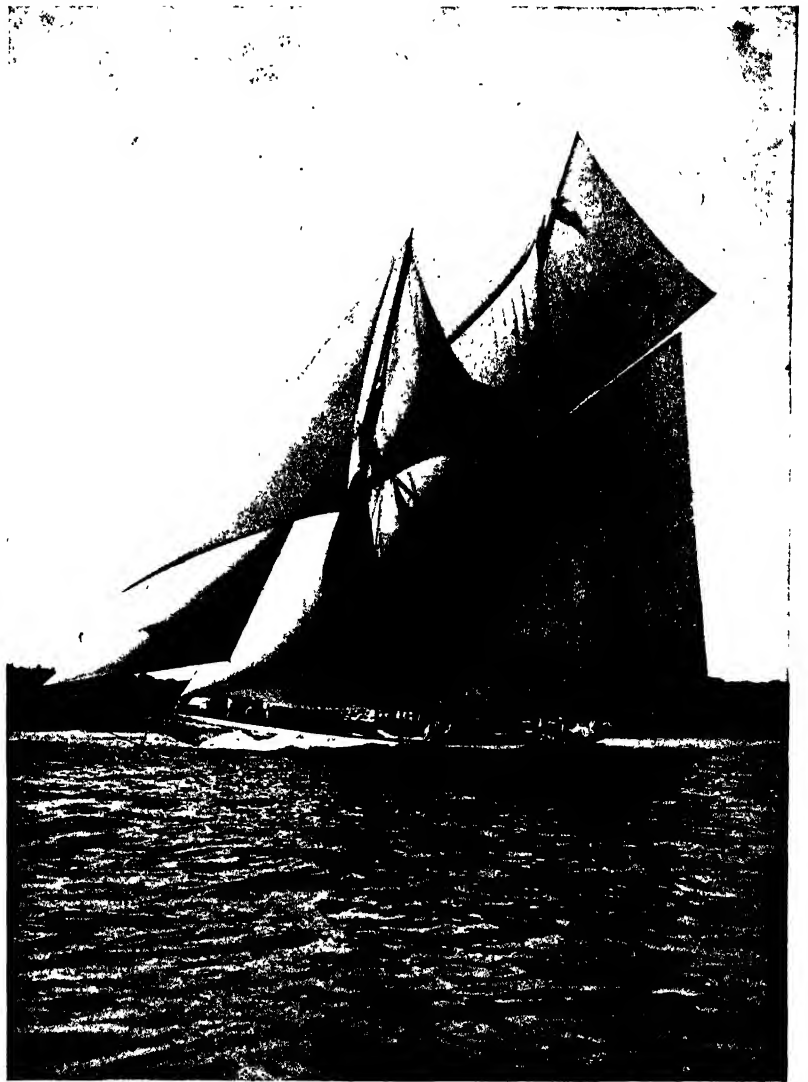
Had Mr. White designed that two works of his should appear in England at the same moment in order to exhibit his versatility, he could not have achieved success better than by presenting these books. In theme and treatment they offer a complete contrast, though the American argot is common to both. "The Sign at Six" is a weird story of New York City. Remembering that the eyes of the whole of that world which follows crime are at the present moment centred upon the peculiar revelations of the Rosenthal murder trial, we hazard the suggestion that



From *Provence and Languedoc*
(Methuen).

LES MARTIGUES.
From a photograph by Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, K.C.B.

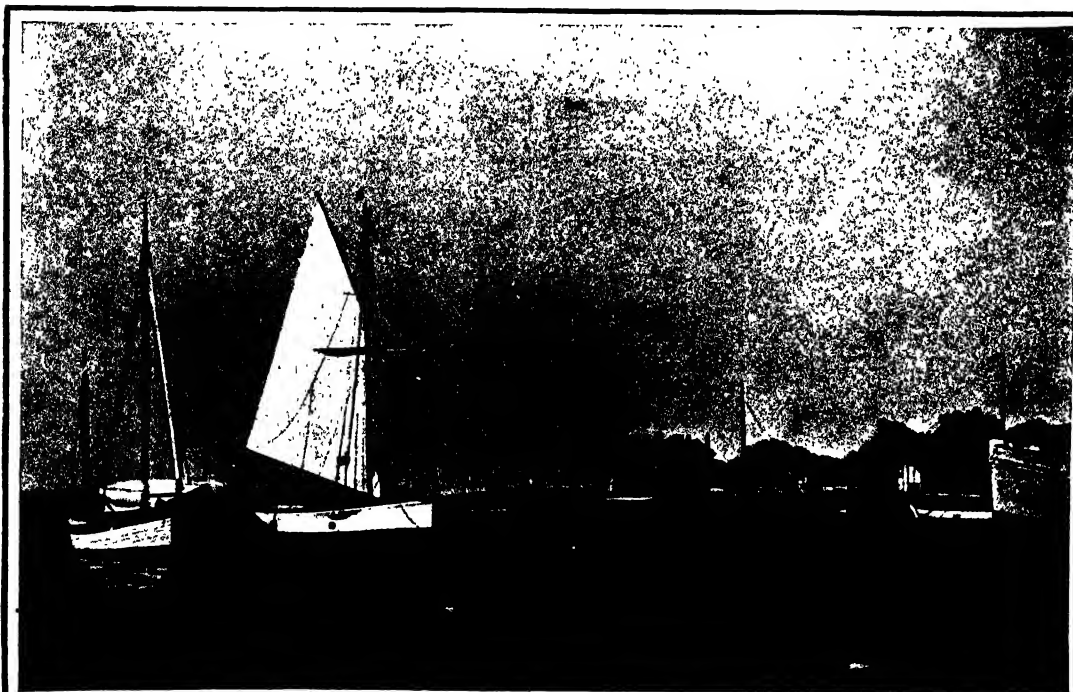
Mr. White writes with a purpose. The purpose may conceivably be to arouse the American people to a greater interest in their city government. The scientist Percy Darrow, who is the hero of the story, is made to say at one point: "It's a good thing for people to find out that there's something bigger than they are, or than anything they can make. That fact is the basis of the idea of a God. These"—namely the people of New York—"are getting to be a godless people." No one will complain that the novelist's way of rousing the city is not drastic. Malachi McCarthy, the political boss, who "quite simply at that time owned New York," receives in his office in Atlas Buildings, a mysterious wireless summons to flee the city. He defies the command, with the result that the currents of electricity are cut off in the buildings, then in the city. Next the city is reduced to absolute silence. Someone has control of the ethereal vibrations of light and of sound. Darrow is the first to realise the terrible danger should the unknown possess also the control of heat vibrations. This is proved when the Mayor and confederates are found frozen dead in the City Hall. At six o'clock utter extinction is threatened by Monsieur X.; the population are fleeing; the rival scientist's failure is complete, when suddenly Darrow produces the cause of all the mischief in the person of an old man—a crank who has made a discovery so tremendous that it must be sacrificed—sitting in the next office of the building. It is an ingenious exercise in imagination, easily read, thoroughly enjoyable, and adorned with some excellent drawings. To turn to Mr. White's other genre, "Bobby Orde" is small boy all through. We meet him disporting among the logs which it is his father's business to float down stream towards the sawmill town. By way of a printing press, an attachment to a small girl, and a break into Mrs. Owen's cake at the picnic, he graduates to a shotgun, and figures—creditably—in a murder. The philosophy of Mr. Kincaid strikes the note of the story. "Sonny, you can always be a sportsman, a sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby—for no other reason—not for money, nor to become famous, nor even to win—and a right man does not get



From *The Complete Yachtsman*
(Methuen).

THE "METEOR."
From a photograph by Beken & Son, Cowes.

pleasure in doing a thing if in any way he takes an unfair advantage—if *you*—not the thinking you, nor even the conscience you, but the way-down-deep-in-your-heart *you* that you can't fool nor trick nor lie to—if that you is satisfied it's all right."



From *Through Holland in the "Vivette"*
(Seeley).

THE "VIVETTE" AT BEMBRIDGE.

AMONG CONGO CANNIBALS.

By JOHN H. WEEKS
With 54 Illustrations
and a Map 16s. net.
(Seeley, Service & Co.)

Mr. Weeks was stationed for thirty years as a missionary at Monseme on the Upper Congo, and it is to be presumed, therefore, that his account of the habits, customs, religion, and laws of the Boloki tribe is as well-informed as it is entertaining and well-written. There is, however, a darker side to his narrative—the immorality and horrible social conditions prevalent among the Congo natives, caused, in Mr. Weeks' view, by the—at one time universal—custom of polygamy. Now, however, "polygamy is

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From The Kara Koram and Western Himalaya
(Constable).

giving place to monogamy, and that means a higher morality, a purer and more self-respecting womanhood, and the introduction of a truer affection between the husband and the wife which will result in a better and more healthy home-life for the children, and will lead to the coming of a brighter day in dark, oppressed Africa." Mr. Weeks also devotes much space to a consideration of native history and folk-lore; a folk-lore that, for all its crudity, has a curious, bizarre beauty of its own. His book presents a remarkably complete picture of a people but little known. The illustrations are numerous and good.

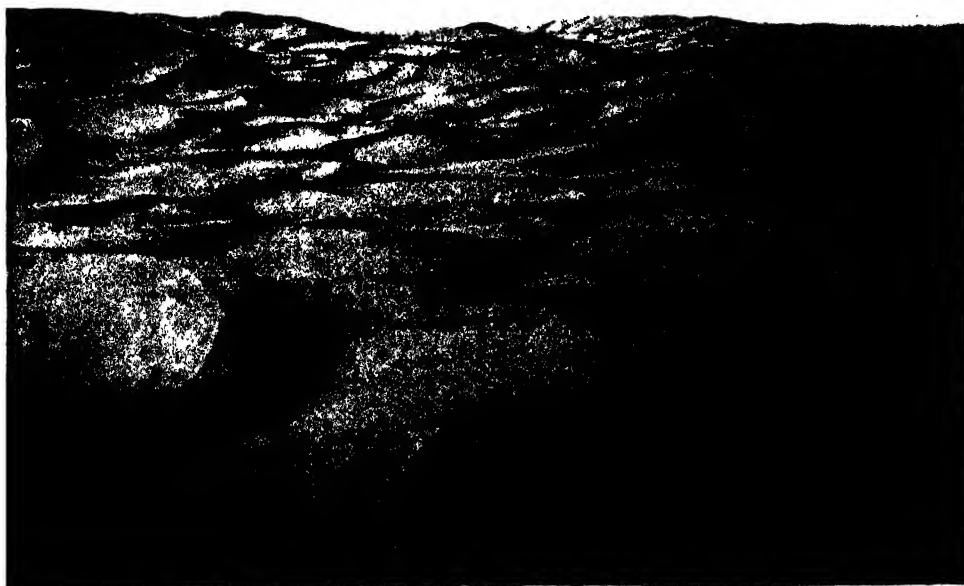


From Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in
Western Canada
(Melrose).

ASPECTS OF ALGERIA.

By ROY DEVEREUX. Illustrated.
10s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

This is a capital general analysis of historical and contemporary conditions in Algeria. The author writes with great charm. On the practical side his discussion of the future of Islam, and the problems involved by the French Government's design of making the Arabs trained soldiers, are the most important. In speaking of the "renaissance of Turkey" he is either too late or too soon. He quotes an estimate that at least a fourth of the 11,500,000 inhabitants of that large section of West Africa within the French sphere of influence have already been converted to Islam, whose tenets are more comprehensible to the savage than those of Christianity. It is looking far ahead to think of such a consolidation of the Islamic races into separate nationalities as would result in the expul-



From Aspects of Algeria
(Dent)

SAND DUNES IN THE SAHARA.

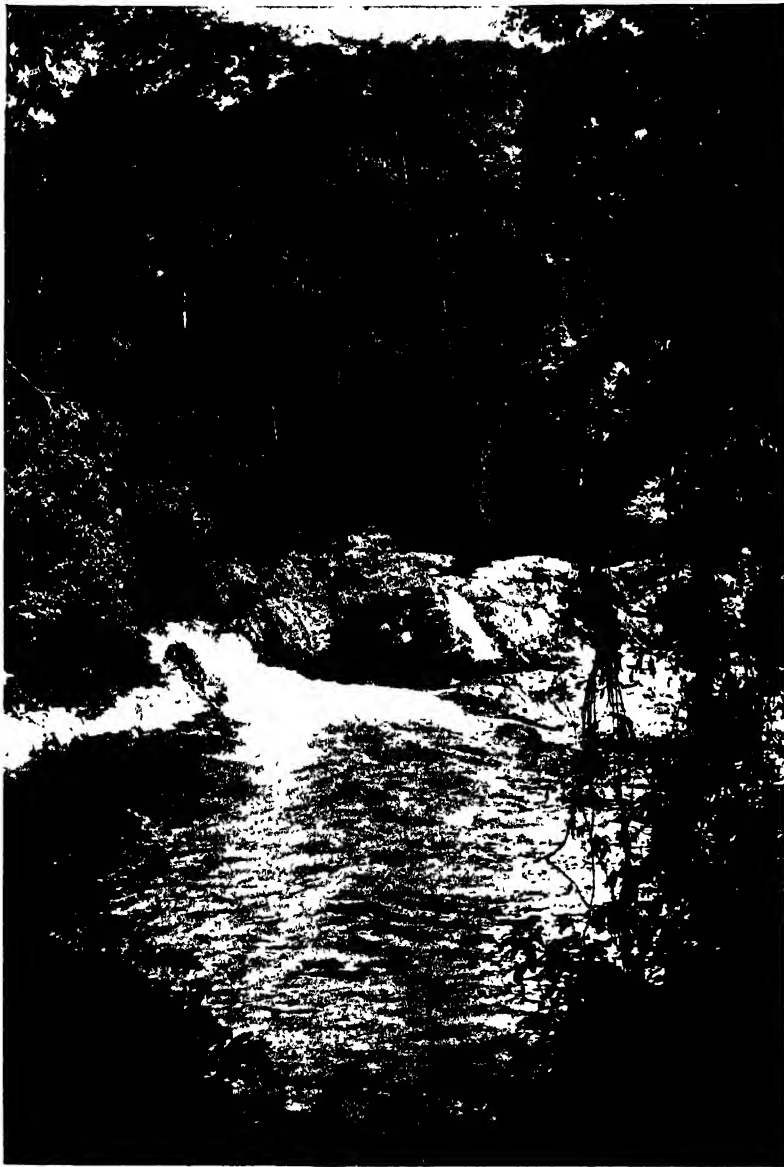
"THE KIND OF COUNTRY THAT MAKES THE
PACKERS CURSE." THE TRAIL NEAR TÊTE
JAUNE CACHE.

sion of the French from Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco. But should that happen, he is probably right in saying British tutelage of Egypt could not continue. "European domination of Northern Africa will stand or fall as a whole." There is an interesting description of the republic of seven cities on the fringe of the Sahara called the M'Zab. The Arabs declare that while it takes two of them to outwit a Jew, two Jews have little chance of outwitting a Mozabite. France's Northern Dependency is rightfully expensive, judged by British standards. It has cost her at least £160,000,000. Mr. Devereux tells of the beautiful and varied scenery and excellent roads. But one or two first-class hotels are wanted before Algiers can hope to surpass the charms of the Nile or of the Côte d'Azur.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BUSH.

By P. AMAURY TALBOT. With 122 Illustrations, 2 Insets, and about 60 Text Drawings. 18s. net. (Heinemann)

Mr. Talbot has spent some five years among the Ekoi, a Nigerian tribe whose country is situate in Southern Nigeria, on the borders of the German territory of Cameroon. It is of this remarkable, and in many ways lovable, people that he treats in "In the Shadow of the Bush." This is no ordinary collection of traveller's yarns, but an extremely close and detailed study of every aspect of the life of the Ekoi. A considerable portion of the book has been taken from the lips of the natives themselves — expressions of their superstitions and beliefs, tales of personal experiences, and in particular their folk-lore. This all gives to the book a lightness and *vraisemblance* which is sadly lacking in most works of the kind. Mr. Talbot deserves the gratitude of the public for this fine record of a rapidly changing people. The illustrations are liberal and excellent.



From In the Shadow of the Bush
(Heinemann).

FALLS AT THE SOURCE OF THE
IKPAN RIVER.

IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE.

By ALGOT LANGE. 10s 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

Mr Lange's book describes his adventures on the headwaters of the Amazon, including a strange sojourn among cannibals, whose guest he was, and who treated him with amazing courtesy, hospitality and kindness. His travels were in the region of the Javary River, just between Brazil and Peru, a vile country, swampy, the forest growth rank and dense, and in times of high water the whole basin is inundated. One of the two most interesting things in the book is his description of the *sucurujú*, the giant anaconda, which lives to a great age and reaches a tremendous size. Mr Lange claims to have shot one fifty-six feet long, it is a pity he did not include its photograph among the many excellent pictures used to illustrate his book. However, he got the skin home to New York, where, dried and shrunk a little, it measures fifty-four feet eight inches in length.



From The South Pole—Captain Amundsen's book, which has just been published by Mr John Murray.



From *Sport in Five Continents*
(Blackwood).

GRIZZLY, ROCKIES, CANADA.

The other is his tale of the Mangeromes, the cannibal tribe with whom he lived for some time, their habits, weapons, manners and customs, including an account in detail of the way in which the famous wourabli poison is prepared; and the tale of a desperate battle between the tribe and a band of half-castes who were attacking them to steal their women. The tribe conquered, and had the spoils in the shape of a stew. Mr. Lange's book contains these two novelties which are sufficient excuse for publishing it even if there were no other reasons.

A COLONY IN THE MAKING:

Or *Sport and Profit in British East Africa*. By LORD CRANWORTH. 12s. net. Illustrated. (Macmillan.)

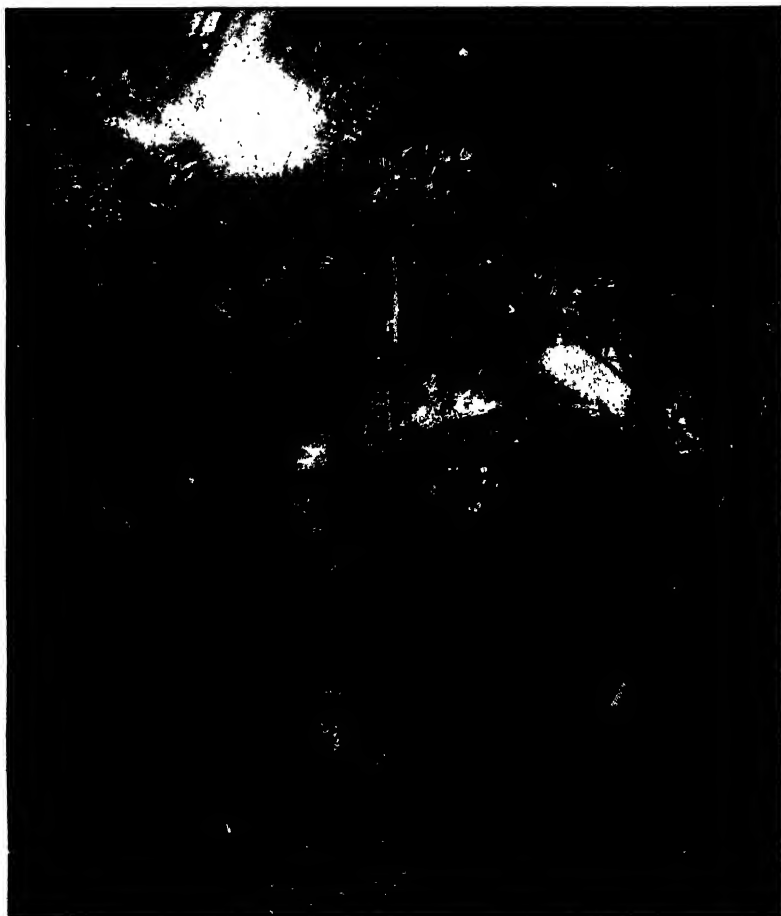
Lord Cranworth urges that British East Africa is in some respects the most peculiar of the King's dominions, because within a comparatively small area it embraces so much variety: in the way of climate, soil, human inhabitants, fauna, flora, and, finally, possibilities for British enterprise. As to the system of government, he submits that the Protectorate at the present day subsists mainly on faith and hope. The principal ground of complaint lies, in his own words, in "the quantity of cooks who contrive to spoil the flavour of so excellent a soup." According to his lordship it is extremely difficult to get a quick, definite answer to any question or complaint through the long chain of links which separate the settler from the Colonial Office. He devotes a special chapter to settlers and officials. He considers interests as diverse as pigs, cattle, ostriches, big game, labour, crops, education, and the Uganda railway. Local

politics and pastimes also come within the scope of his survey. Indeed he apparently determined to take the Protectorate with a business seriousness and thoroughness. To certain types of readers the book will be a surprising and engaging revelation as to the plain and practical things that a man who does not pretend to be a business man can notice. Here and there is an acceptable touch of airiness. Apart from his lordship's varied work there is a chapter by Lady Cranworth, giving "Hints for a Woman in British East Africa."

THE VELDT DWELLERS.

By F. BANCROFT 6s (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Bancroft's "Of Like Passions" was a sound and clever study of the colour peril in South Africa, but "The Veldt Dwellers" is a considerable advance on his earlier work. It is a treatment of the racial question during the last Boer War. The brothers Brandon, Thane and George, are devoted to each other, but their sympathies are not akin. Their home is in the Transvaal, where they have been born; but while the outbreak of war brings no difficulties to Thane, whose sympathies are entirely with the English, for whom he fights, the more conscientious George is placed in a far more difficult position. The Transvaal, after all, is his country, and he has no quarrel with the Boers. Finally it is to them that he determines to give what assistance he can, on the proviso that he is not required to take part in battle. On this theme Mr. Bancroft has built a novel of tragic power and intensity. "The Veldt Dwellers" is well and conscientiously written, and it contains several striking portraits—both male and female—of South African types. It should be read by everybody who takes an interest in the literature of Greater Britain.



From *In the Amazon Jungle*
(Putnam's).

FOREST INTERIOR. THE GLOOM
THAT PERVADES THESE IMMENSE
AND WONDERFUL WOODS.

THE BROWNS.

By J. E. BUCKROSE. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The Browns belonged to a class the nation is getting rid of, but which it will miss, whatever comes instead: this the author tells after delightful pictures of every-day folk, with their big and little trials, their small joys and many sorrows. Margaret Brown is more attractive, because of her accepted place amongst us all, than she would be as a striking heroine of impossible fiction. Her natural impatience with an unjust Fate, which compels her mother and herself to live in poverty, provokes the impetuous action of throwing her Cousin Rebecca's will into the fire, before the astonished gaze of the old lady. Miss Brown's intention to disinherit this hot-headed relative and her mother is frustrated, however, by her timely death before another will is made, and we enjoy seeing the weight of poverty lifted, and revel with these happy possessors of the munificent income of two hundred pounds a year. What wonders it was able to do! But Margaret's conscience is sorely troubled when the dispossessed young man cousin makes his appearance and announces his intention of starting in business at Flodmouth. When she discovers, too, how he is striving to save his small capital for his new enterprise, by living in the most meagre fashion and carrying it off with a debonnair bearing, her trouble increases. But the author must be left to tell the story in her own simple way, for, despite the almost provoking femininity of the book, it is so refreshing and straightforward that we could only lay it down with a hope that the next work from this author may not be long coming. "Down our Street" made her name, and "The Browns" will help to perpetuate it.

THE LIGHTED WAY.

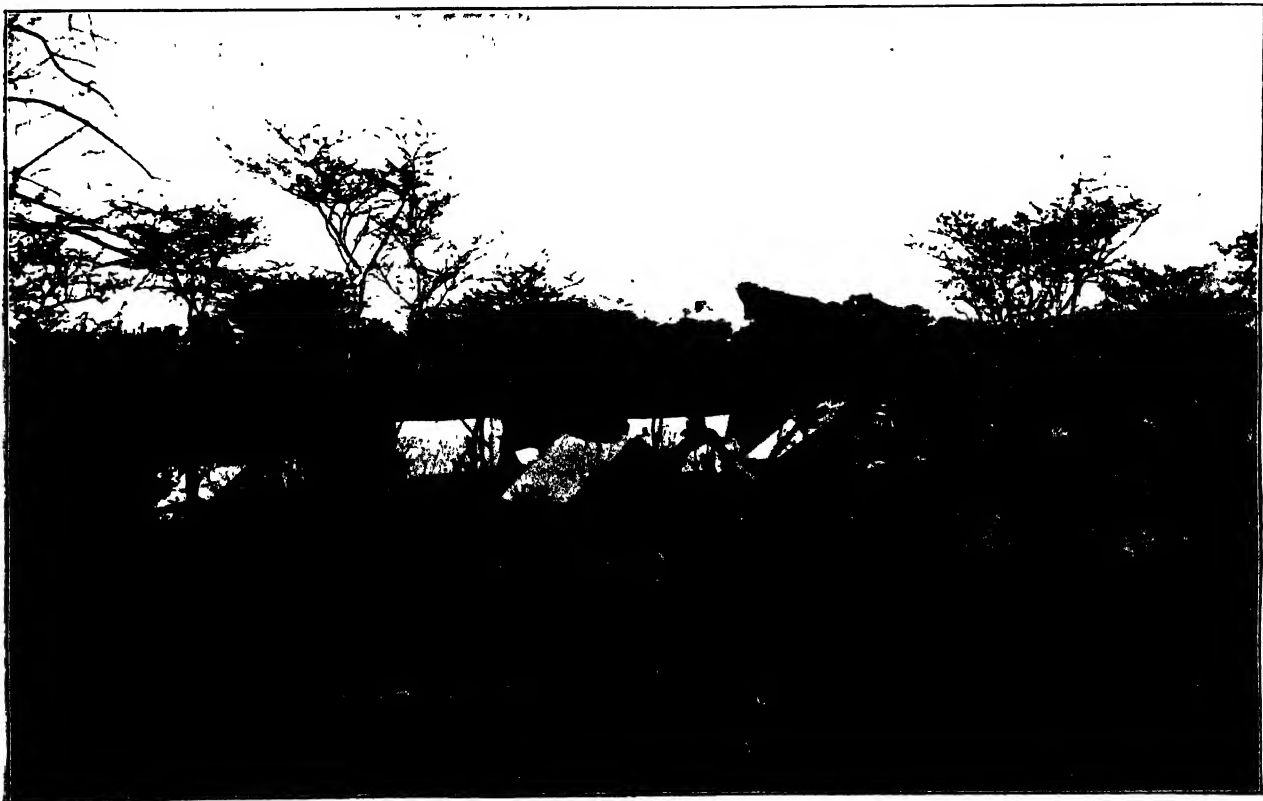
By E. Phillips Oppenheim 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is irresistible. Pick him up and you lose all sense of time. His pen drips with mystery on mystery, and, try how you will, in the end it is he—not you—who provides the solution. He is a baffling conjurer who can squeeze mystery out of anything from a precious stone to a cheesemonger. Who indeed but Mr. Oppenheim would have scented mystery in the prosaic Mr. Samuel Weatherley, the wholesale provision merchant, of Tooley Street, London? Yet the reader of "The Lighted Way"



From *The Feet of the Furtive*
(Ward, Lock).

"AT LAST ONE ALIGHTED WITHIN
A COUPLE OF FEET OF HIS
VERY MUZZLE."



From *A Colony in the Making*
(Macmillan.)

A TYPICAL CAMP.
By permission of Messrs. Newland, Tarlton & Co.



From *To Mesopotamia and
Kurdistan in Disguise*
(Murray).

A JAF CHIEFTAIN,
S. KURDISTAN.

who accompanies young Arnold Chetwode, a humble clerk in Mr. Weatherley's counting-house, on a polite mission to his employer's house at Hampstead, will find himself immediately on the fringe of a great mystery. For if the provision merchant suggests the prosaic, an atmosphere at once fascinating and sinister surrounds his beautiful wife and her cosmopolitan circle—an atmosphere which is speedily



From *A Wanderer in Florence*
(Methuen).

Reviewed in this month's BOOKMAN.

electrified by a startling murder. Love and mystery are interwoven with Mr. Oppenheim's usual cunning, and it is safe to say that the reader of "The Lighted Way" will know no peace of mind until the final page is reached.

TO MESOPOTAMIA AND KURDISTAN IN DISGUISE.

By E. B. SOANE. With 6 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. net (Murray)

Mr. Soane's route on his recent adventurous journey took him from Constantinople, *via* Beyrout and Aleppo to Hierapolis, whence he made his way to Diarbekr on the Tigris, and followed the valley of that stream as far south as Mosul. At this town he forsook the regular track, and made his way in a south-easterly direction to the Persian frontier, returning thence to the Tigris, and so to Bagdad and home. Seeing that the Kurds have the reputation of being one of the most cruel and treacherous races on the face of the world, it will be realized that the author took a good many risks. As a matter of fact, the treatment that he actually received was far better than he had expected, but this does not mean that he had not some awkward moments to live through. Mr. Soane also includes in his volume a considerable amount of matter dealing with the history of Kurdistan. This he claims to be entirely new, and certainly it adds appreciably to the interest of a very unusual book.

BISMYA, OR THE LOST CITY OF ADAB.

By EDGAR JAMES BANKS, Ph.D. With 174 Illustrations. 21s. net (Putnam's)

In almost the exact centre of Mesopotamia lies Bismya, the site of the lost city of Adab, the spot which Dr Banks selected for the excavations which began on Christmas Day, 1903. He was phenomenally successful. "The lost city of Adab was found; a perfect marble statue of King Daudu, the oldest statue in the world, was unearthed, names of forgotten kings and rulers were restored to



THE AUTHOR AS AN ARAB.
From *Bismya*
(Putnam's).

history; questions long puzzling to the historian and to the archaeologist have been answered, and others have been presented to them to solve." A popular account of the excavations, together with one of Dr. Banks's travels and adventures in Mesopotamia, is now presented to the general reading-public in this fine volume, which nobody with any soul for romance can read without a thrill. The illustrations are of extraordinary interest and include three representations of the remarkable statue.

MEN AND MANNERS OF MODERN CHINA.

By J. MACGOWAN. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Rev. J. MacGowan shows in "Men and Manners of Modern China" a ripe knowledge of, and abounding sympathy with, the interesting people who, before Germany built a Dreadnought, were regarded by the patriots who tremble as the Yellow Peril. The folly of such bogey-building in connection with the Chinese has now been proved. We know them better. Their writings, philosophy, and poetry have been searched, translated, and studied; the character and circumstances of the people have been described by all manner of pens, so that, with their qualities and faults, they may be estimated truly. Mr. MacGowan, having spent fifty observant years in China, helps to that better understanding. His book is entertaining and comprehensive. The chief defect is a shocking bad index. He writes with pleasant humour, and on the

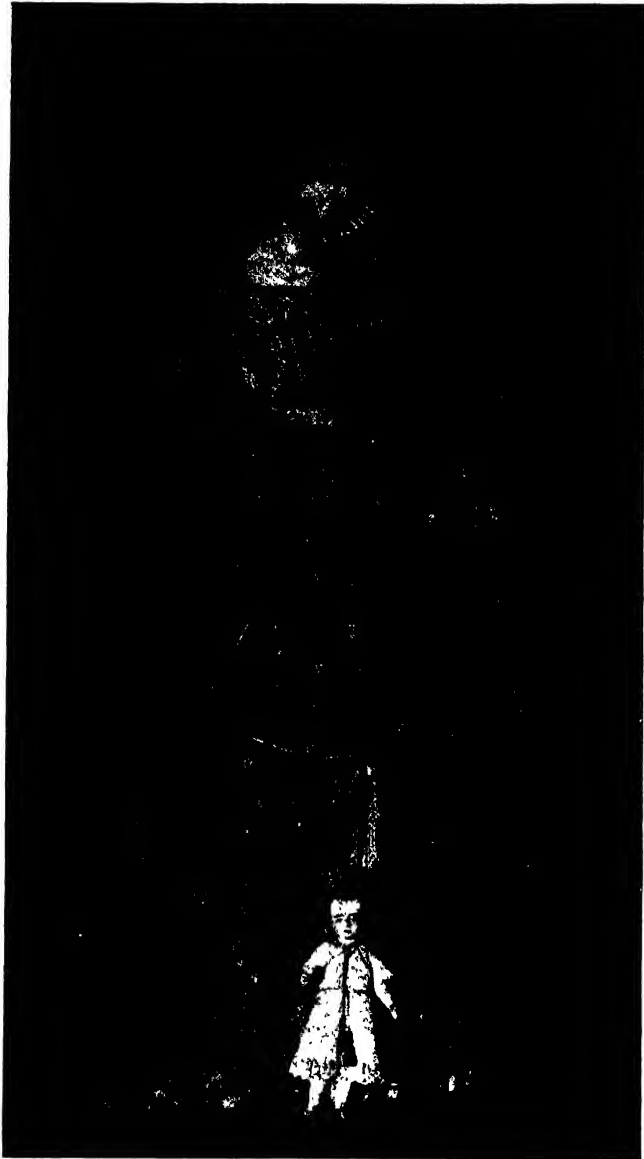
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

of different association from the jails of Ruffini and Mazzini. We have a picture, however, of a villa mournful enough in its association; of the haunted house by San Terenzo, where, "with the sound of the sea in our ears" we read the inscription upon a marble tablet under its wreath of laurels: "Here Mary Godwin waited with tearful anxiety for Percy Bysshe Shelley, who sailing from Leghorn in his frail boat was borne to the silence of the Elysian islands."

ARABIC SPAIN.

By BERNHARD and ELLEN M. WHISHAW. 10s. 6d. net.
Illustrated (Smith, Elder)

The modesty, industry, and devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Whishaw are to be highly commended. Their book is an effort to elucidate points and problems in the history and art of Seville under the Moslems. The real story of Moslem Spain, as they point out, has yet to be written. They lament their ignorance of Arabic, a knowledge of which is manifestly essential for the finished performances of such work as they have undertaken. They have had, however, the advantage of a long residence in Seville and an intimate acquaintance with places, personalities and interests inaccessible to Spanish visitors and tourists. They have collected and presented some exceedingly interesting material. Some of the conclusions can only be regarded as tentative, several points are still uncertain or confusing, but sections of the historic lore and not a little of the artistic revelation are suggestive and valuable. The chapter entitled "Egypt and the Church in Seville" is specially attractive, and we would be grateful for a more elaborate treatment of that subject and kindred ones. The authors are more appreciable pioneers than they realise, notwithstanding all their drawbacks, and difficulties



From Arabic Spain
(Smith, Elder).

THE VIRGIN OF ROCAMADOR, CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, SEVILLE,
a mural painting over eight feet high. Mozarabic, renovated with additions about the fifteenth century, but the original outlines respected

whole praises warmly a remarkable congeries of nations, as modern China may fairly be called. The day of that people has been long, and it will continue. No nation under the sky can be said to have a more hopeful prospect than the present-day Chinese, who have realised a miracle by stopping the cultivation of the opium-poppy. It was the flower of death; its evil was everywhere, so they abolished it. What country cursed with drunkenness could so thoroughly have eradicated the evil?

WANDERINGS ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

By FREDERIC LEES. 7s. 6d. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons)

The author is least happy in his preface, where he talks of "cultured travellers," surely a very vile phrase! But when he once sets out on his wanderings with a friend who was an antiquary in search of curios, he writes a pleasant book, and illustrates it with well chosen photographs. He shows us an ancient winding stony mule track up the heights seen in a flood of golden light at sunset: feudal castles, and a rocky valley. We see the chapel at Lampedusa rising from amidst the olives and cypress trees, over against Taggia where Ruffini lived; Ruffini who wrote English books, "Doctor Antonio" and others, popular in their day; Ruffini of the family of Italian patriots and of the country of Mazzini. Our author does not talk about Mazzini, but he gives us a photograph of the villa at Genoa where Dickens lived, and which he described as "a kind of Pink Jail." It was a prison house



From Men and Manners
of Modern China
(Unwin).

A PRIEST IN THE COURTYARD OF THE "WHITE DEER" TEMPLE.



From *The Romance of the French Châteaux*
(Putnam's).

CHÂTEAU OF MEILLANT
(By permission of Neurdein, Paris).

A MODERN PILGRIM IN MECCA.

By A. J. B. WAVELL, F R G S 10s. 6d. net (Constable.)

Mr. Wavell's remarkable book is divided into two portions of almost equal length and general interest—the first of which describes his pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca in the winter of 1908–9, while the second introduces him two years later as one of the two Europeans who went through the siege of Sanaa, the most important, indeed the only, inland city of South-West Arabia. Of these two portions we imagine that the general reader will most probably prefer the first, but in many respects the experiences dealt with in the second portion were even more remarkable. Mr. Wavell was accompanied to Mecca by two Mohammedan friends, an Arab, Abdul Wahid, and a Mombasa Swahili name Masaudi. He accomplished his purpose with scarcely a hitch in his arrangements, but we are inclined to think that he somewhat underrates the difficulties of making the pilgrimage. He believes that anyone entering the country in disguise at the pilgrimage season and possessed of "a passable knowledge of Arabic and Moslem ceremonial, and proper vigilance," may make the pilgrimage to Mecca without running any risk worth mentioning. "Medina

is much the more dangerous place of the two, and no traveller should adventure himself there who is not very thoroughly at home in his Oriental character. From what I have since heard I am disposed to attribute our escape to a series of happy chances rather than to good management on my own part." The author journeyed to Sanaa in his European character, which possibly accounts for the interest taken in him by the Turkish authorities, who restricted his freedom of movement from the moment of his landing at Hodeidah. It would, however, have been impossible as a native to take with him the scientific outfit made necessary by his projected journey through unexplored portions of Southern Arabia. This journey of exploration never came off; it was effectively blocked by the Turkish forces in the siege of Sanaa by a force of about 150,000 Arabs. This expedition, in fact, was a failure, it "had accomplished nothing whatever, cost a great deal, and entailed a fearful waste of time," but, the author reflects, "at any rate we had had a run for our money." It also gave him the material for some of the most exciting

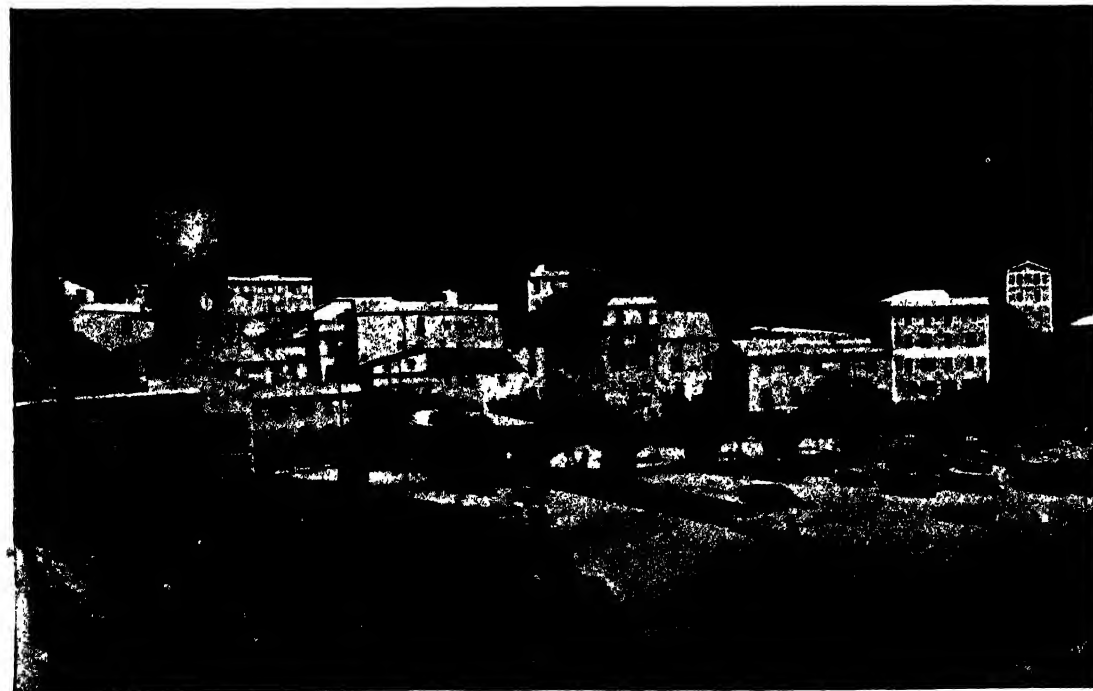
incidents in the book. Mr. Wavell may be warmly congratulated on the highly attractive manner in which he puts the account of his experiences before the reader. While primarily a traveller, he possesses powers of literary observation and description of a very high order. For its force, its interest, and its humour, "A Modern Pilgrimage to Mecca" must take a place in the front rank of modern travel-books.

THE ROMANCE OF BAYARD.

By Lieut.-Col. HAGGARD 6s (Stanley Paul)

It is rather surprising that a writer of historical romance should find so good a subject practically untouched as Lieutenant-Colonel Haggard has done "The Romance of Bayard." Colonel Haggard gets briskly to work with a lively description of the joustings and intrigues at The Field of the Cloth of Gold. The spirited nature of the romance may be gathered from the fact that his second chapter describes a vigorous wrestling match between Francis I. and Henry VIII.; in the middle of which historic "mill" the redoubtable Chevalier makes his entrance into the story. Great names star the pages—Henry, Wolsey, Margaret of Navarre, and her very arch maid-

of-honour, Anne Boleyn. The hero of a hundred fights loses his heart to the merry author of the *Heptameron*, the reading of which collection naturally causes some humorous comparisons to the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. But the Bayard was clearly not destined for the life domestic, and Colonel Haggard's story comes to a dramatic conclusion with the death of the Chevalier on the field of battle as Margaret approaches with the Papal missive dissolving the hateful marriage that had kept them apart. Readers who have no finicking objections to a liberal use of Wardour Street English will find few pages to skip.



From *Wanderings on the Italian Riviera*
(Pitman).

MONTEROSSO AL MARE, NEAR SPEZIA.

THE
LIFE OF
MICHAEL
ANGELO.

By ROMAIN
ROLLAND. Trans-
lated from the
French by Fred-
eric Lees. Illus-
trated. 6s. net.
(Heinemann.)

Emerson wrote
that Michael
Angelo had "a
sad sour time of
it." The words
might have been
the text for this
vivid biography of
the great Floren-
tine. A highly
cultured aristo-
crat, he was the
prey of genius and
grew to find a



From The Gateway of Scotland
(Constable).

KELSO BRIDGE.



From Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet
in Western Canada
(Melrose).

PACKHORSES TAKING
A FORD

bitter pleasure in
pain. He loved,
but was not loved
in return. Look-
ing upon Vittoria
Colonna dead, he
was distressed to
think he had not
kissed her fore-
head and her face,
as he had kissed
her hand. He
kept fowls and
cats. Invited out
by his friend Gian-
notti, he replied :
" You are all so
highly gifted that
if I accepted your
invitation I should
lose my liberty,"
meaning that his
admiration for
them would dis-
turb his own
equilibrium.
Again: " When a
man is so formed
by nature and
education that

he hates ceremonies and despises hypocrisy it is senseless
not to let him live as he likes. If he asks you for nothing
and does not seek your society, why do you seek his ? "
Truly, it is not a happy life, yet M. Rolland, having set
out to present a tragedy of innate suffering, perhaps over-
does the note. The painting of the Sistine Chapel occupied
the years 1508-12, and here we see, says the author, the
legendary Michael Angelo, " he whose majestic image is
and ought to remain engraved on the memory of humanity."
Pope Julius II. threatened to have him thrown from the
top of the scaffolding during the progress of the work. The
haughty Michael Angelo must indeed have been trying.
Yet for all of his temperament the advice of Clement VII.
is as wholesome to-day as when it was tendered—not to
overwork himself, to show restraint, to work at his ease,
to take a walk now and then. His pride of race ; his filial
forbearance, his constant kindness to the unfortunate,
are traits of character M. Rolland's copiously annotated
pages do bring out. We remember, too, that the old man
who, when his nephew's baby died, wanted the parents to
rejoice, and who wrote that " Death is not, as people believe,
the worst thing, for the last day is the first—the eternal
day—near to the throne of God," was good Christian enough



From In Jesuit Land
(Stanley Paul).

OLD JESUIT BATH, APOSTOLAS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition
(Chatto & Windus).

Reviewed by Neil Munro in the November BOOKMAN.

R. L. S. IN APEMAMA ISLAND. A DEVIL
PRIEST MAKING INCANTATIONS.

to regard prayer as more efficacious than all the medicines of the world. Little as he enjoyed life, his physical constitution was of the hardest. At eighty-five he is on horseback, and a year later sits for three hours with naked feet, drawing.

THE ARABS IN TRIPOLI.

By ALAN OSTLER. With 8 Illustrations by H. Sepping Wright 10s. 6d. net. (Murray)

Mr. Alan Ostler's avowed purpose is not to present a study of the recent Tripolitan war, but to afford the reader a picture of a strange people in their natural surroundings. He has, he tells us, spent several years among the Arabs—a fact which is obvious from the many vivid and effective touches in which the book abounds, and which could not have been supplied by a merely superficial observer. War is apparently a natural state with the untamed Arab of the interior of Northern Africa, and the sentiment is echoed in the last words of the book: "Ibrahim, the pallid young Spahi interpreter, came up and stood beside me, looking across the desert towards Tripoli. 'Well, Ibrahim,' I said, 'what do you think will be the end of it all over there?' The Spahi smiled quietly, looking down at the host of his untamed brothers marching by their camels. 'No end, monsieur,' he answered, 'Only war; always war.'" Mr. Ostler's is one of the most remarkable revelations of Oriental character we have ever come across.

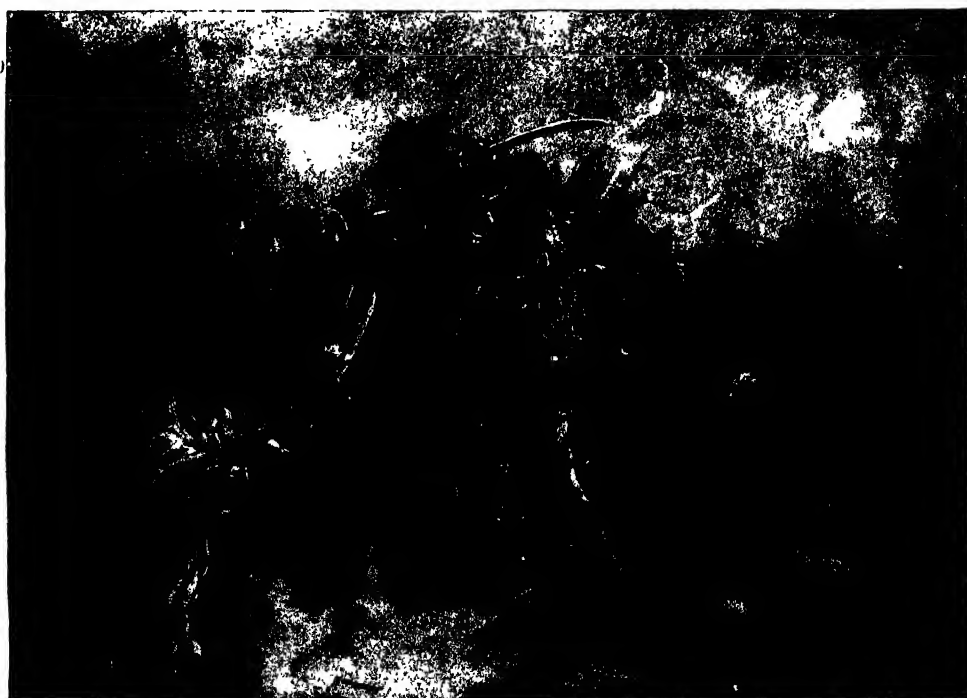
WOMAN AND WOMANHOOD.

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.,
F.R.S.E., Ch B., F.Z.S. 10s. net.
(Heinemann.)

Dr. Saleeby's book, whatever its merits or demerits, scarcely justifies its sub-title, "A Search For Principles." Here is no "search" for anything; rather is it a direct statement of convictions. On many subjects, but particularly on those of eugenics

and alcohol, only one side is presented, and that with unqualified emphasis. This feature of the book has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Perhaps the chief disadvantage is that this method, while it is calculated to hearten the convinced, will scarcely convert the opposition. Dr. Saleeby, in fact, has much of the professional manner, presenting the results of his wide reading and serious reflection with a certain categorical definiteness even on questions that cannot by any means be said not to be still *sub judice*. On the other hand it is a rare pleasure to encounter clear and definite statement, and that Dr. Saleeby's con-

tentions make for national welfare and progress there can be no manner of doubt. His evident sincerity and earnestness easily counterbalance the one-sided aspect of his method of dialectic. And now for a brief survey of the contents of an interesting and essentially valuable book. The best chapters are those which may be called the most practical, under which heading we would include his discussion of "The Physical Training of Girls," "The Higher Education of Women," "Education for Motherhood," "The Marriage Age," "The Conditions of Divorce," "Women and Economics." On all these important subjects Dr. Saleeby writes frankly and acutely, a combination of qualities that marks his book off sharply from an ever-growing and not always too judicious a literature on these subjects. And these same qualities are seen, perhaps to even greater advantage, in his more unconventional treatment of such a topic as "The Price of Prudery." It is obvious that much of the area covered by Dr. Saleeby is a region coated with thin ice. He is to be certainly congratulated on the skilfulness of his skating.



From The Arabs in Tripoli
(Murray).

TUAREG MEHARI RIDERS COME IN
FROM THE SOUTH.

"THY ROD AND THY STAFF."

By ARTHUR
CHRISTOPHER
BENSON. 6s.
net. (Smith,
Elder.)

Mr. Benson has entered the confessional. He now says what some of his critics have been saying about him for some time past. "I had done my old work in a pretentious spirit, not exactly for show, but certainly for effect. I had tried to satisfy my enjoyment and my vanity alike. . . .

I had loved ease and comfort, money and dignity, friendship and culture. . . . I thought that I was doing a fine, unworldly thing to seek a retirement in the prime of life." In his book "Beside Still Waters" he had meant, though not consciously, "to draw a charming picture of contemplative seclusion and to arouse the envy of the hustled and hurried." The confession will be read with mixed feelings. How far the author may be conscious of it is uncertain; but he remains introspective. He still offers to a busy world the picture of one peculiarly favoured. He is, after all, but Hecuba to the majority; and few will weep with or over him. His illness, during which for nearly three years he was a victim of neurasthenia, is not of a kind to extract sympathy—except from those who have passed through a similar trial. He was able to travel, he still had friends. His bank balance accumulated. He was left with almost the only kind of work that he could do. None but those who have lost the savour for the good things

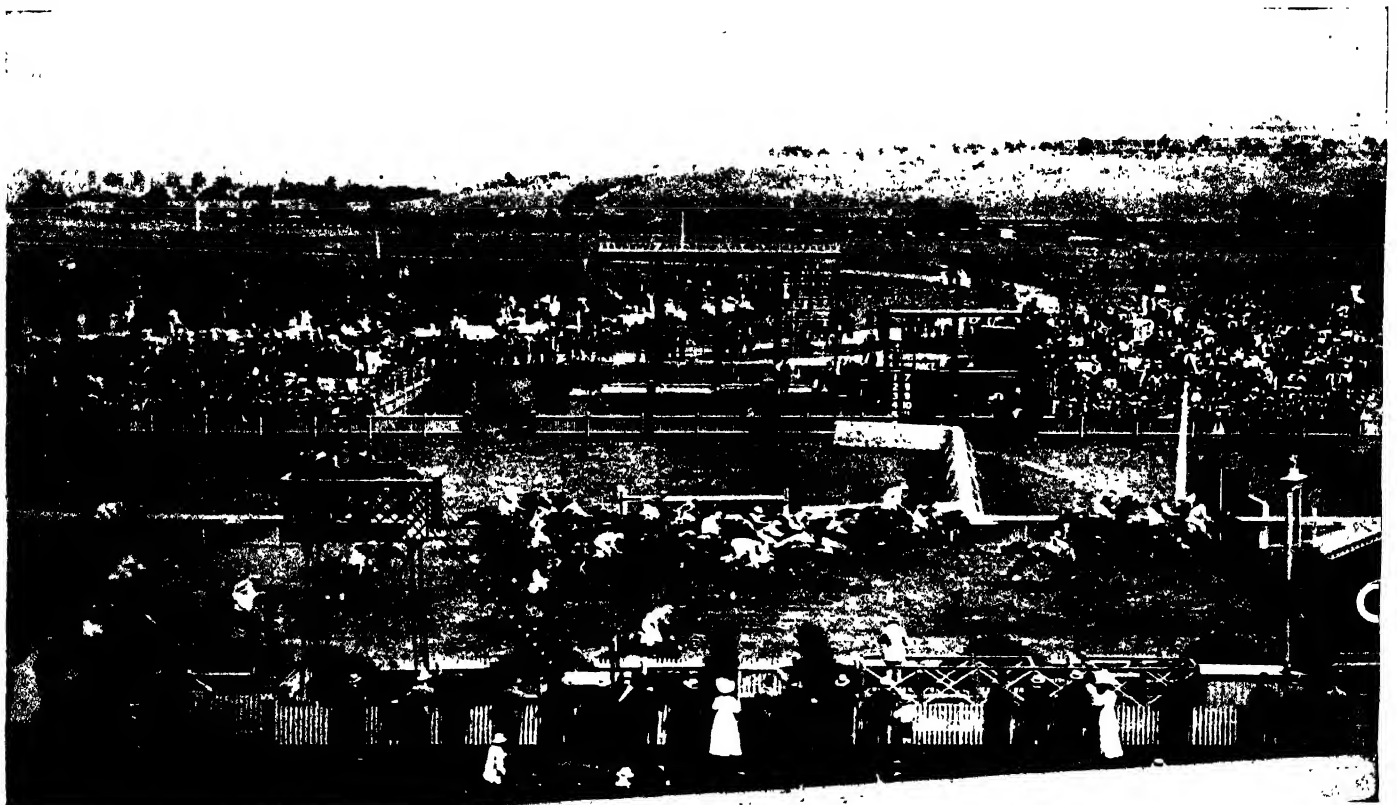
that surround them can have more than a faint idea of the effects of the illness to which Mr. Benson refers: the perpetual desire for rest on any terms, even on terms of death itself. To those not so fortunately placed as was the essayist it means dire failure to the last degree. His advice that in such circumstances any sort of excitement or distraction should be avoided is counsel of perfection. But

it would be unfair to take up the attitude of Charlotte to Werther in this matter. There is a lesson for all in this book, as well as the recreative charm afforded by the skilful use of a literary faculty of no mean kind. Mr. Benson has brought out of the valley of humiliation a message. This message concerns man's relations with his fellow man and with his Maker. But the message must be read carefully. Isolated passages, cut off from their context, even in hurried reading and unconsciously, would sadly misrepresent the author's meaning. Put in a sentence, the message may be interpreted in the words of the catechism: to love God with heart, soul, and strength; and one's neighbour as oneself. One of the most valuable sentences in the book, reminding us of the words addressed by a famous Magdalen professor to a young Divinity student, is this: "I read the Gospel afresh, almost as a new book, and a mist seemed to clear away from my eyes." In another sentence self-revelation stands out clearly: "I



From *In French Africa*
(Chapman & Hall.)

TLEMCEM: A STREET SCENE.



From *Sport and Pastime in Australia*
(Methuen);

FINISH OF A RACE AT FLEMINGTON.
The horses are shown passing the judges' box

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have learnt by experience that it is not good to be much alone, but I have not learnt not to enjoy solitude." It is to be hoped that the readers of Mr. Benson's earlier books will not have been so enamoured of their gracious style as to be deluded into the neurasthenia their writing encouraged in their author. In any case the readers referred to should lose no time in taking the antidote Mr. Benson now offers them.

THE UNDER TRAIL.

By ANNA ALICE CHAPIN.
6s. (Pitman.)

In Juliet Gray, the heroine of this vigorous American story, we meet no helpless gossamer maid, but a thoroughly capable and business-like nurse, whose professional keenness combined with a rare beauty sweeps her into a veritable mountain torrent of adventure. The Under Trail itself is a secret underground passage through a wild mountain range in West Virginia. "A dozen paces to the left of the laurel clump. Not ten men know, and, once you make it, God Himself has to look twice to find you!" These words, spoken by Nat Mooney, a delirious patient, one of a rude colony of road-makers dwelling on Liberty Ridge, give Nurse Juliet the clue to the Under Trail, where Derry Blake, the man who has shot Mooney, lies concealed. If her patient dies Juliet knows that Derry will swing for it—and Derry is the man she loves. If, on the other hand, he pulls through, Mooney has sworn to have Derry's life. Such is the situation which faces Juliet, a situation complicated and made more perilous by other love-ties binding both Derry and herself. Frankly melodramatic in parts,

there is no lack of action in "The Under Trail," the remote mountainous setting of the story enabling the author to introduce an interesting gallery of characters, and incidentally to give a decidedly "creepy" account of a "voodoo celebration" in a negro's shanty.

PAUL BURDON.

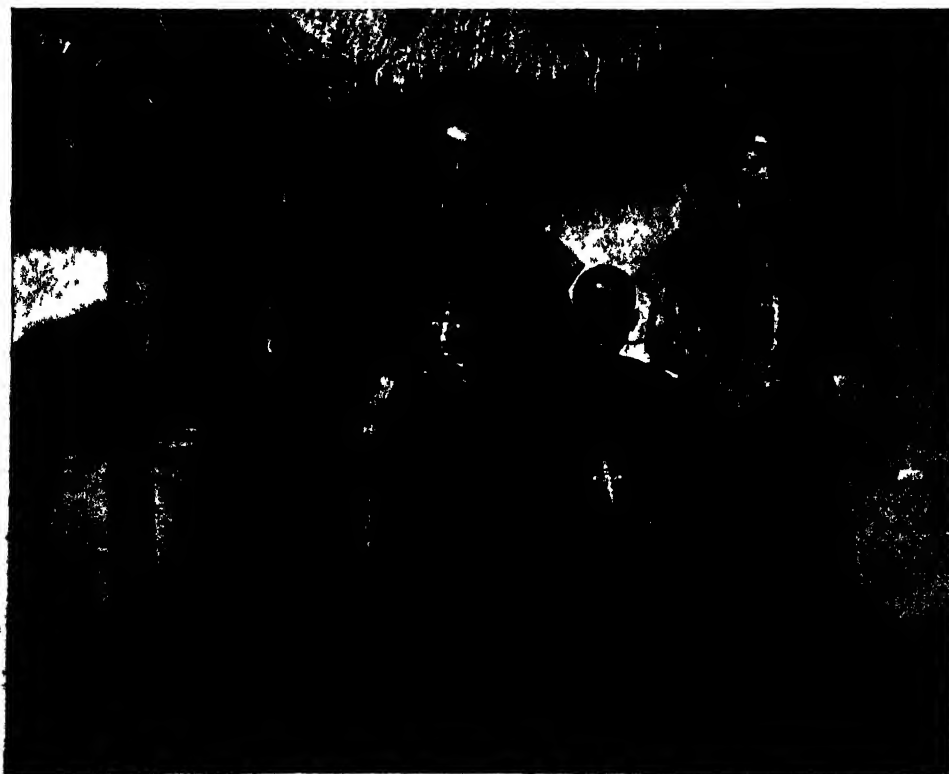
By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, Bart. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Paul Burdon is not, at the outset, an attractive person. Things have gone badly with his farm, and he has lost nearly every farthing of his money, when Chance throws in his way a bag full of money and easily negotiable securities. He annexes the bag and contrives to fix the suspicion of a supposed murder upon the only man who can suspect him. After that all goes well with Paul Burdon; his speculations flourish, he returns the money he has "borrowed," and becomes a highly respectable citizen, a J.P., and a considerable landowner—a wealthy man, in fact. And then the man who suspects him returns from America, where he too has made money. Rumours begin to spread. How, in the first instance, did Paul Burdon raise the capital wherewith to speculate? What really happened to the owner of the bag? It says much for the hero's strength of character that he refuses to be blackmailed, and that he continues to face the world apparently undismayed. Sir William Magnay has done very well with his "strong man," for Paul Burdon is a convincing figure. The book contains, perhaps, less excitement than the author's admirers are accustomed to expect in his novels, but it has several dramatic moments, and the story as a whole is carefully and cleverly worked out.



From A Winter Holiday in Portugal
(Stanley Paul).

THE CHURCH OF THE ORDER OF
CHRIST, THOMAR.

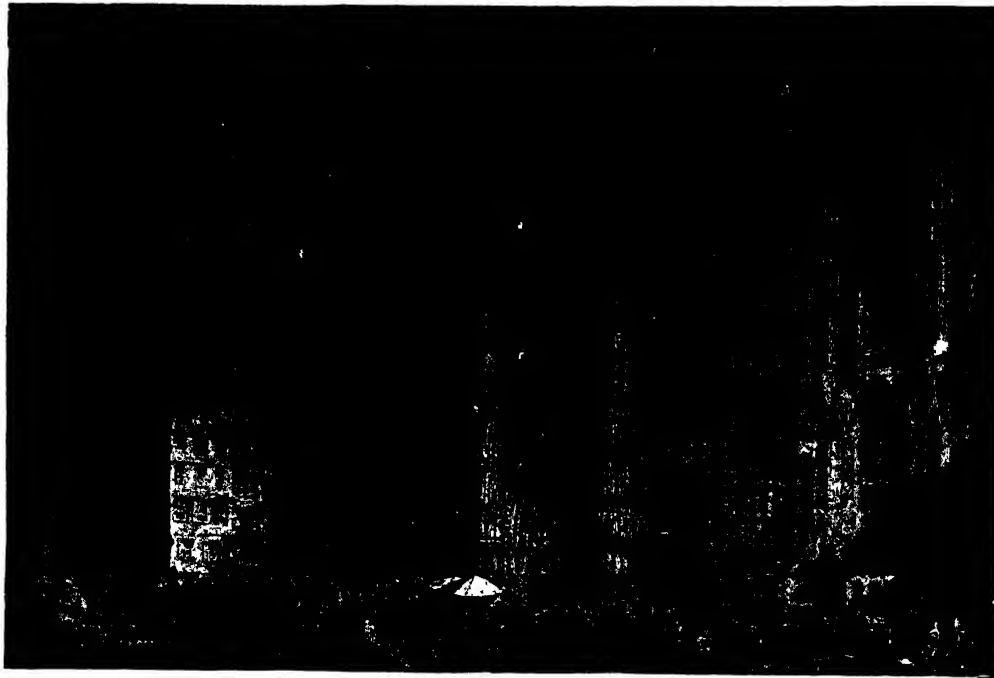


From Through the Heart of Africa
(Constable).

THE COMMUNITY OF BLACK NUNS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

life. Now that Mr. Marion Crawford is dead, Mr. Bagot has this field to himself, and he manages even a cardinal in the present novel without making him more than sympathetic, privately, with ideas frowned on by the Curia. An Italian professor tells this cardinal incidentally that he objects to "wade through pages of amatory silliness in novels which might otherwise be interesting." Mr. Bagot has evidently had this warning before his mind, for the novel has more breadth and atmosphere than usual. It is not anti-papal or anti-anything. The incidents, beyond a ghastly murder at the end, are neither sensational nor amorous. On the other hand, the story is rather long, and there is not enough humour to relieve the descriptions and dialogues.



From *In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion*
(Stanley Paul).

ROUEN CATHEDRAL
(where Richard's heart was buried).

HOFFMAN'S CHANCE.

By WILLIAM CAINE. 6s. (John Lane)

We gather that Mr. William Caine has crowded a great deal of personal experience into his new novel, which has Stageland for its setting and deals with the birth and death of a would-be comic opera. Hoffman has considerable musical talent and great ambitions, but no money. He has dreams of writing a comic opera—not a musical comedy, but the genuine article—which shall take London by storm; but the Ring is impregnable, his ability avails him nothing. Enter Hoffman's "Chance" in the shape of Bertram Orde, a wealthy young bachelor with a weakness for amateur theatricals and a talent for writing stuff "good enough for the blue pencil." Hoffman seizes his chance, flatters the young author-capitalist, and the two co-operate to write "The Conspiracy at Capri," Orde agreeing to finance a West-End production. Here, indeed, is the chance of a lifetime, and Hoffman flings himself at it headlong, working furiously and unceasingly. Mr. Caine then proceeds to demonstrate with very intimate touches the difficulties and obstacles which beset the writer of comic opera who is dependent on other people's money for his production. Very soon Hoffman finds his opera perverted into a musical comedy, and the piece is shockingly mutilated to provide an entirely irrelevant part for a favourite of Orde's. This favourite is the altogether amazing daughter of an altogether amazing father, and their eccentricities are quite in Mr. Caine's funniest vein. "Hoffman's Chance" gives one a memorable picture of musical comedy in the making—and breaking.

DARNELEY PLACE.

By RICHARD BAGOT. 6s. (Methuen.)

Hypnotism and spiritualism are enough to spoil any novel. "Trilby" did succeed in spite of the former, but "Trilby" was the exception, and Mr. Bagot, in allowing spiritualistic motives to affect his characters has not added to the reality and interest of his story. The Sicilian vendetta would have borne development better than the somewhat elusive and roundabout influence of the spirit-world after two generations. Still, there are pretty pieces of Italian

THE NEW BOOK OF GOLF.

Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Photographs. 6s net. (Longmans)

Golf, a game as old and as persistent as Scottish pride, familiar as the Scot all over the earth, and perhaps as difficult to understand and to master, but withal perennially fascinating, makes an insistent claim upon the novice and



From *Japan As I Saw it*
(Jarrod).

MOTHER AND CHILD.
(After a sketch by G. Bigot).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

the expert. There must be a pretty considerable library on the subject of this pastime; but there will always be a demand for books that profess to tell one how to play it. One recalls several more or less recent works with this particular claim; but it may be said at once that in workmanship and in price the volume before us is a formidable rival in the field. The name of the editor counts for much, and his "team" of contributors have much to recommend them. Mr. A. C. M. Croome, a professional instructor of youth, is responsible for the prologue, wherein the young idea is counselled "How to Learn." Mr. Bernard Darwin supplies clear instruction of the needed elementary kind on driving, the proper use of the clubs, and the things to avoid. Mr. J. Sherlock treats of the game from the professional point of view, touching also on the important subject of temperament. Mr. C. K. Hutchinson assures us that the definition of genius as the possession of an infinite capacity for taking pains is at least happily applicable to the genius at golf. And Mrs. Ross (née Hezlet) contributes an excellent guide to the game from the ladies' standpoint. There are nearly seventy photographs, photographs of well-known players, and photographs of players in position, from which the novice should gather many a hint that will enforce the lessons in the text.

WOMAN IN MODERN SOCIETY.

By PROFESSOR EARL BARNES. 3s 6d. net (Cassell.)

WOMAN AND TO-MORROW.

By W. L. GEORGE 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins)

The arguments for woman's suffrage have rarely been marshalled with greater skill or presented with more force, sanity and earnestness than they are in these two books. Professor Barnes is well known as an American educationist; Mr. W. L. George as an English novelist and sociologist; each writes with special knowledge of his subject, in a spirit that is at once judicial and broadly human, and each comes to the same conclusion, that there is no reasonable ground on which woman's claim to an equal share in the government of her country can be opposed; that the doors which usage and convention have locked against her must, in simple justice and right, be thrown open; that in a word, whatever the selfish, the old-fashioned, the timid, the complacently tyrannical may say to the contrary, the triumph of feminism is a foregone conclusion. And they see that its triumph will not only do away with "a great source of dangerous sex antagonism," but the influence of women actively exerted in public affairs will widen the minds, strengthen the weaknesses of women themselves and be wholly humanising and civilising. It is absurd to say that women take no interest in politics or public life. Men would take no interest in them either, if they had no vote, were allowed no share in the ruling of themselves

and their fellows, were merely compelled to sit meekly aside and accept arbitrary laws and rules in whose shaping they had no voice. Speaking for the feminists, Mr. George says: "We are not content with the more or less sterile products of the ballot box; we wish to arrive at a state when the differences between men and women will be reduced to sexual differences, because those alone are natural. . . . We do not think it material that girls

should learn engineering, but we do wish to attain a social condition where no one will be surprised because they learn engineering. We attach far more value to the formation of character than to knowledge they may acquire." If women are petty, vain, dishonourable, he urges: "it is because everything that could be done to develop those traits in them has been done;" for "woman has had no opportunity in the feminist sense since the intellectual life of the world began." Men and women are not alike, as Professor Barnes has it, "but they are perfectly supplementary,"

and each will "achieve greatest freedom and happiness, not by minimising sex differences, but by frankly recognising them and using them." Man does not like surrendering the supremacy he has so long arrogated to himself, but no just person can thoughtfully weigh the case against him, as Mr. George and Professor Barnes state it, without feeling that he is in the wrong and that the time has come for woman to be his partner and not his servant. These are two timely, significant and altogether admirable books.

HISTORICAL VIGNETTES.

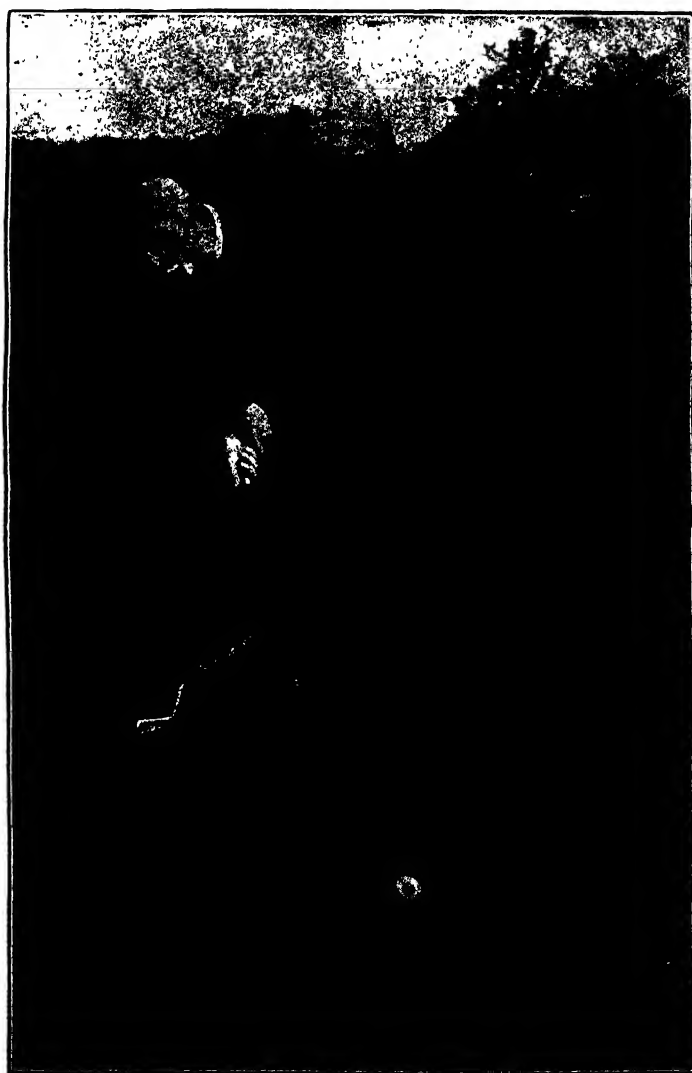
By BERNARD CAPES.

2s. 6d. net. (Sudgwick & Jackson.)

Most of these "vignettes" have been collected in book form before, but in this new and very dainty issue they should enjoy a renewal of their just success. These sketches of historical personages are among the most brilliant essays that Mr. Bernard Caves has yet given us.



From Republican France MARSHAL
(Holden & Hardingham). MACMAHON.

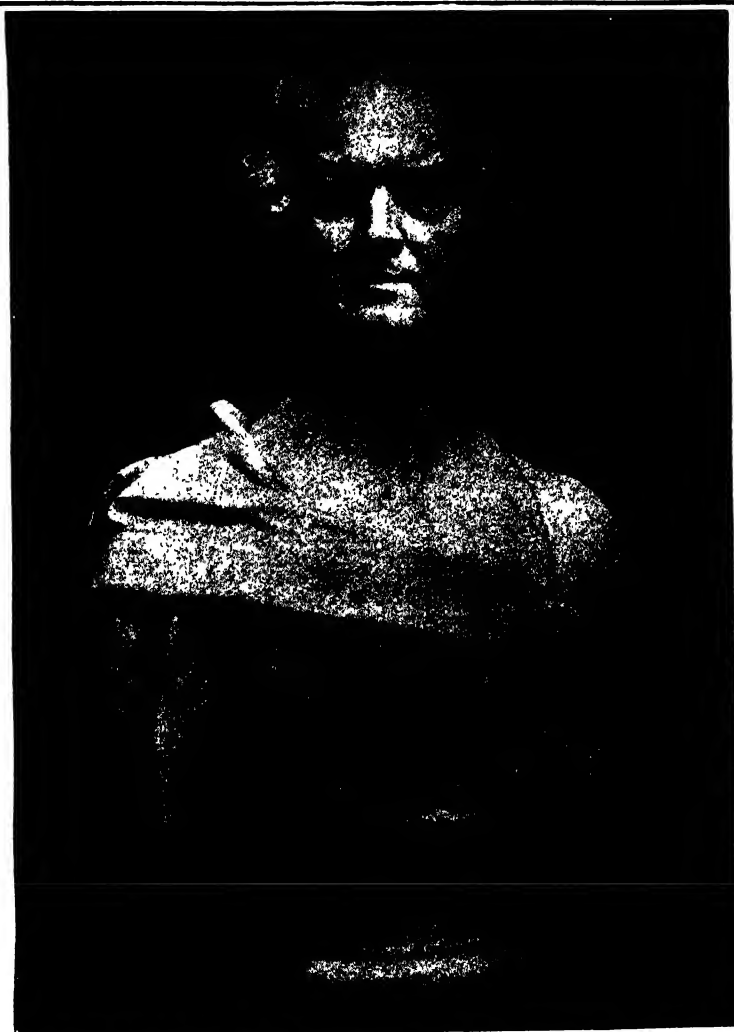


From The New Book of Golf
(Longmans).

PUTTING. HOLDING OUT.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

BIOGRAPHY & HISTORY



From The Diaries of William Charles Macready
(Chapman & Hall)

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, 1850.
From the bust by William Behns

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. *

Lady Dorothy Nevill is now recognised as one of the wittiest and shrewdest observers of the long Victorian era, and the nineteenth century and after. Born in 1826, still vivacious and in every current of thought and movement of social life, she has many

* "My Own Times." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. 15s net. (Methuen.)

"The Romance of a Favourite." By Frédéric Loliée. 15s. net (Constable)

"The Irish Revolution" Vol. I. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 10s 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

"Gregory the Great." By Sir H. H. Howorth 12s net. (Murray.)

"Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley." 6s. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)

a good anecdote to tell, many a piece of delightful gossip, many a pungent and wise comment to make upon the men and the manners and the doings she has seen and known and been in touch with all her life. Her book "My own Times" is rambling and without form, but never void. Story follows story, we have glimpses of people of supreme interest and highest place in their day—Lady Dorothy Nevill knew and knows them all—notes upon changes in ways of living, a flick of satire to this new custom, a word of praise for another the whole book has an air of gaiety and cheerful geniality which, taken with its keen perception, makes it fascinating reading. It is a great temptation to quote some of her

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

stories, or some of her pronouncements on the changes in social life and manners, for which she always gives her reasons, and good reasons too, even when one holds an opposite opinion from hers. But we must be content with one little anecdote apropos of the behaviour of certain kinds of *nouveaux riches*.

"Talking of dinners on one occasion, and commenting upon the eccentricities of hosts, an individual of this sort said: 'For instance, only a few days ago I was dining at my friend's, the Duke of Northumberland, and there was no fish.' 'I suppose,' said a quiet voice from the other end of the table, 'it had all been eaten upstairs.'" Very neat, and very powerful, and sharp as any two-edged sword.

Lady Dorothy Nevill tells us that Madame de Castiglione "used to be called the 'silent lady' because her voice was so seldom heard." Comtesse de Castiglione is the heroine of M. Frédéric Loliée's "Romance of a Favourite," written with all the knowledge and grace that distinguish M. Loliée's books dealing with the *histoire intime* of France under the Second Empire. The lady in question was a great power in Europe while her day lasted, and in her day she was certainly one of the most surprisingly beautiful creatures ever seen. When she appeared for the first time in a box in a London theatre, quite a commotion was caused, the attention of the audience was focussed upon her and not on the stage, and men were standing everywhere on their seats the better to see the beauty. She was the wife of a Piedmontese diplomatist, whose first wife had been, it was said, hideous beyond degree. After the death of the latter, M. de Castiglione, who inherited some money, declared he would marry the most beautiful woman he could find. The

Comtesse was deep in international intrigue, but after the break-up of the Empire in 1870 her day was ended. We can most of us remember how some dozen years ago she died in straitened circumstances and almost forgotten in that same Paris where, forty years ago, she had been all but a queen by virtue of her beauty and charm. And we remember the apprehensions in the highest circles in Europe lest her papers, which included carefully hoarded letters and documents containing most compromising and inflammable matter and signed with the most august and venerable names, should fall into indiscreet hands. But the whole of her story is best left with M. Loliée, who tells it with insight and sympathy.

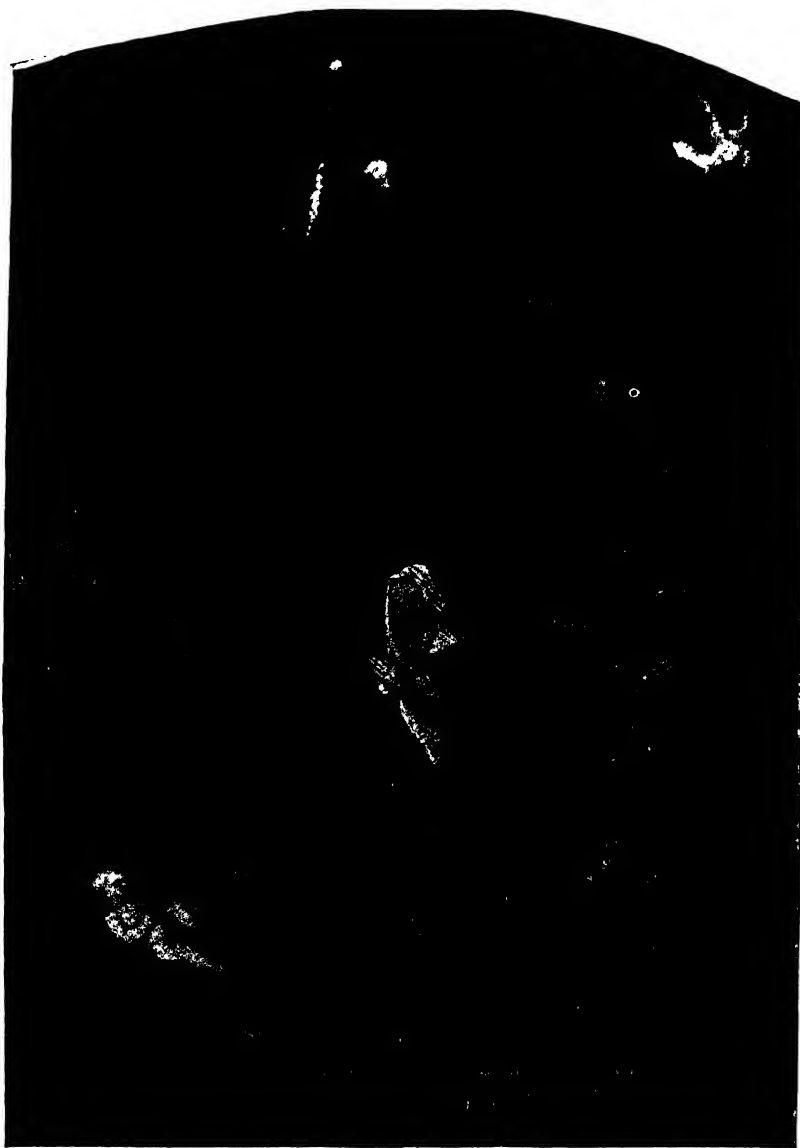
Mr. M. J. F. McCarthy's history of the Irish Revolution, an account of the rise and development of the present relations between England and Ireland, begins in 1877,

just before the days of the Land League and terrorism. He divides the period into two parts, the first of which he calls "*the Murdering Time*," which is to be followed presently by a second volume, bringing the tale down to the second Home Rule Bill. The years dealt with in this volume are within Mr. McCarthy's own personal recollection, and he claims to be himself a child and product of this Revolution. His own recollections, supplemented by references to *Hansard*, to the newspapers of the time, and to the works devoted by other writers to this period, have furnished him with the material for a plain unvarnished story, which will be read and consulted with very great interest at this moment. The volume, of course, centres upon the great personality of Parnell, and Mr. McCarthy pays no inadequate tribute to that leader and his work. The story

makes very instructive reading, the record of the Land League is very fairly displayed, and the tally of killings, woundings, and minor outrages under its sway, is an astonishing hint of the possibilities of determined lawlessness. Mr. McCarthy's book gains very much in weight and authority by the disappearance of a somewhat crude *parti pris* so immediately apparent in that very aggressive volume, "Priests and People in Ireland," and the present history will, when completed, present an admirable summary of events, and in many cases explain things that have been obscure to those not behind the scenes.

In his monograph on Pope Gregory the Great Sir Henry H. Howorth presents to us a man who exerted an immense influence in his own time, not merely from his position as Pope, but through his own inherent powers and qualities, and whose influence extended down for several centuries until the Renaissance broke through it finally. His time was the

end of the sixth century, when the Empire was centred at Byzantium, when once-great Rome was reduced to a population of some forty thousand instead of the million of Augustus's days, when great public buildings were mouldering away, when grass and weeds grew in the deserted streets, when the life of Rome was denuded of every activity, of learning, of the hope of prosperity. The Lombards were in Italy, and Gregory had many conflicts with them, not always to the satisfaction of Byzantium or the Exarch in Italy. But through every trouble from without or from within Gregory held on his way, administering his charge, looking after the temporal welfare of the city and the country, establishing great principles in the Church, writing works that became and remained for many centuries the "most potent and the most read of all manuals. They formed the inspiration of the Mediæval



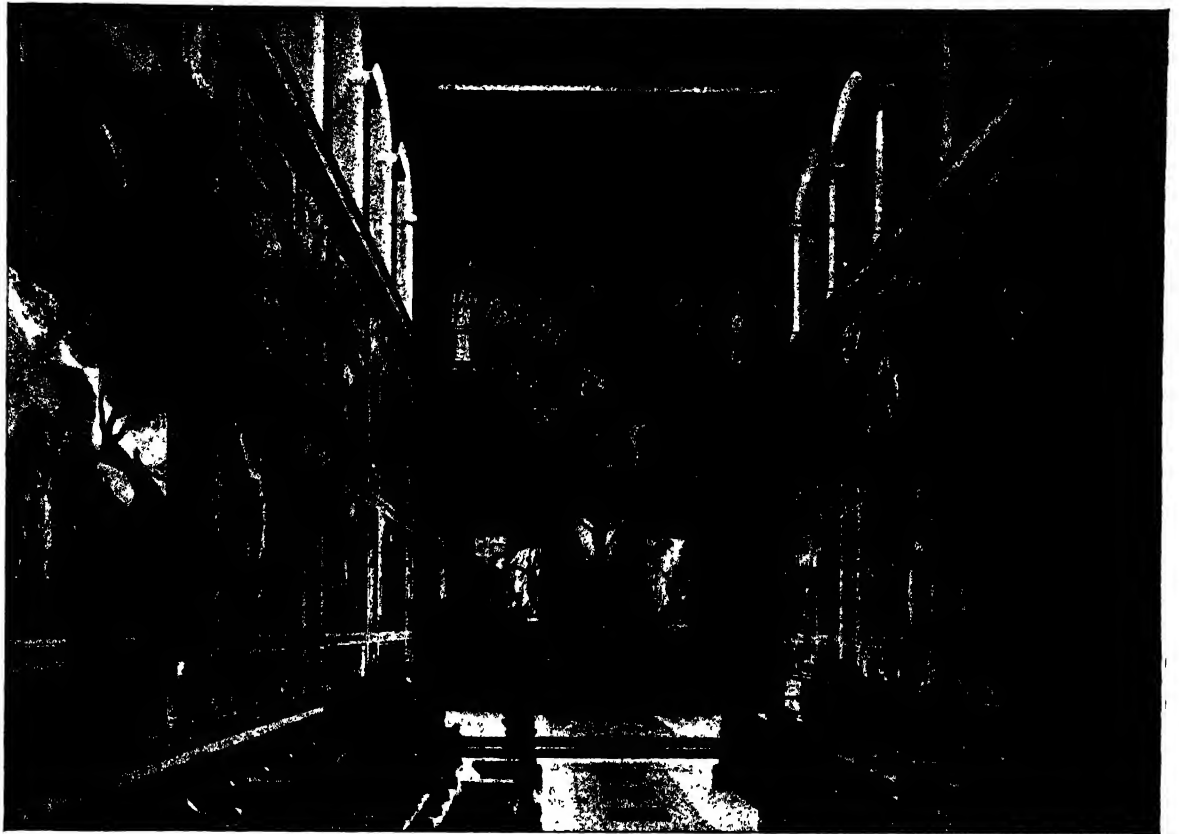
From Christmas in Ritual and Tradition
(Unwin).

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.
By Fouquet. (Musée Condé, Chantilly).

Church." He sent missionaries to England, and as Sir Henry H. Howorth truly says "few men in so short a time with such a fragile life ever did so much that proved to be lasting." He was deeply opposed to the study of the ancient classical writers, and in this way led men away from the old-wise humanities to the narrow, fierce, and to some extent barren study of dogma. But he deserved the title of "great," and the author of this monograph is to be congratulated on his labours in interpreting

to us a man so little considered in his relation to the civilized world and to modern Christianity.

An edition of Stanley's Autobiography at six shillings is sure to be welcome. The great African explorer gave much to the world, and not the least gift was this portrait

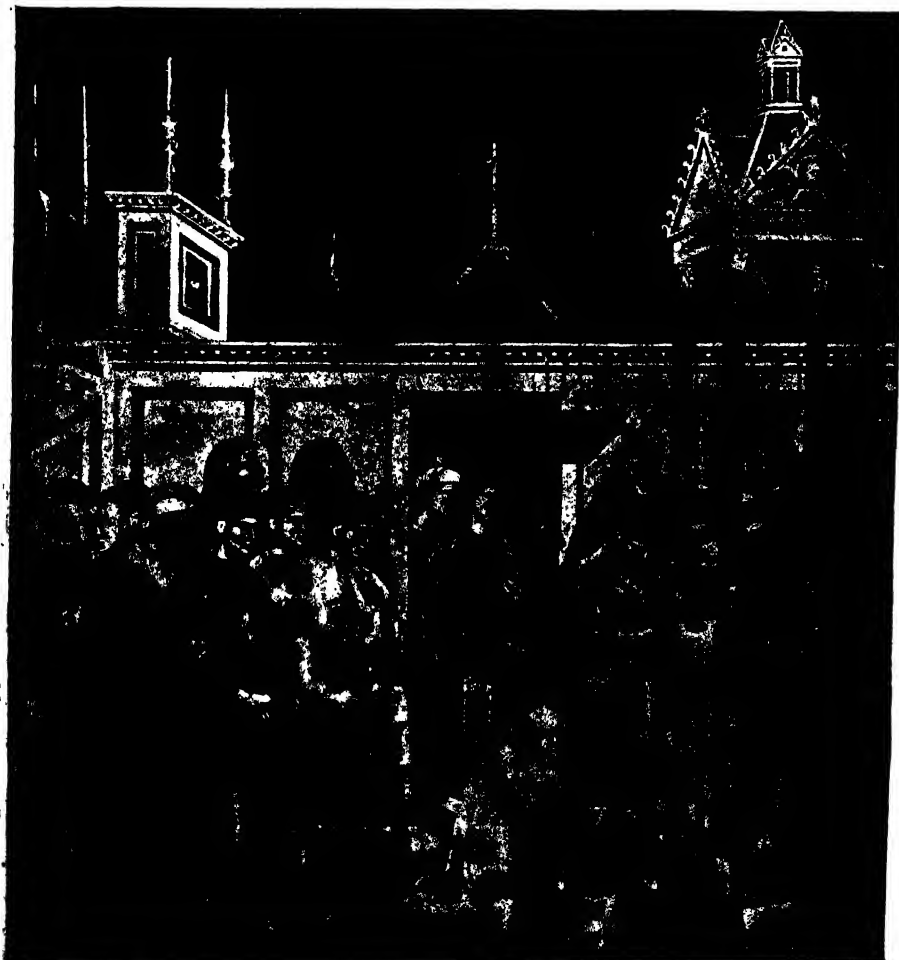


From The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields
(Longmans).

THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION, BAYSWATER.

of himself from which we can see what manner of man he was, his beginnings, the influences that helped to shape him, the circumstances that led to his career. The actual autobiography comprises only nine chapters, after that the book is made up of personal narrative, derived from

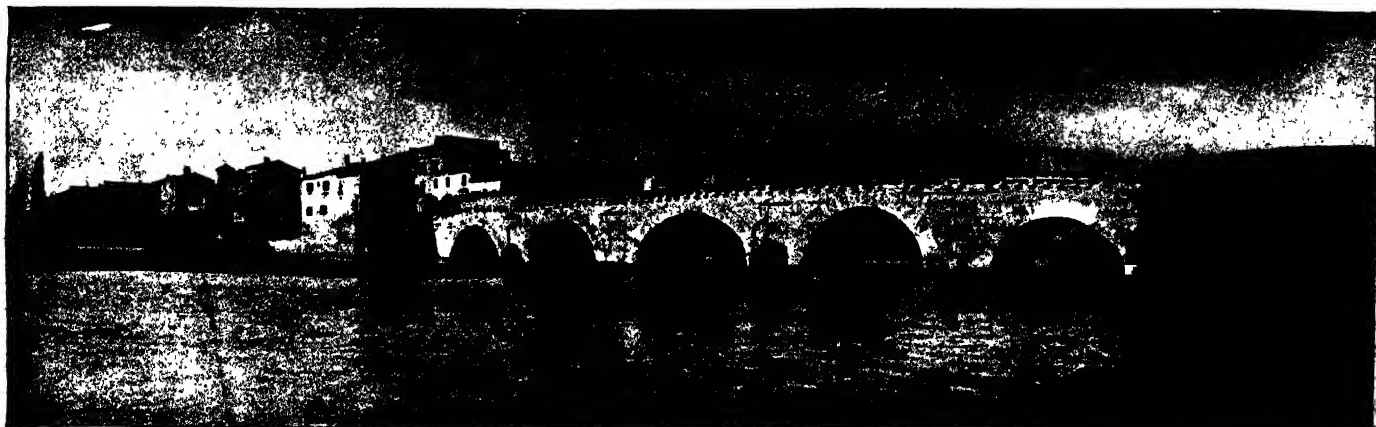
Stanley's books, lectures, letters, chiefly from hitherto unpublished writings, linked up and explained by a commentary supplied by Lady Stanley. What an inspiring record does this life present! A boyhood spent in a Welsh workhouse, ill-treated by a brutal schoolmaster, without affection, neglected and disowned by his mother, the running away, the vicissitudes and hardships that followed, the finding of America and independence, and the friend who became all the father he ever knew, even to giving him his name. Then the Civil War in America, in which he fought for the South, and was taken prisoner, to become a journalist when released. Wanderings in Europe and Western Asia fitted him for his first great task, the finding of Livingstone, and it was his time with Livingstone that turned him into an explorer, bent on discovery, not upon errands. Just what he did for Africa and civilization we are sometimes in danger of forgetting, we talk glibly of the Congo and Belgium and King Leopold, and atrocities, and fail to remember that it was Stanley who traversed that State, who created it, who begged England to make it hers and develop it, who was refused and laughed at, and who finally, failing England, gave it to Belgium, and did the first pioneer work of settlement. The map of Africa is very different in our atlases now from what it was in those of forty years ago; we know the blank it then presented, whereas now, thanks chiefly to Stanley and his followers, we have



From Christmas in Ritual
and Tradition
(Unwin).

ST. FRANCIS INSTITUTES THE "PRESEPIO" AT GRECCIO.
By Giotto. From a photo. by Allinari. (Upper Church of St. Francis, Assisi.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From The Grandeur that was Rome.
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

ROMAN BRIDGE AT RIMINI.

all this great central district populous with towns and stations and known landmarks. But beyond all this record of achievement, the autobiography is interesting for what makes the success of any biography—the man we find there. Stanley conceived himself to be a man with a definite special mission, and bent all his life and his immense energy upon fulfilling it. He succeeded, and few things are more stimulating than a tale of success nobly won.

F. M. A

THE GATEWAY OF SCOTLAND;

Or East Lothian, Lammermoor, and the Merse. By A. G. BRALLEY. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Of the making of wander-books there is no end. Mr. Bradley is a past-master of the art, and his latest production is not the least acceptable of the many volumes that now stand to his credit. It is in some respects the best of them. Are people aware of the number and variety of beauty-spots that are to be found at home and the wealth of romance that attaches to them? There seems to be need for a revival of interest in the old land, and these so informative pages cannot but help in that direction. The book deals with some of the most haunted spots in the "North Countree." For of this particular "gateway"—a picturesque phrase—it has been declared there is not a field but has its battle and not a rivulet its song. It was here that Thomas the Rhymer, "the father of Scottish poetry," flourished as early as the 13th century, and since his day the succession of seers and singers has been almost numberless. This, too, is the land of the Maitlands, the Hornes, and the Erskines, names clothed with historic glory. Greatest of all, it was the birth-place of John Knox and the home of Sir Walter Scott. To find on the map of the Merse and Lammermoor places like Earlstoun, Cowdenknowes (who has not heard of its "bonnie broom?") Gordon, Lander, Spottiswood, Weddeburn, Coldingham, is to feel at once the supreme significance of this "gateway." Strangely enough, Berwickshire still waits its historian, albeit it can boast of one

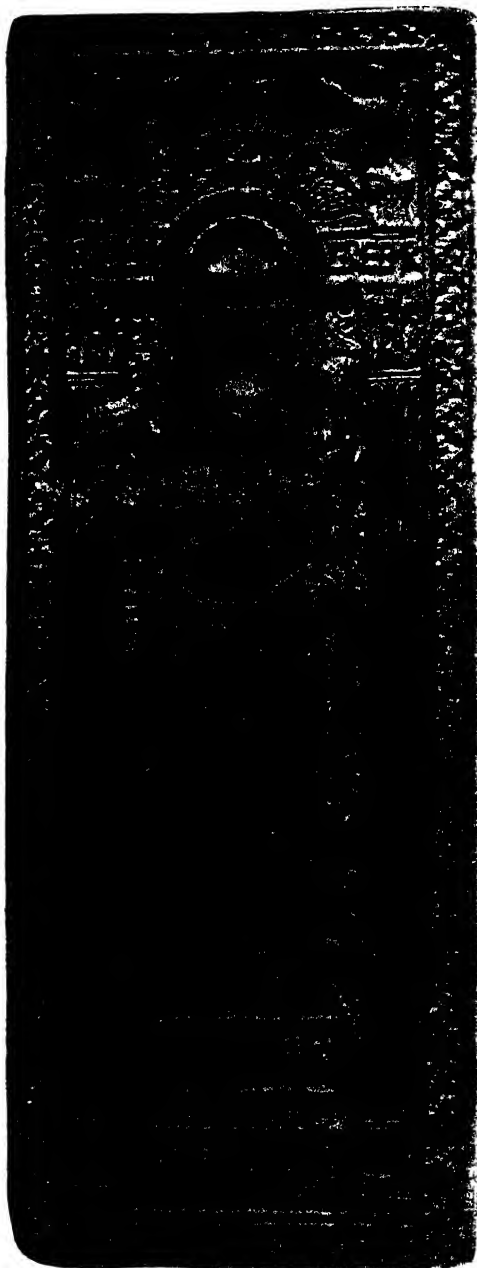
of the oldest, and certainly one of the best, Naturalists' Clubs in the kingdom, whose Proceedings are a perfect mine of scientific and antiquarian richness. Neither had Haddington its historian till then. Mr. Bradley's book can quite well fill the niche for both counties. There is no more trustworthy guide, whose task has been made possible only after an unconscionable amount of reading and patient, studious

investigation. The author has explored every inch of this extremely fascinating corner of the old Eastern March, to which some of his own earliest memories cling. Nothing has been omitted that is of any importance, and there has been restored to the light of day much old-world lore that was in danger of perishing altogether. There can be nothing but praise for the work, and to praise the literary craftsman is by no means to ignore or belittle the artistic efforts of the illustrator, whose sketches lend distinction to so notable a contribution to the literature of the open road.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERIC SHIELDS.

Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS. With Photogravure Portrait and 41 other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans)

Mr. Mills has written a very able and finely sympathetic biography of one of the greatest and most interesting of the great Victorian artists. Shields outlived the Victorian era—he has been only some two years dead—but in any general classification he counts among the famous Victorians. Of his art we need say little here, for Mr. Mills has set himself to tell the story of the artist's life and work; to write a biography and not an art criticism, and he has fulfilled his task admirably. Though he was reticent and retiring and lived less in the public eye than many of his smaller contemporaries, Shields moved much in the best society of his time; he knew Ruskin, Swinburne, G. F. Watts, Noel Paton, William Morris, Rossetti, and the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and the letters that passed between him and some of them, notably Rossetti and Madge Brown, are among the most valuable and interesting features of the volume. The greatest of



PORTRAIT OF ST GREGORY IN STATE DRESS, FROM AN IVORY DIPTYCH ON A BOOK AT MONZA, PRESENTED BY HIM TO QUEEN THEODELINDA.

From St. Gregory the Great
(Murray).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

Shields' work is probably in that wonderful series of paintings on the walls of the Chapel of the Ascension at Bayswater. When the last of these noble pictures was finished, despite the interruptions of ill-health and monetary anxieties, Arthur Hughes said of them: "I think there never could have been a greater triumph of endurance and character in any date of Art's history," and Mr. Mills adds: "And this surely applies not only to his latest work, but to the whole life story of Frederic Shields"; and the whole life story as it is unfolded here amply justifies him in saying so. It is a book of real and permanent value—one of the very few enduring biographies that this year has produced.

CHRISTMAS IN RITUAL AND TRADITION.

By CLEMENT A. MILES. With Four Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin)

Mr. Miles has set himself a fascinating task, and he has exercised it with praiseworthy industry and with an enthusiasm that will keep his readers' attention to the last page of a portly volume. The scope of the book is in reality

the Scotsman of his "sowans," and Hogmanay. The illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced, and the book as a whole stands far apart from the merely pleasing compilations made for the Christmas market. It is about the Christmas season, but not of it.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME.

By J. C. STOBART. With 95 Plates and 13 Illustrations in the Text. 30s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

Mr. Stobart's remarkable work, which was published last year, and to which was given as a title the first half of the Quotation—"The Glory that was Greece"—will long be remembered as one of the happiest of popularisations of the classical tradition. The companion volume which has just been published deserves to meet with equal success. Once more the writer proves that he understands to a nicety the treatment of this subject which a non-expert but intelligent public demands. He shows the same skill and sureness in his handling of all questions pertaining to literature and art, and his study of the Roman methods of



From *The Grandeur that was Rome*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

HADRIAN'S WALL: NEAR HOUSESTEADS, NORTHUMBERLAND.
Photo., Gibson & Sons.

much wider than its title might indicate. As is well known, the Christmas ritual and tradition represent the resultant of many forces, pagan and Christian, and have absorbed characteristics originally connected with other celebrations. For this reason Mr. Miles's history extends from November to Twelfth Night; and so ambitious is his survey, that he ranges from the Roman Saturnalia to the Hampstead Carnival of last year. He has succeeded in collecting and arranging a vast amount of information, and has provided a useful index, which, if it had been fuller, would have added to the value of a book that is certain to find favour as a work of reference. There is also a very useful section of bibliographical references. The only fault we have to find with the book is its attempt to embrace too much. It thus falls between the two stools of the scholarly and the popular, with the natural result that it is sometimes sketchy and fragmentary, sometimes disproportionately elaborate and unnecessarily "documented." But the most insular Briton will find abundance here of interesting lore. The Englishman may learn here the true significance of his mistletoe and plum-pudding and Christmas cards;

government is quite unusually able. The volume is finely produced—in a manner which does justice to its contents.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE, 1770 to 1815.

By the PRINCESS LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Eveleigh Nash)

Someone fancied the Princess Louise of these memoirs might have made a match with the Prince of Wales of her day. On a visit to Spa, "where all London is gathered," she notes that persons attached to the Prince were saying he ought to marry in order to maintain his popularity. "I was assured of his favour if my parents should decide to make the journey to London. My mother was not unwilling." This journey was not to be—death in the family intervened—and the Princess duly married Prince Anton of Radziwill, the same who set Goethe's "Faust" to music, and was called by him "the first and only veritable troubadour I have ever known." The memoirs and diary were written in French. They show the author a womanly Princess, a loving wife and mother, who bore her full share

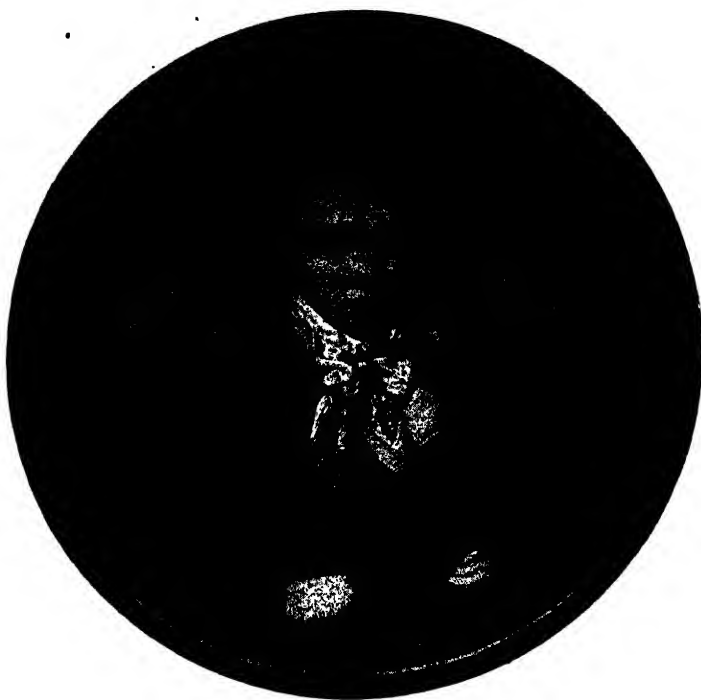
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

of sorrow. Daughter of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia and niece of Frederick the Great, Louise writes with detachment of the demoralised Prussian Court of the late eighteenth century. We read of Frederick William II. marrying two women in face of his Queen. One died a suspicious death; the second, returning in a vain attempt to retrieve lost favour, threw herself at the King's feet, then became violent, and finally cast at him her two children, whom she never wished to see more. Princess Louise accompanied the Royal Family on their flight, after Jena, to Königsberg and Memel; and perhaps the best passages are those in which Napoleon struts upon the stage. When the Queen of Prussia anxiously wanted him to talk conditions of peace he asked: "You are wearing a superb dress, where was it made? Do they make crape in your factories, too?" Looking the King up and down, Napoleon said of his grey pantaloons: "You are every day to button all those buttons? Do you begin at the top or the bottom?" Murat, at whose Cossack breeches Napoleon poked fun, remarked in a fury: "He is a scoundrel, is the Emperor." On the whole that will be the measure of the reader's respect for the Corsican here. Apart from the index, there are useful biographical data of persons mentioned in the book. Although not exciting, the memoirs have many points of historical interest and entertainment.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON, THE COVENANTER.

By JAMES PRINGLE THOMSON, M.A. With Foreword by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and 4 Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

But few books have been written on one of the most interesting of the Scottish Covenanters—Alexander Henderson—and it is surprising that so excellent a subject for biography should have been neglected for so lengthy a period. Since 1846 no one, as



*From Forty-Five Years of
my Life
(Nash).*

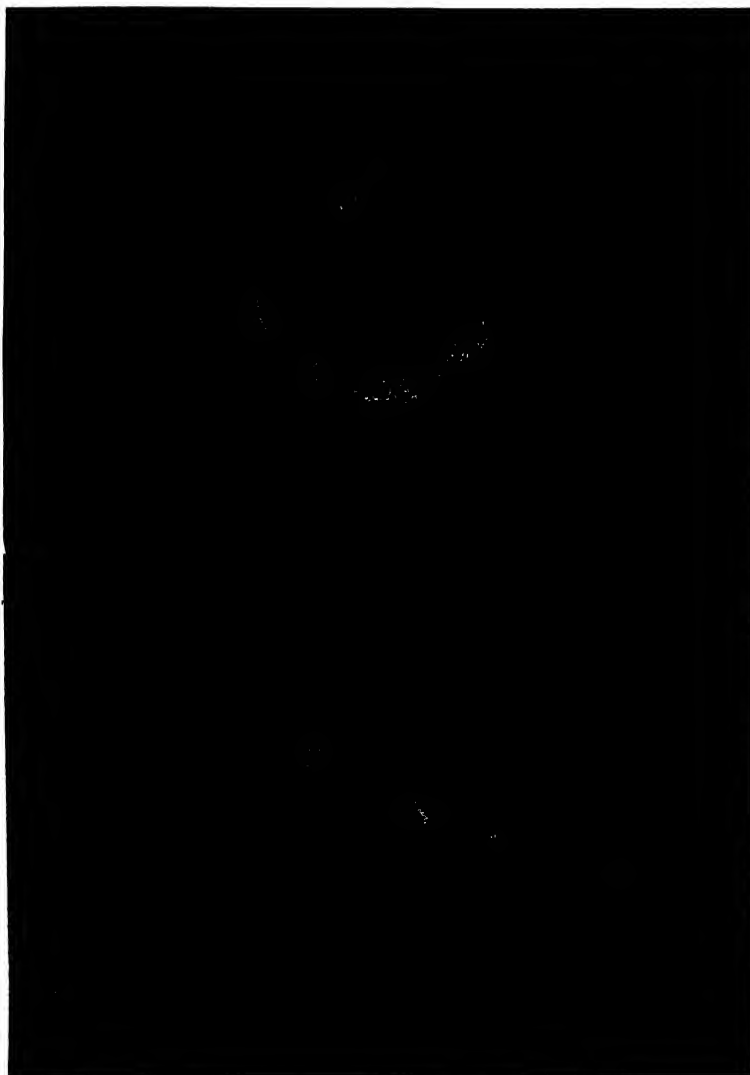
PRINCE ANTON RADZIWILL
(HUSBAND OF PRINCESS
LOUISE).

the author says, "has attempted anything like an exhaustive survey, although our historical knowledge has been greatly widened during the last sixty years." To all persons, therefore, who are interested in religious history, Mr. Pringle Thomson's handy little volume will be welcome. The author possesses a genuine gift for the fair and unbiassed presentation of historical character. He has consulted a large number of authorities, and has been able to include several details about Henderson which have not before appeared. We hope that the book will find its way into the hands of a large number of readers.

A PRINCE OF PLEASURE: PHILIP OF FRANCE AND HIS COURT. 1640-1701.

With 25 Illustrations and 3 Genealogical Tables. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins)

"If some of the intrigues require a clear brain to unravel," says Mr. Stokes in his introduction, "the reader must admire the audacious ingenuity of the men and women who wove the tangle, and not enter judgment in any other than a charitable spirit." We are willing enough to agree with this sentiment in theory, but, where King Philip of France is concerned, it is one remarkably difficult to put into practice. A loose liver even for his easy times, effeminate in the extreme, and the possible murderer of his first wife, his is not an attractive figure, in spite of the calm justice meted out to him by Mr. Stokes. The latter, however, need have no fears as to the interest that his book aroused in us. It impresses us as an exceedingly well-written book, of a type very much superior to the average of its class, and to those who have a taste for biography of this kind we can cordially recommend it.



*From Alexander Henderson,
the Covenanter
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier).*

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

From the picture in Yester House, by permission
of the Marquis of Tweeddale.



CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
After a miniature by J. Petitot in the
Jones Collection.
From A Prince of Pleasure
(Herbert Jenkins).

long and ardently laboured, Justin McCarthy was compelled to put aside much of his literary work and fight his old leader and friend, in the hope of enabling Gladstone to retrieve the damage done to the scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. So "Our Book of Memories" was not written in the form intended. But by collecting the letters that her collaborator wrote to her from 1885 to 1911, and weaving them into a narrative of their friendship, Mrs. Campbell Praed has produced just the sort of book that she and her fellow-worker once hoped to compose. Moreover, she has succeeded in raising a fine and touching monument of the life and character of one of the most interesting and attractive of modern literary politicians. For Justin McCarthy's letters more fully reveal his nature than does any work published by him in his lifetime. Writing to a lady who was his pupil, friend and, in some matters, his inspirer, he tells much more than he would to a man. For he supposes she is ignorant of political life, and

OUR BOOK OF MEMORIES.

Letters from Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

After Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Justin McCarthy had written three novels in collaboration, they conceived the idea of working together on a book of recollections of the political, literary and social life of England and Ireland during the last quarter of a century. But when Parnell ruined his career and injured the cause for which he had

much of his passion for the quietly laborious life of the scholar to his personal affection for Parnell and his patriotic devotion to Ireland. The man and the cause were one to his mind; and when they were separated, and he had to strike down the man in order to save the cause, he put forth just the strength to do it and then broke down himself. It has often been said that McCarthy lacked the force of character necessary to lead the distracted Irish party out of



CARDINAL MAZARIN.
After an enamel by J. Petitot.
From A Prince of Pleasure
(Herbert Jenkins).



From A Prince of Pleasure
(Herbert Jenkins).

HENRIETTA OF ORLEANS.
After a portrait by an unknown artist
in the Palace of Versailles.

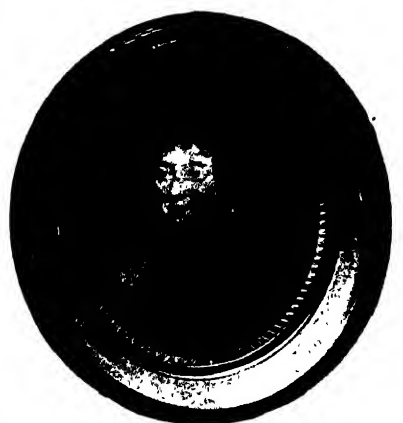
the extraordinary difficulties into which it fell. But this is not true. What he really lacked was the masterfulness of temper that would then have destroyed the party. By combining a definite resolution with a definite moderation he accomplished the main object of his intervention, and preserved some sort of transition between the strange fortunes of the cause of Irish Home Rule. His personal reputation and his fame as an historian were always assets of high value to the party he joined; and if when Parnell fell he had retired from the strife, the Irish party would not occupy its present position of power. He was a man with a genius for friendship, and the most bitter of his political opponents were swayed by his charm, his geniality and his cultivated mind. Yet beneath all his urbanity and sociableness and love of peaceful ways, there was a strength of soul that none suspected until it was revealed. Such is the main impression that we have obtained from his letters,



**"LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE,"
MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.**
After an enamel by Petitot in the Jones Collection.
From A Prince of Pleasure
(Herbert Jenkins).

so explains matters in detail and gives just that kind of simple and yet intimate description of affairs which has a special interest for a general reader. Thus we get in a long series of letters, written every day in the heat and dust of the conflict, a broad and vivid picture of the inner aspect of the strange, dramatic and tragic struggle over the first Home Rule Bill. Justin McCarthy's part in the struggle was heroic. He had begun by sacrificing

which for the most part abound in gay and pleasant sketches of life in Upper Bohemia, a delightful region of London, where literary men and women, politicians, players and society people mingle and entertain each other, and in which during many years of his life Justin McCarthy was a familiar and a welcome figure. Mrs. Campbell Praed does her part of the work excellently well: she writes with deep but restrained feeling.



**FRANÇOISE ATHÉNAÏS DE MORTE-
MART, MADAME DE MONTESPAN.**
After an enamel by Petitot in the Jones Collection.
From A Prince of Pleasure
(Herbert Jenkins).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

THE VICEROYS OF IRELAND.

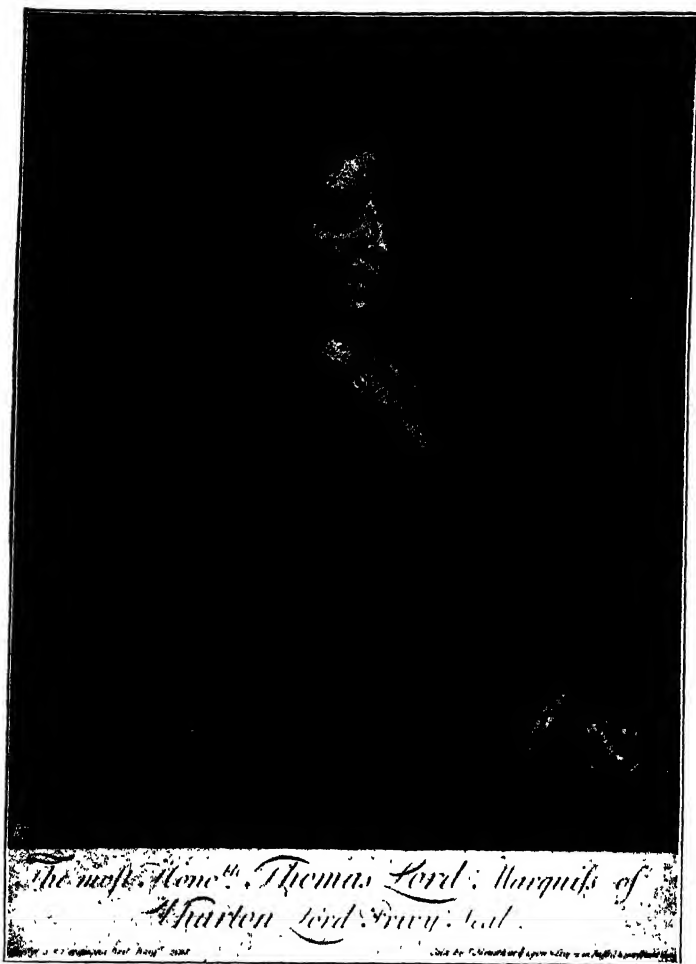
By CHARLES O'MAHONY.
16s. net. (John Long.)

Mr. O'Mahony's theme is vast and varied, affording occasion for the study of heights and deeps—but the latter more than the former—of humanity. England sent some strange characters to Ireland as viceroys in mediæval and early-modern times, and some rather interesting personalities in days nearer our own, and in our own for that matter. Mr. O'Mahony presents them all with a certain detachment and candour, and in the result not a little light is necessarily thrown on the crowded and complicated Anglo-Irish situation in the Middle Ages and modern times. The real Ireland, with its vivid and wonderfully persistent civilisation, scarcely comes into the survey; very often, the viceroys had no contact whatever with that inner Ireland, its intellectual and spiritual life was remote and dim to their consciousness. Mr. O'Mahony wisely avoids theory and controversy, letting his facts speak for themselves. He has a kindly eye for comedy and tragi-comedy, and a certain zest for stories illustrative of life's little ironies. He does not try to paint his viceroys any better than they were; his book was obviously not prompted by any sense of enthusiasm for the generality of his subjects in themselves. The work is not meant as history in any deep or vivid sense, but it is a serviceable and straightforward record, incidentally affording a measure of food for thought.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE: HER EARLY YOUTH 1770-1774.

By LADY YOUNG-HUSBAND. With 9 illustrations. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

For her study of the youth of Marie-Antoinette, Lady Young-husband has had access to a considerable amount of unpublished or untranslated material, and the result



From *The Viceroys of Ireland*
(Long).

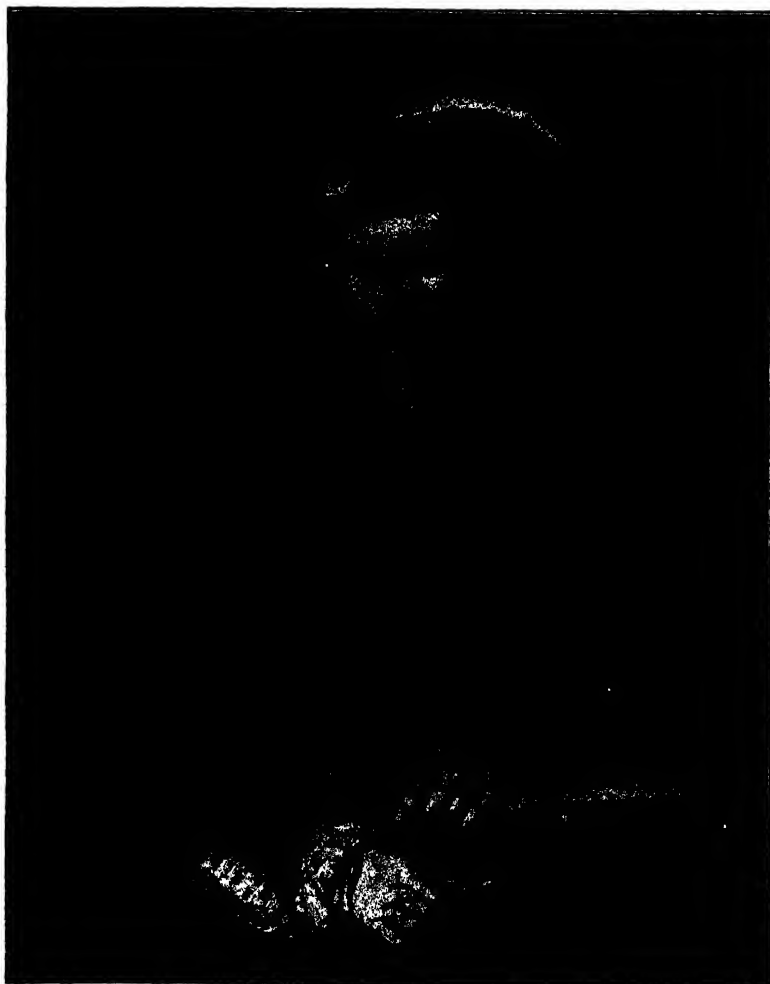
LORD WHARTON.

is a book of the greatest interest. In her introduction the author points out that, although much has been written about Marie-Antoinette, we know but little about her girlhood. "What were the forces that impelled her *nolens volens* into that stormy arena, so foreign to her character and tastes; what were the details of an education scarcely begun when she left Vienna, and continued under inconceivable conditions during the crucial years succeeding her arrival as the fourteen-year-old official bride of the heir to the French throne—of all this we knew little or nothing until Comte de Mercy-Argenteau lifted the curtain that veiled the scenes of her strange girlhood." Lady Young-husband evinces a very decided talent for the historical memoir. Her style is bright and readable, and she finds her way through the mazes of research with a graceful facility which is entirely admirable. Her book well deserves reading and keeping.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN FROM ANDALUSIA TO ANDORRA.

By BART KENNEDY.
40 full-page illustrations. 6s. net.

This is a handsome re-issue of one of the ablest and most interesting of Mr. Bart Kennedy's books. In his characteristic and very graphic style he tells in it of a tramp he undertook from one end of Spain to the other, and of the adventures and dangers he encountered by the way. With no knowledge of the language, he made his way afoot over hundreds of miles of mountainous, lonely country; his character sketches of the people he met are vividly and cleverly done, and his descriptions of scenery are always admirable. Mr. Bart Kennedy is the authentic Super-Tramp and this is a delightful account of one of his most notable journeys.



From *Marie-Antoinette: Her Early Youth*
(Macmillan).

THE DAUPHINE.
From a pastel by Joseph Krantzinger,
1771. Imperial collection.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

By LUIS COLOMA. Translated by Lady Moreton. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

Don John of Austria was indeed almost a Prince of Fairyland. The natural son of the Emperor Charles V. half-brother of Philip II. of Spain, as a boy brought up in ignorance of his birth until he was fourteen, then at court, where he became a favourite; he was destined for the Church, then at the height of its power and splendour in Spain and Europe. But the boy was no Churchman; he was a soldier, and the Church's loss was the gain of Christendom, when as Generalissimo of the Christian armament he won the epoch-making sea fight of Lepanto, which checked the hitherto unvanquished Ottoman Empire. Afterwards he was one of the most renowned men of his day: proposed as a husband for Mary of Scotland, set out to rescue her from prison, to marry her and be king of England with her as queen, a plan much favoured by the Pope, but thwarted by Philip who sent his brother to command in the Low countries where he died of plague or poison, was buried first at Namur, then brought to Spain, cut in pieces at the joints and packed in three leathern saddle bags for the journey to be buried again with the utmost pomp in the Escorial.



From The Romance of a
Favourite
(Constable).

COUNTESS DE CASTIGLIONE.
From a portrait by Giraud.

This translation is from the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma's book "Jeromín," half a novel and half history, and tells in a most interesting way the life of one of the most interesting young men who have ever lived. He is almost as romantic a figure as was Carlo Zeno of Venice. The book is sumptuously illustrated with portraits, many of which were specially photographed for the first time for Lady Moreton.

WHEN KINGS RODE TO DELHI.

By GABRIELLE FESTING. 7s. 6d. net. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

With the story of Delhi is bound up the memories and traditions of nearly three thousand years. It is a story of battles and intrigues in which sultans, shahs and rajahs play their part amid scenes where the "barbaric pearl and gold" of the purple East is poured out in high profusion.



From The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth
Spencer-Stanhope
(Lane.)

GEORGE III.,
WHEN MAD.



From The Story of Don
John of Austria
(Lane).

PHILIP II. AS A YOUNG MAN.
Titian. Prado Gallery, Madrid.
Photo., Lacoste

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

Recognising that the real history of India begins with the Muslim conquest, the author commences the record with the story of the Sultan Mahmud who plundered and conquered Hindustan in the eleventh century, although he himself never reached the city, which fell in the year 1191 to the prowess of Mohammad Ghori who, with his reserves of 12,000 men in steel armour scattered the Rajputs, for all their reckless bravery, on a field, bestrewn with flags and spears and jewelled swords and armour. Amongst the hosts of dead were the Viceroy of Delhi, the Raja of Chitor, and nearly one hundred and fifty princes and chieftains. With that great tragedy commenced a history that in some aspects recalls the story of the "Arabian Nights," (oddly enough one of the stories told in the book deals with a Sultan Ala-ad-in, although it is not the Aladdin of our nursery days.) We read of Shah Jehan, Aurungzib and Barba. We are taken through a fascinating record of conspiracies, love-tragedies, murders, mysteries and gorgeous pageants, until we arrive at our own prosaic days which are dismissed in the epilogue with a brevity that is quite intelligible after the dazzling annals that have gone before. Nevertheless, we should have been glad to see a more extended reference to the Mutiny, for that is no insignificant part of the story of Delhi. The author writes clearly throughout, and resists any temptation to indulge in "purple passages." The material, indeed, stands in no need of adventitious aid. It can glitter and allure without the help of flowery phrases. There are a number of illustrations, mainly pictures of the various potentates associated with the history of Delhi.



From **King René d'Anjou and his Seven Queens**
(Long).

RENÉ D'ANJOU (Circa 1440).
Painted by himself. "Le Livre des Heures"



From **When Kings Rode to Delhi**
(Blackwood).

NUR JAHAN DRESSING HERSELF.

KING RENÉ D'ANJOU AND HIS SEVEN QUEENS.

By EDGCUMBE STALEY. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

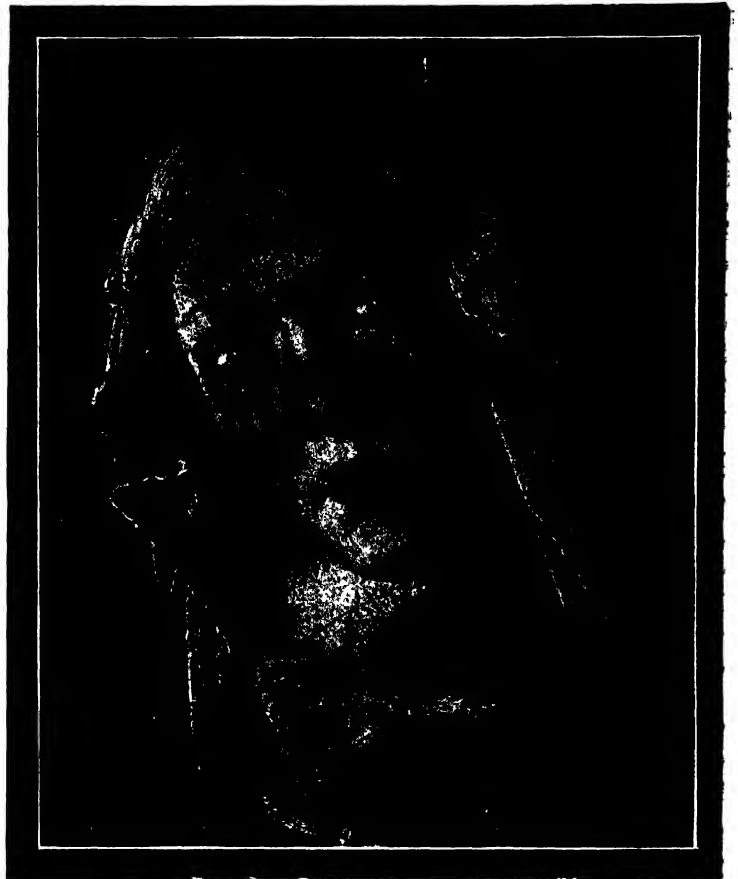
Mr. Staley's researches into the byways of fifteenth-century France result in a volume of considerable interest and value. One who is so profoundly enthusiastic about his subject can hardly fail to be engaging when dealing with so many romantic episodes as touch the history of King René. The title, of course, is a fantasy. René had two Queens—Isabelle, whom he married in 1420, and whose death in 1453 left him in despair; and Jehanne de Laval, whom he married in 1455, he being then forty-seven and she twenty-two. The other "Queens" are not his wives. One is Jeanne d'Arc, La Pucelle, upon hearing of whose death René cried bitterly: "Ma Royne blanche, Jeanne, est mort—hélas! ma Royne est mort!" Another was Marguerite d'Anjou (daughter of René and Isabelle), who married Henry VI. of England. Henry heard of the sensation Margaret had created when she visited her aunt, Queen Marie of France. She was then nearly fourteen years old. Cardinal Beaufort, moved by her appearance and accomplishments, returned to England to fire Henry's ardour. Mr. Staley describes the wedding at Tours and Nancy. King René was too impoverished to provide a fitting trousseau for his daughter. She had a fearful crossing to England, where Henry awaited her, and twelve days after arriving the English marriage took place at Titchfield. Not only had the terrified girl to pay on her way for her pilot and hawsers and repairs to the vessel,

but Henry had to pawn his own jewellery and plate for funds for the double ceremony. To Mr. Staley René is the most remarkable personality in the French Renaissance. He has gathered illustrations from many sources to adorn his book, which, in spite of little discrepancies, is thoroughly enjoyable.

THE ROMANCE OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI. WOVEN FROM HIS WRITINGS.

By A. J. ANDERSON. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul)

"The Romance of Botticelli" is a combination of fiction and fact, effectively joined and managed. In spite of a great deal of conjecture which can easily be set aside, it is full of constructive criticism of Botticelli's work. The question is, Will this book not fall between two sections of the public? Do readers who enjoy a love-tale want the art-criticism? Will those who are concerned with the creations of genius care for the padding of romance in which the art-interest is wrapped. Necessarily, the association of truth with romance affects both of them; but this we can say, that there is more reliable or likely history in this volume than in half the books which have recently been written round the circumstances and personalities of Napoleon, Richelieu, the Second Charles, Anne of Austria, and some others. It is a bold achievement to imagine a great artist's love-story and work. We can faithfully assert that this book, carefully and intelligently written, deserves a far better success than it is likely to realise.



From The Romance of Sandro Botticelli
(Stanley Paul).

DETAIL FROM MADONNA DI SAN BARNABA.
(Anderson, photo. Academy, Florence).

THE EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

By MINNA G. COWAN, M.A. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.
(Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

This is a modest book on a great but complicated subject. Avowedly it is an analysis of the three forces, government, Indian, and missionary, which are contributing to the education of women in India. Much more attention is devoted to the first and third of these forces than to the second, though a certain emphasis is laid upon its varying manifestations. However, it does not receive adequate recognition or treatment, and so the general picture is imperfect. Were Miss Cowan as sympathetic or as generous towards the Indian as she is towards the missionary spirit her work would be wider and more satisfying in appeal. At the same time it must be ungrudgingly admitted that there is no trace of conscious partiality; Miss Cowan writes according to the measure of her insight and sympathy. She devotes a good deal of consideration to the problem of building up a system which will be truly educative, truly national, and truly religious, and in so doing adopts positions which are at least open to question. That India has as much to learn, or will take as much, from the West as she thinks, is more than doubtful. Her view of the future of Christianity in the Orient and the world generally is optimistic or idealistic. As a theorist she does not carry conviction, but a good deal of her objective presentation is informing and suggestive.

THE ANNALS OF HAMPSTEAD.

By THOMAS J. BARRATT. With over 500 Illustrations.
3 vols. £5 5s. net. (A. & C. Black)

HAMPSTEAD: ITS HISTORIC HOUSES, ITS LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ASSOCIATIONS.

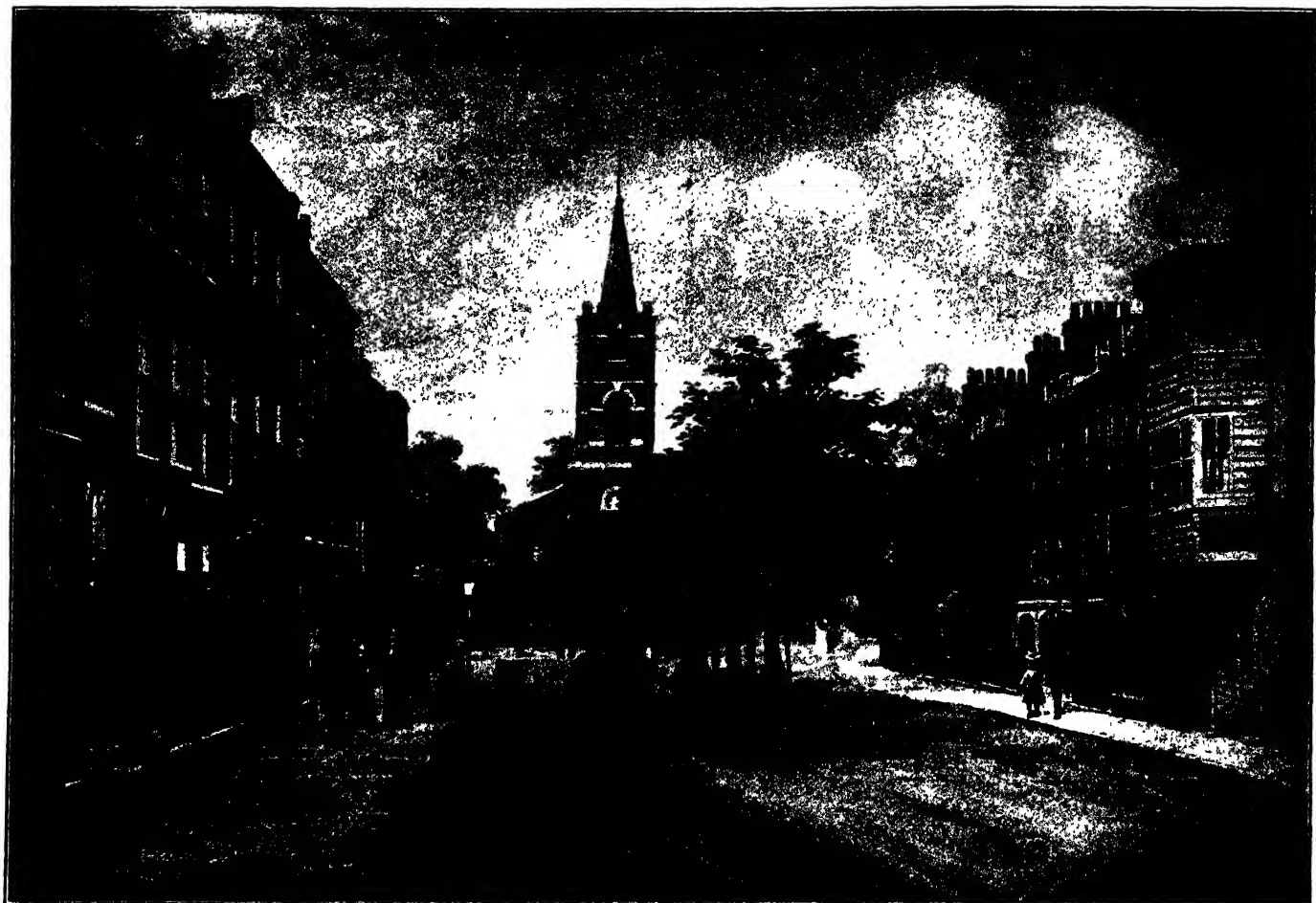
By ANNA MAXWELL. With 4 Illustrations in Colour and many Reproductions of Old Prints and Original Drawings.
7s. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.)

No suburb of London is richer than Hampstead in literary and artistic associations and historic memories. Great changes have come over it of recent years: many of its



From The Education of the Women of India
(Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier).

GHURKA GIRL BOARDER AT S.P.G. GIRLS' SCHOOL, MANDALAY.



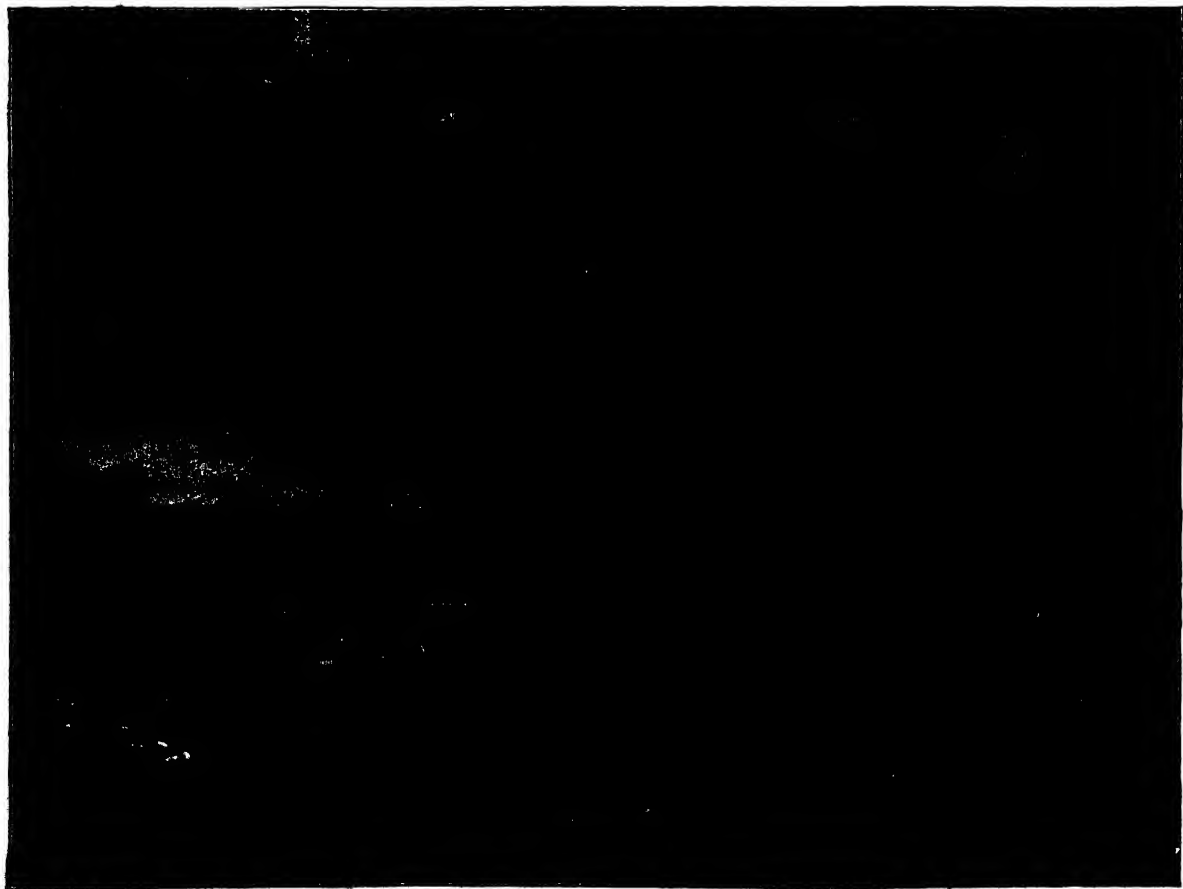
From Annals of Hampstead
(Black).

CHURCH ROW

ancient houses and quaint haunts and picturesque scenes have passed out of existence, but many still remain, and nothing can ever take from it the storied interest of its

past. A list of the men famous in art, letters, politics, and general society who made their homes there, or were in one way or another connected with Hampstead, would

run to a formidable length; accounts of them and of the history of Hampstead have filled many books, and now fill two more, and two of the best we have ever had the pleasure of reading. This of Mr. Thomas J. Barratt's is one of the stateliest and most beautiful of books; it is in three noble quartos, lavishly illustrated in colour, with photogravure plates, reproductions of old engravings, facsimilies of ancient charters, letters and other documents.



From Hampstead
(Jas. Clarke)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.
Engraved after a painting by Constable.



From Annals of Hampstead
(Black).

OLD COTTAGES, NORTH END.

Mr. Barratt is a Hampstead resident of very long standing, he has been familiar with the neighbourhood since boyhood; and has for the greater part of his life lived there on the skirts of the Heath itself. Nor does his fitness for the task stop short at his love of Hampstead and the fact of his personal acquaintance with it; he has all along taken a keen interest in its antiquities and its history, and moreover possesses the largest collection in existence of water-colour drawings, prints, portraits, etchings, engravings, notices, programmes, old newspaper cuttings, and such like miscellanea connected with and illustrative of the history of Hampstead, and has been able to draw on this rich storehouse for much of the information and many of the illustrations that his book contains. Less sumptuously produced, and not so historically or topographically exhaustive, Miss Maxwell's book is a very adequate



From Annals of Hampstead, vol. I.
(Black).

WELL WALK, WITH A VIEW OF
THE PRESENT WELL, 1911.
From an original drawing by A. R.
Quinton in the Bell-Moor Collection.

and charmingly written guide to the Hampstead that used to be and the Hampstead that is. It is the result of diligent and conscientious research, and from a full knowledge of Hampstead ourselves we can say that Miss Maxwell has omitted nothing of moment to her story and is praiseworthy accurate throughout. Her pages are rich in the deathless stories of Keats, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Constable, Stanfield, and famous men of earlier and later times whose life and work have become part and parcel of the History of Hampstead and are among its principal glories. No one could wish for an ampler record than Miss Maxwell has given us here of the literary, artistic and historic associations of the borough; she has a happy talent for describing a scene or relating a good anecdote; and a pleasant gift of writing about interesting things and people in a delightfully interesting style.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN IRELAND.

By PHILIP WILSON. 12s. 6d. net. (Maunsell)

Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated on the incisive style in which he sets forth his knowledge, as well as upon the mass and detail of the knowledge he has brought together in this book. Modern Ireland begins for him in the days of the Tudors. It has its foundations in the Anglicizing policy of Henry VIII., and in the plantation policies of Mary and Elizabeth and, afterwards, of James I. The present volume brings us down only to the end of the reign of Mary, but we are happily promised a sequel. Not the least interesting part of Mr. Wilson's book is the controversial introduction in which, after the manner of Lecky, he gives us something of the philosophy of the history with which he deals. Here he contends strongly that what we may in general call Irish ills are due neither to racial nor religious causes. As regards the racial question, he quotes Sir John Davies's opinion, expressed a few years after the accession of James the First, to the effect that a majority of the Irish people were of English descent, and, though he does not endorse this estimate, he agrees with those students of race who believe that the population of Ireland is mainly non-Celtic. More to the point in regard to the matter of the present volume is the author's exposure of the fallacy according to which the age-long quarrel between England and Ireland is represented as a quarrel between Protestantism and Catholicism. Mr. Wilson aptly points out that "it was under the rule of the Catholic Mary that the policy of confiscation and colonisation which was afterwards carried out in the name of Protestant ascendancy, was inaugurated." Ireland in those days had her share of the horrors of war, but they were not the horrors of religious war. Mary was only interested in Ireland as a subject country. As a Catholic country, it made no appeal to her sympathies. She was an Imperialist, not a sectarian, in her politics. The difference between her attitude to England and her attitude to Ireland was symbolised in her measures concerning the currency. After she came to the throne she tried to make herself popular in England by restoring the currency, but expressly withheld the reform from Ireland. "A proclamation of September, 1556," adds Mr. Wilson, after referring to the above fact, "made the circulation of base money penal except in Ireland, and the bad coins, which were no longer current in England, found their way in vast quantities across St. George's Channel." In a detail like that we seem to read a summary of nearly the whole course of Anglo-Irish history. Mr. Wilson chronicles the disorganisation of Tudor Ireland with an able and vivid pen; he is a tireless student of original sources. At the same time, one wishes he had departed a little from the conventional method of writing Irish history, and had followed Mrs. J. R. Green in her researches into the social, industrial and intellectual life of Ireland. The history of Ireland will never be written until the historians consent to follow the path which Mrs. Green has so brilliantly opened up. Mr. Wilson's book is, none the less, a forceful, cleverly written, and original piece of work which must find a place on the shelves of all serious students of Irish history.

ETON IN THE SEVENTIES.

By Hon. GILBERT COLERIDGE. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

It is a commonplace that in middle life most men look back to their schooldays as the happy time. The troubles and griefs that beset them are forgotten, either sunk into their proper proportions or passed into the memory as things almost pleasant to recall for the sake of their associations; while the joys, the freshness, the intense delight of living remain. Any man who

could set down unerringly the true tale of his time at public school or at college would make a book priceless for himself and of the strongest interest to others. But when the school is Eton, and the time some thirty odd years ago, and the boys have now become the men of our own generation whose work is done or still continuing, then, it must be agreed, that Mr. Coleridge's volume is in its nature excellent and sure to interest. The life of the school is shown us in its intimacy, the portraits of boys and of masters are excellent and alive, the anecdotes, the little vignettes of scenes and doings are admirably told and with consummate finish: the expression of what Eton was to the youth of that generation is sympathetic and complete. The delight of the author in his work is apparent, and what is done with joy and with knowledge is almost certain to affect others joyously. And in this case the reader of the book must share the pleasure of the writer, who has made a valuable addition to the special Eton bookshelf of the Old Etonian.

LATER POEMS OF ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Edited by Alexander Brown. 10s. 6d. net. (Glasgow: Fraser, Asher & Co)

This collection of the later poems of "Surfaceman" is sure of a wide welcome from all lovers of one of the tenderest and most delightfully human of Scotland's poets. The volume is beautifully illustrated, and Mr. Alexander Brown supplies a sympathetic biographical sketch.



From My Own Times
(Methuen).

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL
Frontispiece to "The Keepsake," 1851.
After a painting by Buckner.



COUNT CARL VON MALIZAN
Carl Gottlob Schröder



PORTRAIT OF A LADY UNKNOWN
Rodolphe B. I.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY UNKNOWN
Peppercorn



KING GEORGE III. OF ENGLAND
Richard Cosway

Monotone Reproductions of four of the many Colour Illustrations
in "PORTRAIT MINIATURES OF FIVE CENTURIES"
By ERNST LEMBERGER
HODDER AND STOUGHTON, LONDON

FRANCE
(THE MAKING OF THE NATIONS
SERIES).

By CECIL HEADLAM, M.A. With 32 Plates, and Maps and Plans in the Text. (Black.)

The task of presenting a complete history of France in a manageable form, which is nevertheless not so condensed as to be a mere list of names and dates, is a very difficult one, and Mr. Cecil Headlam may be warmly congratulated upon his very able volume. Starting from the earliest times, he traces the story of France down to the present day. He has a gift of clear narration, and he does not allow himself to be carried away by prejudice. As a handy history of France the volume will be found very difficult to beat. It is most attractively produced and possesses several illustrations of more than ordinary interest.

FROM MY HUNTING DAY BOOK.

By HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE AND OF PRUSSIA. Translated from the German by J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In a modest and very pleasantly, gossiping fashion the Crown Prince of Germany has narrated his experiences as a big-game hunter in India, in Switzerland, Germany and various parts of the Continent. It is a vivid and joyous narrative; the Prince reveals himself not only as a keen lover of sport, but as a lover of nature in all her aspects, and he has an easy and sensitive descriptive touch that brings into his pages the light and colour and atmosphere of the scenes that he pictures. There are pleasant records of a visit His Highness paid to Scotland, and he says flattering things about the comfort and hospitality of English country-house life; but perhaps the best chapters, the fullest of life and incident, are those which recount the story of the Prince's doings in India. There is an excellent frontispiece portrait of the Crown Prince, and a number of interesting and beautifully reproduced photographs illustrate the text.



From The Story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
(Herbert & Daniel.)

THE VIGO VERSE ANTHOLOGY.

1s. net (Elkin Mathews).

One time and another, many of the most accomplished and best known of our lesser living poets—and a few of the greater—have put forth a little volume of verse in Mr. Elkin Mathews's "Vigo cabinet" series, and now that these familiar little volumes have increased to over a hundred the publisher has been happily inspired to select the best work out of them into an Anthology. The result is a tastefully produced booklet containing some of the most significant of recent poetry. There is nothing in it that is not well worthy of its place, and we warmly congratulate both the publisher on his poets and the poets on their publisher.



From France (The Making of the Nations series).
(Black.)

THE ENGLISH EMBASSY ON THE DAY OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW (1572).
From the painting by P. H. Calderon, A.R.A. Aug Rischgitz.



From Adam Lindsay Gordon and his Friends
(Constable).

GORDON ON VIKING.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

By W. F. MONYPENNY. Vol. II. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

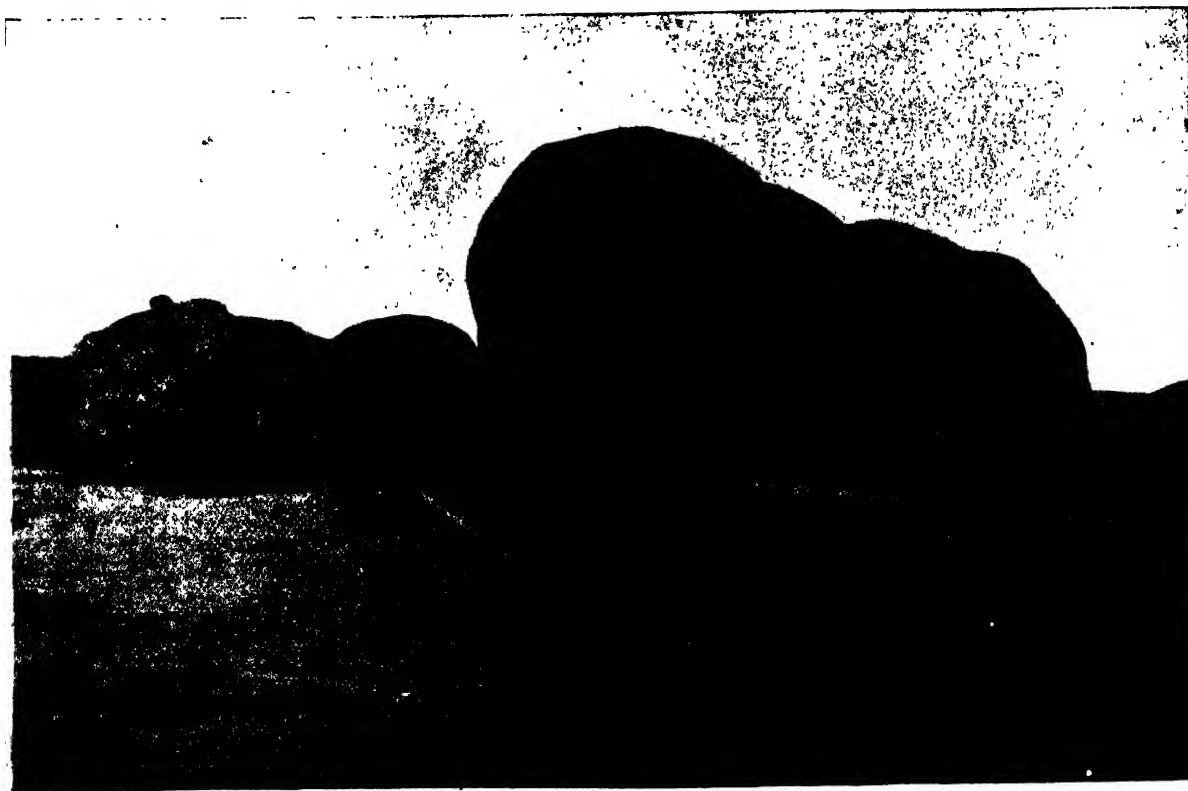
Immediately on the publication of the second volume of his monumental Life of Beaconsfield we regret to have news of the death of the author. What progress Mr. Monypenny had made with the remaining two or three volumes that were to have completed the biography we do not know; it will not be easy to find an adequate successor who will take up the task he has left unfinished and bring it to a conclusion. This second volume covers the most interesting period of Disraeli's career—the period

of his marriage, of the writing of the most brilliant of his novels, his inauguration of the Young England movement, and his rise to the leadership of his party. We shall do no more here than record the publication of the book, which will be reviewed by Mr. Walter Sichel in the January Number of THE BOOKMAN.

THE POCKET DISRAELI.

Compiled by J. B. Lindenbaum. 1s. net. (Mills and Boon.)

Disraeli, with his gift for epigram and his cunning at turning memorable phrases lends himself readily to the art of the anthologist, and Mr. Lindenbaum has gathered into this neat little volume an altogether satisfying selection of those good things that Disraeli scattered so freely through his writings and speeches. Though he did not always act up to such of his aphorisms as "Life is too short to be little;" or "Beware of endeavouring to be a great man in a hurry," that takes nothing from the truth of them; he had grown wise by experience and has condensed no little wisdom and wit into many of the terse sentences with which Mr. Lindenbaum has so happily jewelled his pages. Time has taken something of the bloom from the novels of Disraeli; their plots begin to wear an old-fashioned air; their characters and dialogue to seem formal and artificial; but his shrewd thoughts on men and things have lost none of their freshness and piquancy, and his satirical humour sparkles as brightly as ever when it is taken out of its old setting and reset, as here, in an anthology.



From The Union of South Africa
(Pitman)

THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES.



Charles Dickens

From The Charles Dickens
Originals

CHARLES DICKENS:
A SILHOUETTE.

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Proprietors of "The Connoisseur"



From Eton in the Seventies
(Smith, Elder).

THE AUTHOR.
By "The Wirer."

WILLIAM HONE: HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

By FREDERICK W. HACKWOOD. 10s. 6d.
net. (Fisher Unwin)

The greatest men are not always the most interesting, and one is glad to see our writers of popular biography giving so much attention of late to the lesser lights of the literary world. The lives of such men have often been more varied and more packed with human interest than those of contemporary immortals in whose circles they used to move unimportantly, and in the turbulent career of William Hone, Mr. Hackwood has found an admirable theme and has handled it with marked ability. Every lover of Lamb knows something of Hone, and has a kindly feeling towards him. Lamb helped him with those useful and entertaining compilations "The Every-Day Book," and "The Table Book," to which Cruikshank contributed many of his early sketches, and these and "The Year Book" represent Hone's principal services to literature. He had a plain, strong prose style, but wrote very indifferent poetry; and though his compilations still make good reading, it is the life he himself lived and the strenuous work he did in helping towards the reform of social and political abuses that keep his memory green. By turns bookseller, publisher, pamphleteer, editor, journalist, coffee-house-keeper, freethinker, so-called atheist, and then ardent religious convert, always more or less harassed by poverty, sometimes reduced almost to actual want, he maintained through all a brave, independent spirit, and made a few good friends and many enemies who were well worth making. He was a great champion of the under-dog; he did fine humanitarian work in the interests of poor



WILLIAM HONE:

A little-known silhouette, kindly lent by Mr. Fisher Unwin and not included in the book



*From Historic New York
(Putnam's).*

**BROADWAY AND THE BOWLING GREEN IN 1835.
SHOWING KENNEDY, WATTS, LIVINGSTON, AND
VAN CORTLANDT HOUSES.**

prisoners and the unhappy souls who were tormented in lunatic asylums; and his prosecution for blasphemy and atheism is at once the most triumphant episode in his chequered record and one of the many disgraceful chapters in the history of English Law. A homely, kindly, public-spirited, genuine kind of man, one has nothing but honour for him despite his eccentricities, and his weaknesses; our respect for him is not lessened even by the touch of ridicule with which Dickens flicked him; and if anything could add to our love of Lamb it is the twice-told tale of how he came out publicly as Hone's friend at a time when Hone was under a cloud and most of his friends were not desirous of being involved in what they considered his disgrace. That is a capital story of how he and Lamb talked themselves into a high and virtuous abhorrence of the dirty habit of snuff-taking and spontaneously and in unison threw their snuff boxes away on Hampstead Heath, and Hone was so wretched that he went out early next morning and bought a ha'porth of snuff at the first shop he could find open, then walking on to the Heath came upon Lamb groping among the gorse bushes for his snuff-box. This is a very entertaining, very good book; well worth writing and well worth reading.

TWO KINGS.

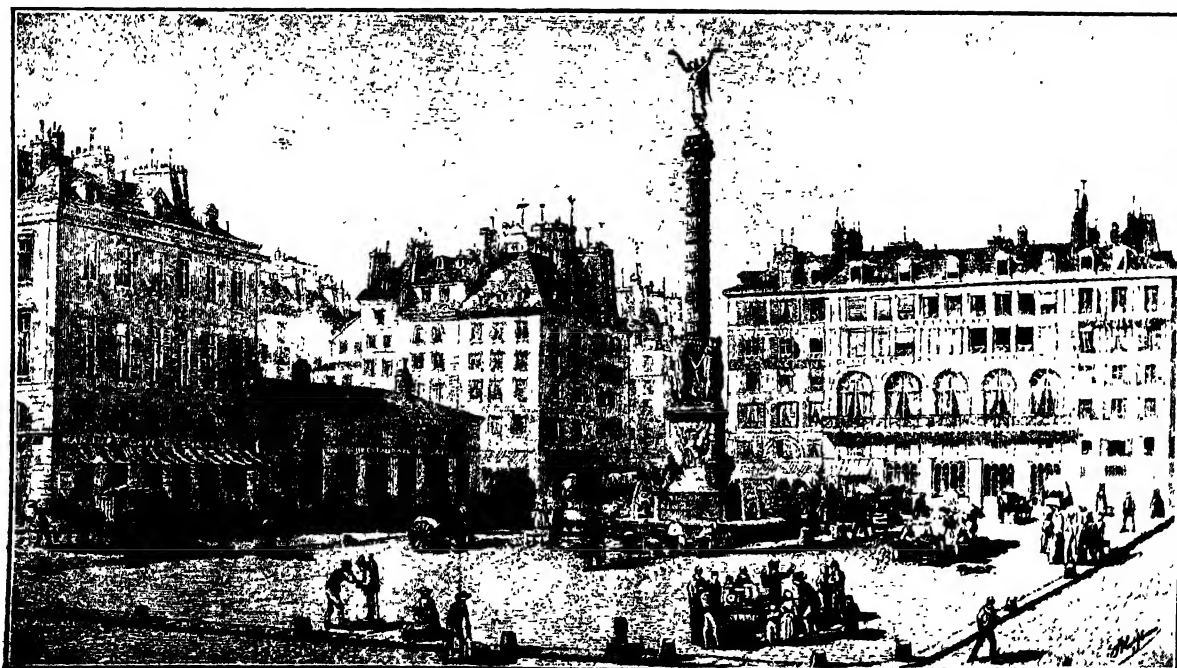
By COSMO HAMILTON. 2s.
net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Of the nine short stories that make up this volume perhaps the one that furnishes it with a title is the freshest and most ingenious. It tells how a young actor, Seymour King, personated for a time the King of Mysonia, and saves the real King from assassination and incidentally secures for himself the sensational advertisement needed to give him his chance of success on the stage. It is a gay, high-spirited romance, brisk and full of incident, with a pleasant love interest which ends in a day being fixed for the wedding. There is a touch of pathos in "Bachelors All;" the bachelors being four girls

who are earning their own living and getting just a little weary of their independence and the struggle of making both ends meet.

Accident places a young man in their care, and they nurse him back to health and all fall in love with him, only to find he is engaged already, and the happier girl who arrives to take him from them is as unlike their practical, rather faded selves as any girl possibly could be. "She was like the picture of a girl on the cover of a magazine, so young, so charming, so dainty, so utterly feminine as to be almost untrue to life." But they went to the wedding and gave the wedding-breakfast at their flat, resigned to be his four sisters, and showed no sadness in their faces until after the bride and bridegroom had driven away. All the stories are good; they are written with a lightness of touch, a sparkling humour, a kindness and gentle cynicism that make them very attractive.

We are glad to have them, but we want to see Mr. Cosmo Hamilton give his undoubted gifts fuller scope in another novel—not one of the sensational sort of which he has recently written so many, but in one that shall be a worthy successor of that remarkable story "Adam's Clav."



EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY CAFÉS ON THE PLACE DU CHÂTELET.

From Old Paris (Melrose).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Fleet Street in Seven Centuries
(*Pitman*).

ST. BRIDE'S STEEPLE FROM
SALISBURY SQUARE.

THE STORY OF THE CAMBRIDGE BAPTISTS AND THE STRUG- GLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

By BERNARD NUT-
TER, M.A. With 7
Illustrations 2s. 6d
net. (Heffer.)

More than once Cambridge has been the home of new movements, but in few of them has her influence been so widely spread as in the history of Non-conformity. 1240 is the date when the first known Cambridge heretic was imprisoned for maintaining, among other things, that Gregory IX. was no true Pope, and that "the devil was let loose." His,

however, was an isolated instance only. The real cleavage came with the rise of the "Separatists" at the time of the Reformation. Mr. Nutter traces the line of sturdy Nonconformists from 1568 until the death of C. H. Spurgeon. Perhaps the most remarkable of the many fearless characters with whom Mr. Nutter deals, some good stories are told of the Rev. Robert Robinson, author of "A Plea for the Divinity of Jesus Christ" and two well-known hymns. "Do the Dissenters know the worth of this man?" asked a professor, in allusion to the "Plea." "The man knows the worth of the Dissenters," was Robinson's reply. Yet, although this is the spirit which animates the whole of the book, Mr. Nutter has done his work so tactfully that he need have no fears of hurting the feelings of those who are not of the same way of thinking as himself. In a word, this is a thoroughly interesting corner of religious history, and one which was well worth exploiting.

THE MAN WHO SAVED AUSTRIA.

By M. HARLEY 10s. 6d net (Mills & Boon)

A capital account of the life and times of the famous Baron Jellačić is in these pages, and the story deserved to be told. Jellačić, Field-Marshal of Austria, and as devoted to his race as he was loyal to the Emperor and the House of Habsburg, played a great part in the struggle with the Hungarian revolutionaries in 1848-1849. Kossuth never made any attempt to conciliate the Croats, and revolting against Austrian rule was himself attacked by Jellačić's army as an oppressor. Jellačić, a Liberal, but an Imperialist, rejoiced in the opportunity of striking a blow at his old Hungarian enemies when the throne of Austria was shaken and its occupant a fugitive from Vienna. A man of great qualities, a born soldier and commander of soldiers, Jellačić was both humane and disinterested, and his abilities as a civil governor were proved in a multitude of ways. He is a hero to the author of this exceedingly readable book, and we believe the appreciation is just



From The Story of the Cambridge Baptists
(*Heffer*).

THE GRAVES AT OAKINGTON.

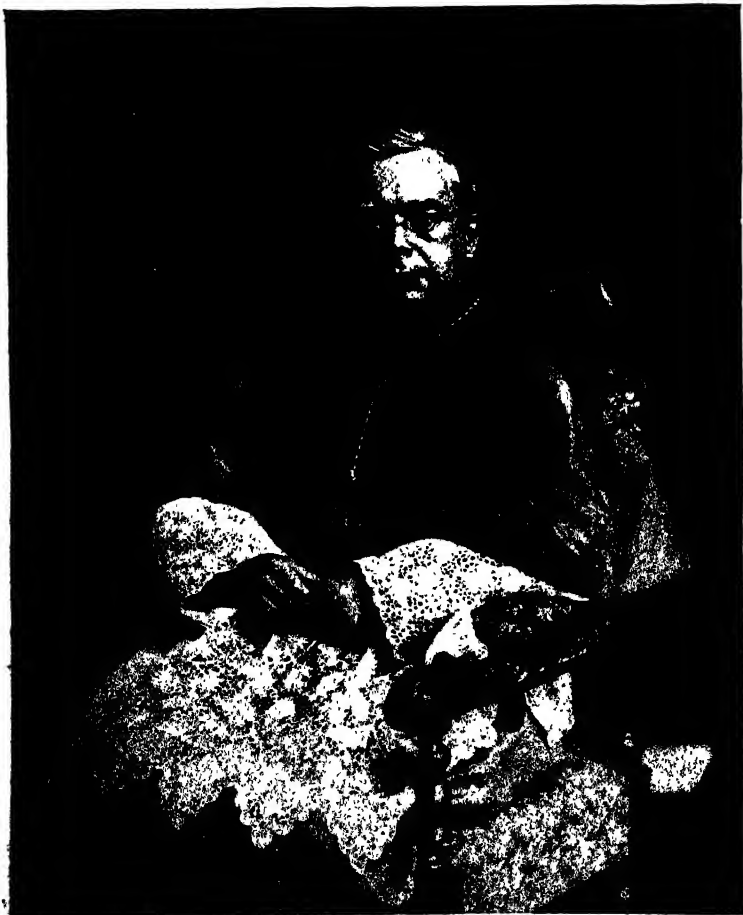
**THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1912**



*From The Man Who Saved
Austria : Baron Jellačić*
(Mills & Boon). **JOSEPH JELLAČIĆ,**
1850.

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM.

By **GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM**, Lit.D. With Frontispiece
10s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)
The publishing house of Putnam's stands high in the
literary history both of New York and of London, and the

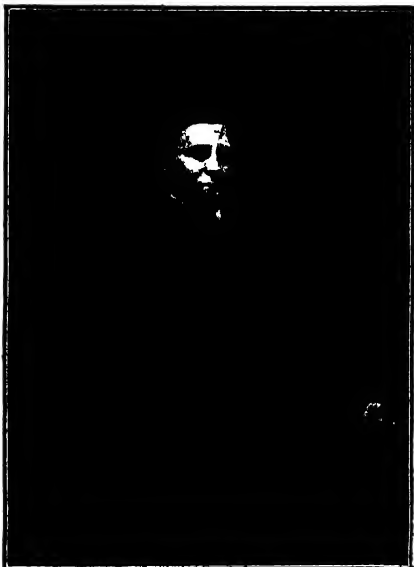


From The Irish Revolution
(Blackwood). **ARCHBISHOP WALSH**

life of its founder—the father of the present head of the firm—is worthy to rank among the best biographies of publishers ever written. The original firm of Wiley and Putnam was founded in New York in 1840, and it saw many vicissitudes, in spite of the successful publication of works by Washington Irving, whose relations with Mr. Putnam were of the most cordial character, and several other authors of the first rank. The book contains much interesting correspondence, throwing light upon the literary conditions of the Victorian period. Throughout stands distinct the figure of the founder of the firm, an optimist, and a desperately hard worker, to whose personal rectitude was paid one of the finest tributes ever made by one business man to another. Mr. Putnam, sen., died suddenly—in harness—during the week before Christmas, the most critical of the whole year. The remaining partners of the firm at once left their desks, and the office would have been closed had not three “rival” publishers come forward and arranged to conduct the entire business during the Christmas week. The result was a record week. This is a fine biography of a fine character.



GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.
1st Lieutenant and Adjutant 176th Regt. N.Y.
Vols.
From A Prisoner of War in Virginia.
(Putnam's).



G. P. PUTNAM. ÆTAT. 45.
*From A Memoir of George Palmer
Putnam*
(Putnam's).



MELTON PRIOR.
*From The Campaigns of a War
Correspondent*
(Arnold).

A PRISONER OF WAR IN VIRGINIA. 1864-5.

By **GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.** 3s. 6d. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

As the title indicates, forty-eight years have elapsed since the author underwent the experiences chronicled in this interesting monograph, but Major Putnam's memory has spanned the gulf with illuminating dexterity, and the pictures he draws for us of the management of the prisons in the South during the last winter of the war are eminently sober and restrained, and for that reason, all the more effective as an indictment. The two prisons dealt with are Libby and Danville. The food and organisation of the prisoners, their amusements and their ingenious and sometimes successful bids for freedom, are detailed with those graphic touches which only personal experience can lend. The history of the autographed prison brick is typically American—a novel could easily be founded on it; indeed, the imaginative reader will be able to glean many a romance from this frank record of a soldier's prison experiences.

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Edited by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., C.G.V.O. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

This record of eight years of Queen Victoria's girlhood consists of a selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840. When the first entries in the journals were made their writer was thirteen years old: when she wrote the last she was in her twenty-first year—she wrote them on the day of her marriage, two years after she had come to the throne. The



From *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria* (Murray).

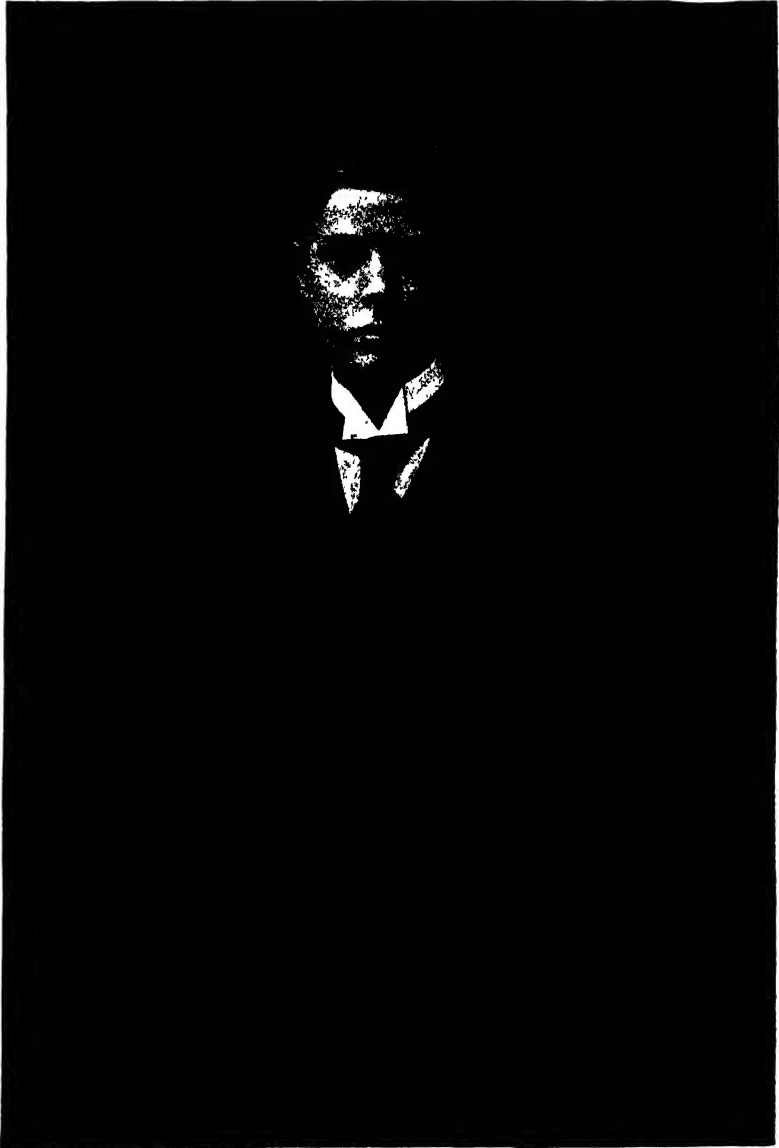
H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA.
From a portrait by Dalton, after F. Winterhalter.

my poor uncle, the King, was no more, and had expired at twelve minutes past two this morning, and consequently that I am *Queen*. Lord Conyngham knelt down and kissed my hand, at the same time delivering to me the official announcement of the poor King's demise. . . . I then went to my room and dressed. Since it has pleased Providence



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1840.
From a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A., at Hughender
From *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*, Vol. II. (Murray).

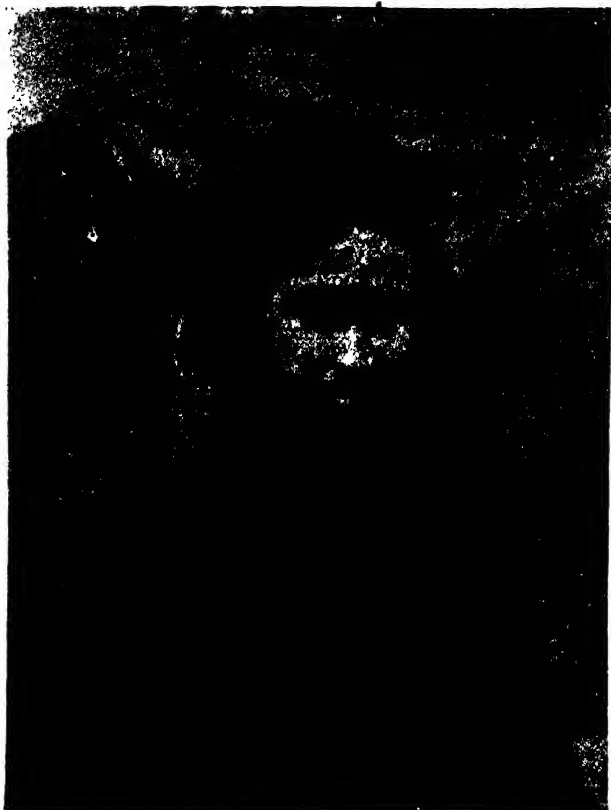
diaries for the first four or five years are pleasantly artless in style, and perhaps a little formal and restrained, for they were given to her by her mother, who not only kept an eye on them herself but expected the child's governess to do so. They are more intimate and freer in the expression of thoughts and opinions after the Queen's accession, for then she was no longer subjected to such surveillance, but wrote in the confidence that no



From *The Year 1912 Illustrated* (Headley).

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AN UNDERGRADUATE

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *My Life on Four
Continents*
(Hutchinson).

**COLONEL CHAILLÉ-LONG ON HIS
RETURN FROM THE EXPEDITION
TO THE GRAND LAKES.**

From a unique photo. taken by General
Gordon, October 18, 1874.

to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty toward my country ; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good-will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." She was fortunate in having for her guardian and adviser at this difficult period so tactful, kindly and sensible a man of the world as Lord Melbourne ; his genial, easy, fatherly manner won her confidence, and all his relations with her as they are revealed here are eminently charming. " I said to him," she writes in 1838, " I was reading the first novel I had ever read, 'The Bride of Lammermoor'; he said it was very melancholy—a terrible story—but admires it." She was delighted with "Oliver Twist," but Lord Melbourne did not like it ; it was too much about coffin-makers, workhouses and thieves to please him. Another day, she spoke to him "of Bulwer's novels, none of which Lord Melbourne has read. Lady Durham said it was very

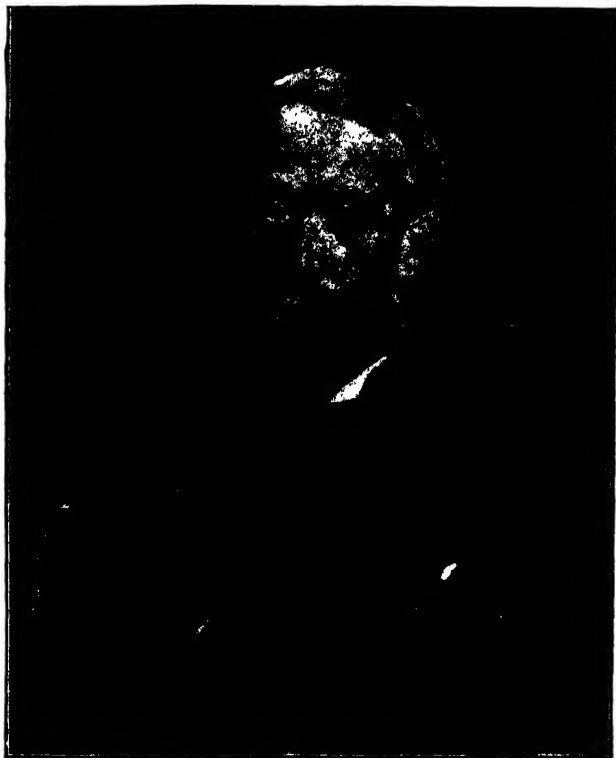


From *Lacordaire*
(Herbert & Daniel)

**LACORDAIRE AS A
YOUNG MAN.**

odd that so clever a man should be so vain about his personal appearance. Lord Melbourne replied : ' I think clever people generally have more of these weaknesses than others,' Lord Melbourne said : ' I always predicted he would be a genius when he was a boy ; and I was sure he would make a figure ; he used to come over to Bocket when he was seventeen, and

show me his poetry.' " These extracts finish on the Queen's wedding-day, describe the wedding, the reception after, and then how " Dearest Albert came up and fetched me downstairs, where we took leave of mamma and drove off at near four ; I and Albert alone." Some day, probably, the rest of the journals will be published, but not till the present generation is gone past reading them. Meanwhile, the printing of these diaries of the Queen's earlier years is a thing to be grateful for. They are interesting and valuable, not only for the lights they throw upon her own character, but for what they add to our knowledge of the inner history of the first two years of her reign and the glimpses they give of the manner of life by which she was surrounded in the six years that preceded them. The volumes are admirably illustrated, the illustrations including a good many reproductions of drawings by the Queen herself.



From *The House of Commons
from Within*

(Williams & Norgate).

**THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT
FARQUHARSON.**

From a sketch by John S. Sargent, R.A.

THE YEAR 1912 ILLUSTRATED.

A Record of Notable Achievements and Events. (Headley Bros.)

This useful and interesting publication has now arrived at its fourth year of issue, and has already taken a permanent place of its own among the year's indispensable reference books. It takes a comprehensive survey, as its sub-title indicates, of all the principal events that happened at home and abroad during 1912. The Durbar Coronation, the *Titanic* Disaster, the Dickens Centenary, the Coal Strike, the Discovery of the South Pole, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, the Olympic Games at Stockholm, the Death of the Emperor of Japan, the Chinese Revolution, the Death of General Booth—these and all the other outstanding features of the year's history—to say nothing of its weather and its cricket records—are gathered up into these pages and related succinctly and interestingly. There is no attempt at the expression of opinions—it is all, as its title indicates, a sort of cinematograph view of the passing days and principal events of the last twelve months. It is good reading for all and sundry, and the journalist and those of us who are actively concerned in public life will find it a handy and serviceable book of reference. The numerous illustrations are well chosen and excellently reproduced.

MY LIFE IN FOUR CONTINENTS.

By COLONEL CHAILLÉ-LONG. In 2 Vols With 26 Illustrations, 3 Facsimilies, and 2 Maps. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Colonel Chaillé-Long, whose autobiography fills the two portly volumes now before us, is to be remembered principally from the fact that he was General Gordon's Chief of Staff in the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces, now the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. He has also had an adventurous life in other parts of the world. An American by birth, he served as a young man in the Civil War, after which he went to the Near East, and eventually secured a military commission in Egypt. On General Gordon's arrival he was at once appointed Chief of Staff, and he then made several brilliant journeys of exploration with a view to settling the problem of the source of the Nile. He has fallen foul of Stanley and other explorers over discoveries that he made on his journeys, and much space in this work is devoted to a spirited defence of his position, which has lately—by the way—been completely vindicated. Of the enormous amount of interesting material that remains we fear we can say nothing; we can only advise readers to at once obtain this vivid and well-ordered autobiography.



From The Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell FATHER TYRRELL
From a group at St. Mary's Hall
An important work which has been published recently by Mr. Edward Arnold



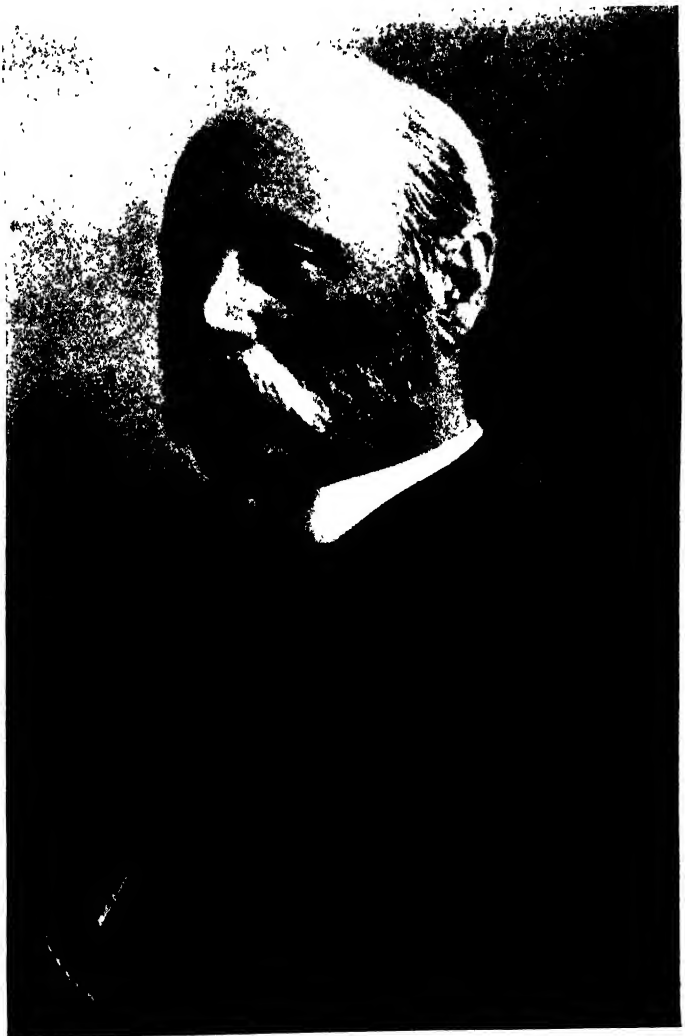
From George Borrow: the Man and his Books
(Chapman & Hall).

GEORGE BORROW.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM WITHIN.

By Right Hon ROBERT FARQUHARSON 7s 6d net (Williams & Norgate)

Dr. Farquharson has already given us one very pleasant volume on his Parliamentary experiences, and now he follows it up with a further instalment of genial anecdotes and personal impressions concerning our legislators in the House of Commons. Dr. Farquharson tells how to get into Parliament and has many a good story of his own contests in Aberdeenshire. He explains how things are done in the House, is luminous on the difficulties of Whips and private members, and helps us to understand what makes for success in political life. On plenty of subjects, from literary style to vaccination, from the opium trade to labour representation, Dr. Farquharson gives us his opinions



From Reminiscences of my Early Ministry
(Jarrold)

F. W. MACDONALD, 1912.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

there is a kindly word in favour of casual charity. But it is a kindly man who writes the book, a lover of his fellows, as every good medical man is; and for all his strong expressions of opinion Dr. Farquharson cannot make us forget the largeness of heart and real goodwill to mankind that supplemented the honest purpose in the author's public life.

REMINISCENCES OF MY EARLY MINISTRY.

By FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. 2s. 6d. net.
(Jarrold & Sons)

These annals of the life of a distinguished minister have that interest which nearly always attaches to the biographies of men who have seen the world in many aspects, and come into close contact with the life of the masses. The author of "Recreations of a Book Lover" adds to a perception of literary values plenty of shrewd good sense and observation, and he has an abounding sympathy with the poor. He recounts his experiences as "a very young minister" in the Staffordshire Potteries, and tells some stories, humorous or pathetic, of the humble folk amongst whom he worked. His remarks on preachers and preaching should prove of especial value to those who themselves occupy pulpits. Mr. Macdonald early discovered that a minister's congregation "can teach him more than all the professors can," and there is keen psychological analysis in his observations on the subtle relationships that develop between the preacher and his hearers. Altogether it is a record full of interest to all who take more than a surface view of life. There are, too, enlightening descriptions of some of the more notable divines with whom Mr. Macdonald came into contact, as, for example, Dr. Morley Punshon — to whose influence he acknowledges a great debt — Dr. W. B. Pope, Thomas Lewellyn and Joseph Hargreaves.



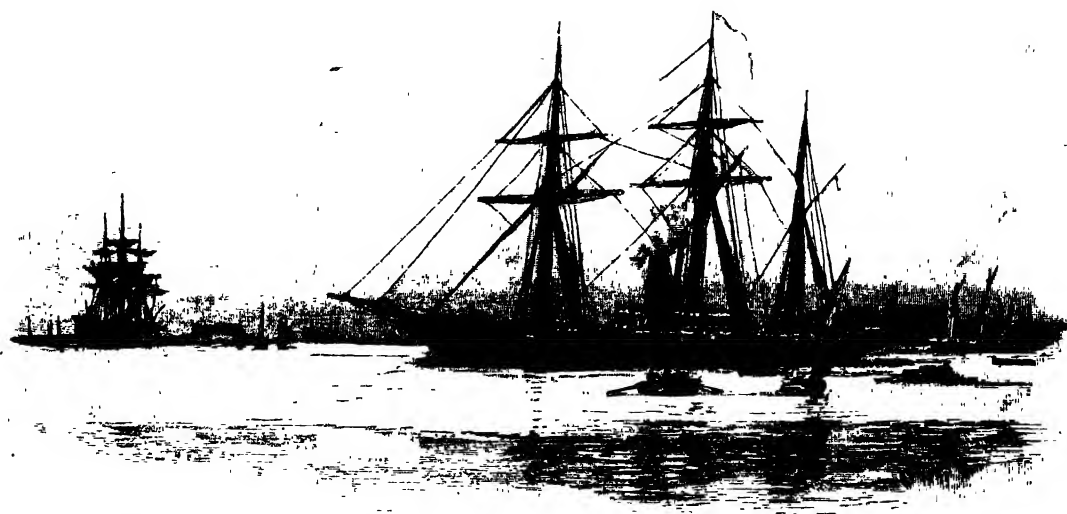
From *Following the Drum*
(Melrose).

GOING ON A TRANSPORT.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM.

By HORACE WYNDHAM.
Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
(Melrose.)

"'The Cumberland Light Infantry,' returned the sergeant, as though he were its commanding-officer, 'I'm pally with the colonel, and can fix you up there at once. Fine regiment. Only two or three vacancies.'" There is the climax of the remarks of the recruiting-sergeant who persuaded Mr. Horace Wyndham to enlist, but he led up to it skilfully: "'Soldiering is a fine life. Lots of money, lots of beer, and lots of girls. Chance of seeing the world, too. No anxieties. Rations, lodging, clothing and education, with doctors and chaplains simply chucked at you! And if you die, a first-class funeral, with a band and firing party. Better than being a civilian.'" And here is what he said the next day in his "last word of friendly counsel": "'Keep a stiff upper lip, and always remember you wear the King's uniform. Never be late for parade, or give back answers to non-coms. They don't like it. Obey orders at the double, and when you've finished one job ask for another. Somebody's sure to oblige you. Learn to drill, learn to shoot, and keep out of hospital, the canteen, and the guardroom. If you do this long enough, you may get as far as lance-corporal. There's no knowing.'" In his exceedingly interesting book, Mr. Horace Wyndham, writing from seven years' experience, touches upon every aspect



From *A History of the British Nation*
(Jack).

THE "ALABAMA."
From a sketch by Charles W. Wyllie.

of the private soldier's life. Nobody can help being amused and edified by "Following the Drum." It is quite a remarkable book in its way.

ROMANTIC TRIALS OF THREE CENTURIES.

By HUGH CHILDERS. With 24 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Hugh Childers has chosen the twelve trials for this collection of his with a sure instinct for their strangeness and the fascination of their human interest. He has gone rather off the beaten track of such books, and though he relates the thrillingly dramatic narrative of the Lyons Mail, he by no means limits his cases to those tales of mysterious murder that appeal irresistibly to some curiously morbid strain in all of us. There is the story of the Lowestoft Witches, with Sir Thomas Browne appearing in the witness-box to testify against two unfortunate old women charged with having dealings with the devil; there is the trial of William Penn for unlawful assembly; of Dr. Dodd for forgery; the extraordinarily baffling case of Elizabeth Canning; the little-known account of the prosecution of Disraeli for criminal libel; the affair of Beau Fielding and the Duchess; the remarkable trial of the murderers of Thomas Thynne; each one of the dozen cases is charged with mystery or romance; it adheres closely to facts, and is unfolded with narrative skill and a nice feeling for the dramatic force of it that make this book at once good history and the best of good reading. The portraits, photographs and reproductions of old prints add not a little to the interest and attractiveness of the volume.



ELIZABETH CANNING,

Drawn from the Life, as she stood at the Bar to receive her Sentence, in the Session's House, in the Old-Bailey.

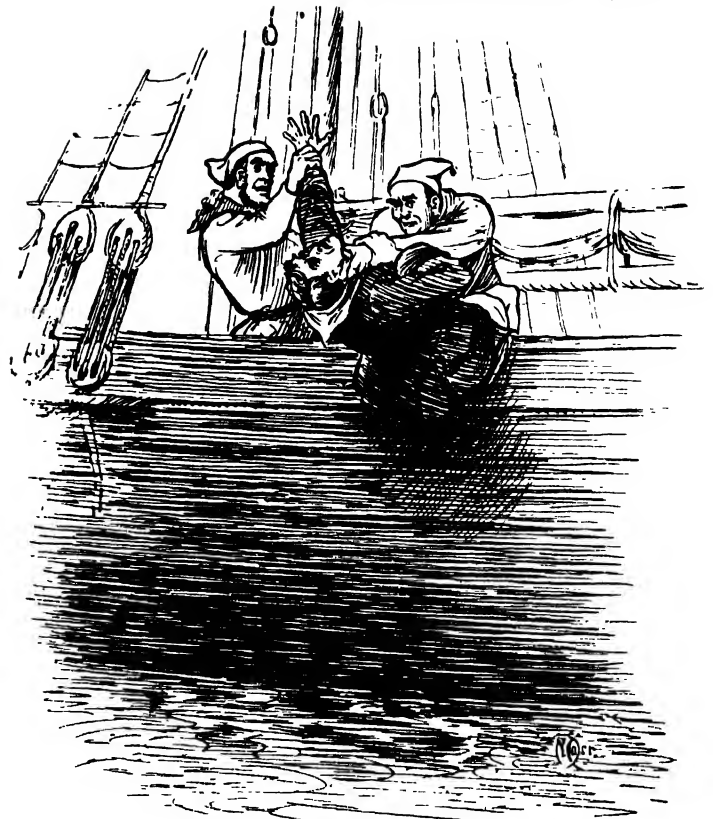
From *Romantic Trials of Three Centuries*
(Lane).

**ELIZABETH CANNING RECEIVING
HER SENTENCE.**

WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

By C. W. C. OMAN. 7s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold)

A fascinating and authoritative study of "Wellington's Army" during the Peninsular War, has been written by Mr. Oman. No campaign or series of campaigns seems to have so many records, privately, printed or published as that which was fought from 1809 to 1814. It seems almost to have been a popular practice for officers and some of the men to keep diaries; and luminous on the whole, they prove. Beginning with the character of the Commander-in-Chief and his generals, Mr. Oman has summarised the qualities and defects of all departments of the army, and made a book of exceptional historical value and human interest. His judgment of Wellington is similar to that of Lord Roberts, that the more his actions and writings are studied, "the more do we respect and like him as a



From *King's Cutters and Smugglers, 1700-1855*
(Allen).

"GETTING A FIRM GRIP . . .
PUSHED HIM INTO THE WATER."

general, and the less do we like him as a man." Of the *personnel* of the army, Mr. Oman's views are necessarily variegated. With all its bitter strenuousness and bloody experiences there was something of a holiday character about certain aspects of the Peninsular War, as novelists, such as Lever, have shown. There was plenty of scope for individual adventures of derring-do, and although Wellington was a determined disciplinarian and not too



From *Wellington's Army*
(Arnold).

**SERGEANT AND PRIVATE OF INFANTRY
IN WINTER MARCHING ORDER, 1813.**

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Intimacies of Court and Society*
(Hurst & Blackett).

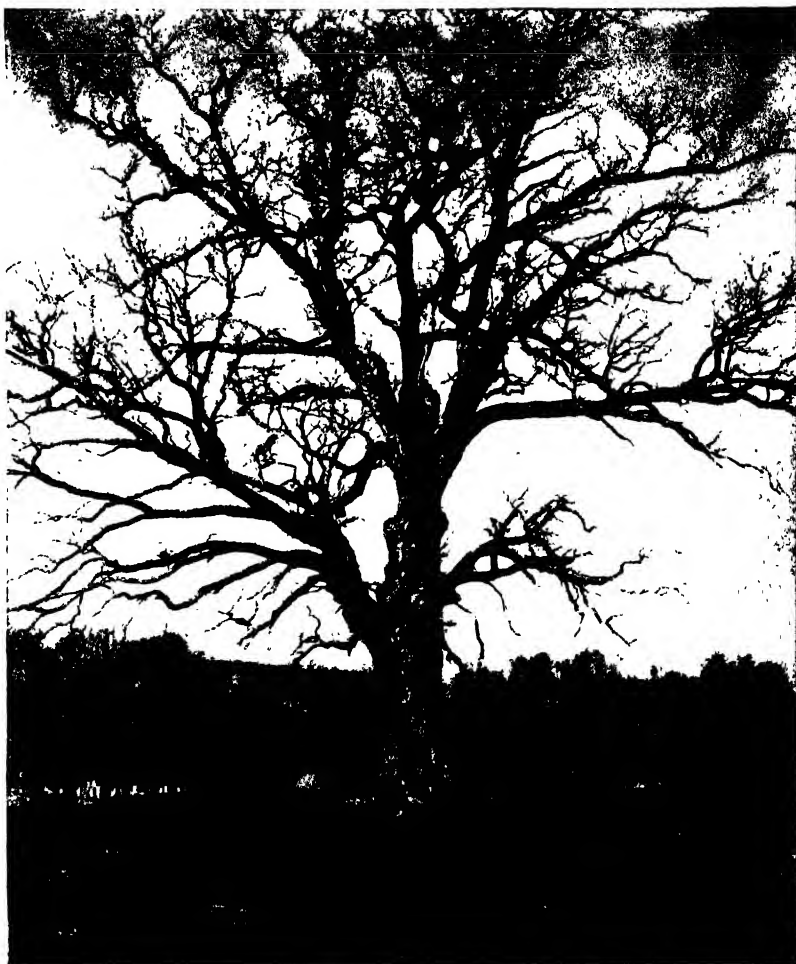
CHÂTEAU DE MAINTENON.

kind to officers, general or otherwise, who thought for themselves, there was no waste of opportunity for the ambitious. The great interest of the War is largely due to its period. It marked a chapter of reform in the history of the army. The soldier's pigtail was cut-off: and that is a symbol of the progress of common-sense. We also have it on the authority of a Captain Dobbs, whose privately-printed diary Mr. Oman may not have seen, that the percussion-cap was first used in the Peninsular with an excellent effect. In any case, the War marked the close of an epoch. A book, therefore, which treats fully of the *personnel*, character, detail, and experiences of Wellington's effective army is welcome, and not only to students of social and military history.

THE HOOSAC VALLEY; ITS LEGENDS AND ITS HISTORY.

By GRACE GRAYLOCK NILES. With
110 Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net
(Putnam's.)

Certain spots on the world's face seem destined to play an important part in the making of history. Among such localities the Hoosac Valley takes a notable place. It has seen the climaxes of half a dozen wars—Red Indians were here decisively defeated, here is situated Ticonderoga, where in 1775 was fought one of the most important engagements of the American War of Independence, and here, too, is Bennington, the battle at which town preceded the surrender of the British forces at Old Saratoga on October 17th, 1777. Since then the Valley has remained in peace, the most important event—and one which was far more important than it sounds—being the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel, an extraordinary feat of engineering. Miss Niles makes excellent use of material at her command, and she has compiled a book which we believe will prove nearly as interesting to English readers as to American. It is very fully and very effectively illustrated.



From *The Hoosac Valley*
(Putnam's).

LLOYD GEORGE'S SUPPER PARTY.

By the Member for Britain.
1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Political skits of this kind have rather gone out of fashion of late years. Even the papers, apart from one or two of the professedly comic character, seldom or never indulge in them. Yet the political cartoon still flourishes vigorously, and so far as one can see the public at large are more interested in politics than ever they were before. But the art of satire has fallen into abeyance; we have grown perhaps too tender of each other's feelings, and there is more bark than bite in most of our attacks on a political opponent. The anonymous author of "Lloyd George's Supper Party" makes fun of the Chancellor and his policy and his public doings, but it is all very good-natured fun; he is mildly satirical, genially sarcastic; there is no sting in his gibes and no ill-nature in his ridicule.

Whether you share his views or whether you do not, you can laugh at his gay burlesque and his lively, irresponsible sallies. Now and then his humour is a little thin, but he gives you an hour's light reading that is well worth the small price of his book.

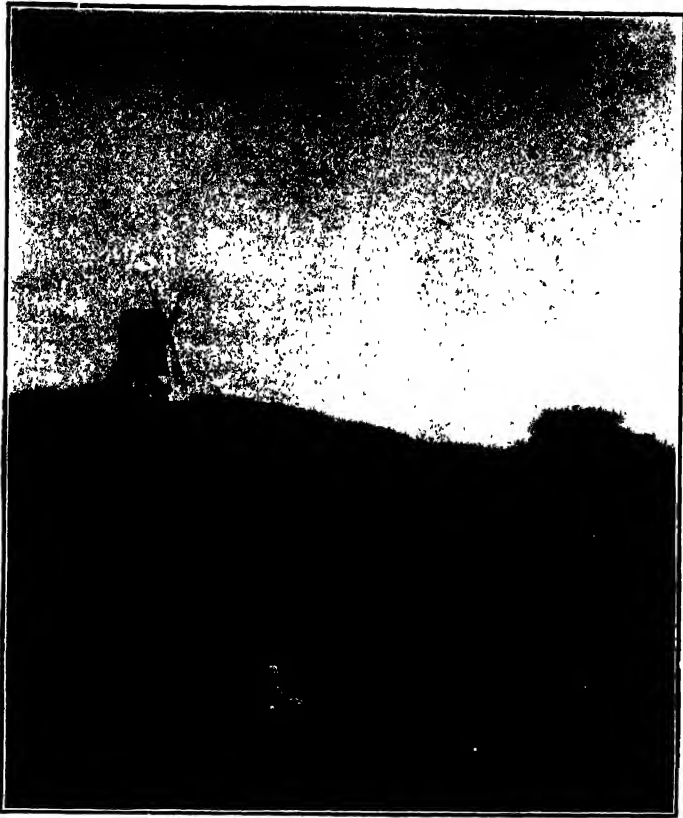
THE WITENAGEMOT OAK.

A Treaty Tree of Peace and Welfare. Planted by the Christians for the Hoosac and Mohawk Scouts, near the junction of the Tomhannac Creek with the Hoosac River, in the Vale of Peace, Old Schaghticoke, New York. Here assembled the first Council of the Christians with Soquon and Maquon after the Hoosacs' final victory over Kryn's Mohawks in 1676.

**ROBERT KETT
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8s. 6d. net. Illustrated.
(Martin Secker.)

Just now when we are talking of Labour Unrest and asking each other the cause of it Mr. Clayton's story of the Kett Rebellion of 1594 comes to us with a special air of timeliness and significance. There was a similar ferment of unrest and dissatisfaction among the labouring classes of 1594, and it culminated, for the time being, in an uprising of the people of Norfolk under the leadership of Robert Kett. The rebellion lasted only six weeks; but, as Mr. Clayton says, it "had its crowded hours of glorious life," it was not easily suppressed, and there were moments when it bade fair to issue in a great democratic victory. It is merely stupid to dismiss Kett and his followers as a riotous mob; Kett himself was a man of honour and intelligence; he was no mean organiser, and kept order and administered justice in his great camp on Mousehold Heath with a strong and an even hand; moreover, he sacrificed much in his passionate championing of the rights of his poorer neighbours; he risked his life in the cause that was more theirs than his, and not only risked but lost it. Mr. Clayton has made a careful study of all the early narratives of the event and recreates the striking character of Robert Kett impartially and with uncommon literary skill. Kett, like Jack Cade, has been misrepresented and vilified by



*From Robert Kett
(Secker).*

MOUSEHOLD HEATH.
From the painting by (Crome).

but in the main it is the story of a young girl's love for a good man, and since there is an obstacle to their marrying, she defies law and church and lives with him as his wife, holding that love is enough. The story cleverly and very interestingly shows the first stirrings in the eighteenth century of that feminist movement of which we hear so much to-day. Its old-world atmosphere is very cunningly and effectively created and maintained throughout, the story is told with insight and with power, and the characters are drawn with remarkable skill.

partisan historians, and those who have no praise but for the rebel who succeeds, and not only every good democrat but every lover of good men will be grateful to Mr. Clayton for telling vividly and sympathetically the true story of a significant episode in the long struggle of the common people of England for the freedom, the share in the land of their country, and the general place in the sun that has not been too soon or too ungrudgingly yielded to them. It is a fine and an inspiring story, and one of profoundest interest.

**THE BOUNTIFUL
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By MARION FOX. 6s.
(John Lane.)

There is a charming mingling of imagination and realism in this eighteenth century romance by Miss Marion Fox. We have glimpses of Cowper in it, and of Mary Wolstonecroft,



*From When I Was a Child
(Constable).*

THE FARMER'S COTTAGE SEEN FROM THE TRAIN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral
(Chapman & Hall).

THE NAVE.

BUSH AND SEA RHYMES.

By A. SAFRONI-MIDDLETON. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

Mr. Safroni-Middleton is an Australian poet whose name is new to us, though we gather from an advertisement at the end of his book that he has published at least one other volume. He writes of the bush and the sea with a breezy vigour and picturesque descriptive power that tell you he is writing of such life as he has seen and lived himself. His verses have a fluency and lilt that are very pleasing, and he writes always with an admirable simplicity and directness that are in happiest harmony with his themes. The voice of the sea and the voice and lonely vastness of the open country—these are the chief founts of his inspiration. Now, amid the roar and whirl of the salt spray far at sea he broods of London and

"The surging crowds of lamp-lit streets, shut in by blackened walls"

and anon, living in London he is haunted by dreams of the bush :

"Down in my heart the bush flower blows,
The sea-bird cries as it comes and goes,
Flashing away on tireless wing
O'er the moonlit dark waves glittering.
Fast o'er the sea the cool wind goes
To kiss the hills where the wattle blows.
Far from the heat of the old Bush town
Stars are pouring God's own wine down. . . .
Our little hut crouched in the hills,
Safe from the wild shore's thunderous thrills—
God's everlasting, thrilling chime,
Where waves for ever crying climb—
In moonlight coil the wild lone shore,
Like children knock each dark cave door. . .

"And still I hear the surf's low moan,
I am awake, old and alone;
It is that blind, wild hollow cry
Of moaning 'neath the birdless sky
In this small room of London Town,
And on my heart the rain beats down."

Some of his love songs—one in particular beginning

"The sea-bird to the sea, and I to you——"

are very charming. There is not a smell of the lamp

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By ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D. With 26 Illustrations in Colour and many Line Drawings in the Text by James Riddell, R.S.W., and a Map. 21s net. (Chambers)

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From Traditions of Edinburgh
(Chambers).

THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

in any poem in the book—they are the unaffected outpourings of a man who has lived a man's life and has a natural gift for putting into unpremeditated song the thoughts and visions that come to him by the way. It is the naturalness of his verses that makes them so pleasing and so effective.

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From The Chapels Royal
(Nash).

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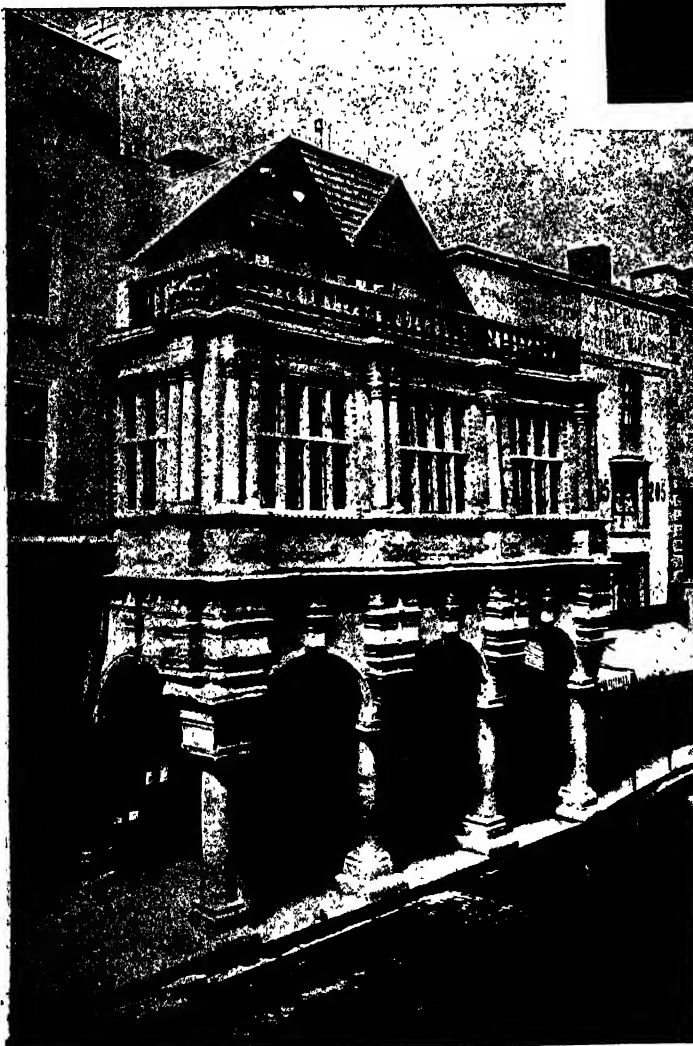
can be told about the Chapels Royal of the United Kingdom." Archdeacon Sinclair proves an urbane and efficient guide over many wonderful buildings. He writes with historical accuracy and a charm which is reflected in the drawings of Mr. Weirter, and which should make this finely-produced volume one of the most popular of its kind of the present publishing season.

THE FAIREST OF THE STUARTS.

By WINIFRED BROOKS MYLCHREEST.
(Sampson Low & Co.)

Illustrated.

The fairest of the Stuarts was Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James I., she married the Elector Palatine and afterwards became the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Our own royalty derive their Stuart blood from her. Miss Winifred Brooks Mylechreest has told her story in the form of a novel and it makes a picturesque and uncommonly interesting romance. Whether now and then the author does not go a little outside historical facts we are not quite sure, and in any event if she does so she has the highest examples to justify her. The book is illustrated with two excellent portraits and four sketches of Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, Whitehall Palace and the Tower of London.



From The Romance of the
Men of Devon
(Mills & Boon).

THE OLD GUILDHALL, EXETER.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

JOHN FORSTER AND HIS FRIEND- SHIPS.

By RICHARD RENTON.
10s. 6d. net. (Chapman
and Hall.)

Forster was the author of many books, but probably he will live longest as author of the standard *Life of Dickens*, and as the friend of many of the greatest men of his day and generation. The cabman who denounced him as "a harbitrary gent" crystallised his character in a phrase that was so true that it will label him as long as he is remembered; you may learn from Macready's *Diaries* how apt he was to quarrel with his friends, how his dogmatic, self-assertive autocratic manners exasperated them so that he and one or another of them were continually on bad terms with each other. But there was never anything serious in these quarrels; after an interval they were made up, and they left no ill-feeling behind them. With it all, you find that Forster was



From *Thirteen Years of a Busy
Woman's Life*
(Lane).

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE
From a sketch by John Lavery, R.A.

the most sympathetic as well as the touchiest of mortals; over and over again you hear of him exerting himself and going to no end of trouble to serve those for whom he had some regard. Dickens may have found him occasionally officious, and his airs of proprietorship and management a little trying, but the debt Dickens owes him for his constant and loyal friendship and his many disinterested services makes all such faults of manner seem trivial and of no moment. That Forster had hosts of friends, and kept them all, speaks for itself to the genuineness and lovability of his character, and see what friends they were! We naturally link him with Dickens, but he was intimate also with Browning, with Carlyle, Lord Lytton, Ainsworth, Macready, Landor, Douglas Jerrold, and in his early years he came into pleasant relations with Lamb. One could easily extend the list, but here are enough names to indicate what sort of material Mr. Renton had to his hand when he

set out to write this book on "John Forster and his Friendships." He has written it well and interestingly, and given us a full-length portrait of Forster the man and the author, in his daily habit as he lived. He was Dickens's Boswell, but he was as dictatorial as if he had been Dr. Johnson; and some of us think his *Lives of Dickens*, of Swift and of Goldsmith at least as good as anything that Ursa Major contributed to our literature. Forster was a man of great gifts; a man of talent, if not of some genius; withal he was a remarkable personality, and as Mr. Renton, writing with first-hand knowledge, makes clear, by no means so forbidding or ungenial as at first blush he may have seemed. The thirty-six portraits and facsimiles add to the interest of a book that is sure of a welcome from all Dickens lovers, and from all who are interested in the great figures of nineteenth century letters. Mr. Renton has met and been intimate with various people who knew Forster and the members of his circle, and this enables him to draw them and Forster for us very vividly. There are flaws in his book—flaws of style and one or two omissions; but it is readable and valuable.



FRANCESCO BERGER.
Author of "Reminiscences, Impressions,
and Anecdotes," which Messrs. Sampson Low
announce for publication.



From *Fanny Burney at the Court of
Queen Charlotte* (Lane).

PRINCESS SOPHIA.
By Hoppner.

THE FAVOURITES OF LOUIS XIV.

By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.
7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

We should not like to say how many books we have come across within the last two years that deal with the careers of courtesans and demireps. We weary of the too-frequent attempt to invest with interest, and even with halos, women who were either frankly mercenary or deplorably vicious; and though we are alive to the fact that virtue in itself makes no man or woman interesting, though we quite agree with Samuel Butler the second when he says in his recently published "Note-book" that "the world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and largely among civilized people," and that "the truest virtue has ever inclined towards excess rather than criticism," we cannot help thinking that the deliberate exploitation for literary purposes of royal mistresses and mere *cocottes* neither profits the republic of letters, nor readily consorts with the traditions of English taste. "Cui bono," we say: "Who benefits by this detailed study of royal incontinence, of *splendeurs misères*? Not the author, whose moral currency is apt to get debased in the transaction; not the reader, who is beguiled into mistaking "chatter about Harriet" for history; not the reviewer—if he counts at all—who is sick to death of this constant appeal to what can only be described as a morbid interest. . . . Yet, when we meet with such an admirably written and judicial book of the kind as "Le Petit Homme Rouge's" account of "The Favourites of Louis XIV.," we are almost persuaded to eat our words. The work is so admirably done, the tone is so fair and reasonable, the historical sense is so manifest on every page, that we feel inclined, against our better judgment, to cry "Bravo!" It is the humanity with which "Le Petit Homme Rouge" writes about Louise de la Vallière, about La Montespan, about Scarron's widow La Maintenon, that redeems the sordid subject matter. And we should like to compliment the author on his introductory chapter. This chapter, in which he links his new book with its predecessor, "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre," is one of the



From The Correspondence of
Sarah, Lady Lyttelton
(Murray).

SARAH SPENCER,
LADY LYTTELTON

most piquant and concise historical summaries that we have ever been privileged to read; it is entirely admirable.

QUEEN ANNE.

By HERBERT PAUL. 7s. 6d.
net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a new and revised edition of Mr. Herbert Paul's brilliant study of the life and times of Queen Anne. It was first published six years ago, and has now been carefully revised by the author. Two of its sections are devoted to the politics of Queen Anne's reign, one to the literature, and one to the society and manners, and Mr. Paul has this in common with Macaulay that he knows how to make history interesting. His work has the ease and charm of style that makes for popularity, and the fulness of knowledge, the ripe scholarship that give it permanent literary value.

THE HUMBUG.

By MRS. TOM GODFREY. 6s.
(London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.)
Mrs. Tom Godfrey tells with considerable spirit this

entertaining story which turns upon one of the commonest of life's little ironies—nay, tragedies. It is the story of a woman endowed with all the natural instincts of her sex who reaches to what is generally considered to be past the marriageable age without finding the happiness in matrimony which she so much desired. . . . Side by side we have the story of a young girl of twenty who looks upon marriage not for the love and sacrifice it demands, but as the thing that can give her position, dress, jewellery and a good time generally. . . . She plays her part with skill and throws off her lover for a clever and wealthy man of fifty, while the heroine gets into no end of trouble and difficulty in personating her cousin in order to save a sick person's life. Some of the incidents in the early part of the book are a little wooden and unconvincing, but later, when dealing with the urgent need of sex for the companionship of sex, the writer handles her theme with confidence, knowledge and power.



From The Favourites of Louis XIV.
(Chatto & Windus).

MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From Guerilla Leaders of the World
(Stanley Paul).

THE AMBUSH AT BRIKEN

IN ABOR JUNGLES: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ABOR EXPEDITION, THE MISHMI MISSION, AND THE MIRI MISSION.

By ANGUS HAMILTON, F.R.G.S. With 87 Illustrations and
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Mr. Angus Hamilton's book is a careful and interesting
account of the most recent of the "little wars" which are

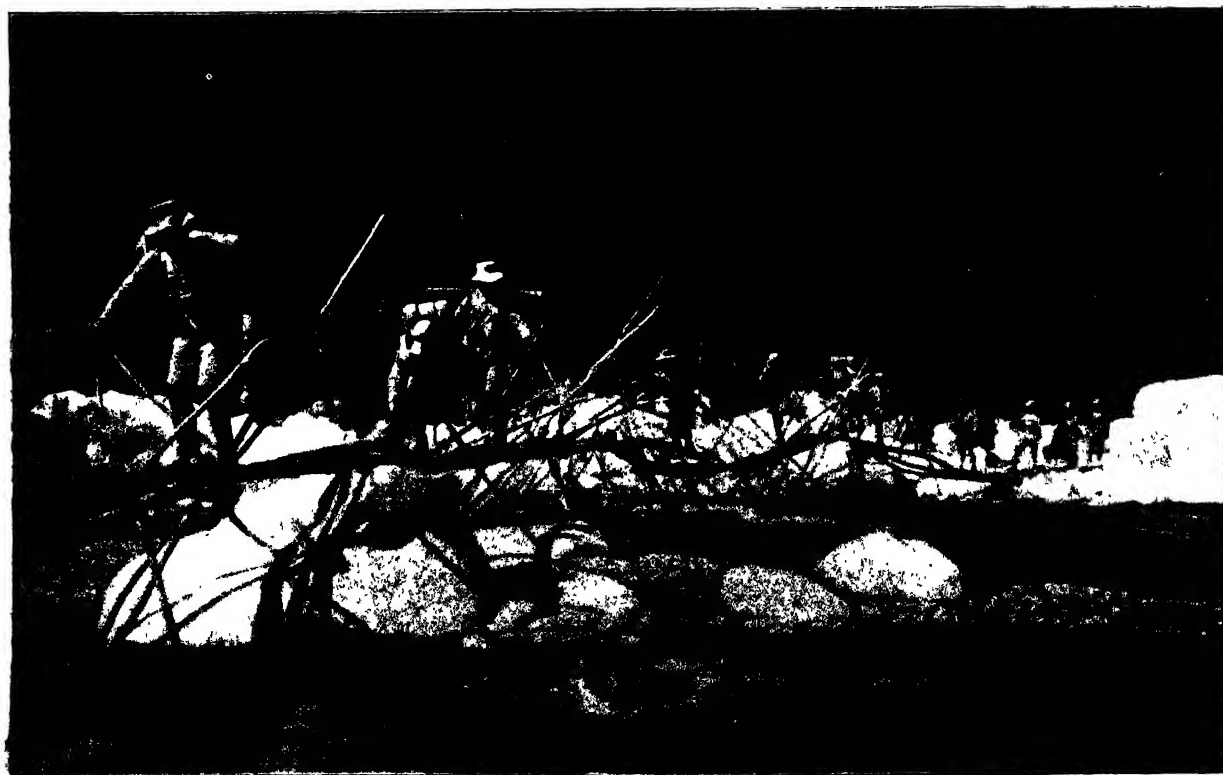
perpetually being waged along the Indian frontier. Aborland lies between Tibet and Assam, and it sprang into notoriety by reason of the murder of Mr. Noel Williamson—of which, be it noted, Mr. Hamilton prints the statement of the Abor Gam who ordered it, which differs considerably from the official explanation of the affair. In its unwarlike aspects the book consists of a study of previously unknown country and its inhabitants, and it is possessed of much interest and value, from the point of view both of the specialist and of the general reader. The illustrations are numerous and a particular feature of the book is a large map—the only one at present in existence—of the Abor, Mishmi, and Miri regions.

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score of written books could not give you so intimate and wide a knowledge of the every-day lives of the common people in the West of Ireland as you may gain from a study of this series of unique drawings. At five shillings it is a miracle of cheapness. There is to be also a limited edition of a hundred and fifty signed copies of the book with an original sketch on the fly-leaf, published at twenty-five shillings net.



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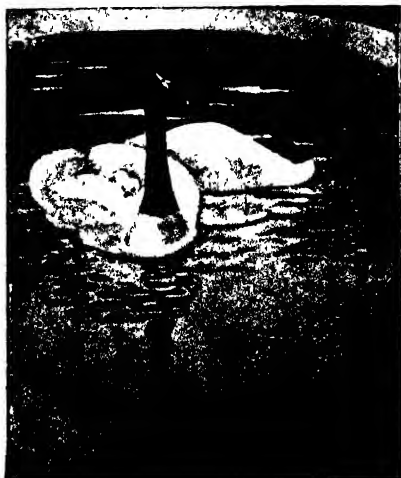
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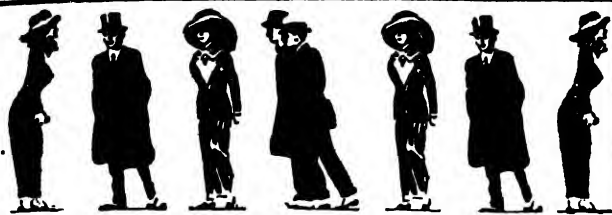
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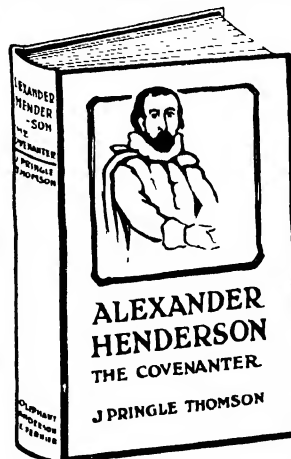
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The Spectator says: "These are excellent books. The history of the countries and the daily life of the people are told in a way that will interest and amuse children, who will also like the brightly-coloured illustrations."

The British Weekly says: "They are very ably written, full of interest, and told with great literary ability. The eight brightly coloured illustrations are delightful."

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER,
100 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
21 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

ROMANCES OF THE FRENCH THEATRE.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

No present-day writer of popular histories and biographies writes them quite so well as Mr. Gribble. His facts are none the less facts because he has the trick of handling them easily. History and biography are, after all, or ought to be, true stories about real events and real people, and they gain in readability and lose nothing whatever in truth by being interesting, and interesting they certainly are as Mr. Gribble writes them. In an opening chapter he contrasts the French and the English attitude towards the romance of the theatre, and then from a narrative of Molière's married misery and something of Racine's love affairs, he passes to the series of stories that give the title to his book. Sordid some of them are; some are not without humour, and not a little of pathos and tragedy enters into the texture of many of them; too often it is the pathos and tragedy of the actress grown old at last and fallen into neglect and dying in loneliness, haunted by memories of vanished splendour and the days when men loved and fame crowned her. There is the glamorous, sadly ending romance of the beautiful and brilliant Adrienne Lecouvreur; the dramatic tale of the career of Madame Favart; of the astonishing Mlle Clarion, and so on down to the less-than-a-century-old romance of the great actor Talma. They may not make altogether improving reading, yet they carry their own moral with them if you want one, for we suspect that the austere Mrs. Siddons, whom Mr. Gribble seems rather to reproach for her stolid British matronliness, not only lived a happier life, on the whole, but made a very much happier ending than any one of these fascinating heroines of the French stage, who for the most part paid rather bitterly for the joyous sins of their youth when their youth was gone. The book is handsomely produced and contains many excellent portraits.

CORAH'S SCHOOL CHUMS.

By MAY BALDWIN. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

The story opens with a dramatic quarrel between Jock Sandford and his uncle, which results in Jock and his sister Corah emigrating to South Africa—Jock to work on a farm and Corah to be sent to a school in Cape Town. Miss May Baldwin tells, in a very bright, entertaining manner, of the adventures these two independent young people meet with on the voyage and the many experiences which come their way after they have settled down in their new surroundings. By a curious coincidence an acquaintance of Corah's happens to be going to South Africa at the same time, so the girls become great friends, and Irene Inman's hasty temper and lack of thought are the sources of many amusing incidents and some startling ones. Certain quaint customs of the people in Cape Colony will surprise and entertain readers as they surprise and entertain Irene and Corah and they will find the experiences of the two girls

more than ordinarily interesting. It is a very fresh, vivacious book; something quite new in the way of girls' stories.

THE BUILDING OF THE ALPS.

By T. G. BONNEY. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.)

While the Alps can never become commonplace, except to hapless types of mind, it is unhappily true that hurried travelling, superficial sight-seeing, and certain varieties of book-making and journalism have done something to vulgarise them, or rather the conception of them. But the wonder, the mystery, and a hundred scientific interests remain. Dr. Bonney, besides being an experienced Alpine traveller and an enthusiast, is a natural historian and a geologist. He realises the grandeur and poetry of the great mountains, but his purpose throughout is on the whole scientific, though science in this case, as may well be expected, has its romantic suggestions. He considers how the Alps grew, deals with mountain forms, the snowfields and glaciers, the making of the peaks and valleys, Alpine meteorology and vegetation and wild animals, and, in one of the most attractive chapters of all, the Alps in relation to Man. He is aware that some of the conclusions will arouse controversy amongst other specialists. But the Alps are a noble theme to fight about; clash and contest in such a case must be more or less uplifting if not ennobling. Would that all our differences and debates were concerned with issues of Alpine loftiness! The reader who is not a specialist can follow the descriptions and discussions without difficulty. He or she will secure a liberal measure of Alpine lore and science, and will be set brooding in profitable directions. The most expert Alpine studies leave much unsettled, but they bring undoubted fascination and ought to lead to memorable reverie.



From *When Kings Rode to Delhi*
(Blackwood).

AKSAR LEARNING
TO READ.

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK.

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

This is a sixth edition of Alfred Whitman's invaluable work—revised, brought up to date and enlarged with additional chapters by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman. It supplies expert hints for the beginner and full information for the amateur collector concerning every variety of old etching, line engraving, mezzotint, lithograph, English and French colour print; and makes him wise against fraudulent imitations. There are good chapters on collectors' methods, and the Print Room at the British Museum, and a very useful chapter, which Mr. Salaman has greatly extended, on "The Money Value of Prints." A sound and careful piece of work—this is and will remain the standard guide for the amateur collector.

LORDS AND LADIES
OF THE ITALIAN
LAKES.

By EDGCUMBE STALEY. With
44 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
(Long.)

The guide-book has been linked up with fiction; why then should it not be joined with biography? There is no reason in the world, of course, and Mr. Edgcumbe Staley is just the sort of writer to carry it all off with the necessary spirit and *éclat*. Indeed, biography which brings history in its train—is a more fitting adjunct of the guide-book than fiction. Mr. Staley has proved this already in his "Heroines of Genoa and the Rivas," and he proves it again in "Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes"—a subject which affords quite as pleasant reading in fact as it promises in title. In the course of his leisurely itinerary the writer not only covers the Italian Lakes from end to end,

but he revives the great figures of the past and inspires them once again with living breath. We can recommend this volume—which, by the way, is excellently well illustrated—to anyone who is of a romantic turn of mind.

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NATION.

By A. D. INNES. Illustrated. 3s 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack).

Surely so large a book was never produced, and so well produced, at so moderate a price before. In a thousand pages Mr. A. D. Innes has told the history of the British Nation from the earliest times to the present day; it comprises an easily and attractively written account of every period and every aspect of the history of the peoples who have created the British Empire, and contains four hundred illustrations and maps. Mr. Innes is a sound scholar, and, unlike so many scholars, he has the gift of imparting his knowledge in a pleasant and delightfully readable style. We have no space here to do justice to this admirable History, which will be adequately dealt with next month by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.



From Everybody's St. Francis
(Unwin).

CHILDREN OF ASSISI FEEDING THE WOLF OF GUBBIO.

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN With pictures by M. Boulet de Monvel. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

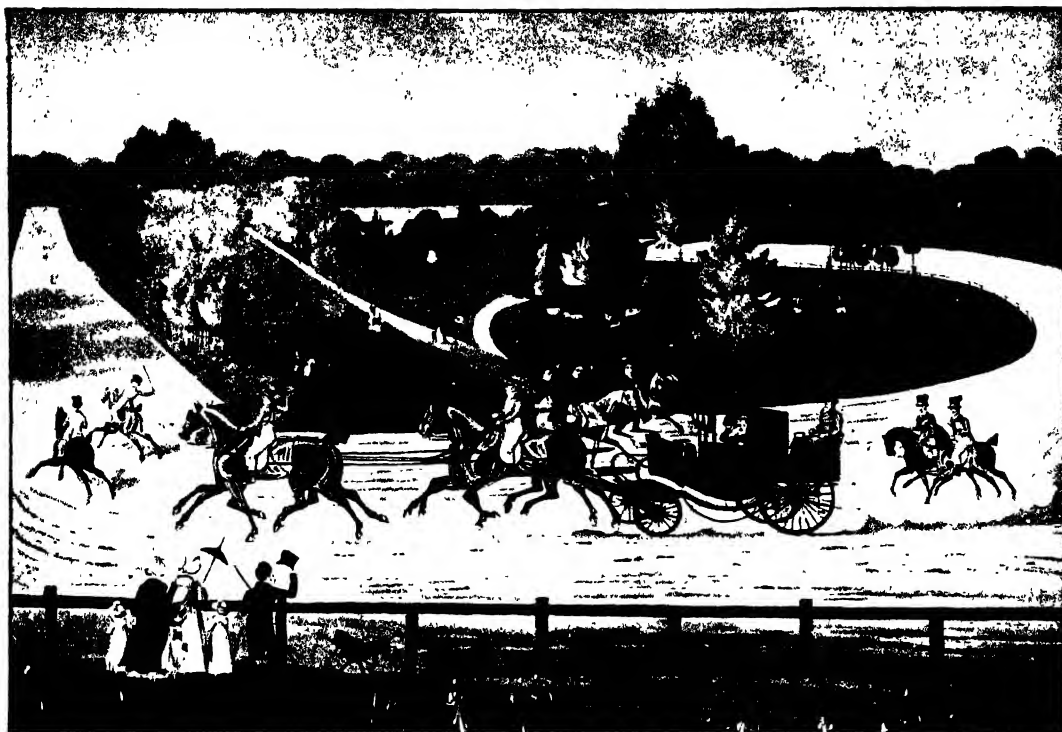
"Everybody's" St. Francis is of course St. Francis of Assisi, the man whose influence over the hearts of multitudes of his own faith, of other faiths and of no faith at all, has its source in love. "Love made him a poet," as Mr. Egan says: "love made him a saint; love gave him life and fire and understanding and all the things that were added to him." The story of St. Francis's life of simple holiness is one of the most beautiful things in literature, and it is narrated here by Mr. Egan with great charm and with a gracious and sensitive feeling for the sweetness and spiritual significance of it all. The illustrations are in every way admirable, especially those that picture the later life of St. Francis. It is always the gentleness, the divine humanity of the man that comes out in them, and the subduing charm of his character—as in that showing how he subjugated the wolf; how he made friends with his little brothers the birds, how he pleaded with Brother Masseo. One of the most delicately finished of the colour-plates is that representing Santa Clara and her sister waiting on St. Francis—the gentle, pale, ascetic face of the saint, its whole expression so completely harmonises with that idea of him that we have preconceived for ourselves. The right mediæval atmosphere is preserved both in the text and the pictures, and the tasteful style in which the book is produced is in fullest accord with its subject.



From Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes
(Long).

MYSTIC DANCE. MICHELINO DA BEDOZZO.
PALAZZO BONARDO, MILAN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *The Man of Pleasure*
(Chatto & Windus).

KING GEORGE IV. IN HYDE PARK.
From a scarce print.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

By RALPH NEVILL. With Twenty-eight Illustrations.
12s. 6d net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Nevill is a lively raconteur, and whether we agree or disagree in regard to his comments on the refinements of "this fastidious age," his new book will have a permanent value as focussing some very interesting phases of bygone social life. He incidentally offers sage advice which the young man about town will do well to take to heart. Indeed, one might easily cull a fair number of Chesterfieldian maxims from his pages. When he compares past with present, and talks about "grandmotherly legislation" and so on, he is not convincing, hardly historical, and not always consistent. It may be that the "man of pleasure" is no longer an exception, capable of amusing literary

treatment: that he (and his womenkind) are now in the majority. In any case the old Tom and Jerry school, with all its more or less compensating qualities of good-nature, born to some extent from an incipient desire not to be worried overmuch, was not more admirable than its Bohemian and Crutch-and-Toothpick successors, in London and in Paris. One of the best of the many stories scattered plentifully throughout the book is that of Count D'Orsay hurling a plate at the head of a free-thinking officer who had spoken disparagingly of the Virgin Mary. D'Orsay explained his behaviour by saying that, though not a religious man, he could not forget that the Virgin Mary was a woman, and he would

allow no man to speak insultingly of a woman in his hearing. It is a pity more "men of pleasure" were not (seriously) of the same way of thinking, for in the case of many the courtesy of words was not necessarily accompanied by courtesy of conduct. The volume is illustrated from the drawings by Cruikshank and Leech and collections of old prints. Some of the pictures are fairly familiar, but all are sufficiently apposite to the theme.

"HAIL AND FAREWELL!" II. SALVE.

By GEORGE MOORE. 6s (Heinemann.)

Mr. George Moore told us in the first volume of "Hail and Farewell!" how he came to hate England. In the second volume he tells us how he came to hate, or at least to despise, Ireland. He could not forgive England the



From *The Church in Madras*
(Smith, Elder).

THE CANTONMENT CHURCH, PALLAVERAM

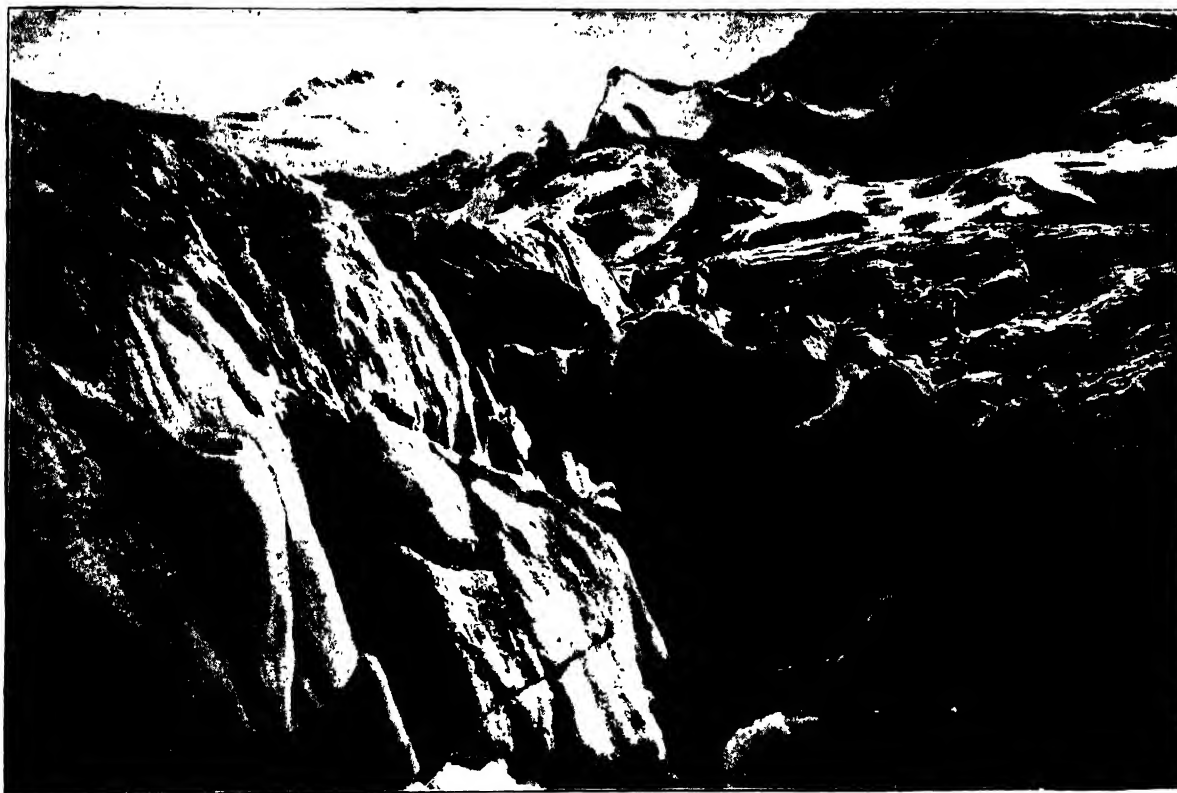
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

Boer War. He could not forgive Ireland Roman Catholicism. It will be remembered by readers of the first volume that he was bidden in a vision "on the road to Chelsea" to go to Ireland and help in the revival of the Irish language, in order to prepare the way for the creation of a new literature. Obviously, however, the vision was not from above, but was a jest of the Fiend's. For no sooner had Mr. Moore properly begun his evangelising work than a second revelation was vouchsafed to him, and it now appeared to him that no Catholic country could produce literature, and that therefore it would be a waste of labour to devote himself to a language and literary revival in Ireland unless Ireland became either Protestant or Agnostic. In the result he decided to announce his own adhesion to the Protestant Church. Towards the end of the present volume we find him arguing divinity and repeating the Lord's Prayer with a clergyman whom the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin had appointed to minister to his spiritual needs. Surely in no part of the world did Protestantism ever net so odd a convert as the Mr. Moore of "Hail and Farewell!"

It would be impossible to say how far he is to be taken

this kind cannot blame us if we appreciate him as what in the country they call a "character."

Obviously, indeed, Mr. Moore hugely enjoys playing a part. It tickles his sense of humour to imagine himself the leader of a crusade, whether it be a crusade to save the Irish language or to save the Boers, or to destroy the Church of Rome. He seems, according to his own account, to have saved thousands of Boers from being killed at one point. No sooner, again, does he discover the barrenness of Catholicism in literature than he believes that he will "be able to deal Catholicism such a blow as has not been dealt since the Reformation." "Hail and Farewell!" is one of the most delightfully self-important books in the English language. Mr. Moore is richly endowed with the egotism which is the spice of half the books of confessions. One feels that it was his egotism that was responsible for his failure to understand modern Ireland, and led to his regarding her with contempt. If he despises Ireland, however, he despises her wittily, as when he speaks of her people as a race of herdsmen, "divining the steak in the bullock with the same certainty as the Greek divined the statue in the block of marble." And he tells us how he



From The Building of the Alps
(Unwin).

CREVASSES ON A GLACIER.
From a photo. by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.

seriously, either as a convert to Nationalism, or as a convert to Protestantism. One thinks of him as trying various ideals—literary, political and religious—as a naughty boy might try a number of pots of jam. These latest books of his are, in some measure, comparable to the naughty boy's cockahoop story of how he enjoyed his raid on the jam-pots. "In some measure," I say, for it is evident that Mr. Moore was angrily serious at least in his abjuration of the Catholicism of his father. Those chapters in which he recalls the odious atmosphere of the sectarian boarding-school to which he had been sent as a boy have the ring of genuine deep-seated resentment. His conversion to Protestantism strikes one as a kind of belated revenge on his schoolmasters. At times, on the other hand, it strikes one as a joke. And it is Mr. Moore's own fault that this is so. He plays with his conversion as a kitten plays with a ball. He tells us, for instance, how at one moment he thought of writing to the *Irish Times* to say that his reason for abandoning Catholicism was the unpatriotic action of the Catholic priests in welcoming King Edward VII. to Maynooth! A convert who confesses to little mischiefs of

once "fell to thinking that, if some meditative herdsmen, while leaning over a gate, had been inspired to compose a sauce whereby the steak might be eaten with relish, the Irish race would be able to hold up its head in the world." The indictment of Ireland as a country that has never produced a sauce is a sweet piece of nonsense. Perhaps, suggests Mr. Moore, the blame may lie with the Irish language, which may be "too harsh and bitter for such a buttery word as *Béamaise*."

"It may be that the Irish language was merely intended for the sale of bullocks—a language that has never been to school, as John Eglinton once said. If it had only fled to the kitchen one might forgive it for having played truant—the Irish language, a language that has never been spoken in a drawing-room, only in rude towers, and very like those towers are the blocks of rough sound that a Gaelic speech hurls at one when he speaks.

It will be seen that Mr. Moore is the most skilled of triflers. He is the most perfect dilettante old bachelor in contemporary literature. One may disapprove of him, but we cannot dislike him: he does not challenge one

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

seriously enough for that. One's attitude to him must also be softened by the fact that, while he is usually malicious, he is never malignant. He compares himself somewhere to a butterfly; but butterflies do not sting and bite as he does, nor are they up to such eternal mischief. He is really more like the gadfly to which Socrates compared himself in his relations with the citizens of Athens. Mr. Moore enjoyed himself immensely as the gadfly of Dublin for a year or two, and in this book he gives us a shamefully funny account of what his victims looked like and behaved like under torture. His studies of Mr. Edward Martyn and Mr. T. P. Gill are marvellous examples of comic portraiture—comic, but, at times, curiously sympathetic. The portrait of A. E. does not seem to me to be so successful. Mr. Moore had too much respect for A. E. ever to torment him. It is to be feared that he had



*From The Grandeur that was Rome
(Sidgwick & Jackson).*

BA'ALBEK: THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

too much respect for him to be able to paint him.

One cannot end a review of a book like this without renewing one's protest against the indecencies that are here and there dragged into its pages. It may be that there is no great harm in them from an ethical point of view: they are merely dirty. They may be defended on the ground that Mr. Moore's genius is a genius for frankness—frankness about everything from his immortal soul to his underclothing. But that defence will not stand. Mr. Moore always chooses with the greatest deliberation those things about which he means to be frank. And he does this so skilfully that in the end he leaves us in considerable perplexity as to whether the real George Moore is in any way like the George Moore who is the hero of this brilliant comic Protestant tract.

ROBERT LYND.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

FICTION

AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE



From The Cloister and the Hearth
(Chambers)

"THE HABITUAL EXPRESSION OF HER
FACE WAS A SWEET PENSIVENESS."

SOME CHRISTMAS NOVELS.

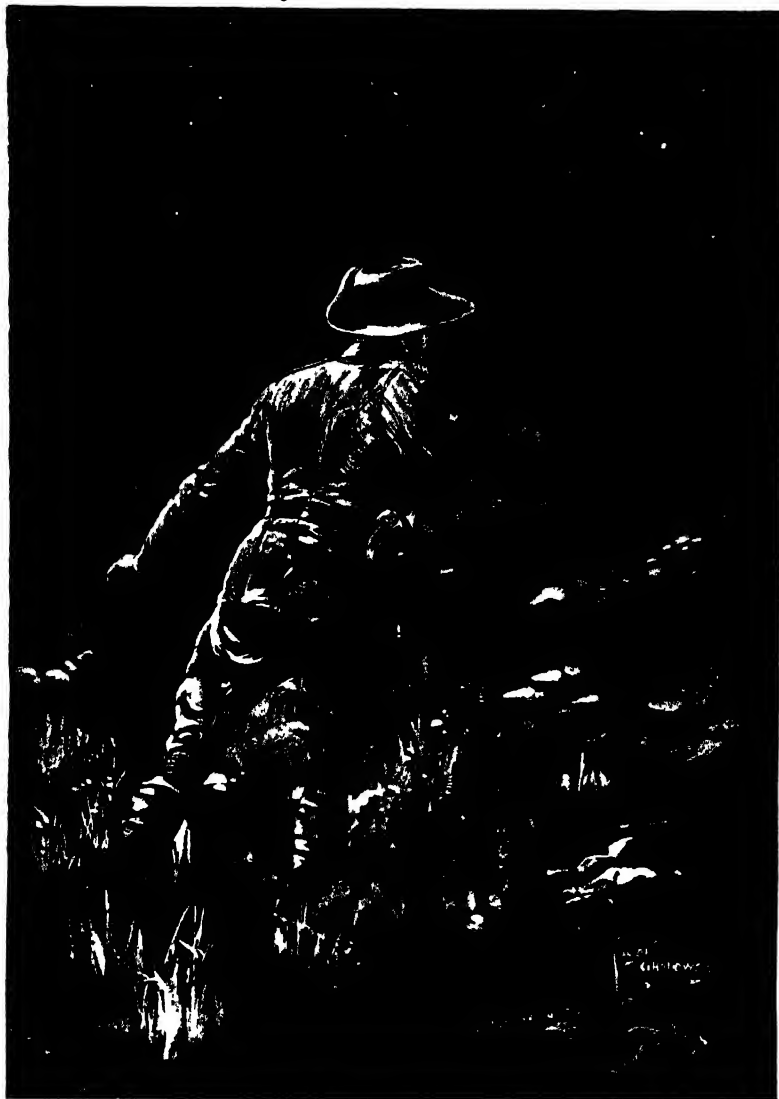
If you were to ask me for a definition of the Christmas novel, I should certainly not be able to oblige you with anything more particular than the bare statement that it should be suitable for a Christmas present. That is the broad way in which I should like you to regard the books which follow. Saving that they are all fiction, and in prose, I cannot say that I have been able to discover any ground of subject or of interest, any philosophy of life, which is common to the whole lot. They are all pleasant to read—some more so than others, as I think—but it is quite as likely as not that you would disagree with me if I were to tell you that I prefer A to B, or either of them to C. I wish, in fact, to act merely as a signpost, just to

give you a few hints as to what these books are variously about, so that you may avoid giving a sentimental story to a cynic of twenty-one, or a sensational affair to an aged maiden aunt.

I shall play for safety by starting with a few books which have stood the test of time, and have come out in new editions. Of these, the most important is the charming re-issue of "Wives and Daughters,"¹ "one of the most perfect and profoundly interesting English novels ever written," as says Mr. Seccombe in a preface which

¹ "Wives and Daughters." By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe, and 8 Coloured Plates and 60 Line Drawings by M. V. Wheelhouse. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Old Fireproof*
(Duckworth).

"—AND HE THOUGHT, 'WELL, HERE
THEY ARE THEN; NOW FOR IT.'"

certainly must not be overlooked. It is a model of its kind. It tells you exactly what you want, and what you ought, to know; it contains much fine critical material and it does what every preface should do—it arouses your interest and makes you want to read the book again. An additional attraction lies in the delightful illustrations, both in colour and line, of Miss M. V. Wheelhouse, who is surely the ideal illustrator of this period.

Hardly a year passes, I suppose, but Messrs. Sampson Low issue a new edition of "*Lorna Doone*,"¹ one of the best literary properties in existence. This year it is the "Western Moors" edition, an imposing volume (yet not too unwieldy) with a magnificently gilt cover, and sixteen very pleasing coloured illustrations by Mr. Christopher Clark. Altogether an excellent present, this—and besides, the book looks as if it cost at least three shillings more than you have to give for it.

Another very finely-produced volume is that which Messrs. Cassell have just published of "*King Solomon's Mines*,"² illustrated in colour by Mr. A. C. Michael, who has seldom done better work. Sir H. Rider Haggard contributes a "note," the latter half of which, I think, is worth quoting: "In closing these proof sheets also a kind of wonder takes me. Allan Quatermain has gone, but are Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good really dead? Will they not perhaps some day break south from their dim Zu-Vendis, grasp their old friend Ignosi by the hand, and even re-visit Solomon's Treasure Cave and look upon poor Foulata's bones?"

Miss Grier is one of the soundest of our historical novelists, and "*A Young Man Married*"³—that fine tale of the

¹ "*Lorna Doone*." By R. D. Blackmore. (Western Moors Edition.) With 16 Coloured Plates by Christopher Clark. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

² "*King Solomon's Mines*." By H. Rider Haggard. With 18 Coloured Plates by A. C. Michael. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

³ "*A Young Man Married*." By Sydney C. Grier. With 6 Illustrations by A. Pearse. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Peninsular War—now goes, I am glad to see, into a new edition, the special feature of which is half-a-dozen spirited pictures by Mr. A. Pearse. Another war story is "*Old Fireproof*,"⁴ a really remarkable book, which everybody ought to read. Never mind whether or not you have heard of it, but take my word for it that you cannot understand the full meaning of war in general, and of the last Boer War in particular, until you have read it. I note that the new edition—the third—is produced as a boy's book, with illustrations by Edgar A. Holloway. This is well enough, provided that it does not scare adults off reading it.

Another volume which should be read by grown-ups as well as by boys (for whom it appears primarily to be intended) is "*John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.*,"⁵ which is the first of my new books. Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans has already made his mark as a naval writer, of course, and I hope I am right in saying that "*John Graham*" gives quite an extraordinarily accurate (and attractive) description of life as it is now lived in the Navy. If I am wrong, I can only retort that Mr. Jeans has written one of the best "fakes" I have ever read. Anyhow, it is a jolly, galloping story, and there is some particularly good Rugby football in it.

Mr. Jeans' book leads one—certainly it is a good deal of a jump—to "*The People of the River*,"⁶ a series of stories rather than a novel, the central figure of which is Mr. Commissioner Sanders, the head of a district somewhere or other in Central Africa. The tales contain some cheerful violence, some humorous characterization, and a great deal

⁴ "*Old Fireproof*." By Captain Owen Vaughan. With 5 Coloured and 3 Plain Plates by Edgar A. Holloway. 6s. (Duckworth.)

⁵ "*John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.*" By Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N. With 8 Coloured Plates by C. M. Padday. 6s. (Blackie.)

⁶ "*The People of the River*." By Edgar Wallace. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)



From *A Young Man Married*
(Blackwood).

"PRESENTED HER WITH A
FOLDED PAPER."



From King Solomon's Mines "AH! BOUGWAN, I DIE!"
(Cassell).

of incident. If you are acquainted with Mr. Edgar Wallace's other books you will know that he does this sort of thing exceedingly well. Another good sensational book is "The Mesh"¹ by John Haslette. Here the scene is a South American republic, the President of which—an altogether delightful scoundrel—is a past master in the art of deception. In order to please his *namorada*, he has the English bank, situated in his capital, robbed, afterwards disposing of his associates in so skilful a manner that the manager of the bank, who loses his job in consequence of the theft, believes the President to be his best friend. How Temporel eventually succeeds in recovering the money and unmasking the President, makes a story well worth the reading. Possessed of ingenuity, inventiveness, and a considerable gift for character, Mr. Haslette should go far.

But for really strong, full-blooded sensation I don't suppose anybody is the equal of Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton, the plot of whose latest novel, "Her Marriage Lines,"² I cannot even begin to tell you. In its way, however, it is quite a remarkable *tour de force*; the author keeps the intricacies of her plot going with the juggling skill of a Cinquevalli, and she holds the reader's interest absolutely—to use a well-worn phrase—from the first page to the last.

It always seems to me that it takes a lot to beat a really good detective story, and, though I do not consider that Miss Elizabeth Kent has played quite fairly in "Who?"³ in that her murder is sadly lacking in

¹ "The Mesh." By John Haslette. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

² "Her Marriage Lines." By Marie Connor Leighton. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

³ "Who?" By Elizabeth Kent. With Coloured Frontispiece by John Cassel. 6s. (Putnam's.)

motive, I imagine that it is just possible to answer the question of the title on the particulars that the author gives you from time to time. I suppose I am prejudiced against the book because I was completely baffled for a solution; but I can leave "Who?" to less exacting readers with the assurance that I shall be very much surprised if they can discover who killed Lord Wilmersley before the author tells them of her own accord.

Among present-day writers of historical novels I should place Miss Beth Ellis very highly. There is a swing and a cheerfulness in her writing which are particularly attractive; she has an accurate knowledge of her periods; and her characters are very decidedly not the inhuman puppets of the average of historical fiction. Miss Ellis is at her best in "The King's Blue Riband,"⁴ an article of attire which belonged to "Le Roi Soleil," and which the Englishman, Anthony Claverton, undertook to steal for a bet. He succeeded, of course, but that part of the book is no more interesting than the account of what happened afterwards. Yes, "The King's Blue Riband" is a very jolly story.

"The Fair Enchantress"⁵ is a historical novel of a totally different type. Probably I am not justified in calling it a novel at all.

⁴ "The King's Blue Riband" By Beth Ellis. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁵ "The Fair Enchantress" By Henry Schumacher. With Coloured Frontispiece and 24 Plain Plates after Romney, Gainsborough, Reynolds, etc. 6s. (Hutchinson.)



From The People of the River
(Ward, Lock).

"THEN HE SAW HER
STRUGGLING."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Stories of Pendennis and the Charterhouse*
(Harrop).

CLIVE NEWCOME AT THE
CHARTERHOUSE.

It is a romantic treatment of the early years of the life of Lady Hamilton, and it resembles fiction only in so far as that the "story" is developed principally by means of dialogue. In other respects it is a sufficiently accurate biography. The book is cleverly and effectively written, and I should think that it is assured of a considerable success. The production of the volume is very handsome indeed.

Mr. Crockett's star is once more in the ascendant—and deservedly so, for there has been much good work in his later novels. "The Moss Troopers"¹ sees him back in the Galloway of his favourite period, with press-gangs, smugglers, and all the rest of it. Simply to say that it is something like "The Raiders" is probably the best short description I can give you of "The Moss Troopers."

The remainder of the books on my table are modern in their setting. Three hail from America, two are collections of short stories, and the sixth is a very charming short novel by the amazingly popular Mrs. Barclay. "The Upas Tree"² exhibits all the most attractive of its author's qualities. It has a strong, unusual, and well-constructed plot, four well-contrasted characters, and a highly-developed sentimental interest. I am quite sure that before Christmas comes I shall be hearing that one or two hundred thousand copies of it have been sold.

Miss Jane H. Findlater's genius is quiet and unobtrusive, but none the less real, and her books invariably merit the closest attention. I hope you will on no account overlook

¹ "The Moss Troopers." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

² "The Upas Tree." By Florence L. Barclay. With Coloured Frontispiece by F. H. Townsend. 3s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

"Seven Scots Stories"³ which are all as good as anything she has ever written. You can hardly help enjoying this book, whether it be the pathos of "The Bairn-Keeper" ("I'm wee, but I'm that bauld and firm") or the wry, gentle humour of "Ower Young to Marry Yet"—to say nothing of the other five tales. I cannot leave this volume without expressing my admiration for Mr. Henry W. Kerr's illustrations. A second collection of short stories comes from Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Sybil Grant. "The Chequer Board"⁴ presents a variety of aspects of modern life, but I must confess that I like the author best in those tales which deal with the supernatural. "Beyond the Boundary" and "?" (which really is the title of one of the stories) are both well above the average in this vein.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, I believe, has a larger regular public than any other writer in America, and it would seem that he has a considerable following on this side of the Atlantic as well. He is generous enough to give us two books this Christmas. "The Streets of Ascalon"⁵ has figured as a serial in a popular magazine. It is a very long, but carefully handled and cleverly developed, story of the doings of the American Smart Set and its hangers-on. Perhaps it is a little over-elaborate, but it is by no means lacking in effect, and it remains one of the most successful examples of its author's later manner. "Blue-Bird Weather"⁶ is the very antithesis of "The Streets of Ascalon," for it is short and slight—a happy little romance of duck shooting, in which a wealthy young city man marries the daughter of his gamekeeper.

³ "Seven Scots Stories" By Jane H. Findlater. With 5 Coloured Plates by Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

⁴ "The Chequer Board" By Sybil Grant. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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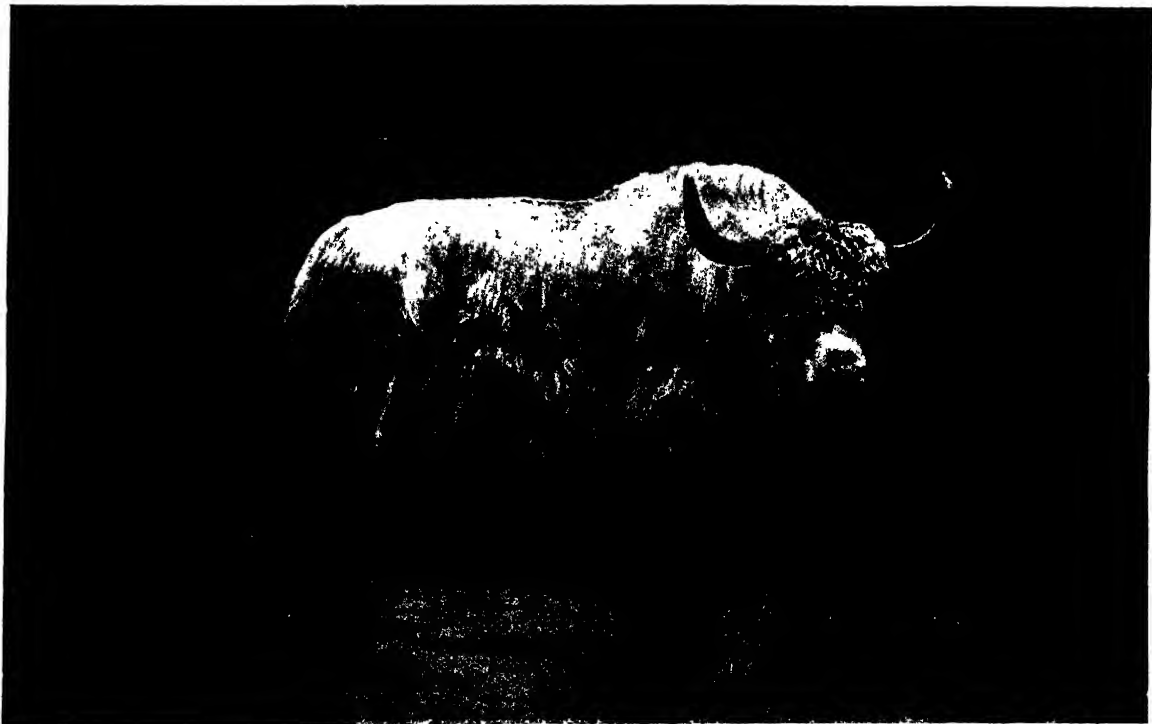
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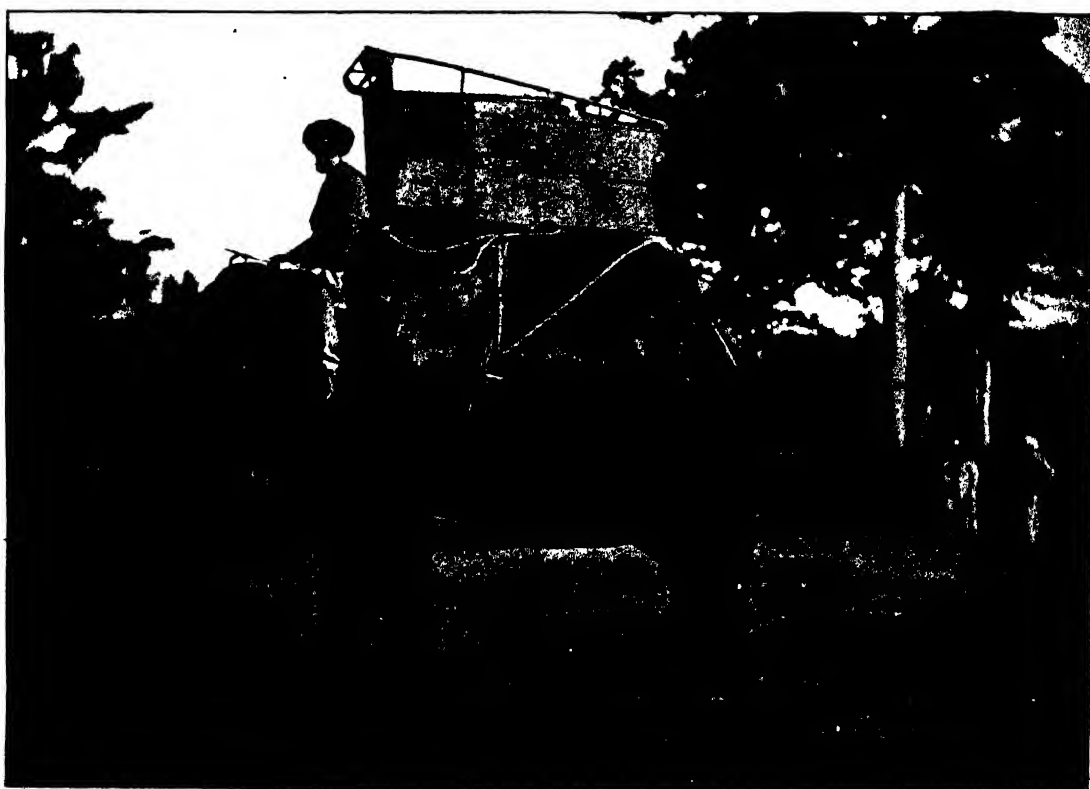
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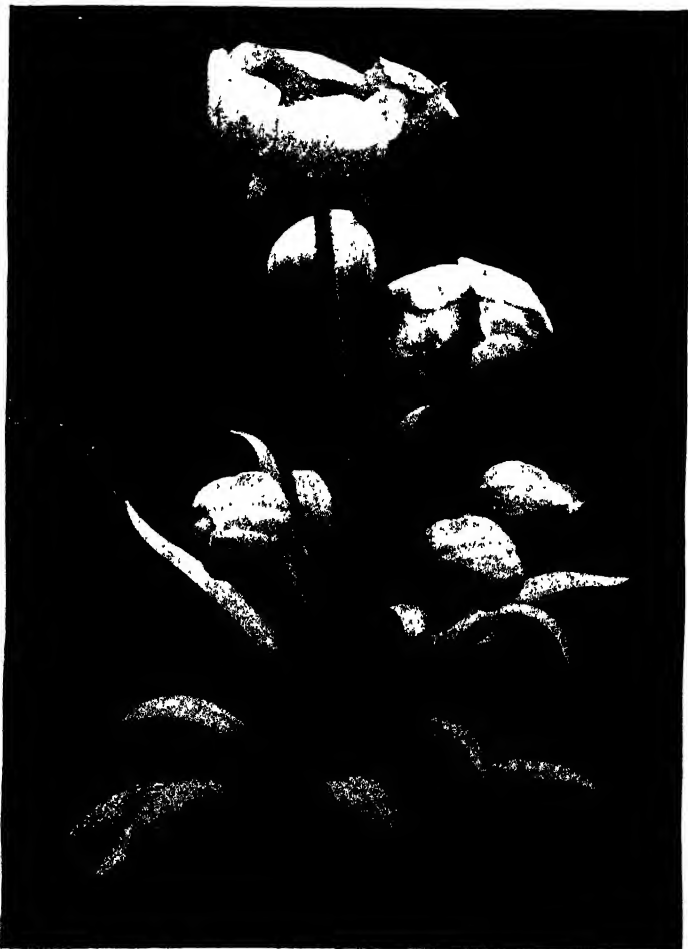
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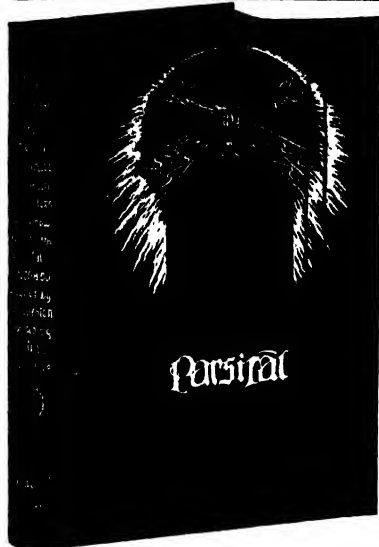


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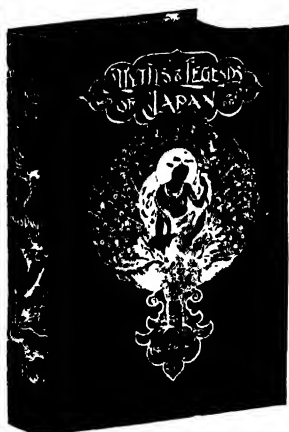
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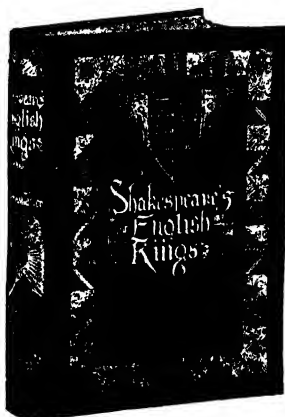
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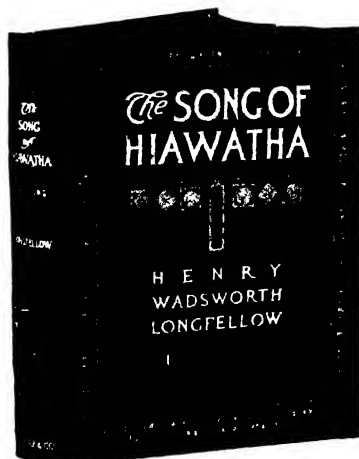
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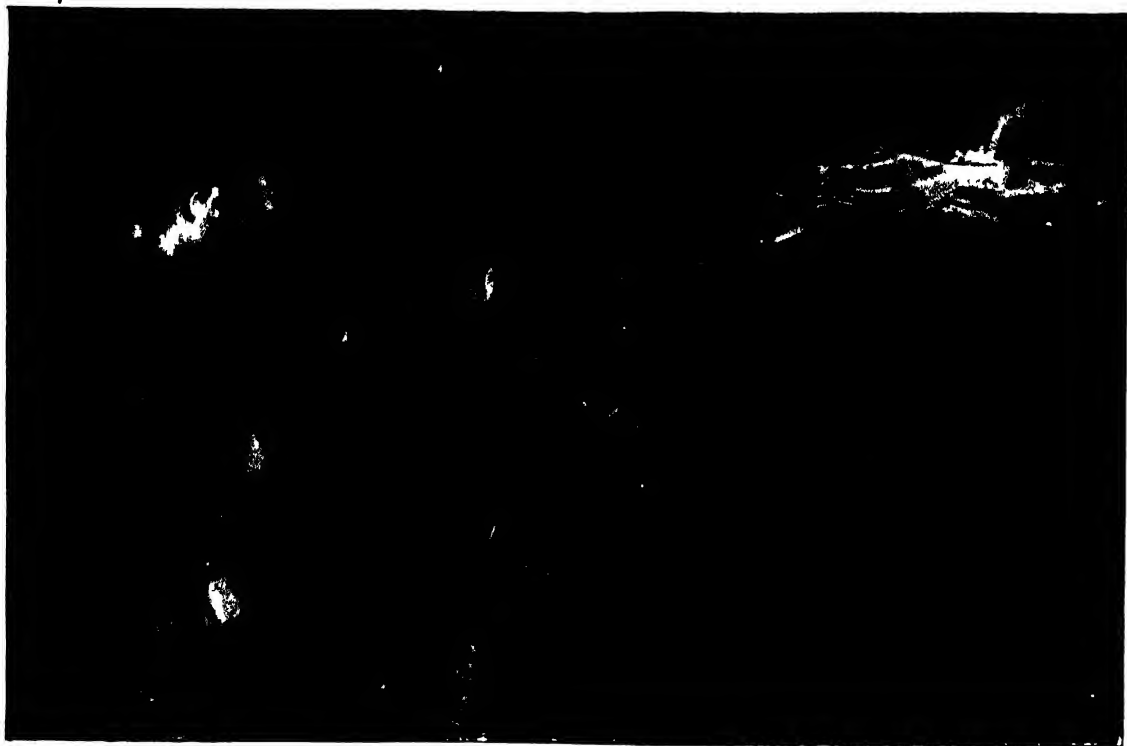
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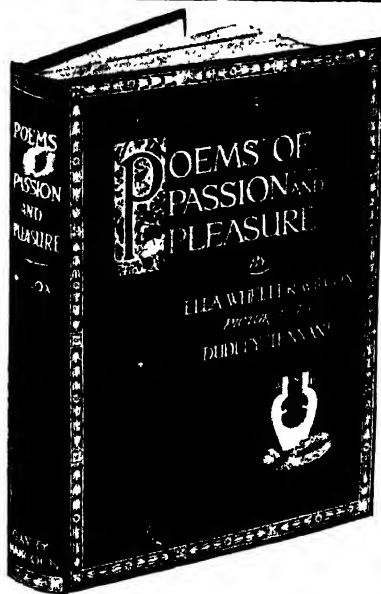
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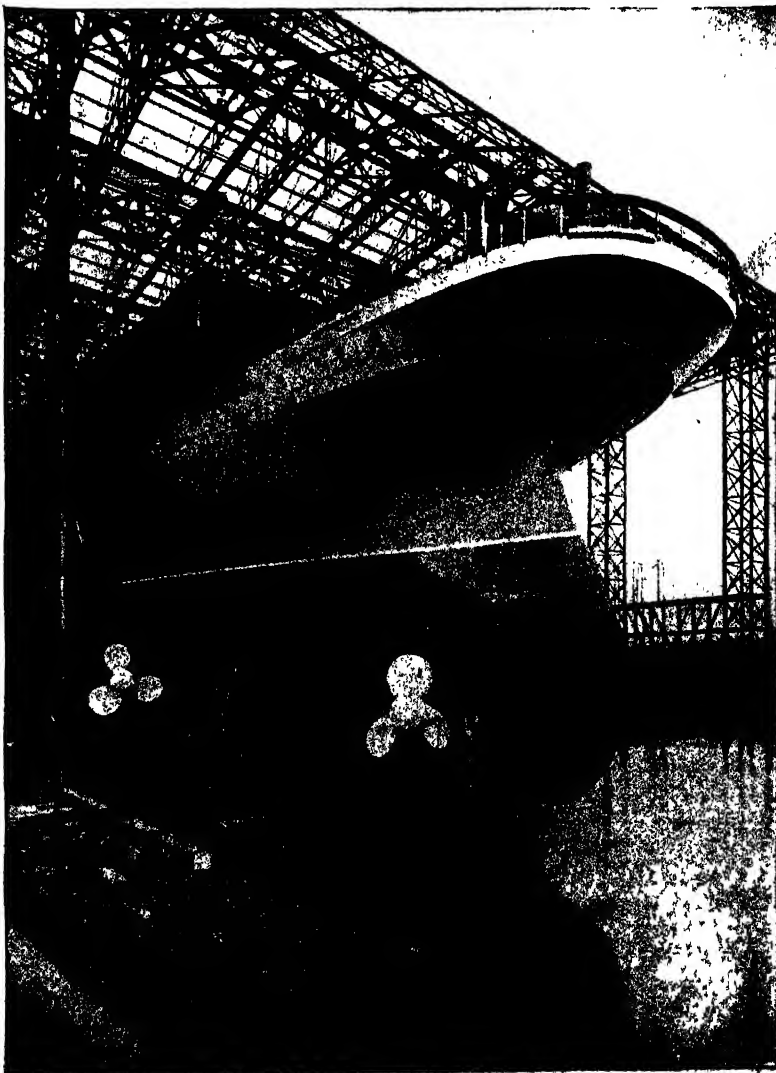
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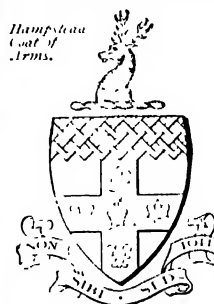
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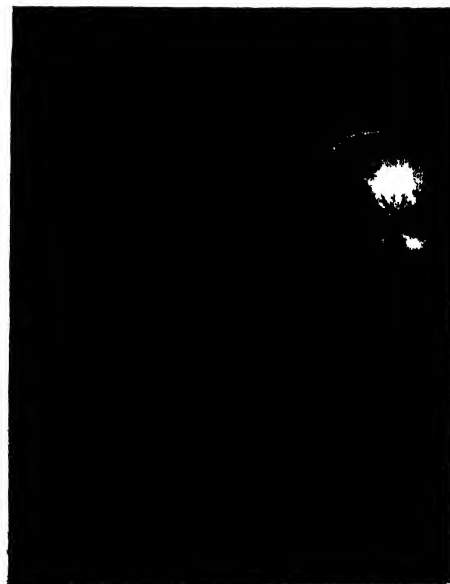
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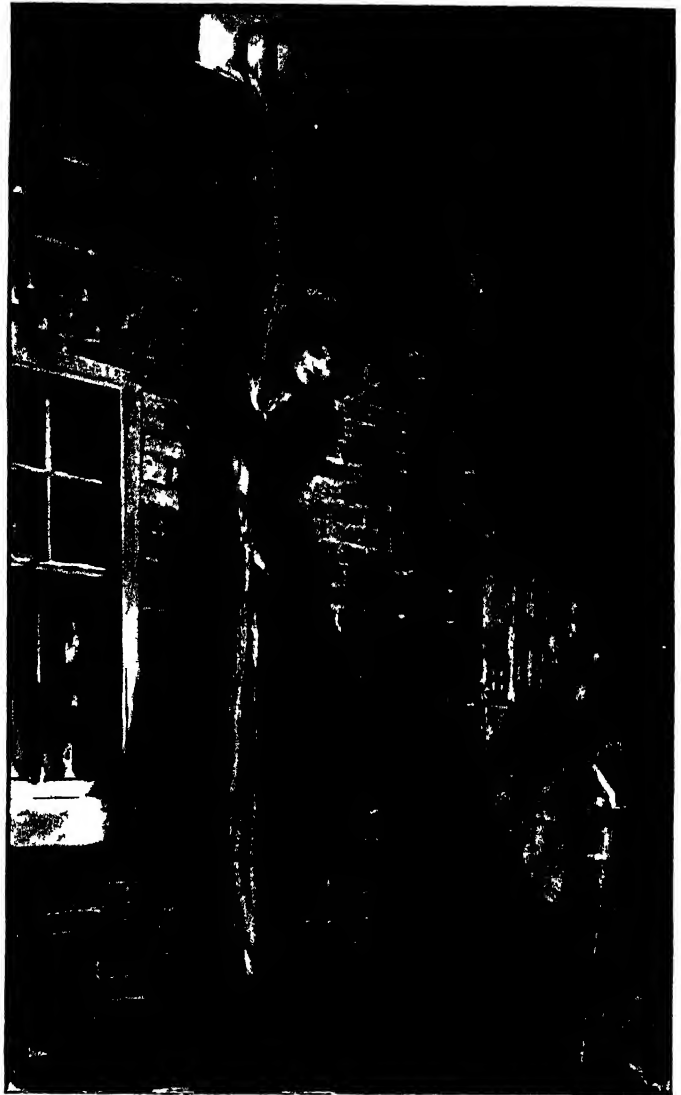


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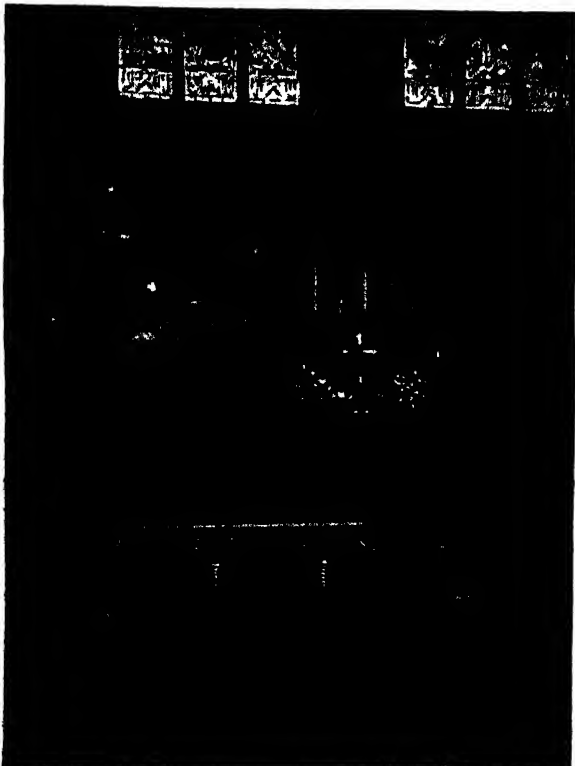
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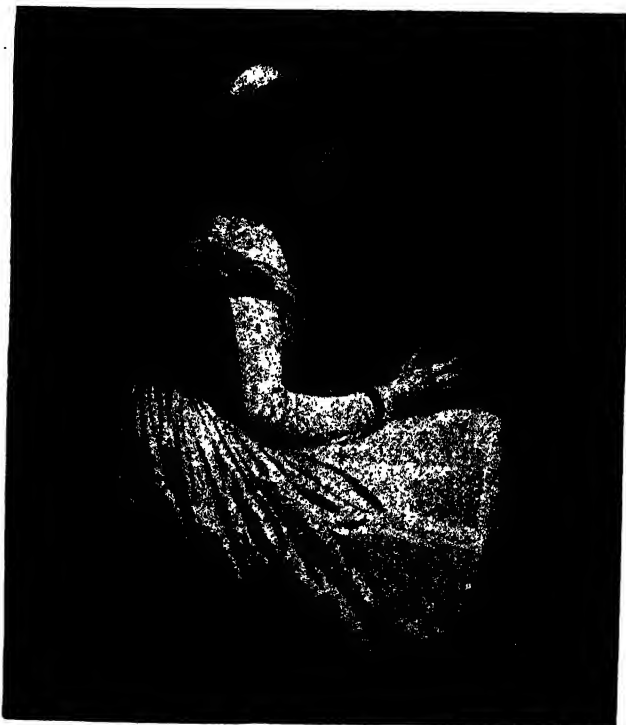
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work forms a brilliant exposition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," whether it be regarded from a theological or a literary point of view, and we congratulate the writer on the successful completion of a worthy and important piece of work.

SOME TITLES AND A BOOK.

- "The Grip of Life." By A. and E. Castle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
 "The Port of Dreams." By Miriam Alexander. 6s. (Melrose.)
 "The Enlightenment of Sylvia." By A. D. Pickering. 6s. (Murray.)
 "The Unbearable Bassington." By A. A. Munro ("Saki"). 6s. (Lane.)
 "Miriam Lucas." By Canon Sheehan. 6s. (Longmans.)
 "The Happy Warrior." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

A friend of mine, who is a fiction-manufacturer, pro-



From *The Fair Enchantress*
(Hutchinson).

"KATE"—EMMA LYON-HART
(LADY HAMILTON).

From an engraving by T. Bragg after
a painting by George Romney.

pounds and sustains the theory that a good title, a fitting title, is more than half the battle when you desire to thrust truth, decently veiled, on a usually recalcitrant public. According to him, experience shows that a good novel with a bad name will not sell, while a bad one with a good name will. My friend, whose art suffers little because he has a keen eye on royalties, avers unblushingly that he himself starts a yarn from a title. He hits upon, or stumbles upon, two or three words that prick curiosity, or stimulate moribund interest, or electrify indifference; and then, with deftly concealed craft, moulds his story to the form the title has suggested. Were I to cite the names of my friend's novels, you would open your eyes!

Here are some titles! Let us see whether the dog wags the tale, or the tale the dog (the pun is undignified, but—) "The Grip of Life." Here, now, is a Gissingesque title that suggests one of those depressing records where we find faithfully reproduced the daily miseries of life, from a broken bootlace and a smoky fire to the crumbling of one's pinnacled ambitions. Yet it is a fairy-tale, one of Captain and Mrs. Castle's fairy-tales, written with elegance and a well-bred wit; and, for joy of the reader, there pervades it a touch of the wizardry, a breath



From the coloured jacket of *The Rock of the Ravens*
(Hodder & Stoughton).

of the spring, that made "Young April," in its time, so sheer a delight. There be eccentrics who love not this *genre*, yet the story may be commended to them as containing a masterly study of a most unusual woman. Aglaé dominates the volume; she, alone, lives. That she ended as the authors would have us believe—no, no, and no! And after all has been read and weighed, one question will harry the careful reader: What *did* Aglaé and Solange see in Ughtred Maxwell? Also, Life? and Life's Grip? and which came first to the distinguished authors, the title or the story?

"The Port of Dreams." Celtic glamour, and shut-eye life, and open-eye fantasy? Nay, but the rather drab story of a Jacobite coward, a double, a triple coward, who was rewarded as no coward ought to have been, however much of a suffering martyr and *Lancet*-case he was. Miss Alexander, I surmise, has felt the responsibility that weighs



From the coloured jacket of *The King's Blue River*
(Hodder & Stoughton).

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From *Gone Astray*
(Chapman & Hall).

THE HERO OF THE STORY.
"When I was a very small boy . . . I got
lost one day in the City of London."

From *The Light Side of London*
(Laurie).

THE NUTS.
By C. E. Dawson.



From Cruikshank Reflections
(Holden & Hardingham)

"AIR-UM SCARE-UM
TRAVELLING."



From The Bow-Wow Book A ROBBERY OF A ROOST.
(Nisbet)

("The Bow-Wow Book" is by Coulson Kernahan, and was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.)

on the winner in a £250 prize competition, and responsibility of any kind is either a blessing or a curse. She has done some good work here, but "The House of Lisronan" is sounder stuff. She suffers sadly from the impish pranks of the Corrector of the Press, who has never surely been



From Gone Astray
(Chapman & Hall).

THE HERO OF THE STORY.

"When I was a very small boy . . . I got lost one day in the City of London."



From The Light Side of London
(Laurie).

THE NUTS.
By C. E. Dawson.

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1912



From Kidnapped by Moors
(Blackie) "SHE SANK BACK INTO HER
DARK CORNER."



From Tanglewood Tales
(Headley) "'BEYOND TO YOUR STY'
CRIED THE ENCHANTRESS"



From The Girl in the Old
Cloak "I WISHED TO SEE WHAT I LOOKED
LIKE WHEN I WAS A CHILD."



From Black Beauty
(Black) "THE GENTLEMAN OF AN UMBRELLA
WAS TALKING TO THE LADY."

in more tricky mood: she has my sympathy—and my advice: live with galley-proofs and a dictionary for a week in spite of printers' clamour. And the title? Splendid in isolation.

And what do you think of "The Enlightenment of Sylvia?" Here surely is a woodland girl opening on the eternities her eyes of *pervenche*. Nor Sylvia, nor any one of her companions, has aught to do with the wild sweet soul of the woods. Mr. A. D. Pickering's narrative is a fluent Society yarn, Trucfitt-clipped and Louise-gowned. 'Tis of the parish of Saint James; of a cosm, if you will, but a microcosm. The title fits, although not like a glove.

"The Unbearable Bassington" fits better. Here is one of those sparkling paste affairs that might pass for true crystal were the light of Nature less strong. It is very amusing; it has a twang of the boulevards; it might have been called "L'Insupportable Dupont du Mont"; it is quotable; and, of its truth and smartness you may judge by:

"The dear Archdeacon is getting so absent-minded. He read a list of box-holders for the Opera as the First Lesson the other Sunday instead of the families and lots of the tribes of Israel that entered Canaan. Fortunately, nobody noticed the mistake."

I incline to think that the Archdeacon, bland nonentity, was not quite so absent-minded as "Saki" would have us believe, but had judged his wearisomely witless congregation to a hair.

The Church has given us good fiction in the past; it still gives us good fiction. Here is Canon Sheehan with "Miriam Lucas," which is not an inspiring title.

The story is somewhat old-fashioned, but it is a moving yarn, full of honest workmanship and careful, if somewhat stereotyped, characterization, and may be recommended with confidence to the Great Public.

To the G.P. who dares recommend "The Happy Warrior"?—a splendid and illuminating title, a fine, because a deeply-felt, book: the only book "as is" a book among the six on my table. It is an erratic piece of work; it is by turns Meredith, Dickens, Borrow, and Hutchinson; but, praise Apollo! it is alive, it is lyric—nay, more, it is Life: not the rabbit-hutch, cabbage-fed, cluttered thing of our smut-grimed backyards, but the vibrating tingling gift we all had once, if now we have it not. It is an irritating, wayward, unequal, magnificent piece of work; it is trepidant, because, like the poplar, its top reaches to the

firmament of ideals and its roots bore down into the red earth that is God's chosen paludament; it burns, because "the candle of the Lord," which is the spirit of man, kindles it; it lives—and in this creaking day of puppets and marionettes and *fantoccini*, is it not good to come on a book whose characters, however grotesque, have blood in their veins, not druggists'-window stuff? The story? Good. But who thinks of the skeleton when the living being takes our eye? . . . I imagine Swinburne rhapsodizing over "The Happy Warrior," and finding the chapters which recount "the" fight, the finest thing done for fifty years. Mr. Hutchinson has the grand amplitude, the grand carelessness, the *grand soufflé*. He will achieve his own style one of these mornings; and then, may I be there to see!

And so, having chattered of titles, one ends with a book! Luck has not yet, then, left these shores.

W. A. MAC-
KENZIE.

AN IDYLL, AND OTHER POEMS.

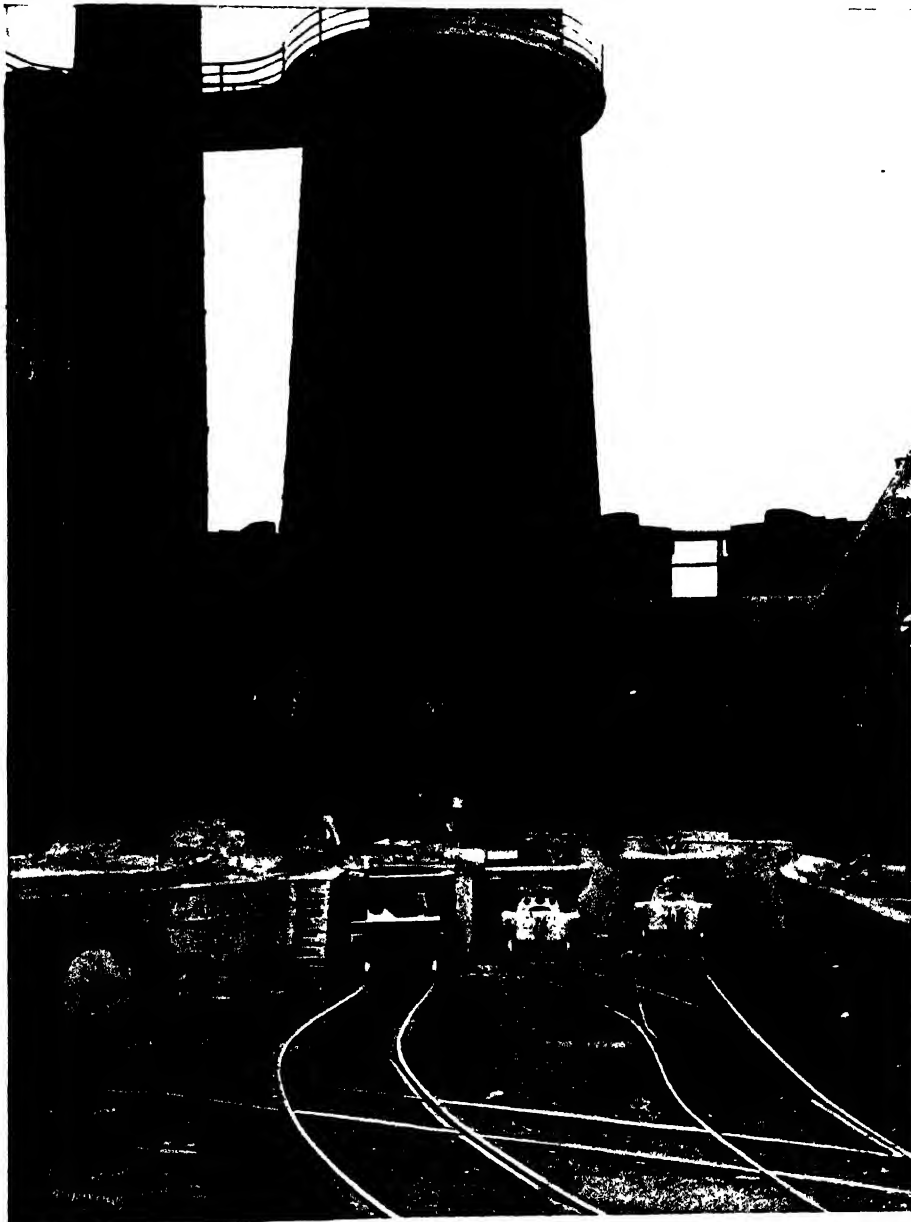
By E. HAMILTON
MOORE. 2s net.
(Melrose.)

If the molten metal be good the artist has but little need of new moulds, new forms: chisel and file will make the roughnesses disappear; but to reconcile us to the outworn form, the statuette must have life, and the bronze must have that *patine* which, alone, true things possess. Miss Hamilton Moore has the right metal; and if she has chosen the somewhat rigid forms of idyll and sonnet, it is because she knows the worth of her bronze and the surety of her craft. Her love sonnets are full of

passion; they have a dignity rare to-day, and a finish just as rare. Her experiments in octosyllabics are quite remarkable things: picturesque and actual, with the lyric touch: as this:

THE ARMY.

"Where the North-easter bites, and blows
About the squalid Sunday ways
The littered dust of week-days,
Whipped whirling from its dead repose,
And shuttered shops, in vacant rows
Stare with aloof, unfriendly gaze,
The Army's sudden banners blaze,
The lifted cymbals lift and close.
To save a human soul from Hell—
The Hell whose kindled torches flame
Thro' hungry days and nights of shame—
Shrill life and drum! Loud trumpet, tell
The glory of Emanuel;
Signal from Earth to Heaven, *All's Well*."



From *Mines and their Story*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

BLAST FURNACE, KIRKLESS IRON
AND STEEL WORKS.

'THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912

There are many such good things in this slim white volume, not the least, in achievement, in fervour, in delicate insight, in complete conception, being the fine singing thing called "Eve," the hymn of unrebelling woman, conscious of her mission and strong for her great task. Miss Hamilton Moore is a true poet who sees clearly, feels deeply, and sings truly.

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By P. A. VAILE. With 16 Illustrations 6s. net. (Macmillan)

You know—surely you must know—the work of Mr. P. A. Vaile, that astonishingly versatile gentleman with the combative manner, who will give you an original theory on everything from imperial politics to the flight of a ball. And you know, too, that his theories are always different from those of anybody else—and usually, aggravatingly, unanswerable, because very much more often than not, they happen to be right. So perhaps you will not be surprised that this book "essays to bring back to the truth those who have been led astray by the false teaching of the most eminent men associated with the game, *teaching which they do not themselves practise*" (the italics are ours); and that it is "a challenge, but it is not a question of Vaile against Vardon, Braid, Taylor, Professor Thomson, and others. The issue is above that. It is a question of truth or untruth. . . . It rests for the golfing world to find out for itself which is the truth." And there we leave it, confident that the golfing world will find out, confident too that it cannot but be stirred and amused and annoyed by the author's vivacious pugnacity, even though the theories he now expounds turn out to be miraculously wrong.

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By ALICE WILSON FOX. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A good, wholesome, historical novel (period—George II.; scene—England and Canada), with plenty of movement and excitement about it and just that special flavour that makes it suitable to a girl in her teens, is by no means so commonly



From *The Great Sea Horse*
(Warne).

met with that you can afford to neglect it when it does come your way. Well, here is "A Regular Madam"—the very thing. It is a book which girls will delight in—for the heroine is a young girl, and a very charming one at that—which boys will not despise—for there are adventures among Indians and hostile Frenchmen and a peep at the siege of Quebec—and which adults will enjoy for its freshness and pleasing sentiment. "A Regular Madam" is an excellent piece of workmanship, with a well-managed plot, some pleasant character-sketches, and a dainty attractiveness in the manner of its telling. Mrs. Wilson Fox is to be very heartily congratulated upon it.

THE BLUE WALL.

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD. With 5 Illustrations by Harold J. Cue and E. Coles Phillips. 6s. (Constable.)

"A story of strangeness and struggle" indeed, "The Blue Wall" starts with an account of the curious psychological condition

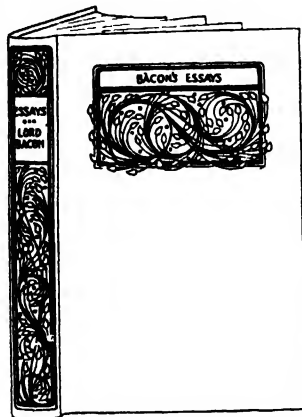
of an ailing child in sympathy with the being that is suffering on the other side of the wall which separates their bedrooms and their houses. What is behind the wall is the question that the child's doctor puts to himself. After a series of mysterious occurrences the narrator of the story discovers that it is fairly certain that Mrs. Estabrook is. But she is a young woman happily married to a wealthy and devoted husband, who cannot by any means account for her behaviour—for she has turned him and everybody else, save an old servant, out of the house and has made him promise not to re-enter it for three weeks. Why has she done this? And what is the part played in the mystery by several sinister figures, chief among which is the mechanical image of an Eastern Sheik which can play a remarkably good game of chess? We do not suppose for a moment that you will guess the answers to these questions or to the dozen others that you will ask yourself before you come to the end of this absorbing story. But Mr. Child is artist enough to give you clues in plenty. Perhaps, after all, you may guess; and anyhow, you will enjoy this very original and striking piece of work.

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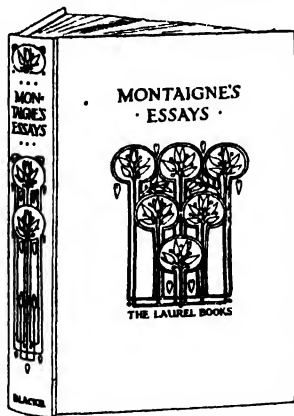
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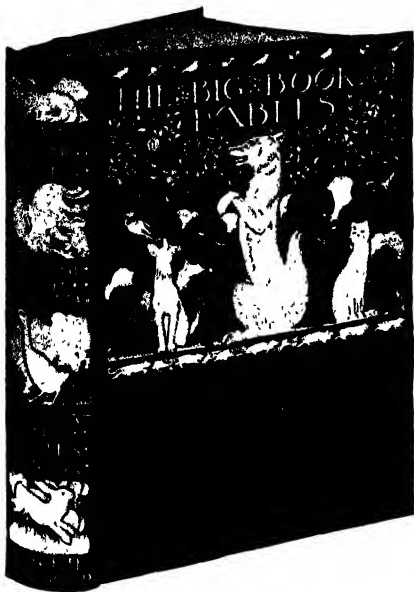
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GIRLS AND FAIRIES.

• BY KATHARINE TYNAN

As one who has experience I may say that girls are kittle cattle to write for, and most publishers of girls' books would probably bear me out in saying that you can be much surer of the boys' market than the girls' market. Girls are much more Conservative, and apt to jib at new things, but once establish yourself as an old favourite with them and they will swallow a deal of twaddle, which is



Gabriel J. Pippet 12.

Bake me a cake as fast as you can.

From *Old Rhymes with New Tunes*
(Longmans).

indeed what their elders will do. I expect it is because the clever and original girls are reading the books of the grown-ups.

I have asked the Critic on the Hearth, twelve years old, and a born "taster," to read the stories of school-life for me and pronounce upon them, which she is much better fitted to do than I, I keeping the fairy stories for myself, since she is at the moment more interested in school-girls than in fairies.

Of "The Unwilling School-girl"¹ she reports: "This is a book that will hold a girl's attention from beginning to end. From the time the book opens and introduces the heroine, Ethne St. Ives, living in the house of a mistaken,

¹ "The Unwilling Schoolgirl." By Marjory Royce. 5s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

she tells this to her form-mates which leads to many complications. Rosa, a girl who is jealous of Hilary gets her accused of cheating, and though she protests her innocence she is to be expelled at the end of term. How her heroism saves her this time; how she is the victim of another plot; how she saves Rosa's life and Rosa confesses her guilt, all makes a most exciting story.

"Brave Girls All"² is a book which all girls must enjoy. It is full of excitement and the reader's interest is never lagging. Minnie Perkins who had been expelled from the school where Pat, the heroine of the book was also at school, judging Pat by herself thinks she will tell the neighbours

² "Schoolgirl Honour." By Kathlyn Rhodes. 6d. (Nisbet.)

³ "Brave Girls All." By Olivia Fowell. 3s. 6d. (J. B. Lippincott.)

but well-meaning aunt" (Alas, how many such are there!) "who allows her to have her own way in everything to the time she goes to school and meets her 'Ideal,' a girl called Rose Strickland, whose smile or good word she is pitifully anxious to earn, it is a trial to leave the book for a minute and other occupations must be neglected. Of course she meets with many adventures too numerous to relate, but at last she meets her Uncle Basil, her guardian since her aunt's death, and learns that she is not to leave school for a long time, and so Rose will still be here for some precious years.

"In 'School-Girl Honour,'² Miss Kathlyn Rhodes has written a charming book, which records the adventures of Hilary Stone at St. Monica's. One of the girls, Mamie Green, overhears Hilary's aunt talking of some past disgrace of Hilary's. In the excitement of the moment,

of her disgrace, so determines to have her tale in first, and insinuates that Pat has done something dishonourable and sets up a scandal about her. How her plot is thwarted by Gwenn Vansittart makes most exciting reading, and it may be heartily recommended as a book that every girl will love."

"Sally's Children" is a very amusing book and one which every child will think a very good present. All children will follow with excitement the adventures of Penelope and Rachel Shaw. The story opens with their coming over on the boat from America, where Penelope, who adores babies, takes charge of Baby Newcome, the son of the lady who is bringing them over, more for convention's sake than for necessity, as they carefully explain to the other passengers, as they are quite able to take care of themselves. The English adventures must be read in the book. They are most delightful. We see just how they looked in Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures."

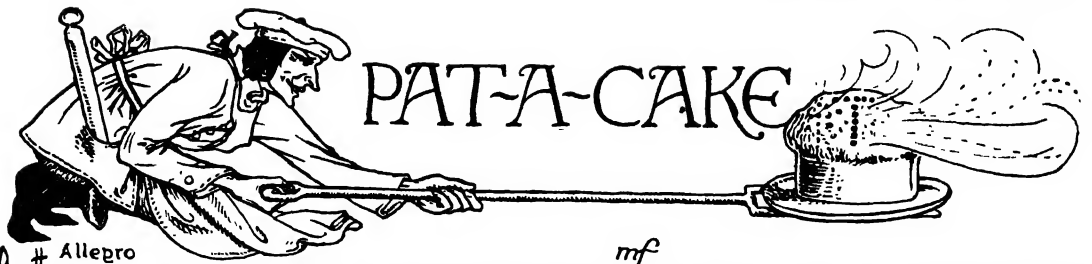
In the next review we miss the note of enthusiasm, and indeed the present reviewer has often marvelled at the tenuous interest about which some writers for girls manage to spin 80,000 or 90,000 words.

"Tabitha Smallways, Schoolgirl" relates the tale of how Tabitha goes to stay with Mrs. Stevenson who has just returned from India. She has two daughters, Audrey and Judith, who are very discontented and are annoyed with Tabitha who is an ardent Home-Worker. How Judith makes herself ill by trying to become slender, and how Audrey becomes a Home-Worker much to Tabitha's joy will amuse a quiet hour."

Very gay, humorous and spirited are the children of Miss Mabel Atwell's illustrations to "Tabitha Smallways."

¹ "Sally's Children." By Margaret Batchelor. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

² "Tabitha Smallways, Schoolgirl." By Raymond Jacobers. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)



PAT-A-CAKE

Allegro *mf*

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man

f *mf*

Bake me a cake as fast as you can. Prick it, and roll it, and

p cres poco a poco *p cres poco a poco*

mark it with T; And bake in the oven for baby and me.

cres molto *cres molto*

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!

Ped *Ped*

From Old Rhymes with New Tunes
(Longmans).

The next book of the bundle, "Molly and Margaret" has a pathetic interest, for as Mr. W. H. Hudson, that great servant and friend of childhood, tells us in his poignant and tender foreword, it is the work of a little girl, a bright and brave spirit, with an incurable heart trouble from which she died still in childhood. Despite her delicate health, she had all the joys of childhood, and only dreaded growing up to the joylessness of grown-ups, which she was never destined to do. So Pat's little story has a sweetness as of bruised wild-thyme to the grown-up; the children will perhaps not read the foreword, but will rejoice in the gay and roguish mischief of the story.

Many schoolrooms should welcome the dramatization of Miss Alcott's immortal "Little Women" by Elizabeth

³ "Molly and Margaret." By Pat. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

⁴ "Little Women: A Two-Act Play." By Louisa M. Alcott. Adapted by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. 1s. net. (Sampson Low.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Dewdrops from Fairyland*
(Warne).

Lincoln Gould, the more so as the delightful illustrations by Reginald B. Birch show us exactly how Jo and Meg and Beth and Laurie looked in life, and their friends as well. To girls getting up a play this book is warmly commended.

"Stories to Tell"¹ has really the authentic touch. The stories have wit, wisdom, and humour. They are full of a delightful inventiveness and they handle the immortal simpheties. There are here all the talking animals which the child has no difficulty in accepting; and they are full of marvels. It is a charming book equally for the grown-up, who knows something of the child's heart and the child. The illustrations by Mr. Patten Wilson are as good as anything we are likely to see this Christmas, and the colour-printing is a wonder. Only one thing needs revising, and that is Mrs. Bryant's brogue in the gay and spirited verse-rendering of the *Little Red Hen*. But that, after all, is a bagatelle in a truly delightful book from America.

Children at home always like to know what children abroad—that is to say everywhere else but England—are reading and learning; and here from the North, from next door to Denmark, which gave us dear Hans Christian Andersen, come Norwegian Fairy Tales told in "*Round the Yule Log*"² by P. C. Asbjørnsen, who is own brother to Andersen in the invention and the lovely manner of telling of these fairy-stories. This book, copiously illustrated with truly fearsome and wonderful

¹ "*Stories to Tell to the Children.*" By Sara Cone Bryant. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

² "*Round the Yule Log.*" By P. C. Asbjørnsen. (Sampson Low.)

drawings, will be a new nursery classic, and one can imagine many a little lass and lad far away in the fiords in the spirit this winter, while their bodily presence lies face downward on the nursery hearthrug at home in England.

Here comes Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, another benefactor, with the "*Fairy of Old Spain*,"³ which has nothing at all to do with Spain except that the Fairy in the first story came out of a Spanish cabinet and so of course was a Spanish fairy. The child who has wandered away to other countries will quite gladly come back to things that might conceivably happen in the fairyland which lies all about us. Mrs. Stawell has a delicate fancy and she knows how to make her words a web of bright colours, glittering with jewels, wherefore the children will love her. The illustrations by Frank C. Pape live up to the stories. Mrs. Stawell and Moira O'Neill did not look for fairies in Cranagh Wood long ago without finding them.

In "*The English Fairy Book*"⁴ Mr. Ernest Rhys, himself a true poet, goes gathering immortalities for the children, and is helped in his quest by Grace Rhys, the possessor of an exquisite fancy, a delicate observation, and a grace of style very rare in current literature. So that the book is bound to be out of the common, and out of the common it is. All the old beloved fairy stories are here, and as well poems and ballads by old masters of the art, and there is a delightful Fairy Philtre by the aid of which one can summon a

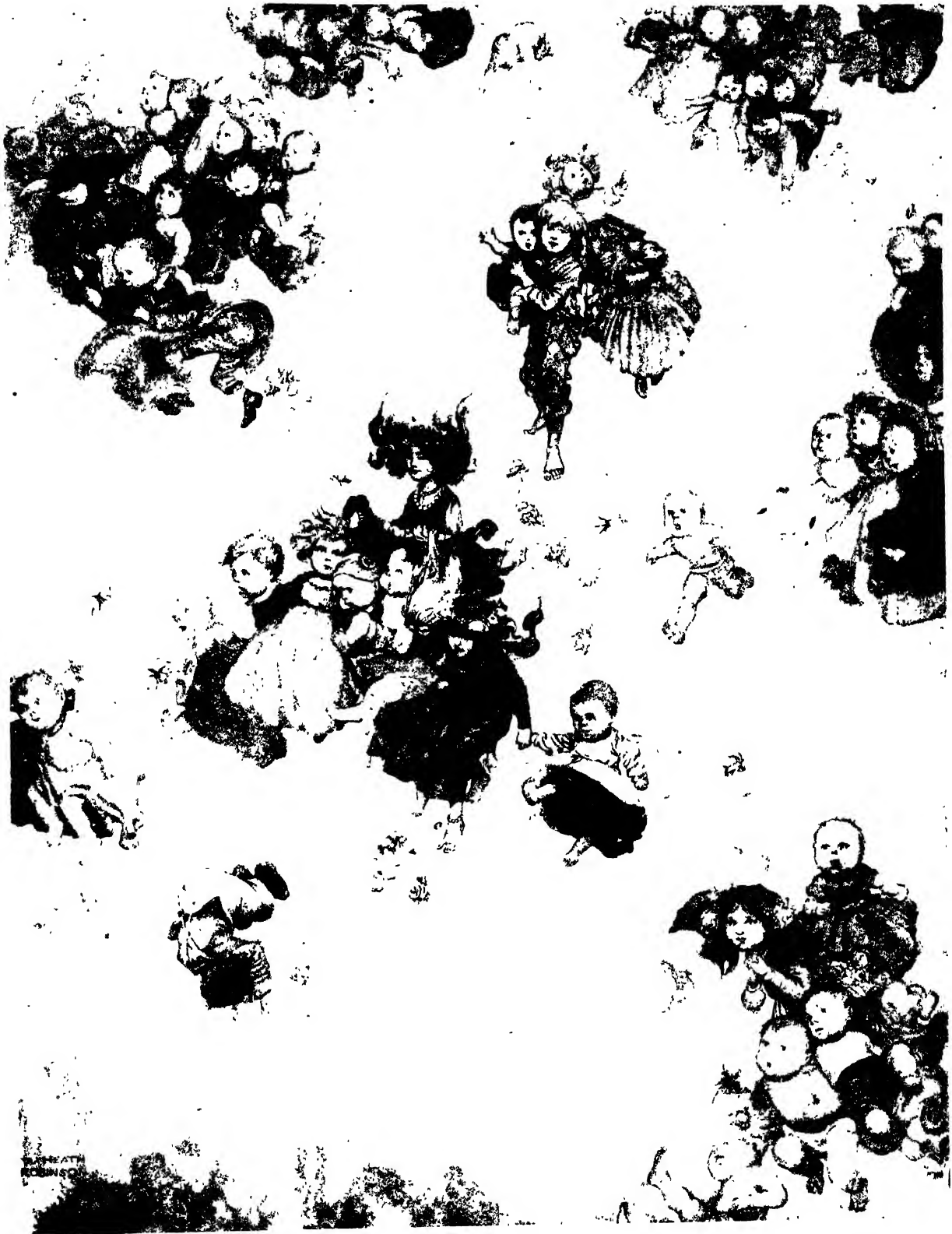
³ "*The Fairy of Old Spain*" By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. 3s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent.)

⁴ "*The English Fairy Book*" By Ernest Rhys. (S. (J. M. Dent)



From *The Bran Pie*
(Duckworth).

"HE TUMBLED RIGHT OFF
HIS BEE'S BACK."



Frontispiece to *Bill, the Minder*
(Constable)

fairy at time of need. So it will be the fault of children fortunate enough to possess this book if they do not actually see fairies for themselves.

Quite unlike any other of the books in my batch is the book of a real girl, Elizabeth Ann,¹ presented in many photographs, very sweet studies of childhood, some of which will cause Elizabeth Ann to blush when she grows up: and then will come Mr. Walter de la Mare's day of reckoning. "A Child's Day" is rather for the child-lover than for the child, who will rejoice in the quaint and tender jingles with which Mr. de la Mare accompanies these capital photographs of a beloved child.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

OLD RHYMES WITH NEW TUNES.

Composed by RICHARD RUNCIMAN TERRY With 8 full-page Illustrations and numerous Decorations by Gabriel Pippet 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Mr. Terry's musical settings for the sixteen old nursery rhymes included in this pleasant little book are what they pretend to be: they really are tuneful. At the same time they are simple—both for accompanist and vocalist—and they should be by no means difficult to teach or to remember when once learnt. There should be a very large public for so original a little book as this. Mr. Gabriel Pippet's illustrations are fanciful and decorative, and they add considerably to the attractions of the book.

¹ "A Child's Day." By Walter de la Mare. 5s. net. (Constable.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *The Arabian Nights*
(Constable).

"HE SAW A GENIE OF MONSTROUS
BULK ADVANCING TOWARDS HIM."

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

With 20 Coloured Plates and 98 Line Drawings by René Bull 10s. 6d net. (Constable.)

Mr. René Bull's gift for the grotesque makes him an excellent illustrator for "*The Arabian Nights*," a fine edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Constable. Probably the least satisfactory of the artist's illustrations are those in colour, which, though well printed, are lacking in the atmosphere of mystery which other artists have given to the theme. For the line illustrations, however, one can have nothing but praise. Many of these drawings are purely decorative, but hardly one of them is lacking in its effect. They are, moreover, genuine illustrations to the stories; they add something to the mental picture conjured up by the reader. And as there are ninety-eight of them, you will realise that the book is very well worth buying and keeping.

CARAVAN TALES AND SOME OTHERS.

By WILHELM HAUFF. Freely Adapted and Re-told by J. G. Hornstein. With 15 Illustrations in Colour and 7 in Black and White by Norman Ault, and a Portrait. 5s net. (Wells Gardner)

The original "*Caravan Tales*" were published in 1824-25 under the title of "*Die Karavane*," since when they have had a steady sale in Germany, and they are the best known of the three collections of fairy tales which Hauff made

during his brief life. The present volume embodies four tales from "*Die Karavane*," one from each of the author's other works, and one original tale by Mr. Hornstein in the Hauff manner. To those who are unacquainted with it, it will suffice to say that the latter consists in a strongly pictorial and romantic presentation of life in the East. The stories are exceedingly well suited to children, for whom indeed they were originally written. They are vivid and humorous, and in Mr. Hornstein's excellent adaptation they should meet with a very large success in this country. So far as "*The Rusty Key*"—the author's own story—is concerned, we must content ourselves with remarking that it is worthy even of Hauff himself. Mr. Norman Ault's coloured illustrations are exceedingly effective, and several of them reach a high artistic level. Altogether a truly delightful book.

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

By ALFRED CLARK. 7s 6d (Sampson Low)

The author of this book invites each girl and boy reader to write and tell him which incident, story, or picture he or she likes best, and it would be very interesting to see the letters Mr. Clark receives and find out how far his idea of heaven appeals to the average girl and boy. For the theme of the book is the dying of a little boy and his awakening in heaven, and what he sees and does there. Mr. Clark's heaven is a curious blending of the ethereal and material. Somehow we cannot imagine any normally healthy child being satisfied with a heaven in which children play together "merrily but without roughness or screaming," and whose "prattle and laughter was like the lapping of crystal wavelets on a gem-strewn beach," and where even snowballs do not "sting or squash" but feel like "balls of soft wool," where no one does any work, but all find "endless occupation and joy in sweet and holy companionship, and singing praises ceaselessly." The author's style is rather heavy at times, but there is much in the book that is pretty and interesting, and the illustrations are always charming.

THE ROMANCE OF INDIA.

By HERBERT STRANG. Illustrated 6s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

"*The Romance of India*" is the third volume in the excellent "*Romance of the World*" series that Mr. Herbert Strang is editing. Its predecessors, the *Romances of Australia* and of *Canada*, have already given the series an extraordinary popularity, which this latest addition to it



From *Caravan Tales*
(Wells Gardner).

"FOUR MEN OF
SALIM'S ROBBERS
BAND."

should thoroughly maintain. It is not only an absorbingly interesting, exciting book, crowded with heroic adventures, but it is ably compiled and its history is sound. As Mr. Herbert Strang says in his preface: "India is pre-eminently the land of romance. From the time of Alexander the Great to the present day it has exercised an extraordinary fascination upon the people of the Western world. . . . Successive ages have added to our knowledge of its peoples, their history and literature." He has selected his romantic narratives from all imaginable sources; he has laid the leading historians, travellers and biographers under contribution, and has fashioned a varied volume that any boy or girl who loves the adventures and romance of real life will read with unflinching and absorbed interest. The book has a distinct educational value: it is history in the attractive guise of romance, and will teach a young reader more about India and its story than he will gather from the conscious study of his more general school-books. He will read it for the sheer pleasure of its many-coloured narratives, and learn without knowing that he is learning.

THE STAR DREAM.

By ELLEN M. DOBINSON. With Preface by the Bishop of Chichester. Illustrated by Mowbray Percy. (Murray & Evenden.)

"The Star Dream" is the story of Joseph and his brethren re-told for children in very simple language, which any child will not only understand but appreciate. Miss Dobinson's method of teaching the great Bible stories has met with the approval of the Bishop of Chichester, whose preface seems to foreshadow other works from the same pen. We have no doubt whatever that they will be welcomed by a large circle of readers, who are advised in the meantime to procure "The Star Dream" as quickly as possible.



From *The Romance of India*
(Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton).

BABER CHEERING ON
HIS TROOPS.



From *Folk-Tales of Bengal*
(Macmillan).

"IN A TRICE SHE WOKE UP, SAT UP IN
HER BED, AND EYING THE STRANGER
INQUIRED WHO HE WAS."

THE PIRATE AEROPLANE.

By Captain GILSON 5s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Captain Gilson is already well known to troops of boy readers as the author of some stirring historical stories. His new story is as stirring as could be desired, but it is, in the journalistic phrase, nothing if not "up-to-date." There was never a more modern pirate than de Flood, a gentleman who commits his crimes in the American dialect of English. He goes in for piracies on an aeroplane, his objective being a vast store of gold which lies in the chief city of an almost unknown people in Arabia. Luckily, there are also some gallant young Englishmen who have discovered the place, and who are of a more virtuous disposition, and heroes and pirates—to say nothing of the natives—have plenty of excitement before wickedness is finally struck down and the chief pirate doomed to a horrible death. No one enjoys the thrill of a fight more than Captain Gilson. He almost opens his book with a duel of fists between the gentlemanly young hero and a muscular lout, in which the lout very properly succumbs. Afterwards the young gentleman becomes an officer and the lout a private soldier, and they share the chief adventures of the book together. There is also a learned old Professor in the story, and natives of all sorts up to the rank of king. The chapter-headings—"The Whistle of the Bullet," "Buried Alive," "To the Tombs!" "The Fight Among the Gold," and so on—give an idea of the appetising fare the author has provided for young and adventurous readers.



From The Mighty Army
(Wells Gardner).

THE RECEPTION OF SAINT AUGUSTINE BY
ETHELBERT.—CANTERBURY.

THE MIGHTY ARMY.

By W. M. LEITCH. With 12 Plates in Colour and Decorations
by Stephen Reid. 5s net. (Wells Gardner)

Certainly "it is not everyone who has a Bishop for a grand-uncle," and we doubt whether every one of those who have find their grand-uncle so pleasant and efficient a teller of stories as the Bishop in "The Mighty Army." The stories are just those which you would expect a bishop

to tell, but they are none the worse for that (indeed, they are all the better for it). They consist in brief, but dramatic, accounts of the principal saints of the English Church from Saint Columba to Bishop Ken. They are written in a manner which can hardly fail to interest children, and they are beautifully illustrated by Mr. Stephen Reid. Those who are looking for a Christmas present of rather a more serious type than the average school-story, cannot do better than get "The Mighty Army."



From *The Star Dream*
(Murray & Evenden).

JOSEPH'S BROTHERS BOWING DOWN BEFORE HIM."

THE CHILDHOOD OF ANIMALS.

By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.
10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Were we boys again our greatest ambition would be to see the Zoo under the guidance of Dr. Mitchell. It is too enormous a favour even for the boy of to-day to ask. Yet here is one of the next best things. a beautiful book by the Secretary of the Zoological Society with everything about the childhood of animals set out in such a guise that the adult and even the specialist reader, equally with the young person, will find in it instruction and entertainment galore. You meet, for example, his caracal kitten that liked plum-tart and milk; the tree-hyrax that liked bread sopped in claret immensely; and the young elephant seal that ate buns voraciously when it ought to have eaten nothing but fish. You learn that polar bear cubs seem to cry almost continuously from the moment they are born; that the new-born kangaroo is less than an inch long, although its mother may be nearly as tall as a man; and that the ancestors of birds were quadrupeds. It is true some of your cherished notions may suffer. The dog you



From *The Pirate Aeroplane*
(Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton).

"AND AS THE WORDS LEFT HIS
LIPS, HIS OWN SWORD FLEW
FROM ITS SCABBARD."

think so affectionate may be only showing what a slave he is, since man has knocked all the independence out of his kind. And the elephant is not really so intelligent as his reputation makes out; while it is ridiculous, also, to suppose that the cleverest talking birds have any consciousness of the occasional appropriateness of their remarks. As an expositor, Dr. Mitchell has no equal. His book originates from the Christmas course of lectures last year at the Royal Institution. It has exquisite coloured plates by Mr. E. Yarrow Jones, and skilled drawings by Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves. On the question of taming animals, the author's humanitarianism will find universal welcome. "A chimpanzee in evening dress, lighting a cigarette and drinking brandy - and - soda on a music-hall stage, is a shameful abuse of man's power over the ape's docility."

THE STORY OF HEATHER.

By MAY WYNNE. 2s. 6d.
(Nelson.)

This story of an Exmoor pony (purporting to be related by the pony itself) with its six illustrations in colour, should make a strong



From *The Story of Heather* (Nelson) "THEY PUT THE TINY GIRL ON MY BACK."

appeal to the juvenile mind. The authoress has a pleasant, homely style, and an evident command of all those little artifices which are so dear to the hearts of the young readers :



From *Legends of our little Brothers* (Harrap). "HE WAS CLINGING FIRMLY TO THE TIGER'S TAIL"

"We ponies, of course, have our giant and fairy stories just like you earth children, and we always used to think that the cruel giants lived in those green bogs, and that it was their hands which drew down to death all who ventured near their homes, whilst the fairies lived in the heather bells and rang the evening chimes which called forth the white evening mists to hide them from the rude staring of the moor ponies when they came to dance on the smooth hill-side."

Children and ponies, birds and kittens, and much frisking and romping in the open air—the book is thoroughly healthy and attractive. The authoress has a pretty gift of humour and is wise enough, while conveying many little lessons in humanity, to avoid any direct moralising. Incidentally young readers will gain from the book some useful knowledge concerning ponies and their ways.

LEGENDS OF OUR LITTLE BROTHERS.

By LILIAN GASK. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

A boy loved the Wind, and knew that the Wind was a teller of stories. He used to lay awake of nights, and heard the Wind go by laden with echoes of elfin laughter, roarings of strange animals, singing of birds. He yearned that the Wind should tell him the tales it knew of all those things, and told it so on a certain stormy day ; and it promised to bring him stories from distant lands "of the little



From *The Tale of Mr. Tod* (Warne).

brothers and sisters which you call birds and beasts ; " and next night the Wind slipped down the chimney into his bedroom and told him the first of its stories, and afterwards came again and again with another and another tale, all of bird and beast, and all imagined and related in the right fanciful spirit and style that take the interest of children. A very fresh and delightful book of stories for the youngsters, for which Mr. Patten Wilson supplies sixteen clever and very pleasing illustrations.

THE TALE OF MR. TOD.

By BEATRIX POTTER. 2s. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

"I have made many books about well-behaved people," says Miss Beatrix Potter. "Now, for a change, I am going to make a story about two disagreeable people, called Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod." And we pay Miss Beatrix Potter the compliment of not caring whether her book-people are good or bad ; for her book is sure to be charming, whatever the character of her "characters." Mr. Tod is a wily fox, Tommy Brock is a heartless badger, and neither sinner has much love for the other. One of the incidents in this exciting history of the theft of the baby-rabbit family of Benjamin

and Floppy reminds us pleasantly of the famous encounters in the pages of "Uncle Remus"; and it is good to find that here, too, "when rogues fall out honest men come by their own." Miss Potter possesses that enviable gift of being able to be her own illustrator, and her pictures are gems of colour and expression. We first made her acquaintance in "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," and have been her sworn admirer from that day. Rabbits look out again from these dainty pages; and badger and fox are new and certain delights. The present volume is rich in black-and-white pictures as well as coloured plates, and must be one of the not-to-be-omitted purchases of this Christmas season.

THE TWINS OF TUMBLEDOWNDREARY.

By MAGDALENE HORSFALL With 6 Illustrations in Colour by Honor C. Appleton 3s. 6d. net (Duckworth)

The twins are lonely little people, living in seclusion as they do at Tumbledowndreary, with only an aged grandfather to keep them company, and a cross one at that. Happily, however, they have imaginations, and the fairies come to their aid. Not only have the twins their own



From The Jolly Book
(Nelson).

experiences in Fairyland, but they are told a number of stories of things that happened to other little children. Thus they manage to while away many days that might otherwise have been wearisome. And if you are, or if you have, a child without the gift of seeing the fairies, you will find that Miss Horsfall's book is quite an efficent substitute for them. It is very easily and interestingly written, and it has the great advantage of half-a-dozen most delicate illustrations in colour by Miss Appleton.

THE JOLLY BOOK.

With Many Illustrations in Colour and Line 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

We note that this is the third annual issue of the appropriately named "Jolly Book," so that presumably it has come to stay. We are glad of this, for literature adapted for young children is somewhat rare, and anything more suited to its purpose than "The Jolly Book" could scarcely be imagined. A compendium of charming short tales and verse, together with very numerous illustrations, it makes about 350 pages in all, while the price which the publishers demand for it is almost ridiculously low.



From The Twins of Tumbledowndreary
(Duckworth).

"HE TUCKED HER UNDER HIS ARM
AND STARTED ON HIS WAY."



From The Mole and the Mouse
(Warne).



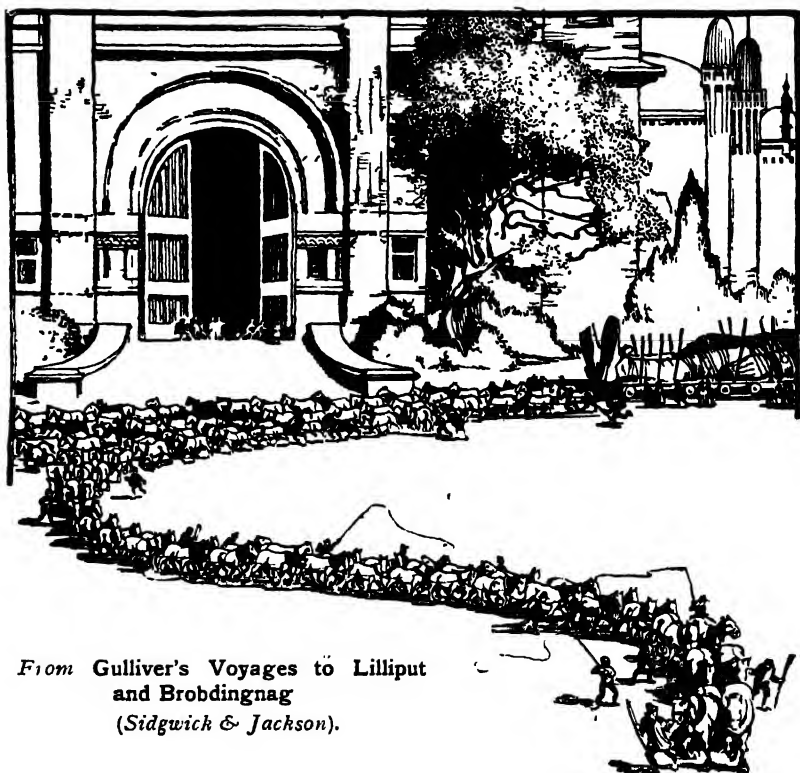
at ails you, Madame Marguerite?"

From *The Fairies and the Christmas Child*
(*Harrap*).

GULLIVER'S VOYAGES TO LILLIPUT AND BROBDINGNAG.

By JONATHAN SWIFT. With 8 Coloured Plates and 79 Drawings in the Text in two Colours and in Black and White. 6s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson's edition of the two most popular of Gulliver's Travels is made remarkable by the illustrations of Mr. P. A. Staynes, which we have no hesitation in describing as the most effective renderings of their subjects that we have ever seen. The artist possesses a grotesque humour which is in excellent accord with the spirit of Dean Swift's writing, and he knows, moreover, what will please children. In the illustration which we reproduce, for instance, the simplicity of the general scheme, together with an abundance of minor detail, is certain to please the ordinary child—and probably, also, the very extraordinary one for whom you are buying a present. In other respects the book is finely printed and bound. We shall be surprised if it is not one of the successes of the present season.



From *Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag*
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

HEART O' GOLD, OR THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. With Illustrations by Victor Prout. 3s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge & Co.).

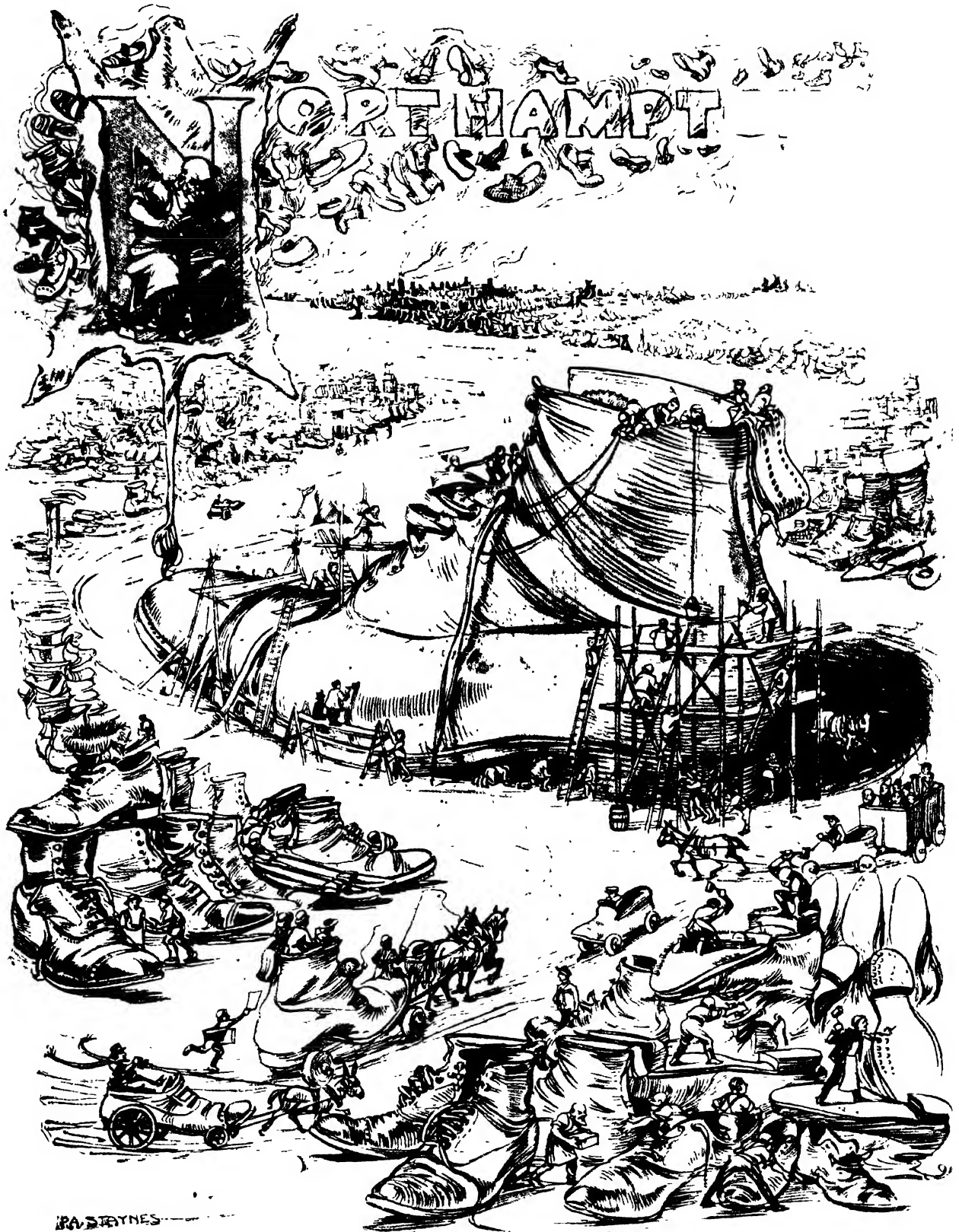
This is not a fairy-tale, although its heroine is a princess. Cushla MacSweeney was considered a princess by the peasant people round about her home in Ireland, and her dead father had been called the Prince, in loving reverence. "The MacSweeneys were princes in this country before the mountains were made," said Cushla to her English aunt, Miss Talbot, who had come to Ireland to look after Cushla and her little sister, Nancy, after their mother and father were dead. Sweet, dainty little Nancy grew to be a selfish, fretful woman; but Cushla, to whom Ireland was the one dear place in the world, was a large-hearted, noble-minded child who grew to be a woman worthy of the name of "princess." Katharine Tynan writes with a knowledge and love of Ireland and the Irish people which do not blind her to their faults and failings, and she has made a charming, wholesome, appealing story out of Cushla's life from childhood to womanhood. It is a girl's story, and a happy gift for any girl to find awaiting her on Christmas morning. At the same time we think that it will be freely borrowed from her by her "grown-ups." Mrs. Tynan "has a way with her," and the "way" has got into the book. It is a thoroughly good book, interesting, well illustrated, and containing a pretty love story with a happy ending.

ROUNABOUT WAYS.

Verses by FRIDA WOLFE. Pictures by P. A. Staynes.
3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson)

If you see "Roundabout Ways" in a shop window, you will probably want to go inside and look at it a little more closely. And if you do this you will assuredly come to the conclusion that it is a very jolly book, if only because Mr. Staynes' pictures are quite out of the ordinary. In fact,

you are almost sure to buy it. Then, when you get home, you will look at the pictures again; and this will give you your opportunity of reading Miss Wolfe's delightful verses. When you have done both, you will certainly not want to give the book away as a Christmas present. We will hope that you will go out and buy another copy - which all sounds very good business for the author, the artist and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Anyhow, "Roundabout Ways" really is entirely a delightful book.



From Roundabout Ways
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Schoolgirl Honour*
(Nisbet)

AN ADVENTURE BY THE SEA



From *Herbert Strang's Annual*
(Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton)

"THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE
GOT IS TO MAKE FOR THAT
BIT OF BEACH."

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

5s (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

"Herbert Strang's Annual" has taken its assured place among the most popular of the Christmas volumes for boys. It comes again this year with its full complement of amusing, exciting or gallant stories—tales of war and school-life, adventures on land and sea in divers parts of the world, from the sunny South to the frozen North. It is packed with good reading and unusually rich in pictures. Among its many interesting articles—to name one or two at random—there are 'A Day in a Midshipman's Life' by R. I. Lusignan, 'Recreations, Scientific and Otherwise' by Dr. Sphinx, 'The Motive Power of the Future' by J. Owen FRGS, and the 'Torpedo' by Captain Mathew RMA. Mr. A. I. Haydon gives a vivid account of the dangerous work done by the mounted police of Canada, and since, nowadays, no boys' volume could be complete without something about aeroplanes, we have a special article on them by Claude Grahame White and Harry Harper. There is plenty to amuse as well as to



From *The Gateway to Chaucer*
(Nelson)

"MALKIN, WITH THE
DISTAFF STILL IN
HER HAND"

instruct, and one could go on praising each item in turn—by no means forgetting the excellent black-and-white drawings and the coloured illustrations by C. E. Brock, T. H. Robinson, Cyrus Cueno, Christopher Clark and other clever and well-known artists. But it is sufficient to say, if it is a large and full budget you are wanting of the best miscellaneous reading for boys, you will find all you want in Herbert Strang's new Annual.

THE GATEWAY TO CHAUCER STORIES FROM THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

Retold by EMILY UNDERDOWN. With 16 Coloured Plates and numerous marginal illustrations by Anne Anderson. 5s net (Nelson).

'The Gateway to Chaucer' is one of those charming books which embody a "good idea." Chaucer is one of the least read of poets, and we should imagine that he is almost wholly neglected by children. Yet there are many passages in the "Canterbury Tales" which are capable of adaptation to the requirements of young people. This is amply proved



From *Tales of the Gods and Heroes*
(Nelson).

HECTOR AND
ANDROMACHE.

by Miss Underdown, whose versions are pleasant to read, and, so far as we can see, faithful to the spirit of the original text. The volume is effectively produced, and Miss Aune Anderson's illustrations are very good indeed.

TALES OF THE GODS AND HEROES.

By Sir G. W. Cox, M.A. With 16 Coloured Plates by Innes Fripp 6s. net (Nelson).

The stories of the Greek gods and heroes are invariably attractive to young people, provided that they are told in a simple and unpretentious manner. This is the case with the versions of Sir G. W. Cox embodied in the handsome volume just published by Messrs. Nelson. Within these covers the young reader will find something of the spirit which inspired old Greece, and half-unconsciously will learn many a lesson destined to be useful in after-life. Mr. Fripp's illustrations are conscientiously done, and they add considerably to the attractions of the volume.

MORWENNA'S PRINCE.

By MARGARET BATCHELOR With 4 Illustrations in Colour, 2s. 6d. (Nelson).

No mere recapitulation of the plot can make you understand the charm of "Morwenna's Prince," certainly one of the most attractive and readable girls' books published this autumn. But you must at least be told that the action of the story takes place in Cornwall, and that it is quite clear that Miss Batchelor knows that part of the country intimately. Herein lies much of the charm of the book. It is a story of the open air—buoyant and fresh, with healthy, natural children for its protagonists. Morwenna, a daughter of the Rectory, has taken under her wing a little boy whom she styles her "prince," and who is supposed to be the grandson of an old witch woman (a really charming character, by the way). The plot concerns itself with the parentage of this little boy, which is, of course, discovered by Morwenna. If you think that it is not particularly fresh, you are totally wrong. Without any exaggeration it is one of the most delightful children's stories we have ever read, and we have no hesitation in pointing to Miss Batchelor as the coming author for girls.

THE MOTOR SCOUT.

By HERBERT STRANG. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Put a reckless Irish lad on an equally reckless motor-bicycle, and plant the combination in a South American State seething in one of its periodic revolutions, and you may be sure that other things beside the motor-bike will begin to hum. It is a situation that would appeal to most authors of boys' tales, and in the experienced hands of Mr. Herbert Strang the possibilities of the motor-bicycle in time of war are exploited with the same skill and ingenuity which have made this author's "Air Scout" so deservedly popular. The high-spirited Irish lad, who is forced to take sides with the revolutionaries, rides buoyantly through the story on an ever-swelling wave of hairbreadth adventure. Now he is rescuing the governor from the clutches of brigands: now baffling burglars with the aid of ammonia gas: or the motor scout is pursued by the enemy and his only way of escape is to leap, motor-bike as well, across a yawning chasm thirty feet wide! In short "The Motor Scout" is an ideal adventure book for healthy minds. It contains several noteworthy coloured illustrations by Cyrus Cuneo.

THE WHITE RIVER RAFT.

By LEWIS B. MILLER. 6s. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.).

A book dealing with life on the Mississippi can hardly fail to challenge comparison with, or at any rate to awaken recollections of, Mark Twain's inimitable stories and sketches dealing with the same topic. And rafting too! The memory dwells fondly on the adventure of Huck Finn and Miss Watson's nigger Jim, and we open Mr. Miller's book with an appetite whetted by the promise of things fore-shadowed in the title. The author is not another Mark Twain—it is not to be expected—but he spins us an excellent yarn concerning a logging trip into the flooded forests of Arkansas, followed by an exciting voyage down the Mississippi, the period being about the same as that with which Mark Twain himself deals. The heroes of the story are two stalwart youngsters on the tramp for work. In St. Louis they meet a big prosperous-looking stranger on the look-out



From *Morwenna's Prince* "THE CONKEY ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE CAUGHT"
(Nelson).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



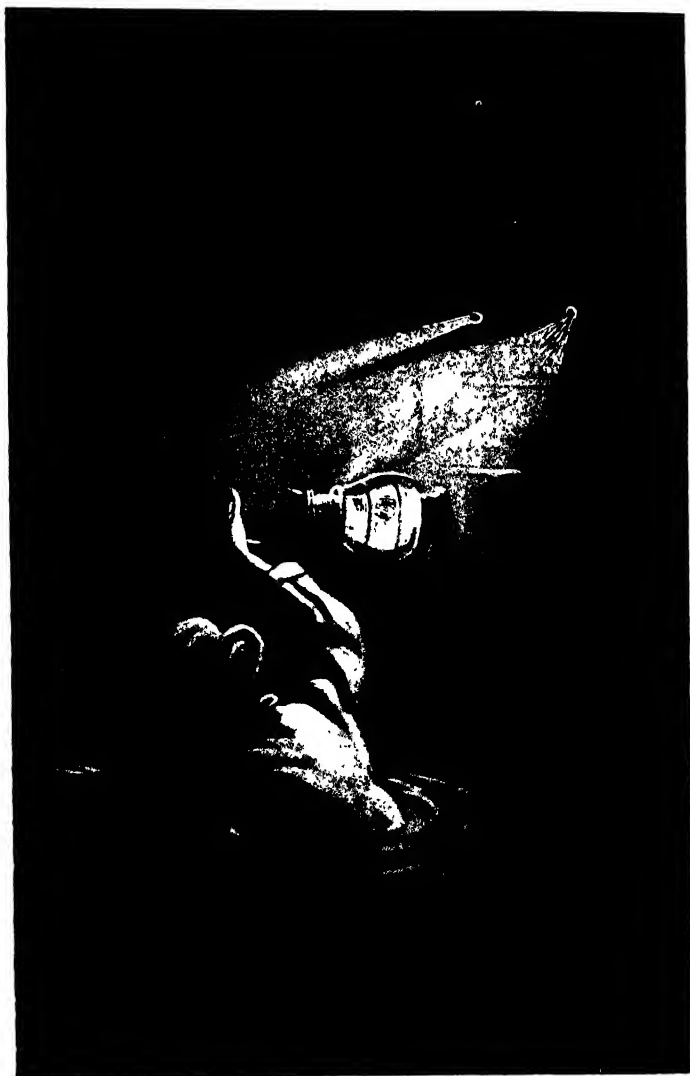
From *The Motor Scout*
(Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton).

"THE GOBERNADOR RIDES."



From *The White River Raft* "CRAIG TOOK A FEW TURNS OF
(Sampson Low). THE ROPE AROUND THE TREE."

for two or three stout fellows to take to his timber land on the White River in Arkansas, and assist him in getting out a big raft of sawlogs and floating it down to New Orleans. And with this promising prelude the great adventure begins. We get pictures of life in the forest where the air rings with the stroke of axes and the atmosphere of a logging camp, and the "dismal swamp" is faithfully reproduced. The interest is strengthened by the weird and quaint episodes of the bewitched fiddle and the wild man of the swamp. Anon come vivid descriptions of the work, of the floating out of the great raft and its voyage down the mighty river. Here perils, mischances and hairbreadth escapes follow each other thick and fast until the raft is wrecked in a terrific storm, after saving and landing some four hundred of the passengers and crew of one of the great Mississippi steamers when on the point of foundering after a collision with the raft. It is a picturesque and romantic story—the



From *Where Duty Calls*
(Stanley Paul).

JUST IN TIME.

love interest is not forgotten—and it abounds in sketches of primitive American life in a region already historic. There are several full-page illustrations.

WHERE DUTY CALLS.

Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

"Where Duty Calls" is an inspiring book of courage and adventure for girls, edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, who says in his preface, "From old time girls have been limited to service in the sphere of duty, and boys have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of exploiting the danger zone; but we live in a wider world than our fathers did,

and we realise that in this ever-widening sphere girls are destined to play a larger and ever-increasing part. In the mere exploitation of their wider range of duty girls need the inspiring and invigorating stimulus of adventurous experience. . . . Hence, real records of the brave and true are the seeds of new harvests of heroism and endurance." The book contains a fine collection of such records by such able writers as Evelyn Everett Green, Grace Stebbing, Margaret E. Sangster, Ena Fitzgerald, E. W. Tomson-F. W. Calkins, etc., etc., and should prove a most acceptable book for all those who are in search of tales that are exciting, wholesome, and a spur to good deeds.



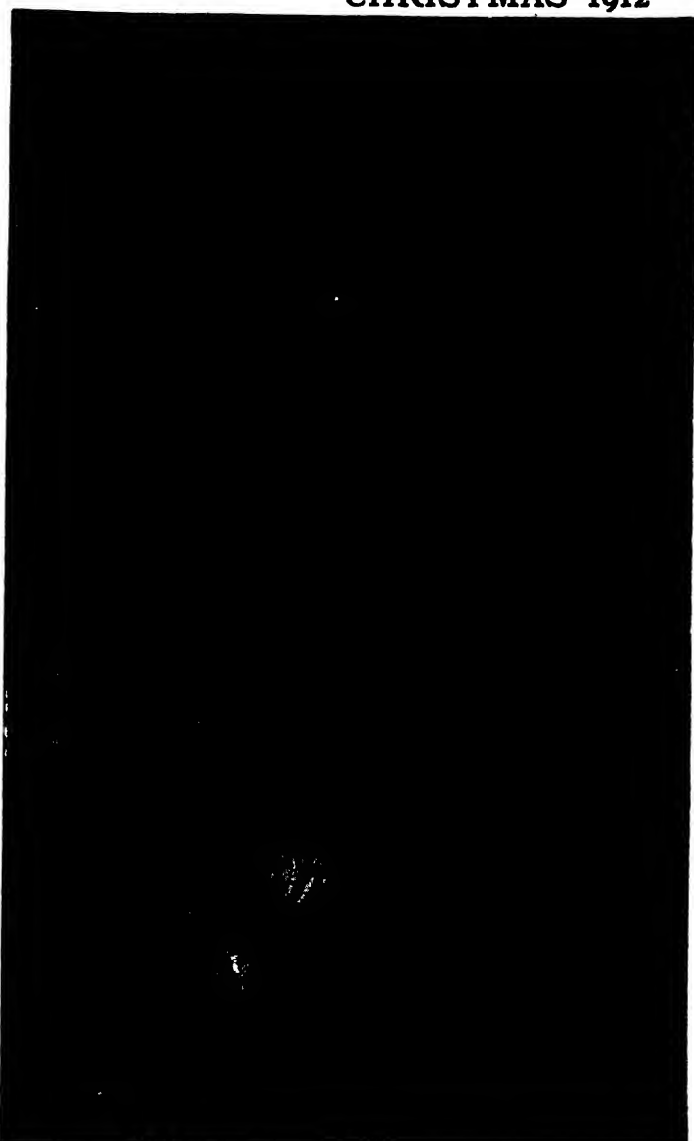
From *In the Lion's Mouth*
(Stanley Paul).

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

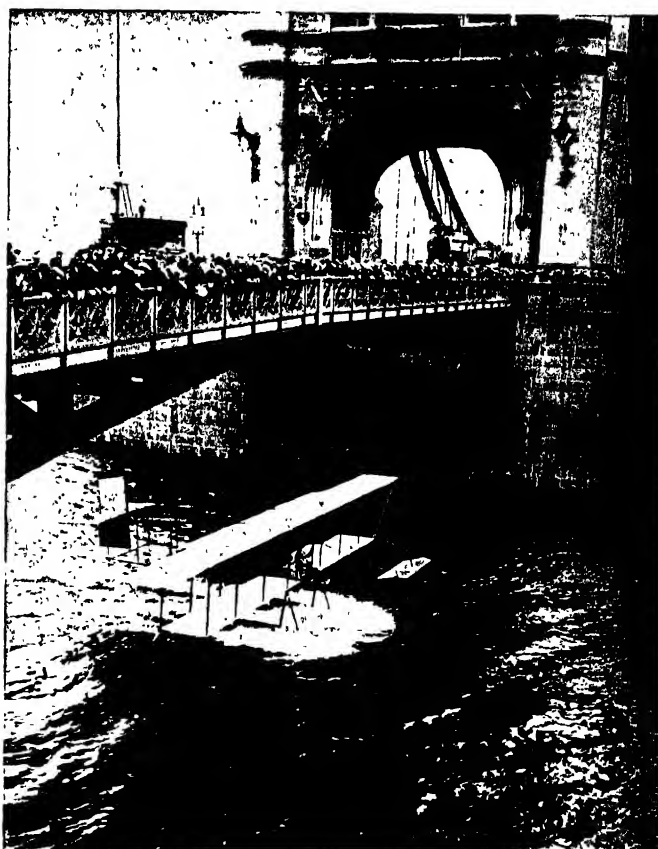
Edited by Alfred H. Mile Illustrated (Stanley Paul)

Mr. Alfred Miles has shown his usual genius for collecting the things which are going to interest boys. The present series contains forty-two stories of fierce fights with wild men, wild animals, and wild Nature. The "lion's mouth," that is to say, is a figurative expression denoting hair-breadth escapes from any sort of danger. "We let ourselves down from a dormitory window to visit a neighbouring fair, and we find him waiting for us quietly in the shadow of the tuck-shop, clad in cap and gown." In short, whenever we attain to the supreme point of personal danger we are in the lion's mouth. Hence, beside one of Mr. Roosevelt's lion stories from his "African Game Trails," we find another of a plumber who got stranded in a water-tank in one of the highest buildings in Baltimore, and had an experience as thrilling as any big-game hunter, though he extricated himself in time to keep his wedding engagement. Mr. Frank R. Stockton is drawn upon for a panther story, "A Cat on a Catboat"; the noosing of a python, beguiled by music, in Sumatra, gives an idea of how animals



From *The Flying Submarine*
(Nisbet).

THE MAN VAULTED INTO SPACE.



From *The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes*
(Grant Richards).

BOATING BACK! F. K. MACLEAN
RETURNS UNDER TOWER BRIDGE.

THE 'BOOKMAN' CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Oddle and Iddle*
(Smith, Elder)

"SO OFF WE MOVED THE CROWD OF LIONS AND
LEOPARDS ACCOMPANYING US"

are secured for the Zoos and others are tales of fighting the sea the floods the fog the sun and the snow. Most of the adventures are of American extraction. Well selected as they are we are sorry to miss our own favourite of the ranger on the South African game reserve who was very literally in the lion's mouth especially as it is British and authentic.

THE FLYING SUBMARINE

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN With 5 Illustrations 3s 6d
(Nisbet)

The invention of a fairly large sized ship which is able to undertake the double duties of submarine and airship has brought in its train the inevitable jealousy particularly as the inventor is the deposed but highly civilised president of a South American republic. With the aid of his machine Don Miguel O'Rourke hopes to restore himself to power while rumours of the invention having reached the Admiralty—Holmsby and his friend Tresillian desire



From *Molly and Margaret*
(Longmans).

"SO SHE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO
HIM FOR A LITTLE WHILE."

to secure the invention for the British Fleet. The interests of the two parties result in a fast-moving richly-coloured story told with all Mr. Westerman's practised skill. *The Flying Submarine* is as breathlessly exciting as any boys' book recently published and we feel perfectly safe in recommending it.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF AEROPLANES

By T. O'BRIEN HUBBARD and CHARLES C. TURNER With a Chapter on Model Aeroplanes by I. W. Twining With 66 Illustrations from Photographs and 54 Diagrams 6s (Grafton Richards)

Now that aeroplanes have come to stay it is surprising that comparatively few books have been written which expound the principles of flight in a popular manner.



From *Tota*
(Macmillan).

"HE DID NOT GIVE THE CHILD TIME
TO ANSWER, BUT LIFTED HER FROM
THE SADDLE AND CARRIED HER OVER
THE THRESHOLD."

Messrs. Hubbard and Turner—the latter of whom wrote a good book on the science during its early days—have done their best to remedy this state of affairs with the excellent volume for boys now before us. The authors are both accredited “pilot aviators” so that in some portions of their book they are writing from their own personal experience. Their explanations, too, are clear and their arguments not difficult to follow. In fact this is quite an excellent book in its way, and every boy with a turn for engineering will be certain to thank you for it. There are many well-printed illustrations.



From *Tabitha Smallways*
(Chambers)

"FLUNG HERSELF DOWN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE MOTLEY COLLECTION DRAGGED OUT FROM TWIN CUPBOARDS"

ODDLE AND IDdle, OR THE GOBLINS OF ALOE SHAMBA

By LILY COLLIER With 6 Illustrations by Joyce Crawshaw Williams 3s 6d (Smith Elder)

The Hon Mrs Gerard Collier has given us in "Oddle and Idle," one of the freshest and most original fairy tales that we have come across for a long time. The scene of the story takes place in Africa where the hero—thanks to eating a particular nut—at once comes into communication with the fairy world. It is while he is there that he falls in love with Felicity, a character which shares most of the hero's experiences. Thanks to the African setting the author is able to introduce a number of wild animals which would certainly be out of place in an English story. "Oddle and Idle" has delightful moments of humour and the child that gets it will have reason to think himself very lucky.

TOTA.

By MRS HOBART HAMPDEN 3s 6d (Macmillan)

"Tota" by Mrs Hobart Hampden is a book that will assuredly stand apart from all children's books published this Christmas, on account of its quite unusual charm and originality. The idea will appeal to all boys and girls who love tales of adventure, for it is the story of a little English



From *The English Fairy Book*
(Usborne)



From *More Tales in the Land of Nursery Rhyme*
(Allenson)

THE BOOKMAN. CHRISTMAS 1912.

girl named Gracie who lives among the Himalayan Mountains and who, while her parents are away from home, ventures into the territory of an Indian Rajah and is kidnapped and sold to the Rajah to be the bride of his little son, Tota. Gracie's sister, in whose charge she was left, disguises herself and with the help of a native servant and a woman they meet upon the way, tracks the child to the Rajah's palace and manages to rescue her in the nick of time. But Tota has discovered their plans and unknown to the rest of his father's court, insists on accompanying them, and it is he who manages to save them at the critical moment—who offers his life that they may escape. It is a book which grown-ups as well as children will find thrilling and interesting. Miss Alice B. Woodward's drawings making a most pleasing addition to an altogether pleasing book.



From The Book of Baby Birds
(Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

THE BLUE TIT.

THE BOOK OF BABY BIRDS.

By FLORENCE E. DUGDALE. With 19 Illustrations in Colour by E. J. Detmold. 6s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Last year Messrs. Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton published "The Book of Baby Beasts," with illustrations by Mr. Detmold, and it is pleasant to see that it must have been successful. Had it failed, we suppose that

"The Book of Baby Birds" would have remained in limbo which would have been a loss to everybody. Nobody can draw birds and animals as can Mr. Detmold, and in this delightful volume he is quite at his best. To buy it, it only needs to see it. Miss Dugdale writes her descriptions very easily, and she contrives to give a good deal of useful information in a pleasant form.

MORE TALES IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME.

By ADA M. MARZIALS. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net. (Allenson.)

We have the happiest memories of Miss Marzials' first book, *In the Land of Nursery Rhyme*, and we are glad to think that it received a sufficiently warm welcome from the public for the author to be encouraged to make a further collection of her pleasant little stories. Miss Marzials is well acquainted with the demands of children, she writes with spirit and charm and she possesses a sufficiently keen sense of character and a sense of humour which are undoubtedly strong enough to carry these stories into the hands of a large public. The present volume contains half-a-dozen short stories founded on well-known nursery rhymes. For our own part, we confess that "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat" is our favourite, but all are good.

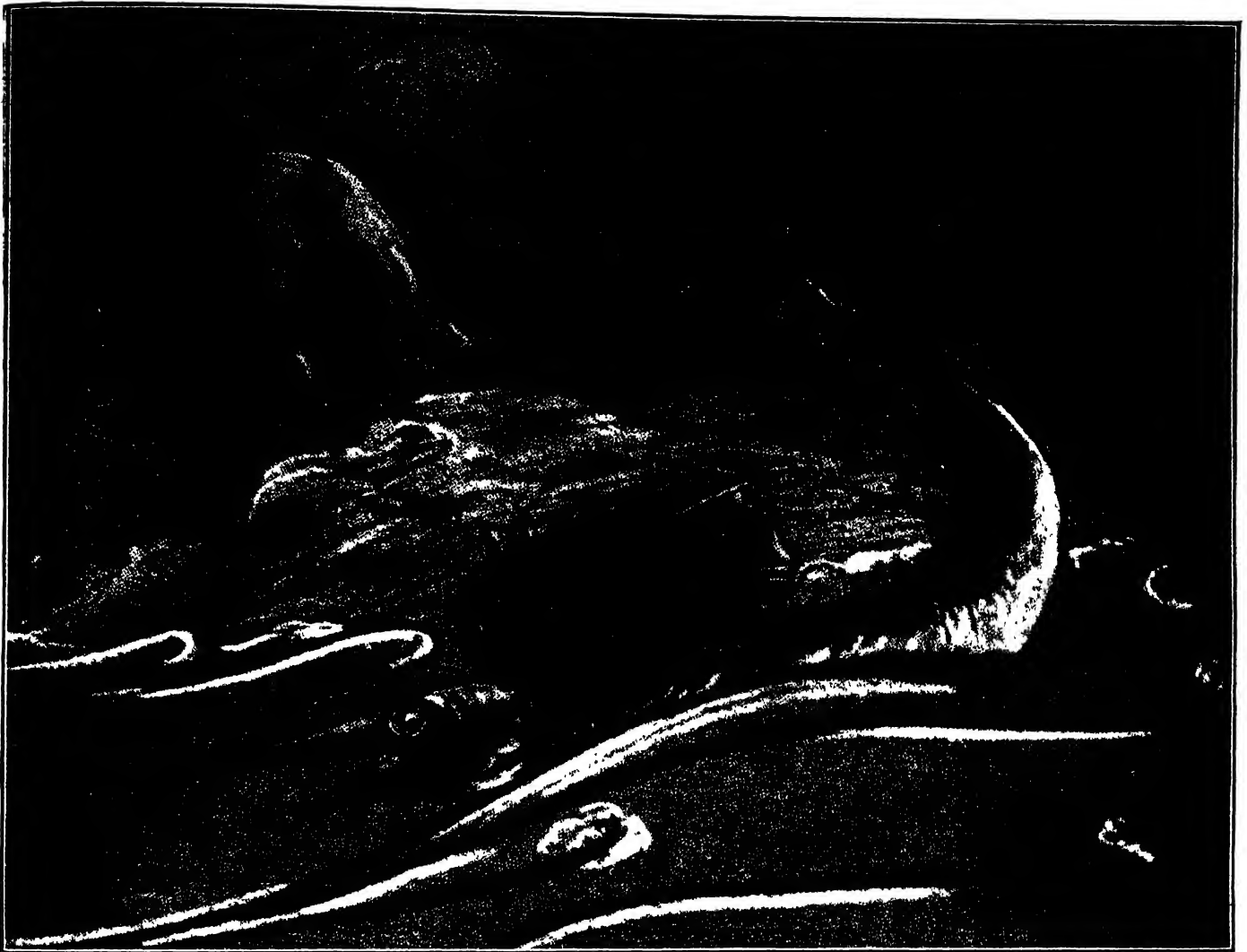
THE STORY OF THE DISCON- TENTED LITTLE ELEPHANT.

Told in Pictures and Rhyme by E. GE. SOMERVILLE. 1s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Probably you know Miss Somerville best in her collaborating capacity—as part-author of "The Adventures of an Irish R.M.," and several other very humorous and very deservedly popular novels. But she has published a children's book before this—and a very jolly one too. This year she follows up "Slipper's A B C of

Foxhunting" with a moral story told in verse and dealing with an imaginary period:

"Once, very, very long ago,
Before your curls began to grow,
The time when Beasts and Birds could talk,
(Before you'd even learned to walk,
There lived midst Indian trees and plants,
A family of Elephants."



From *The Discontented Little Elephant*
(Longmans)

"In flashing foam away he tore,
Jung Boo swam swiftly back to shore,
And started for the woods once more."

She goes on to tell how Jung Boo, the baby of the family, used to make a terrible fuss:

"The reason's too ridiculous—
All from this silly cause arose,
He wished to have a Longer Nose!"

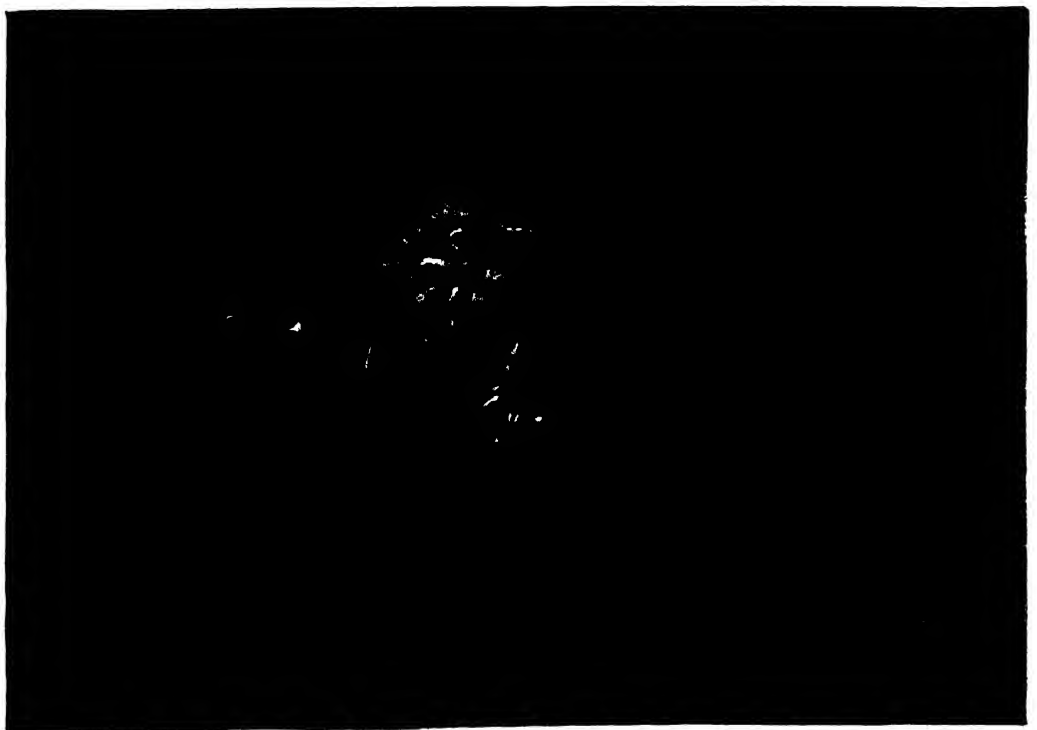
How he went in search of a means for lengthening his nose, and what happened to him in his search, we are certainly not going to tell, but both you and more particularly your children are sure of amusement in the verse and in the humorous pictures in line and colour with which it is cleverly illustrated.

BABY BIRDS AT HOME.

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S., etc. With 4 Colour Plates and 60 Illustrations from Photographs by Cherry and Grace Kerton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Once more the Messrs Kerton put the public—on this occasion the juvenile public more particularly—deeply in their debt. "Baby Birds at Home" consists of sixty-four short articles, which nevertheless contain an enormous amount of information of an unhackneyed variety, and as

many illustrations dealing with the young of different birds. It still remains wonderful to us to understand how these pictures can be taken, and it is wonderful also to note how artistic an effect is frequently obtained. Once more we are in the debt of the Kertons.



From *Baby Birds at Home*
(Cassell).

TREE PIPIT.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From The Story of Santa
Claus
(Herbert & Daniel)

"A STRANGE CARAVAN
STARTING FORTH UPON
THE NORTHERN ROAD"

THE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

By S R LITTLEWOOD With 4 Coloured Illustrations by
Sidney Filmore and Gerald Leake (Herbert & Daniel)

Mr Littlewood is warmly to be congratulated upon the new and attractive rendering he has made of one of the most beautiful of all legends—that of Santa Claus. Nowadays, we doubt whether many people know much about him, and Mr Littlewood's book should be read for its information as much as for its more sympathetic qualities. That the author is a conscientious worker, and that the undertaking of even a short book upon the subject is no small matter, is proved by the long list of acknowledgments printed at the end of the volume. But you will find no traces of the midnight oil in these pages. The book is easily and pleasantly written, and it makes as good reading as you could wish for. The illustrations add considerably to the volume's attractions.



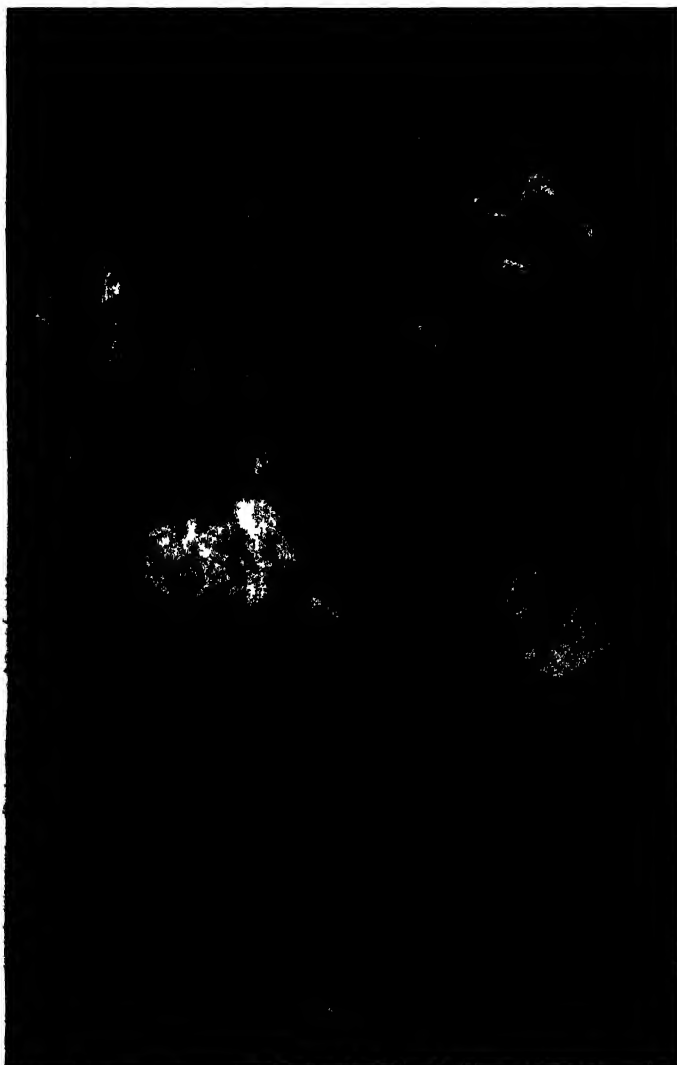
From The Ghost Rock
(Nisbet).

"THE GREAT ROCK BEGAN
TO TREMBLE."

A PAIR OF SCHOOLGIRLS.

By ANGELA BRAZIL With Illustrations by John Campbell.
(Blackie & Son)

Angela Brazil has again proved her undoubted talent for writing a story of school-girls for other school-girls to read. "A Pair of Schoolgirls" is a mild title, but this pair of schoolgirls were more than "ordinary." One was rich, one was poor. One was the petted only child of her widowed mother, the other found out by chance that she was a waif, an unknown child saved in infancy from a wrecked train. But they were friends, these two school-fellows; circumstances and affection drew them together, and in the end a yet nearer tie was proved. Miss Brazil keeps her plot well in hand, and carefully manages the characteristics of her many characters. Dorothy Greenfield, the child of unknown parentage, is the author's heroine.



From A Pair of School Girls
(Blackie).

"'YOU'RE THE ABSOLUTE IMAGE,'
DECLARED ALISON."

and we see her character developing in a perfectly natural and extremely interesting way. Dorothy is so human, so quick-tempered, so good at heart and "straight," so sensitive and yet sensible, that her story will be a help as well as a pleasure to any girl reader. The background of this development is a delightful series of chapters showing school-life and home-life in sunshine and shade. We have thoroughly enjoyed the story, and recommend it wholeheartedly to hesitating parents and other generous relations.



From *The Captain of the King's Guard*
(Chambers)

"CAUGHT HIM ROUND THE ANKLES, AND THREW HIM HEAVILY"

THE GHOST ROCK

By FREDERICK WATSON 3s 6d (Nisbet)

The boys who are lucky enough to find this adventure story among their Christmas presents will follow with envious thoughts the thrilling experiences of young Alan Mackenzie and his uncle in their quest for treasure hidden in the wilds of Brazil. And most boys will wish they too could boast such an uncle as Alan's picturesque uncle of immense stature, blessed with a chestnut beard reaching to his waist, and, better still, with an aeroplane built on ultra-modern lines. When it is mentioned that the treasure is supposed to be concealed in the mysterious Country of the Three Hills, and that unless you happen to know a secret passage, your only way into this country is over impassable mountains, the need for the aeroplane becomes obvious. Other obstacles besides mountains have to be reckoned with, chief among them being "the man with the scar"—a really formidable villain, who dogs the treasure-hunters throughout and brings them many a time to the very door of death. Some clever illustrations by John Cameron adorn the book, which comes from the pen of a son of the late Ian Maclaren.



From *Glen Eyre*
(Ward, Lock)

"MY WORD! YOU WERE NEARLY IN," SAID NANCY



From *The Girls' Budget*
(Nelson)

"ARABELLA RETURNED TO COURT AFTER THE MARRIAGE."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *Brave Girls All*
(Jarrold).

"THERE'S A SEAT FOR THEE,
LASS,' HE SAID."



From *Two Troubadours*
(Smith, Elder).

"THE LITTLE VIOLIN DID
DOUBLE DUTY."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S GUARD.

By Commander E. H. CURREY, R.N. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.)

This romantic story has for its pivot the court of King Philip the Fourth of Spain, and the plot makes very neat use of the surreptitious visit to Spain of Buckingham and Charles, Prince of Wales, in their quest for a royal bride. Elvira, the heroine, is the beautiful ward of Philip's chief minister, and her unconventional ideas lead her into many an escapade, from which she is rescued by her lover, the Captain of the King's Guard, and on one occasion by Prince Charles himself. Subsequently, however, when these two brave men are hounded down by a fanatical Dominican friar and are about to be punished as heretics, Elvira, by a gallant feat is enabled to repay her debt with interest. The story, which is told excellently and with a wealth of careful detail, contains a number of bold illustrations in colour by W. H. C. Groome.



From *The Green Door*
(Gay & Hancock).

"BIDDEN TO LEARN THE DOCTRINE OF PREDESTINATION BEFORE BREAKFAST."

THE GIRLS' BUDGET OF SHORT STORIES.

Edited by JEAN M'INTOSH With 32 Coloured Plates.
6s net. (Nelson)

This is the first issue of what apparently is to be an annual publication; and a fine production it is. The volume makes 500 large pages, and the amount of reading it contains is therefore very considerable. Miss M'Intosh includes thirty-one well-written and well-contrasted stories in the book, among the authors of which we particularly notice Mrs. L. B. Walford, Annie S. Swan, Emily Underdown, and others who are well qualified to write for girls. The illustrations are from the brushes of several different artists, and they seem to us to be a little uneven in merit. The most generally successful are certainly the series, of four by E. F. Skinner, which illustrate scenes from "Lorna Doone." "The Girls' Budget" has made an excellent start, and if it maintains the good level of its first volume we predict a long life for it.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THE GREEN DOOR.

By MARY E. WILKINS. Both with 4 Coloured Illustrations by Francis E. Hiley. 1s. 6d net each (Gay & Hancock)

Two delightful little books are these published by Messrs. Gay & Hancock—short Christmas stories especially intended for children, though we believe they will appeal almost as strongly to adults. Miss Wiggin's "Birds' Christmas Carol" is a reprint of a tale written some years ago, and for quiet humour, pathos, and charming sentiment you will find it hard to discover its equal. Miss Wilkins's tale takes the reader back into the past, when the New England States were inhabited chiefly by Red Indians and the Puritan ancestors of the modern Americans. It points a moral rather more obviously than Miss Wiggin's story, but it is none the worse for that. Mr. Hiley's illustrations are very attractive.



From The Birds' Christmas Carol
"THE DOOR OPENED, AND THEY STRAGGLED IN."
(Gay & Hancock).

THE TWO TROUBADOURS.

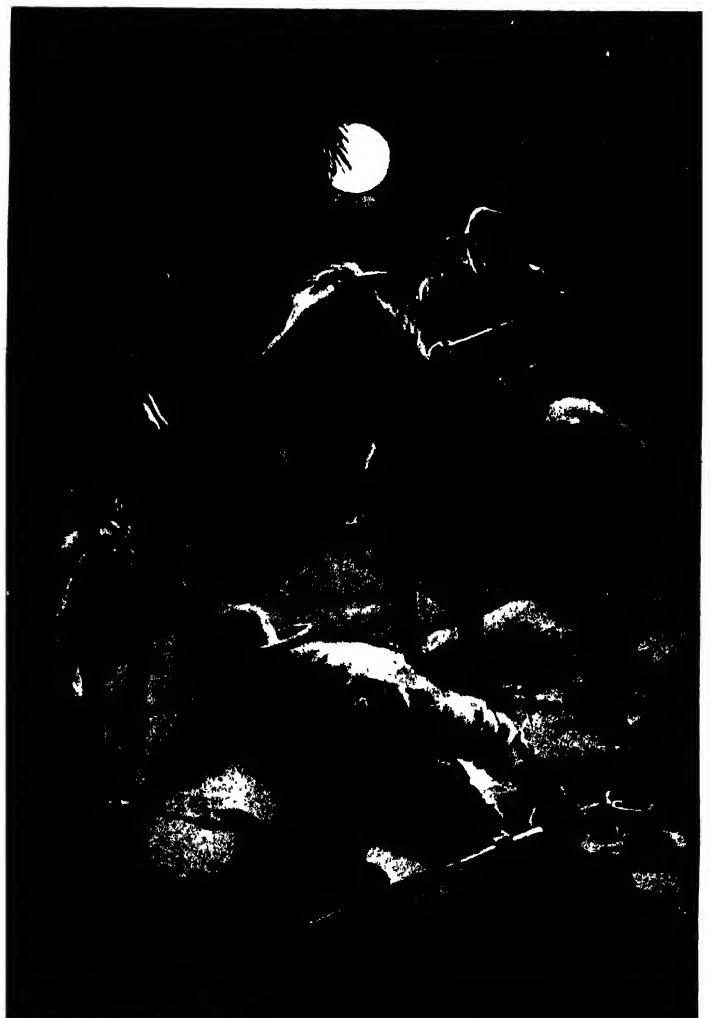
By ESMÉ STUART. 3s 6d (Smith, Elder)

It is an ever potent charm to read the doings of original children, and Miss Esmé Stuart has given us a story of two most delightful boys; so delightful are they that "Helen's Babies" are instinctively brought to one's mind. Perhaps the strain of Australian blood may have added to the irrepressible charm of "The Two Troubadours," but suffice to say that the joy of following their doings cannot be gainsaid. Their mother desired to make the boys self-reliant and manly; at the commencement of the story they call upon their Great-aunt and announce themselves to the solemn butler as "Two Country Gentlemen." They acquaint their austere relatives of their formation of a Country Gentlemen's Association "only for men"—a sort of Association for the Promotion of Chivalry and Good Actions, and throughout their doings they conform to the rules they have set themselves. They confess, when home late, that they had made up their minds not to look at the clock, knowing they would be late: they could not tell a lie! On the first occasion upon which they are allowed to go out hunting, they rescue a fair lady, who had had an accident, and their attitude towards her is most amusing. One becomes very heartsore when poor little Louis seems likely to die, but his brother's simple prayer is answered and the young life is spared. It is an irresistible book, and one can only hope the author may some day give us some further doings of these delightful youngsters.



From Queer Cousin Claude
(Allen).

"CLAUDE MADE A DASH AT THE ANIMAL. HE CLUNG ON TO THE REIN WHICH THE COACHMAN WAS PULLING WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH."



From A Bush Mystery
(Nisbet).

"WATER!" HE CRIED.



From Ward, Lock & Co's Wonder Book

THE PICNIC

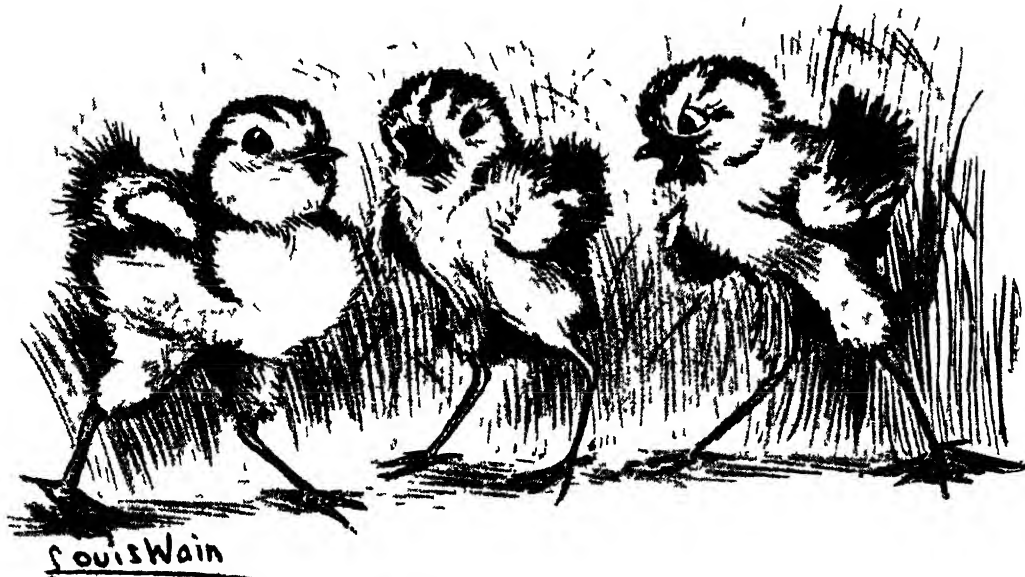
QUEER COUSIN CLAUDE

By BRENDA GIRVIN With Illustrations by E. S. Hardy
3s 6d (G. Allen & Co.)

When Cousin Claude came from Australia and finished his journey on top of the cab among the luggage instead

of in the inside with Mademoiselle who had gone to the station to meet him we felt sure that he was going to be a 'handful'. He was. He was homesick for the wide plains; he was cramped in the formal town house; he wanted to continue his Colonial dress and manners in

England, and he wanted to fail in the examination for a singing scholarship for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There were some 'breezy' times between Claude and his cousins, and Mademoiselle was a governess of the angel class, judged by the manner in which she kept the peace, comforted the exile, and incidentally taught him manners. Incidents in plenty follow one another, and before the end of the book is reached we find Claude wishing to win the scholarship and live in London for ever. Miss Girvin has given us pictures of



From the title-page of The Rosebud Annual
(Jas. Clarke)

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By Sir G. W. COX. Beautifully Illustrated with 16 high-class reproductions from Paintings by Prof. FRIPP. This large and handsome volume contains the stories from Sir G. W. Cox's famous book with the above title, together with his "Tales from Greek Mythology."

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The hunting books of recent years provide excellent reading for adventure-loving boys, and in this volume the editor makes judicious selection from some of the most striking episodes to be found in this class of literature.

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By W. P. WESTELL. 36 Beautiful Coloured Plates and nearly 150 line Illustrations.

This book has been prepared to meet the constant and insistent demand for young people's guides to the beauties and wonders of Nature.

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Edited by JEAN M'INTOSH. 32 Coloured Plates.

The aim of the editress of this attractive volume is to provide wholesome reading matter for growing girls, which allows for natural sentiment without giving way to sentimentality.

5/- **The Gateway to Chaucer.**

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By EMILY UNDERDOWN. Numerous Coloured Plates and Dainty Sketches.

This beautiful book forms an excellent companion to Miss Underdown's well-known "Gateway to Romance," and contains the most suitable stories from those told by the Canterbury Pilgrims.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1912



From *The Boys' Froissart*
(Harrop)

"HE WENT EVER
FORWARD LIKE A
HARDY HECTOR."

The schoolroom and every-day life of a family of well-cared-for children in a delightfully natural and unaffected style. The little mysteries and troubles are just enough to keep the reader's attention on the alert, and there are glimpses of fun, too, to complete the pleasure. It is a bright book which should find a warm welcome.

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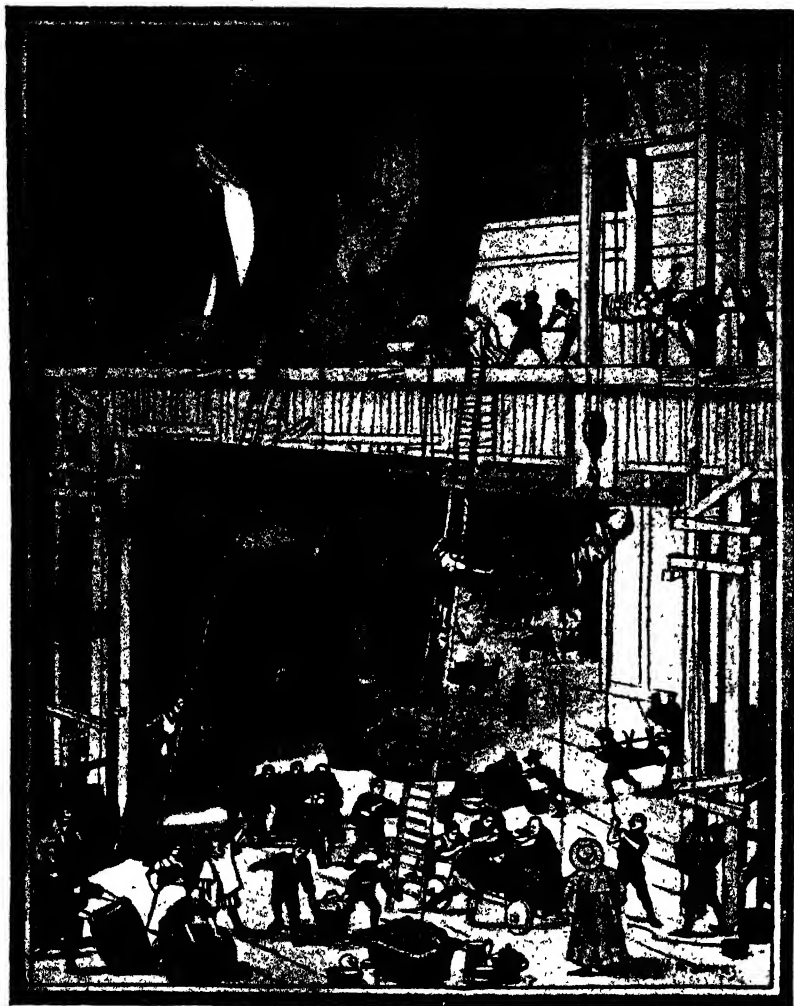
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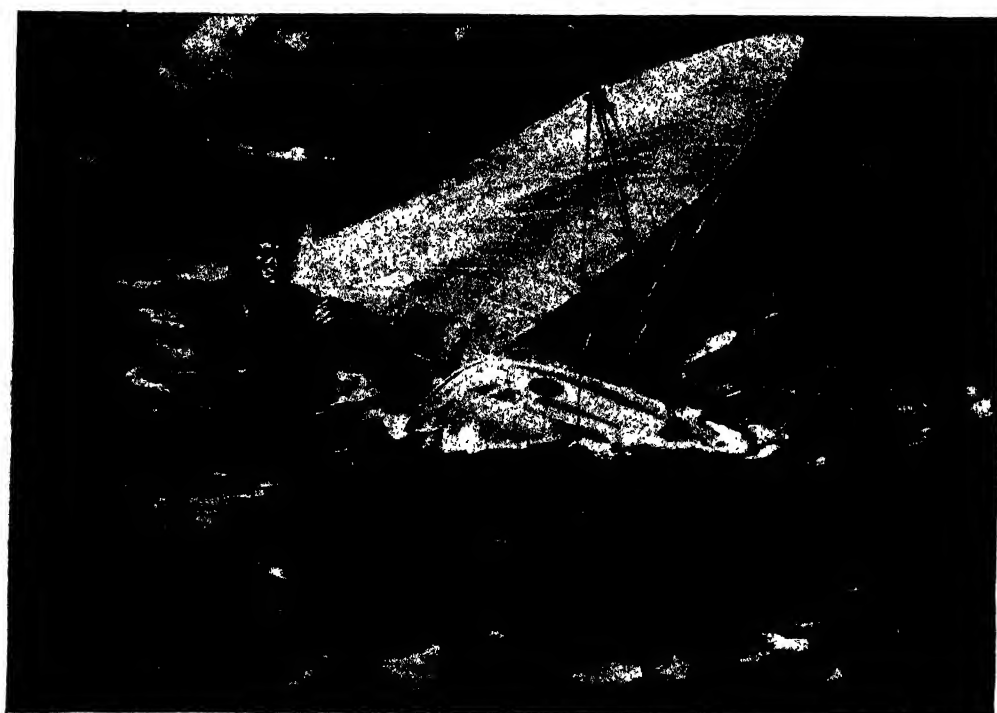
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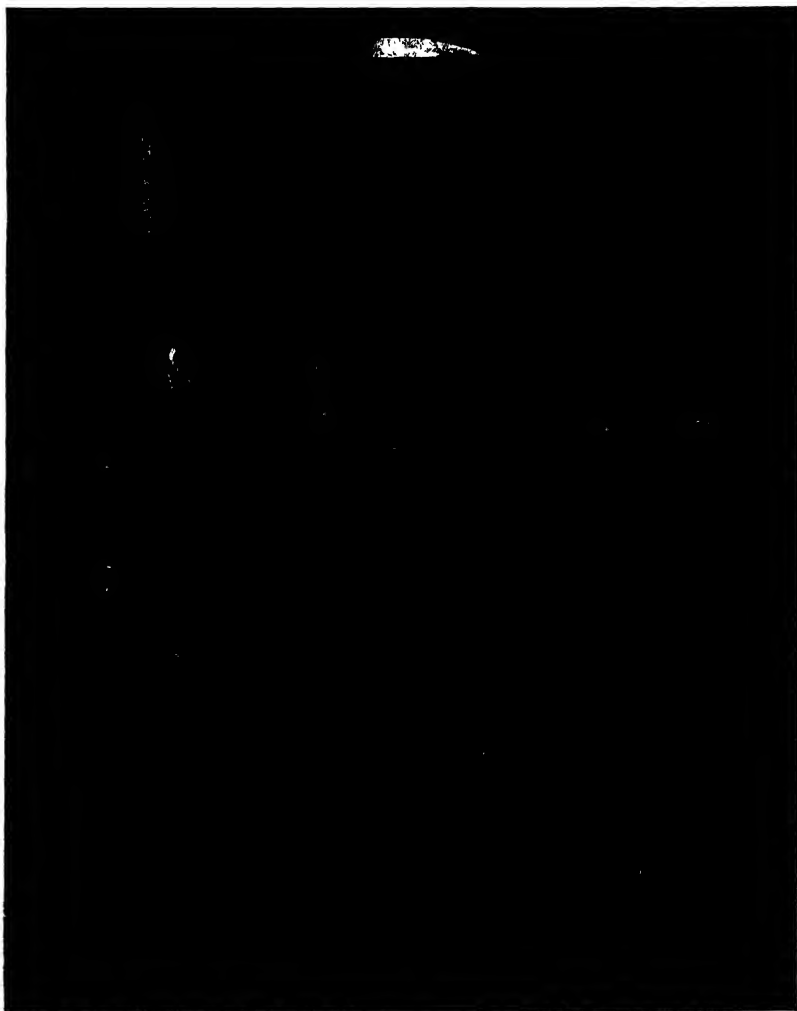
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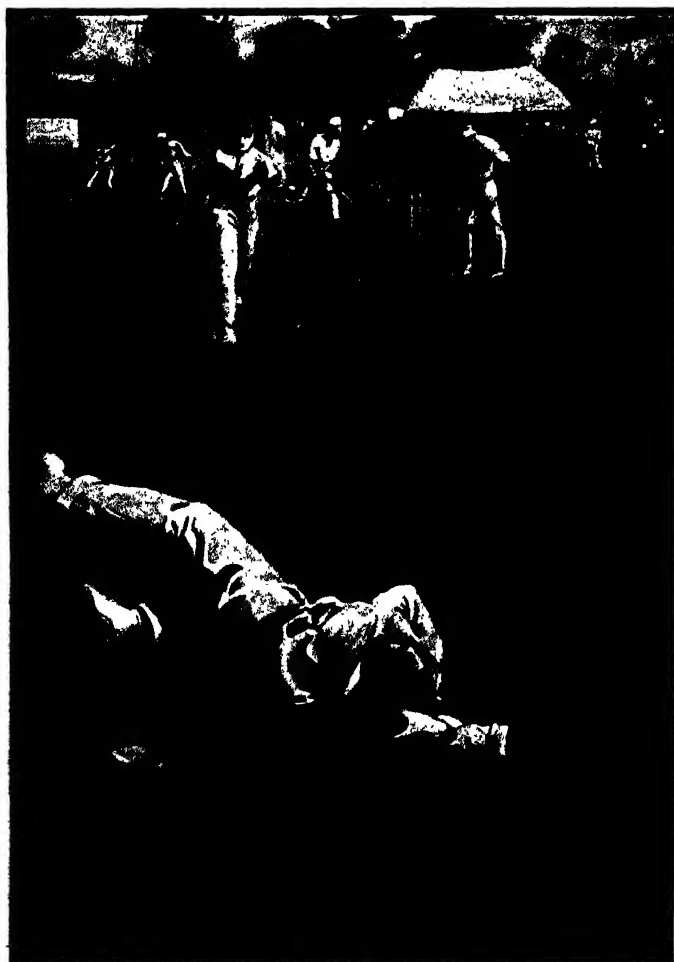
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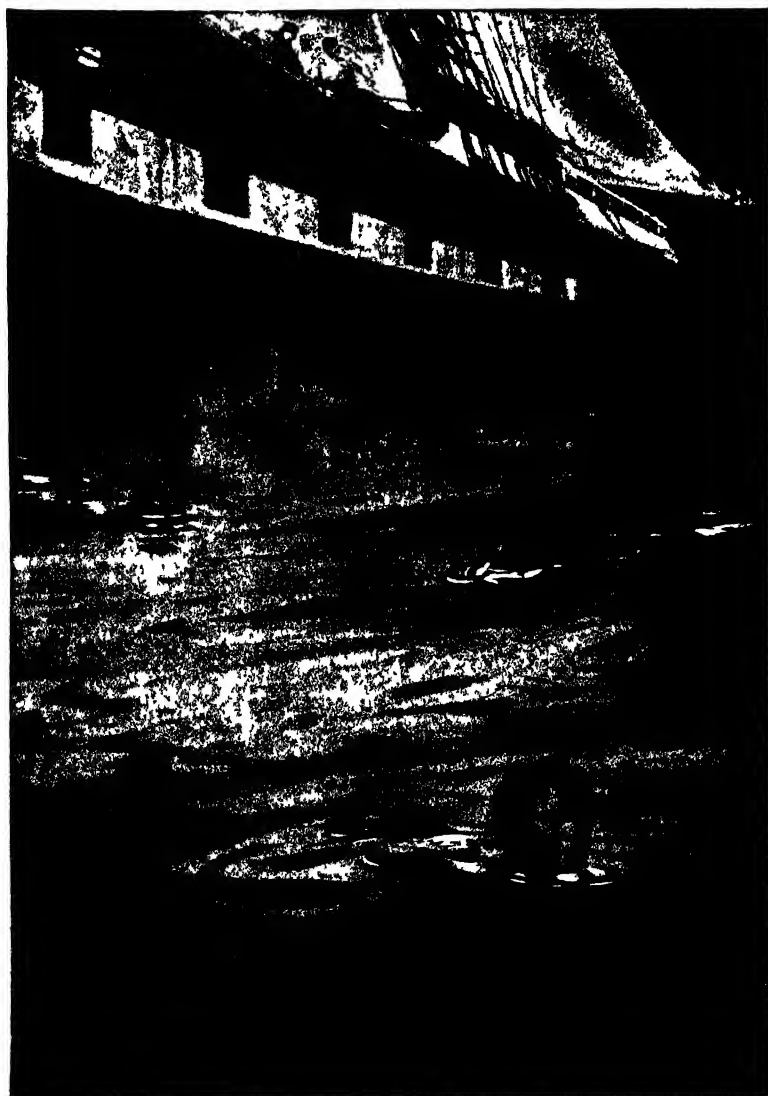
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Edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. With 12 Illustrations in Colour, 59 in Black and White, and Decorations by Lilian A. Govey. 6s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this very charming volume Mrs. Herbert Strang has "brought together the fairy tales that were the delight of my childhood, and I have ventured to add some others, the discoveries of later years. I do not claim that they are the best fairy tales, for each lover of fairy literature who comes across this volume will doubtless regret the absence of one or more favourite stories, and the omissions taken together might make a better book." For ourselves, we have our doubts about the last statement. Nearly all the old favourites are here, while the lesser-known stories, such for instance as "The Gloves of Turlupin," all deserve inclusion in the book. Miss Govey's illustrations—more especially those in black and white—are really delightful, and the book as a whole is produced in a manner for which the best adjective is "sumptuous."

MAGIC DOMINIONS.

By ARTHUR F. WALLIS. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

"Magic Dominions" is one of those works of fancy which make particular claim on book-buyers and present-givers at this generous season of the year. For now, with Santa Claus preparing his lists of deserving children, there is a special demand for wonder-tales of genii, fairies, beautiful princesses, monsters, dragons, magicians, enchanted horses, caves of jewels beyond counting, and earnest, adventurous princes. Mr. Wallis has a pretty pen, and a nice imagination. His eight stories belong to that chapter of fancy through which the great Haroun walked; but he has evidently not neglected the folk-lore of Ireland. As is proper in this department of fancy, there are any number of startling transformations. Nature has not a word to say when the genii are on the warpath. A mighty corsair becomes a sprat and fights with a wrinkle for the kingdom of fishes, a reigning king becomes running-water—a completely democratic institution—and, of course, there are the customary persons, princesses, princes, waiting to be released from the enchantments into which hags and magicians had cast them. Topsy-turveydom reigns. A comic revolution is always running, toppling over the thrones of turbaned princes, raising barbers and swineherds to majesty and greatness. It is a wonderful condition of things; and with all the inconveniences of too-sudden change, it would be rather nice if in this pushful and practical day we could find one of the wards of elfdom make a presto pass or two, and, lo, turn this politician into a bluebottle, that potentate into a whelk! But we must return to the present, pleasant business of thanking Mr. Wallis for the humour, fancy, and freshness wherewith he has told his tales.

THE PEEK-A-BOOS' HOLIDAY.

18 Illustrations in Colour by Chloë Preston. Verses by Tom Preston. 6s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

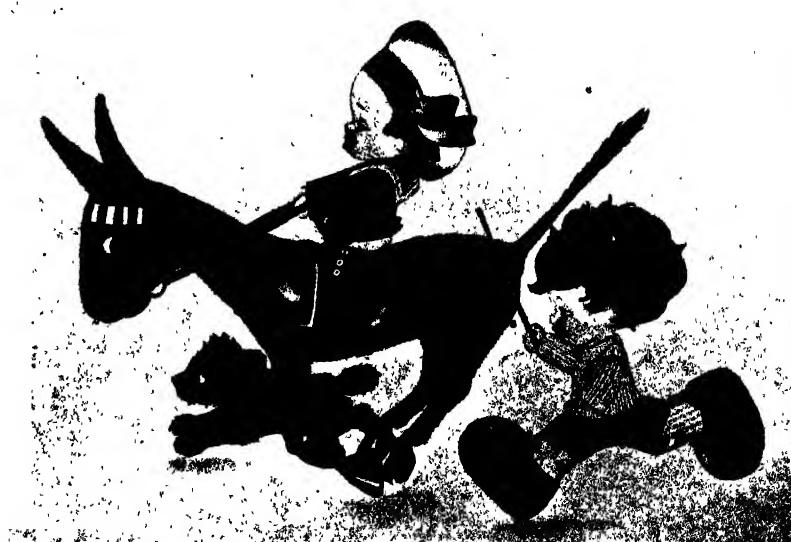
Last year there appeared a little book called "The Peek-a-Boos," in which was introduced a new form of grotesquely humorous art for



From The Rose Fairy Book
(Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton).

"THERE STOOD ABOVE HIM ON ONE
OF THE ROCKS A LITTLE DWARF."

children. Everybody bought it quite promptly in a way that must have been particularly gratifying for authors and publishers alike. It was only to be expected—and desired—that such a success should be followed up as soon as possible. Thus there appears this year another "Peek-a-Boo" book, with illustrations that are even more charming than their predecessors and verses that trip along with a rollicking swing. There is nothing quite like it published.



From The Peek-a-Boos' Holiday
(Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton).

"Meanwhile the black donkey was mounted by Paul,
Who stated that HE wasn't frightened at all;
And Peter came after and brandished a stick,
Which made the black donkey excited and quick."

THE STORY OF
THE BORGIAS.

By JOHN FYVIE. 15s.
net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The Borgias have been bulking rather largely in recent literature; but then they have been doing that in fiction, history, and biography for a good many years past. The atmosphere of mystery and crime that has gathered about the Borgia family invests its members with a curious fascination. Stories of their callous cruelties, of their cunning assassinations and the subtle devices by which they contrived to administer poison to their victims are part of the common stock-in-trade of romance. Latterly there have been attempts to whitewash their evil reputation and to ascribe it to the slanders of their enemies, and now comes Mr. John Fyvie with a painstaking history which neither paints the Borgias in unrelieved blacks nor fits them out with haloes. He has made a very able study of the characters of Cæsar Borgia, Lucrezia Borgia, and Pope Alexander VI., and they grow under his hands not into

On marseian

la langa



From *Gulliver à Lilliput et à Brobdingnag*
(Siegle, Hill).

unmitigated monsters, but into scheming, ambitious, almost diabolically clever human beings—with the graces, artistic temperaments, and some of the gentler qualities of their class, but treacherous and not to be trusted when their own interests were at stake. Not noble, but not wholly ignoble, Mr. Fyvie unfolds the story of their lives, and if he cannot make it a beautiful story, he makes it a deeply interesting, a strangely attractive one. He weighs and sifts the evidence carefully and without bias; his pictures of the life the Borgias lived and the society in which they moved are full of colour and virility. It is a sound and scholarly history written with such brilliant narrative skill that it reads like romance. We congratulate Mr. Fyvie on the care and ability with which he has done even justice to the House of Borgia, and produced a book that will have its place both among popular histories and those histories of more abiding value that are not called popular. The volume is well produced and well illustrated.



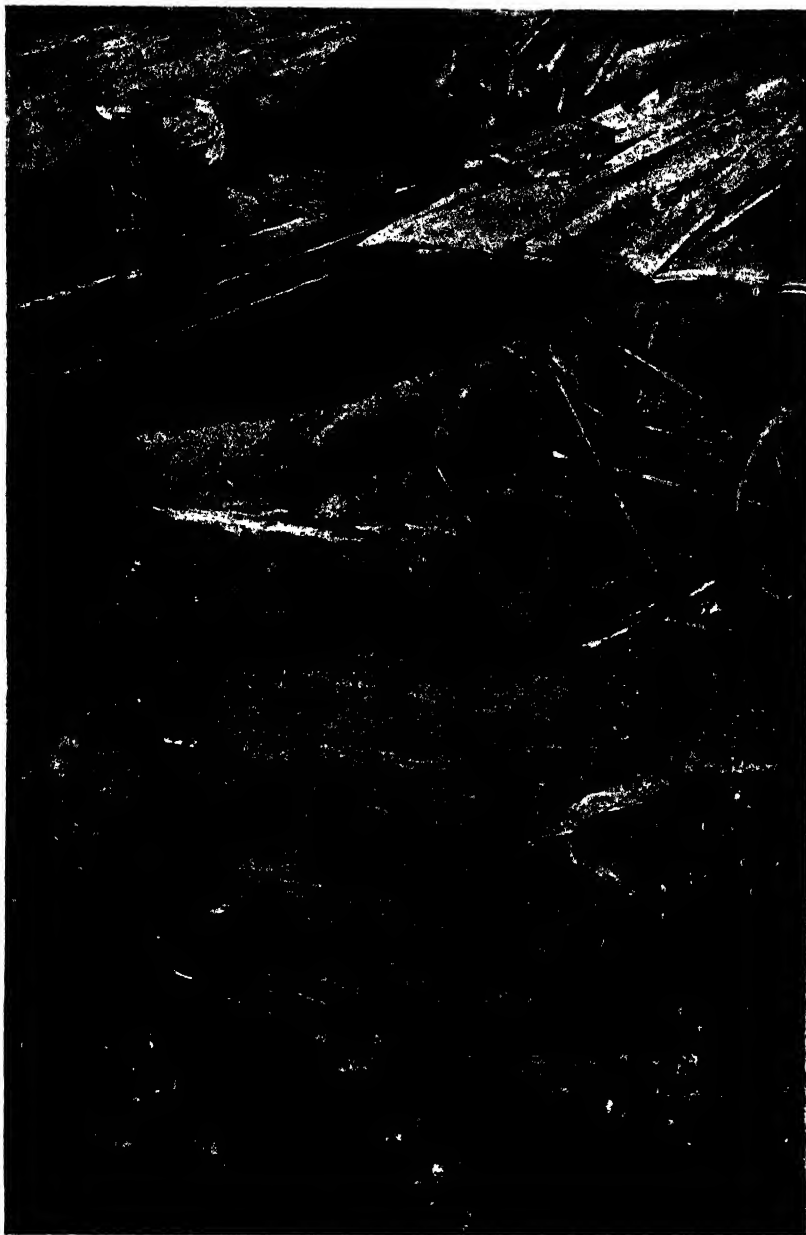
From *Terry, the Girl-Guide*
(Nisbet).

"A TALL FIGURE CAME THROUGH
THE WATER."



From *Corah's School Chums*
(Chambers).

"'ALL RIGHT, LITTLE ONE:
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU,' SAID
A GENTLE VOICE BESIDE HER."



From The Air Patrol
(Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

RECONNOITRING IN THE AEROPLANE.

THE AIR PATROL.

By HERBERT STRANG. 6s. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this romance of the aeroplane in war Mr. Strang has taken time by the forelock, and his book deals with the "Yellow Peril" in the shape of a Mongolian invasion of North-West India. Aided by a handful of Pathans, Robert and Laurence Appleton hold the invaders at bay. It is a new Thermopylæ—the little band of defenders occupying a pass in the mountains of the Hindu Kush, and checking the advance of the swarming Mongols until they can be rolled back by the regular troops. The story is told in graphic and spirited fashion, and the uses of the aeroplane in scouting and the dropping of bombs is well exemplified. There is a silver mine, too, to add the fascinating element of a treasure hunt. The characters are well indicated, and the dialogue racy and pungent. Humour is supplied by the introduction of a Babu graduate, Ditta Lal, whose pomposities of speech are exceedingly droll, recalling Mr. Anstey's "Bayard of Bengal." There is good fun in the incident of the "Ode in celebration of gorgeous defence of gorge by two young English sirs, who with handful of rude mechanicals, dauntless breasts and flying machine 100 h.p., withstood the might of 20,000 Mongols." In short, Mr. Strang has achieved a book which deftly combines adventure, romance and humour, and the interest of which never flags for a moment. There are excellent illustrations in colour by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo.

phere of those stormy times very successfully; he tells his story exceedingly well, and he has a neat gift of characterization. There are some stirring fights, danger, suspense, heroism—all the essentials of vigorous romance, and all used to the utmost. What more can a boy want? And Mr. Groome does well too in his illustrations.



From Merry Times in Animal-Land
(Jas. Clarke.)

POOR PUPPY.

MERRY TIMES IN ANIMAL-LAND.

Verses and Stories by A. W. RIDLER. With numerous Illustrations by Louis Wain, Harry B. Neilson, Elsie Blomfield and others. 1s. (Jas. Clarke.)

The annual appearance of this favourite publication must be the signal for general rejoicing in the nurseries of the country. It is so exactly what is wanted by small children. The book is printed throughout in two colours and pictures run one or two to the page—animal pictures, which are, we have noticed, easily first in the affections of the particular public for which Messrs. Clarke's annual is designed. Mr. Ridler's verses and stories, too, have the swing and simplicity which is their first requisite. "Merry Times in Animal-Land," is as good as ever this year—which is high praise.

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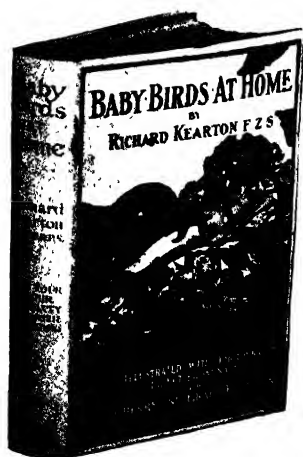
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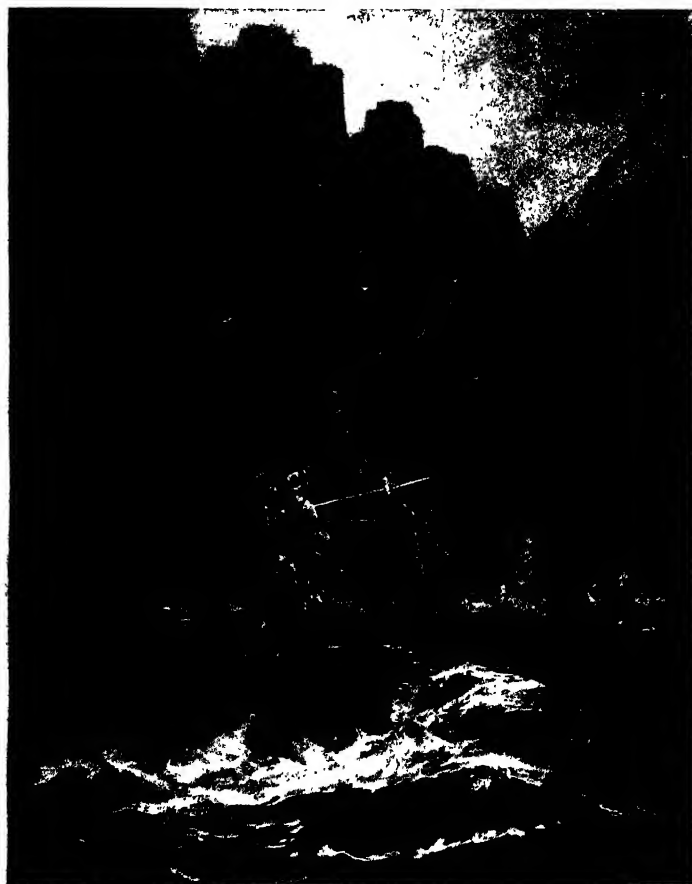


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WI' THIS."



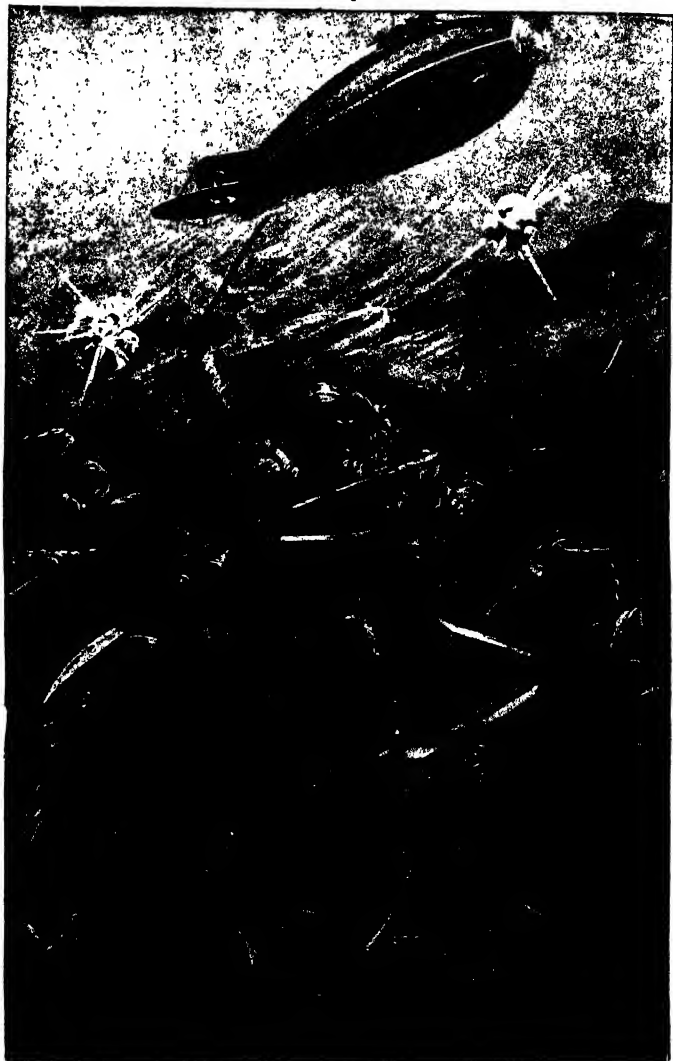
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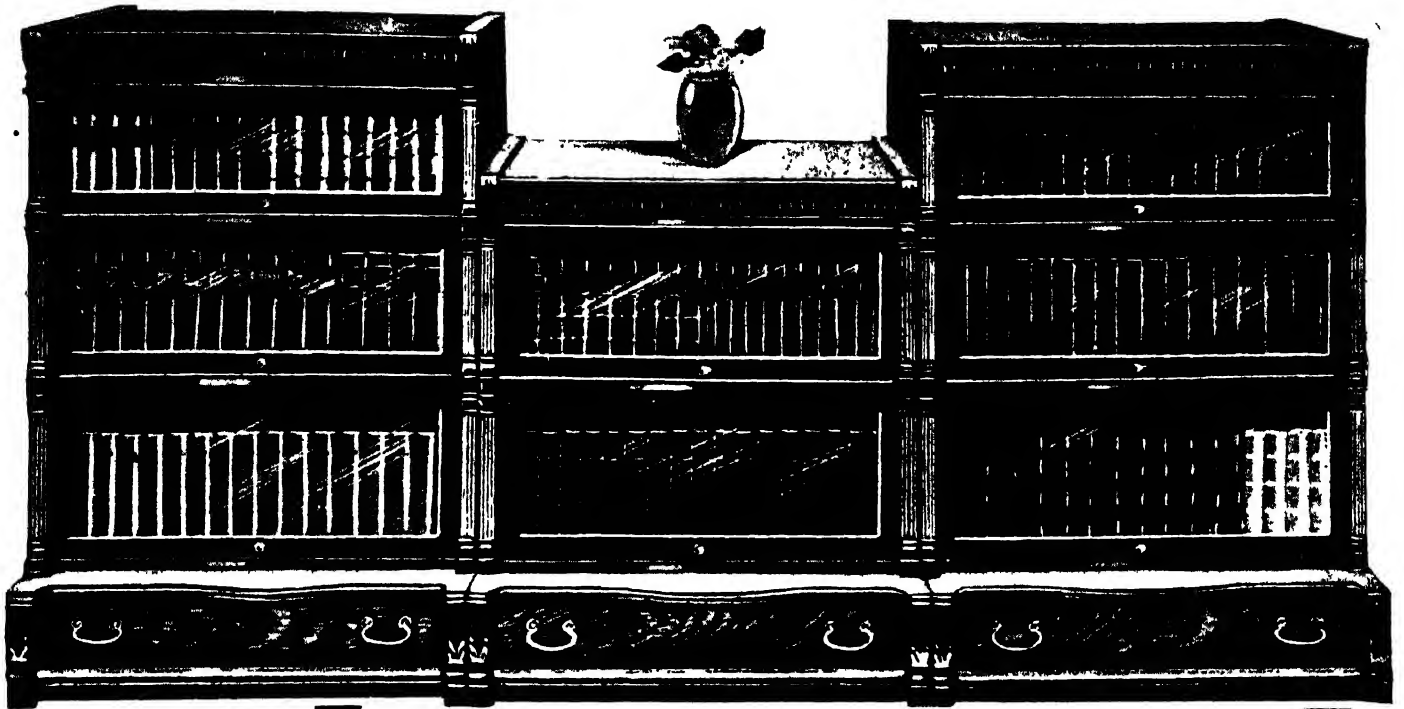
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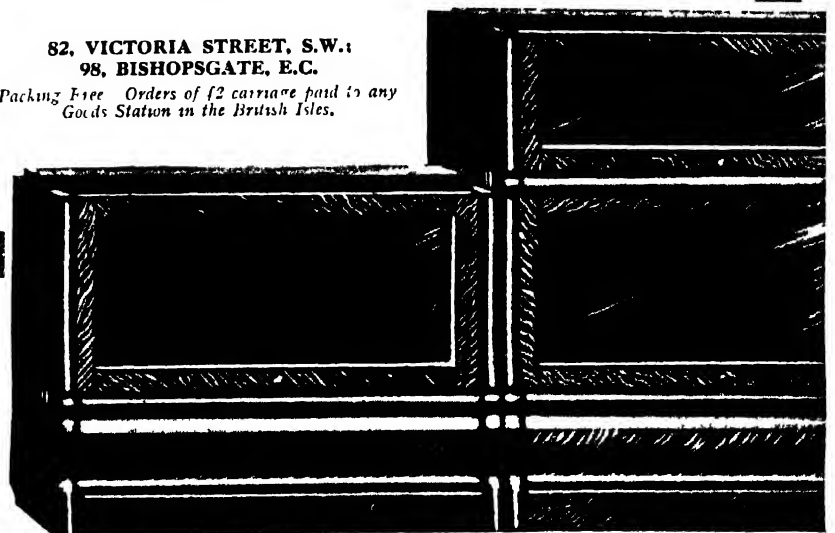
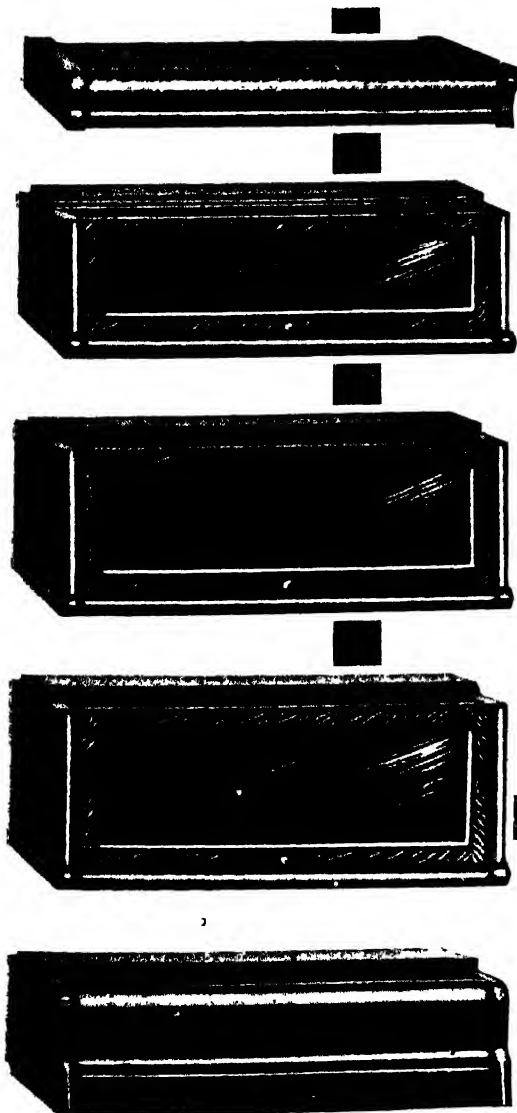
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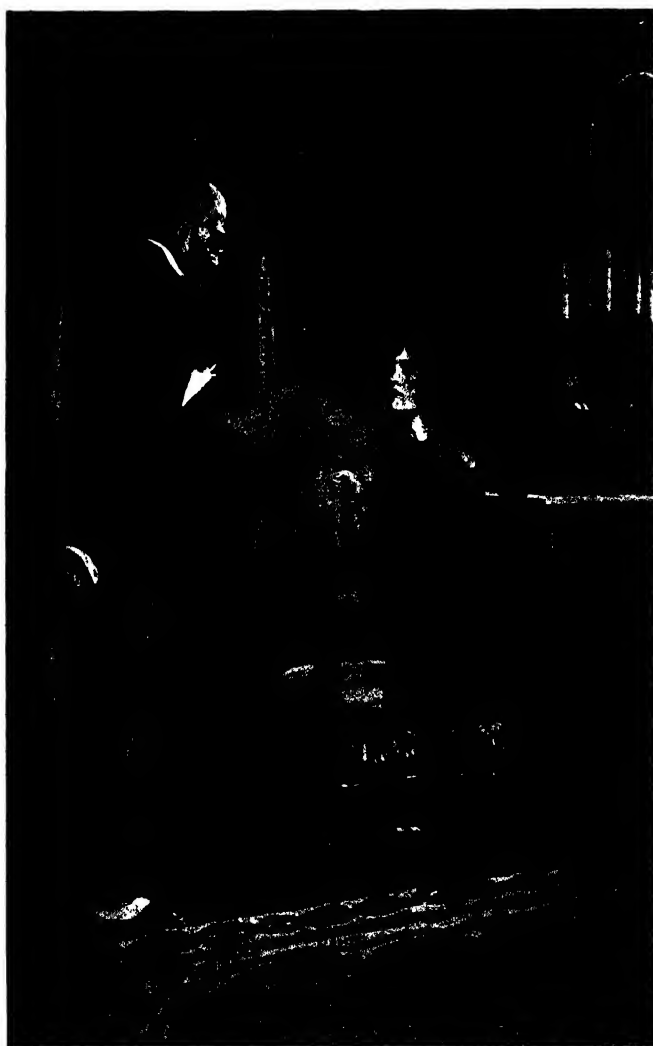


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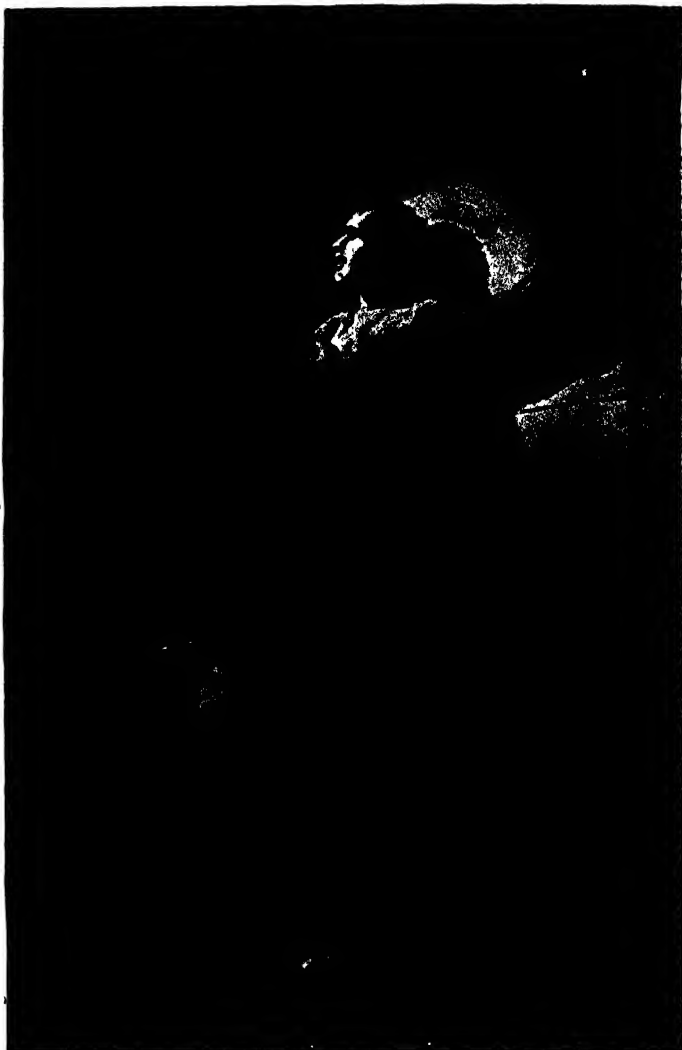
From *The Unwilling Schoolgirl*
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"'YOU WILL NEVER GET ME TO
GO TO SCHOOL, OR TO BE
ORDINARY!' SAID SHE."

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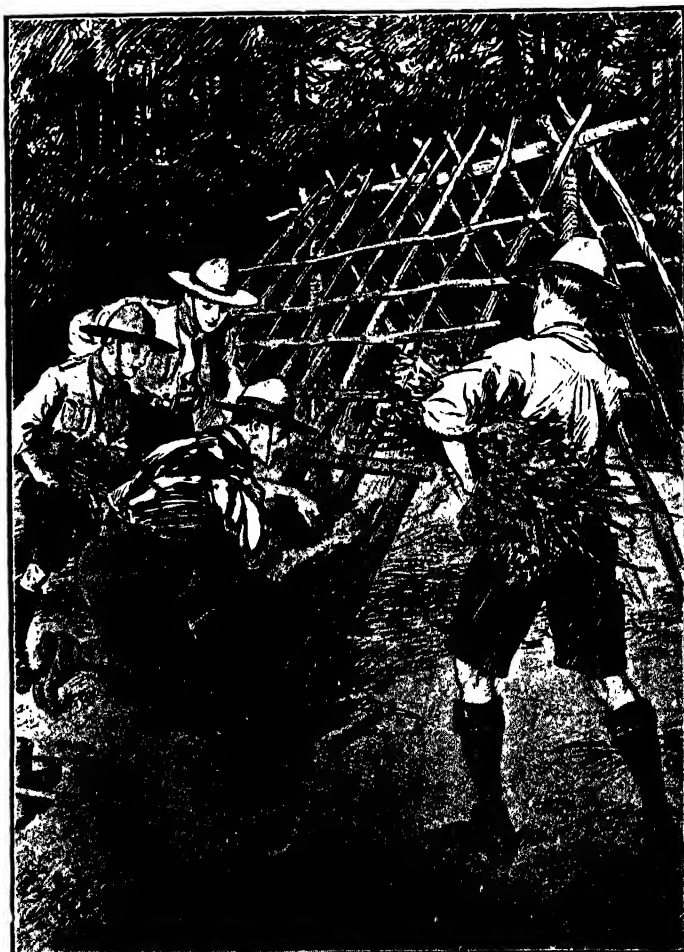
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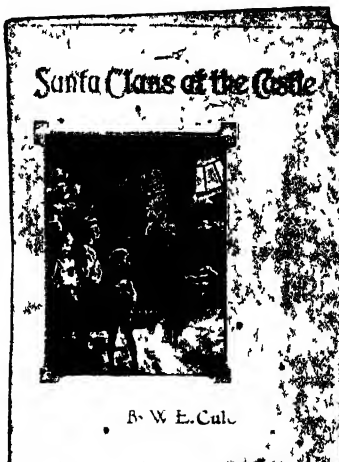
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seeks to bring home to us divine mysteries through the white magic of a fairy tale. It is a fairy tale that overflows sometimes with childish fun and frolic and does not disdain dog-proverbs that would have pleased Alice in Wonderland—such as "Every dog has his bray" and "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves." It includes too, in addition to irregular rhymes that children will gloat over, lyrics such as the following, full of enduring melody and charm:

"The wind she rose up and the sun he went down,
Down in the deep of the sea,
The Guard closed the door of the Fairy Town,
But opened a glad dream for me.

"The night it grew dark and the gusty Wind blew,
The Moon broke away from her shroud;
A fairy ship sailed out of dreams that were true,
And stood in a harbour of cloud."



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and trill;
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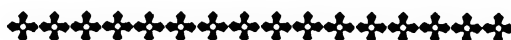
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